



SAN FRANCISCO
HISTORY CENTER




San Francisco Public Library

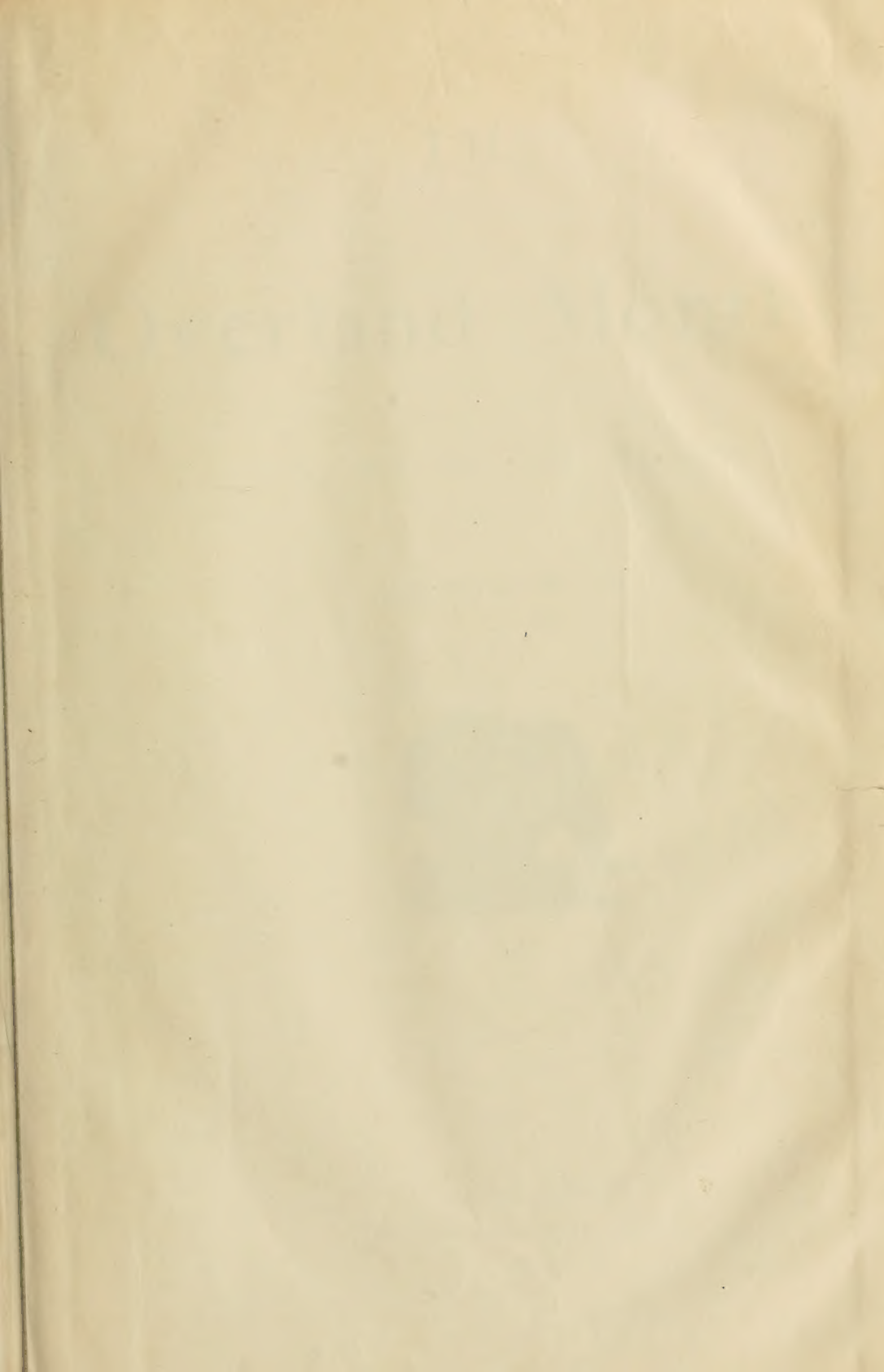
ROOM

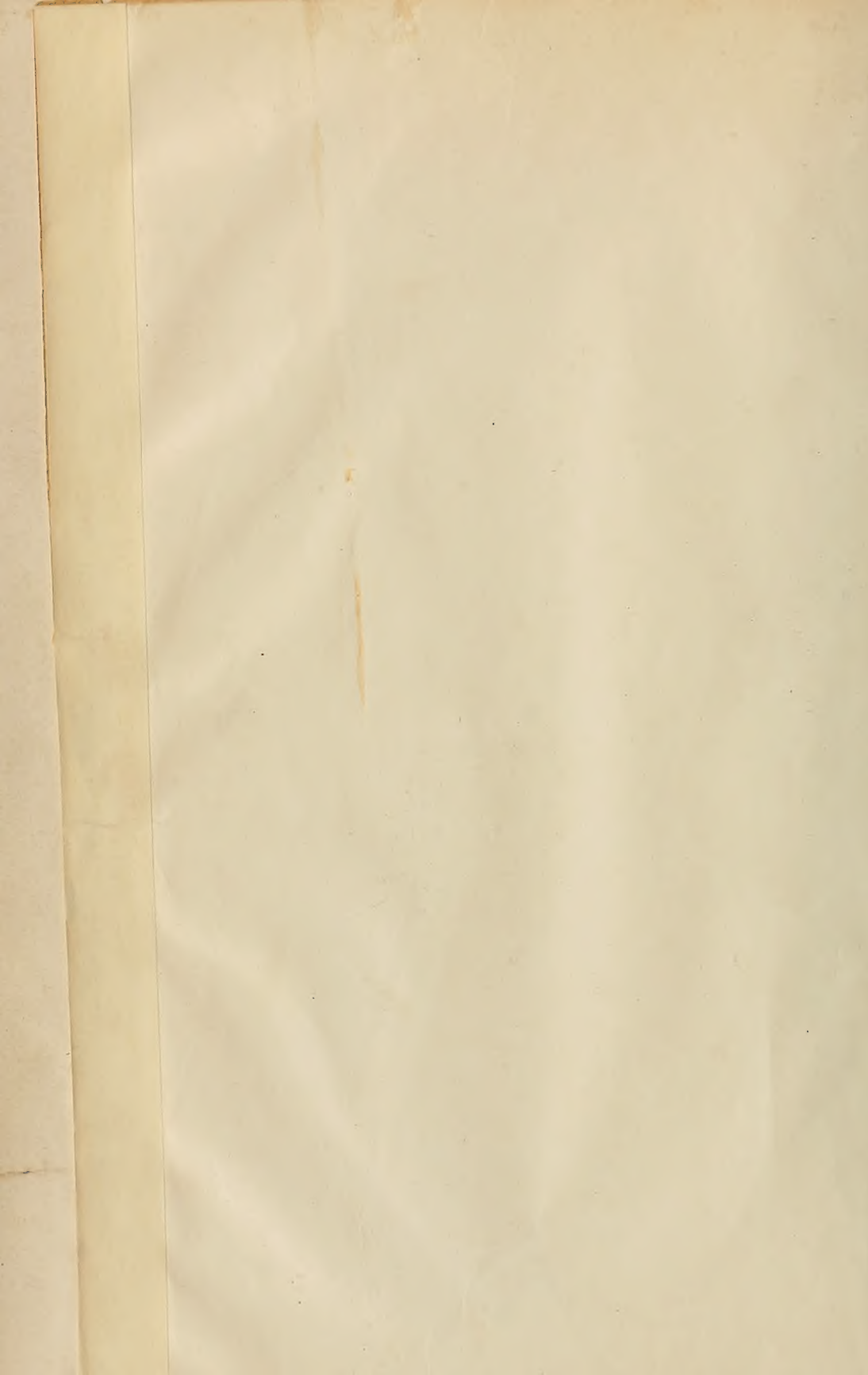
REFERENCE BOOK

Not to be taken from the Library



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
California State Library Califa/LSTA Grant





25366

THE Overland Monthly

VOL. XI.—SECOND SERIES

JANUARY—JUNE, 1888



SAN FRANCISCO
No. 420 MONTGOMERY STREET
1888

BACON & COMPANY, PRINTERS.

CONTENTS.

Adrift in the Swamps of Chalco.....	<i>D. S. Richardson</i>	525
After the Hounds in Southern California.....	<i>Helen Elliott Bandini</i>	305
Antecedents of Swiss Federalism.....	<i>Bernard Moses</i>	474
Around San Diego Bay.....	<i>T. S. Van Dyke</i>	113
<i>Illustrations.</i> Headpiece;—Olives and Palms at Old San Diego; Estudillo House; San Diego from Coronado; The Home of the Southern Bee; Coronado Beach; Electric Light Mast; Hotel Del Coronado; Same, June, 1887; Boat House on Coronado Beach; Ferry-Boat; San Diego Bay; Coronado Ferry; Tailpiece: From Photographs, and from Sketches by W. A. Reaser.		
Arrival of the Magpie, The.....	<i>Henry S. Brooks</i>	465
Artist's Testament, The.....	<i>Clarence Stairly</i>	395
Barzeitson Experiment, The, Chapters I—IX.....	<i>Rebecca Rogers</i>	73, 129, 283
Billy Key West.....	<i>William Perry Brown</i>	599
Book Reviews:		
According to Promise, (Spurgeon,) 555.—Adams's (Brooks) The Emancipation of Massachusetts, 213.—Age of Cleveland, The, 666.—Aldrich's (T. B.) and Mrs. Oliphant's The Second Son, 441.—American Commonwealths: Connecticut, (Alexander Johnson,) 557.—American Men of Letters: Benjamin Franklin, (John Bach McMaster,) 662.—American Statesmen: Patrick Henry, (Moses Coit Tyler,) 559.—Appeal to Life, The, (Theodore T. Munger,) 556.—Architecture, A short History of, 664.—Art of Projecting, The, 447.—Aunt Serena, (Blanche Willis Howard,) 437.		
Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets, (H. L. Hosmer,) 334.—Baldwin Lectures: Institutes of Christian History, (A. Cleveland Coxé,) 557.—Bee-Man of Orn, The, and Other Fanciful Tales, (Frank Stockton,) 436.—Bellamy's (Edward) Miss Ludington's Sister, 438.—Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters, (American Men of Letters,) (John Bach McMaster,) 662.—Besant's (Walter) Herr Paulus, 437.—Better Not, 666.—Bird Talk, (A. D. T. Whitney,) 111.—Book of Folk Stories, The, (Horace Scudder,) 111.—Boyhood of Living Authors, The, (W. H. Rideing,) 224.—Brother against Brother, 435.—Browning's Lyrics, Idylls, and Romances, 111.—Burnham Breaker, 112.—Britton's Inn, (Albion W. Tourgee,) 438.		
Christian Facts and Forces, (Newman Smyth,) 556.—Christianity and Humanity, (Thomas Starr King,) 556.—Collection of Letters of Thackeray, 1847-1855, A, 110.—Connecticut (American Commonwealths Series,) (Alexander Johnson,) 557.—Craddock's (Charles Egbert) The Story of Keodon Bluffs, 112.—Crawford's (F. Marion) Paul Patoff, 440.—Cuore: An Italian Schoolboy's Journal, (De Amicis,) 112.		
Damen's Ghost, (Edwin Lasseter Bynner,) 438.—Diane de Breteuille, (Hubert E. H. Jerningham,) 436.—Display Movements for Political Clubs, 663.—Down the Islands, a Voyage to the Caribbees, 111.		
Ecclesiastical History of New Foundland, 663.—Elocution for Advanced Pupils, (John Murray,) 448.—Emancipation of Massachusetts, The, (Brooks Adams,) 213.—English in the West Indies, The, (James Anthony Froude,) 664.		
Fall of Maximilian's Empire, The, 663.—Famous American Authors, (Sarah K. Bolton,) 224.—Field-Ingersoll Discussion, The, 665.—Flag on the Mill, 438.—Free Joe, (Joel Chandler Harris,) 435.—Froude's The English in the West Indies, 664.		
Gates Between, The, (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,) 439.—German Fantasies by French Firesides, 436.—Giant Dwarf, The, (Jak,) 111.—God's Words to His Children, (George MacDonald,) 555.—Grammar of the Old Friesic Language, A, (Adley H. Cummins,) 223.—Grant versus the Record, (Carswell McClellan,) 665.—Gunethics, 336.		
Hale's (E. E.) Life of George Washington, 662.—Harris's, (Joel Chandler,) Free Joe, 435; Mingo, 435.—Herr Paulus, (Walter Besant,) 436.—Hidden Way across the Threshold, The, 665.—History of the Anti-Slavery Cause in State and Nation, The, 448.—Hittell's (John S.) Handbook of Pacific Coast Travel, 335.—Holmes's One Hundred Days in Europe, 334.—Howard's (Blanche Willis) Aunt Serena, 437.—Howells's A Modern Instance, 437.		
Indian Sketches, (John Treat Irving,) 663.—Institutes of Christian History, (A. Cleveland Coxé,) 557.—In Thralldom, 435.—Invaders, The, (Tolstoi,) 551.		
Jack Hall, (Robert Grant,) 112.—Jack the Fisherman, (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,) 111.—Juan and Juanita, (Frances Courtenay Baylor,) 112.—Judah and Israel, 334.		
Knight Errant, (Edna Lyall,) 440.—Knitters in the Sun, (Octave Thanet,) 436.—Korolenko's (Vladimir) The Vagrant, and Other Tales, 552.		
Legends of the French Provinces, 111.—Les Misérables, (Translated by Isabel Hapgood,) 553.—Life of George Washington, (E. E. Hale,) 662.—Living Lights, 112.—Long Exile, The (Tolstoi) 551.—Lyrics, Idylls, and Romances, (Browning,) 111.		
Man of the Family, The, (Jak,) 112.—Maximina, (Don Armando Palacio Valdés,) 550.—Mingo (Joel Chandler Harris,) 435.—Missing Sense, The, 355.—Miss Ludington's Sister, (Edward Bellamy,) 438.—Modern Instance, A, (Howells,) 437.—Moonlight Bay, A, (E. W. Howe,) 437.—Moral Philosophy, (Prof. A. P. Peabody,) 662.—More True than Truthful, 436.—Mountain Trails and Parks in Colorado, 336.		
Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast, 663.		
Old Maids and Burglars in Paradise, (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,) 437.—Old South, The, and the New, (Wm. C. Kelley,) 665.—Oliphant (Mrs.) and Aldrich's The Second Son, 441.—One Hundred Days in Europe, (Oliver Wendell Holmes,) 334.—Only a Coral Girl, 436.—On the Track of Ulysses, (W. J. Stillman,) 110.		

Paradise, 435.—Patrick Henry, (American Statesmen,) (Moses Coit Tyler,) 559.—Paul Patoff, (F. Marion Crawford,) 440.—Peabody's (Prof.) Moral Philosophy, 662.—Phelps's (Elizabeth Stuart) The Gates Between, 439; Jack the Fisherman, 111; Old Maids and Burglars in Paradise, 437.—Phillips Exeter Lectures, 1885-1886, The, 557.—Pocket Guide for Europe, (Thos. W. Knox,) 664. Poems by Edward Rowland Sill, 109.—Princess of Java, A, 438.—Principles and Art of Conversation, 664.	
Russian Proprietor, A, (Tolstoi,) 551.	
Second Son, The (M. O. W. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich,) 441.—Seth's Brother's Wife, (Harold Frederic,) 440.—Sill's (Edward Rowland) Poems, 109.—Slav or Saxon, 665.—Stillman's (W. J.) On the Track of Ulysses, 110.—Stockton's The Bee-Man of Orn, 436.—Stedman's Victorian Poets, 333.—Story of Keedon Bluff, The, (Charles Egbert Craddock,) 112.—Story of the Psalms, The, (Henry Van Dyke,) 557.—South County Neighbors, 435.	
Tallahassee Girl, A, (Maurice Thompson,) 437.—Thackeray, A Collection of Letters of, 110.—Tolstoi's The Invaders, The Long Exile, A Russian Proprietor, 551.—Two Years in Europe, 324.	
Vagrant, The, (Vladimir Korolenko,) 552.—Valdés's Maximina, 550.—Victorian Poets, (Stedman,) 333.	
Well-Worn Roads, 334.—White Cockades, (Edward Irenæus Stevenson,) 112.—Who Saved the Ship? (Jak,) 112.—Winklebach's Hotel, 435.—Works of Shakespeare in Reduced Facsimile from the First Folio, 447.—World's Verdict, The, 438.—World to Come, The, 556.	
California, Dairying in.....	<i>R. G. Sneath</i>387
“ Earthquakes in, and Elsewhere.....	<i>Edward S. Holden</i>39
“ Mission Fruits.....	<i>E. J. Wickson</i>509
“ Pioneer Illustrations in.....	<i>Francis E. Sheldon</i>337
Illustrations.—Initial, Wm. Keith; Chico, J. M. Hutchings; Pine Tree, C. C. Kuchel, Emigrant Train, Barber.—House where Joaquin was Captured, Cicada, California Silk Moth, Cosumnes River, Aged Squaw, On the Trail, Buck Indian, Vaca Valley, Deserted Cabin, A. Nahl.—Catching the Buried Rooster, Indian Funeral Dance, Samson Rending the Lion, Samson Carrying the Gates, From “The Oatman Children,” California Lynx, From “Adventures of a Gringo,” C. Nahl.—California Condor Chick, W. Ord. Engravers: Eastman, Butler, Barber, Armstrong, Van Vleck, Anthony & Baker, Herrick.	
California, Spring Flowers of.....	<i>Charles Howard Shinn</i>416
California Aborigines, The Doom of the.....	<i>John S. Hittell</i>609
Caricature, Some Western.....	<i>Francis E. Sheldon</i>449
Illustrations.—Initial “I”: Wanted; He Laughs Best; Who Laughs Last; Catching the Wrong Jack; The Academy of Sciences; Broke; Crossing the Isthmus; A Good Talker; But a Poor Fighter; The Right of Way; Treed; Hung up to Dry; A Quiet Hotel; The Last Lap; Ye Lawyer; The Beginning of March; Full Backs; Chinese Heads; Not That I Think You Would Cheat, But; “The Wind of the Western Sea”; Umpiring; The Result of Practice; “You Catchee Some Change Today?”; An Incentive to Action; Practicing Medicine; Student Beverages.	
Caught in a Sierra Snowstorm.....	<i>F. L. Clarke</i>512
Chalco, Adrift in the Swamps of.....	<i>D. S. Richardson</i>525
Close of the Piute and Bannock War, The.....	<i>O. O. Howard</i>101
Coast Range in 1850, Exploring the.....	<i>Herman Altschule</i>320
Commerce, San Francisco, Past, Present, and Future.....	<i>William L. Merry</i>369
Commercial Union between the United States and Canada.....	<i>John Hamilton Gray</i>136
Constantinople, A Western Ambassador at.....	<i>John Martin Vincent</i>426
Dairying in California.....	<i>R. G. Sneath</i>387
Diary of Azariah Smith in 1847 and 1848. With notes by John S. Hittell.....123
Doom of the Californian Aborigines, The.....	<i>John S. Hittell</i>609
“Earl of Dalhousie,” Raising the.....	<i>Irving M. Scott</i>232
Early Days in San Francisco, Reminiscences of.....	<i>Charles J. King</i>275
Earthquakes in California and elsewhere.....	<i>Edward S. Holden</i>39
Edwy of Tynedale.....	<i>Lily A. Long</i>604
Emancipation of Massachusetts, The.....	<i>F. B. Perkins</i>213
Etc.:	
Editorial:	
The Present Immigration to California.—Its Bearing on our Civilization.....106
The Controversy between the Board of Education and Mr. Philbrook.—A Summary of Mr. Philbrook's Report.....216
The Appointment of Horace Davis to the Presidency of the University.—Needs of the Position.—A Correspondent's Last Word.....328
The Copyright Bill.—Why do Few College Women Marry?—Certain Suggestions from Observation.—Do so few College Women Marry?—Analysis of the Statistics.—Comparison between Alumnæ of the State University and of Mills Seminary.....442
Death of Matthew Arnold.—Dangers in Party Management of Election Machinery.—Proposed Reform by State Printing of Ballots.—Some Inquiries by the Society for Psychological Research.....553
Deficiencies in Statistic Gathering.—An Opportunity for Educated Women of Leisure.—California in Particular.—An Instance in Point.....660
Contributed:	
A. B. C. F. M. Imperium in Imperio, The.....	<i>Martin Kellogg</i>222
First Legal Execution in San Francisco, The.....	<i>J. P. C. Allsopp</i>444
Irrigation Problem, The.....	<i>L.</i>330
It is not Intolerance.....	<i>John C. Holbrook</i>107
Ladies' Club, A.....	<i>E. S. Bates</i>329
Life in an Antiquated Mining Town.....	<i>J. H. Coyle</i>331
Navajo Tradition, A.....	<i>Dagmar Mariager</i>328

Poetry.		
Childer.	<i>Mary Stuart Smith.</i>	447
Dues Ira.	<i>F. J. Sullivan.</i>	445
Good Omens.	<i>Charles S. Greene.</i>	222
Dressed Violets in a Borrowed Classic.	<i>Lillian H. Shuen.</i>	329
S. Francisco Xavier's Hymn.	<i>J. G. McMurphy.</i>	445
Serenade, The.	<i>H. I. S.</i>	331
Two Views of California.	<i>Helen Elliott Bawtlin.</i>	461
Exploring the Coast Range in 1850.	<i>Herman Altschule.</i>	320
Fiction, Recent.		435, 570
Great Basin, The.	<i>Israel C. Russell.</i>	420
Hawaii, Kauai, The Garden Island of.	<i>Bertha F. Herrick.</i>	23
Illustrations. "Kanaka" Boys, Sketch by Harris. Beach between Honolulu and Waikiki.		
— Diamond Head, Sketch by Reaser. A Grass Hut and Taro Leaves, Sketch by Harris.		
— In a Cane Field, from a Photograph.—On the Wai'alua River; Tailpiece: Sketches by Harris.		
Hawaiian Islands, The Political Revolution in the.	<i>F. L. Clarke.</i>	298
Haunted.	<i>A. G. Tassin.</i>	374
Hearth Fires and Camp Fires.	<i>R. G.</i>	624
Hunting in Hawaii.	<i>E.</i>	82
Illustration, Pioneer, in California.	<i>Francis E. Sheldon.</i>	357
Illustrations.—Initial, Wm. Keith; Chico, J. M. Hatchings; Pine Tree, C. C. Kuchel; Emigrant Train, Barber; House where Joaquin was Captured, Ciudad, California Silk Moth, Cosumnes River, Aged Squaw, On the Trail, Buck Indian, Vaca Valley, Deserted Cabin, A. Nahl.		
— Catching the Buried Rooster, Indian Funeral Dance, Samson Rending the Lion, Samson Carrying the Gates, From "The Oatman Children," California Lynx, From "Adventures of a Gringo," C. Nahl.—California Condor Chick, W. Ord.—Engravers: Eastman, Butler, Barber.		
— Armstrong, Van Vleet, Anthony & Baker, Herrick.		
Impressions of a "Tenderfoot." I—III.	<i>William J. Shoup.</i>	644
In Blunderland.	<i>Leonard Kip.</i>	87
In Border Lands.	<i>Marian Muir Richardson.</i>	291
Indian War Papers: IX. Close of the Piute and Bannock War; X. Results of the Piute and Bannock War.	<i>O. O. Howard.</i>	101, 192
Japan, The Women of.	<i>Helen H. S. Thompson.</i>	173
Journalism, Pacific Coast.	<i>W. R. Hearst.</i>	403
Kauai, the Garden Island of Hawaii.	<i>Bertha F. Herrick.</i>	23
Illustrations. "Kanaka" Boys, Sketch by Harris. Beach between Honolulu and Waikiki.		
— Diamond Head, Sketch by Reaser.—A Grass Hut and Taro Leaves, Sketch by Harris. In a Cane Field, from a Photograph.—On the Wai'alua River; Tailpiece: Sketches by Harris.		
K. G. C.—A Tale of Fort Alcatraz. Chapters I-X.	<i>F. K. Updeau.</i>	238, 405, 490
Last of the Ship's Crew, The.	<i>Woodrow Clark.</i>	377
Llewellyn's Speculation.	<i>George K. Andrews.</i>	356
Manufacturing in San Francisco.	<i>A. S. Holtzbe.</i>	636
Margaret's Room-Mate. Chapters I—VII.	<i>I. H. Ballard.</i>	500, 590
Melissa.	<i>C. E. B.</i>	631
Morey.	<i>Sybil Russell Boque.</i>	259
Mission Fruits, California.	<i>E. J. Wicksen.</i>	501
Miss Grey.		160
Old Day Book, An.	<i>Jesse Poundstone.</i>	209
Pacific Coast Journalism.	<i>W. R. Hearst.</i>	403
Pennington Feud, The.	<i>Joseph Webster.</i>	180
Pioneer Illustration in California.	<i>Francis E. Sheldon.</i>	337
Piute and Bannock War, Close of the.	<i>O. O. Howard.</i>	101
" Results of the.	<i>O. O. Howard.</i>	192
Political Revolution in the Hawaiian Islands, The.	<i>F. L. Clarke.</i>	298
Portia.	<i>Hester Louisa Van Dolsen.</i>	530
Pozzolana House, The Story of the.	<i>Flora Hawes Longhead.</i>	49
Princess Loo, The Story of the.	<i>F. L. Clarke.</i>	198
Prospector's Story, A.	<i>T. J. Butler.</i>	517
Raising the "Earl of Dalhousie."	<i>Leamy M. Scott.</i>	232
Rancho Chico.	<i>C. C. Parry.</i>	561
Illustrations.—Headpiece. The Sacramento from the Railroad Bridge; In Iron Cañon; Grape Vine Treacy and Festoons.—Sir Joseph Hooker Oak, The Old Adobe; The Bidwell Mansion; Street in Chico, On the Rio Chico; From Nimbus Knob to the Sacramento; The Apley; Plowing, February, The Water Tower, Horeabouts, Tree Digging; "Mary"; Some of the Natives; Types, Chico Vecino. From Photographs by W. B. Tyler, and Drawings by W. A. Reaser.		
Recent Fiction.		435, 550
Reminiscences of Early Days in San Francisco.	<i>Charles J. Kemp.</i>	275
Results of the Piute and Bannock War.	<i>O. O. Howard.</i>	192
San Diego Bay, Around.	<i>T. S. Van Dyke.</i>	113
San Francisco Commerce, Past, Present, and Future.	<i>William L. Merry.</i>	369
Sequel to "Job Waller's Rash Speculation," The.	<i>Horace London.</i>	614
Seven Nimrods of the Sierras, The.	<i>Dan De Quille.</i>	60
Shakespeare's Sonnets.	<i>Horace Davis.</i>	248
Sham-o-pari.	<i>J. M. Bancroft.</i>	316
Shasta's Feet, To, II.	<i>Nanette Farnes.</i>	1
Illustrations.—Millville, Photograph by W. N. Harris.—Dr. Guptill, Photograph by Oscar Cromwell.—Burney Falls, Sketch by W. N. Harris.—Put River Falls, Photograph by Oscar Cromwell.—Reed's Ferry, Photograph by W. N. Harris.—Redding from Linda Vista, Sketch by W. A. Reaser.—Shasta City; Mt. Shasta; Tailpiece: Photographs and Sketch by W. N. Harris.		

Sierra Snowstorm. Caught in a.....	<i>F. L. Clarke.....</i>	512
Some Western Caricature.....	<i>Francis E. Sheldon.....</i>	449
<i>Illustrations.</i> —Initial "I"; Wanted; He Laughs Best; Who Laughs Last; Catching the Wrong Jack; The Academy of Sciences; Broke; Crossing the Isthmus; A Good Talker; But a Poor Fighter; The Right of Way; Treed; Hung up to Dry; A Quiet Hotel; The Last Lap; Ye Lawyer; The Beginning of March; Full Backs; Chinese Heads; Not That I Think You Would Cheat, But: "The Wind of the Western Sea"; Umpiring; The Result of Practice; "You Catchee Some Change Today?"; An Incentive to Action; Practicing Medicine; Student Beverages.		
Southern California, After the Hounds in.....	<i>Helen Elliott Bandini.....</i>	305
Stellar Photography.....	<i>Edward S. Holden.....</i>	587
Spring Flowers of California.....	<i>Charles Howard Shinn.....</i>	416
Story of Chances, A.....	<i>Louise Palmer Haren.....</i>	225
Story of the Pozzuolana House, The.....	<i>Flora Haines Loughhead.....</i>	49
Story of the Princess Loë.....	<i>F. L. Clarke.....</i>	198
Surplus, The.....	<i>Ircing M. Scott.....</i>	536
Swiss Federalism, Antecedents of.....	<i>Bernard Moses.....</i>	474
To Shasta's Feet,—II.....	<i>Ninetta Eames.....</i>	1
<i>Illustrations.</i> —Millville, Photograph by W. N. Harris. Dr. Guptill, Photograph by Oscar Cromwell. Burney Falls, Sketch by W. N. Harris. Pitt River Falls, Photograph by Oscar Cromwell.—Reed's Ferry, Photograph by W. N. Harris.—Redding from Linda Vista, Sketch by W. A. Reaser.—Shasta City; Mt. Shasta; Tailpiece: Photographs and Sketch by W. N. Harris.		
Two Nights in a Crater.....	<i>D. S. Richardson.....</i>	308
Western Ambassador at Constantinople, A.....	<i>John Martin Vincent.....</i>	426
Women of Japan.....	<i>Helen H. S. Thompson.....</i>	173
X. An Unknown Quantity. III.....	<i>Marshall Graham.....</i>	33

POETRY.

Adrift.....	<i>Earl Marble.....</i>	548
After Years.....	<i>G. Melville Upton.....</i>	237
Ambition.....	<i>Herbert Kenyon.....</i>	489
At Sunset Time.....	<i>Julie M. Lippmann.....</i>	659
At the Hill's Base.....	<i>Ina D. Coolbrith.....</i>	356
Birthday Rhyme, A.....	<i>Ina D. Coolbrith.....</i>	22
Bonny Fifteen.....	<i>P. Y. Black.....</i>	433
Caged Linnet, The.....	<i>Virginia Penton.....</i>	478
Creed, A.....	<i>G. Melville Upton.....</i>	159
Cry of the Unfit, The.....	<i>Augusta E. Townner.....</i>	608
Dream, A.....	<i>Katharin Royce.....</i>	386
Fates, The.....	<i>George Le Moine.....</i>	516
From Within.....	<i>George Le Moine.....</i>	659
In a Country Church.....	<i>R. Moore.....</i>	464
Life's Moment.....	<i>Ninetta Eames.....</i>	212
Love Thought, A.....	<i>E. H. Hayten.....</i>	290
Lullaby, A.....	<i>Adelaide Samson.....</i>	128
Metamorphosis.....	<i>Hunter MacCulloch.....</i>	231
Minor Chord, The.....	<i>S. W. Eldredge.....</i>	100
Nebraska.....	<i>Dell Dowler Ringeling.....</i>	274
On the Upper Ways.....	<i>Noel Denis.....</i>	197
Pool, The.....	<i>John Vanne Cheney.....</i>	31
Rabbi's Version, The.....	<i>Mary E. Bamford.....</i>	207
Rockies, The.....	<i>G. L. Blood.....</i>	419
Song.....	<i>G. Melville Upton.....</i>	643
Stream that Flows Forever, The.....	<i>A. E. Allaben.....</i>	368
To a Lover.....	<i>Francis E. Sheldon.....</i>	59
Two.....	<i>P. Y. Black.....</i>	122
Unknown Way, The.....	<i>M. W. Shinn.....</i>	81
Venice.....	<i>Clara G. Dolliner.....</i>	326
Vintage Song, A.....	<i>Julie M. Lippmann.....</i>	308

25936

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. (SECOND SERIES.)—JANUARY, 1888.—No. 61.



MILLVILLE.

TO SHASTA'S FEET.—II.

It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and I had an all night's ride before me. The prospect was not a cheering one, and somehow the proposed railroad to Fall River seemed to me just then the one thing of all others most to be desired. I parted from my new friends with sincere regret that my stay was not longer. Who has not felt for hours after a farewell the warmth and stimulus of hands that last clasped his?

We left Millville behind, nestling between

her mountain streams, which made a musical murmur as we crossed the bridge over one of the Cow Creeks. There being four of them, the traveler becomes hopelessly confused in trying to distinguish between North and South Cow Creeks, and Little Cow Creek, and Cow Creek proper. Usually the names around Shasta have a distinctiveness of their own that is startling. A peaceful stranger must shudder to be told that the place where he is about to order a night's

lodging is called Murderer's Gulch or Grizzly Peak. The graceful names that the new settlers have introduced are a happy contrast to such ones as Bully Chooop, Whisky Town, Mule Town, etc., which one hears everywhere in this country.

We journeyed along Oak Run for miles through Digger pines and oaks, the manzanita growing less until it entirely disappeared. Along the banks of the dry creek the buck-eye trees were beginning to lay aside their snowy plumes and put on autumn's tints of gold and brown. An elderly lady with her blind son sat opposite me in the stage, while my seat was shared by a lanky youth whom I took to be somewhere about seventeen years old. This waggish young fellow was smoking an execrable cigar which he removed now and then to make some comment in a drawling voice that was irresistibly amusing. When the lady told us that right here the stage had been robbed twice, and that such occurrences were not infrequent now, the boy informed us that he had n't but "two be-its," which could hardly be considered a rich "haul" for a midnight robber. Here he removed one of his number fourteen boots from the lady's demolished band-box, and carefully lighted his second cigar. I was tempted to offer him "four be-its" if he would deny himself the luxury of smoking in my face, thinking that probably his depleted purse might plead for me. Removing my hat just then, I proceeded to pin it securely to the canvas lining of the stage. A wild shriek from one of the girls sitting outside with the driver warned me that I had run the long pin through too far. Amidst my profuse apologies the boy grumblingly declared that "some folks was mighty purticuler about a little hurt! That gur-rel ought'r hev went to the same school that I did when I was a youngster. The master hed the most reg'ler habit you ever hearn tell on. He licked me five days out of the seven, and I never oncet screeched like that!"

By twelve o'clock the silver rim of the

moon rose over the hills and lit our vast surroundings with a subdued splendor. A procession of colossal pines met us on either side, as though to lead us to the grand armies marshaled beyond. The road wound steeply along the precipitous mountains, often "turning back to look at itself," as the wag expressed it. Descending Bullskin Hill we found a lovely valley, through whose entire length North Cow Creek ran its clear, cold stream. We passed many old-fashioned rail fences inclosing picturesque homes. When we spoke of anything of interest, the beautiful, dark eyes of the blind man turned their sightless gaze in the direction, as if he, too, could behold the picture. It was very touching to hear his mother's tender words of interpretation, as though her love would fain supply the sense of sight.

We paused at Round Mountain to exchange the mail. The place is wild and rocky, and is called the Dump, for here the lumber from the distant mills arrives through a flume six miles in length. A little farther on we came to Buzzard's Roost, a wild and desolate place with an ancient, wide-winged barn and a few wretched houses, built without reference to any principle but that of utility. There is a large unfinished hotel here that hints of future improvement. Buzzard's Roost is still in bad repute, though its moral status is somewhat improved since it was the general rendezvous of the surrounding mines.

Long before we reached here one of the young ladies in front had got off at a station and I was fortunate enough to secure her vacant place. Here I found myself wedged in between the driver and a young school-teacher bound for Beaver. The latter was suffering from sea-sickness, and I never let go my hold on her the rest of the night for fear she would be pitched off. I had hitherto been reasonably satisfied with my height, but now I lamented the fact that I was n't a couple of inches taller so that my feet would reach something, anything, that

would serve as a brace. The driver kindly rolled over some mail bags, which I gratefully appropriated, realizing as I did so that I was remorselessly crushing the sentiments of a good many people.

The average stage-driver merits one's liveliest gratitude. He is the essence of good nature and thoughtfulness. His stories, tintured by his own quaint personality, ward off the drowsy wings of sleep, and materially shorten the long hours of the night. He stops by wayside springs in the hot valleys to give you an icy drink out of the ubiquitous oyster can that never fails to hang on a stout twig alongside. And when you have penetrated the northern mountains and feel the frosty air blowing down from snowy fields, he insists on wrapping you in his great coat to shut out the chilling blast. To the households scattered along his route he is the never failing bearer of letters, and newspapers, and all sorts of commodities from a sack of flour to a spool of cotton. His interest in their individual needs is universal, and the memory he displays is simply phenomenal. He has traveled up and down among them for many years, and calls each one by his or her given name, and in return he is treated by them as one of the family. He is sympathetic and friendly without impertinence, and in spite of your aching head and disjointed bones, you feel an undercurrent of regret that civilization will soon do away with these fresh and original characters.

The stunted and meager growth of trees had entirely disappeared, and we rode for hours under the superb dim ceilings of giant sugar and yellow pines, black firs, cedar and cypress trees, each one seemingly endowed with but the one impulse—to rise above all else and be alone with God. On every side they set their serried stems, rank above rank, until they covered the highest summits with a moving mass of dense green plumes. The tender effulgence of the moon but deepened the mystery of their solitude.

The night wind brushed their steeped tops, and all their mountain saps stirred with a thrill that wrung from out their pipes a mournful chant that pierced the soul.

O, the marvelous beauty of the birth of a new day in such surroundings! The paling moon sank down behind the hills, and one by one the clustering constellations faded from the ashen sky. A thin gray mantle settled on the earth, its edges silvered in the east by the advancing sun. The mountains frowned upon his coming and raised their mighty barricades against his painted darts, but breaking through their bristling lines, he flooded the cañons with his golden banners. There was an instant sense of scattered dews and twittering bird-notes, and all the wealth of tangled wildwood on the creek was prodigal of harmony.

We breakfasted at Holcomb's, a rambling country home among the scented meadows of Cedar Creek. In this higher latitude spring still decked the grassy banks with joyous groups of Indian pinks and columbines, while beds of delicate bluebells trembled on their slender stalks. From Cedar to Montgomery and Hatchet Creeks, in fact, the entire way to Burney Valley, there is one delightful panorama of mountains, forests, and streams, the latter dropping tinkling footsteps along the meadows. Under the pines and down the cool ravines there is a luxuriant growth of underbrush of graceful dogwood with its starry blossoms, hedges of Eastern maple, and alders overhanging deep blue pools, flashed through and through by myriad mountain trout. The redbud showed its crimson pods above the rank growth of ferns and thimble-berries trailing underneath. Our wheels rolled noiselessly over the russet mats of pine needles, while heaps of amber cones rattled under the gray squirrel's nimble feet. The great trunk of the pines were hung with yellow mosses and tattooed with holes that little carpenter, the woodpecker, had drilled in which to hide his precious acorn. The sun was

everywhere, and still the solemn music of the pines, like Ossian's, "was pleasant, but mournful to the soul."

For a mile or two we drove over what the driver called a "corduroy road," which is made of saplings fitted close together. It is worse than rocks, and we were jerked and wrenched to such a degree that we longed to put up for repairs. At the foot of the hill the horses were changed. Meanwhile the boy got out and amused himself throwing stones at chipmunks. Something in the loose pocket of his coat caught my eye. It was a pair of handcuffs. He saw my glance, and gave me a half shrewd, half humorous look in return. I was surprised to see that in the clearer light of day he appeared much older than I at first supposed. His boyish language and manner scarcely harmonized with his six feet stature.

"That was a daisy road," he drawled to the driver. "I'd like to spend my nat'ral days in riding up and down that hill on a stage." Here a well aimed blow stretched one of the fuzzy little creatures dead on the ground.

About a mile farther up a steep grade we overtook a stylish-looking buggy drawn by handsome horses, driven by a well dressed gentleman. Our horses' heads almost touched the rig. A voice inside the stage called out imperatively for the driver to "Hold up!" and immediately our young man jumped out, and with a swift and manly stride reached the side of the buggy, and by a dextrous movement, clapped the handcuffs on the stranger's wrists.

"Excuse me, sir, but I see this long ride is fatiguing you, and with your permission I'll relieve you from the necessity of going any farther from Anderson." With this remark the detective sprang into the buggy, turning around to touch his hat to us and call back, "Sorry to leave you so unceremoniously, but I am a sort of philanthropist in my modest way, and cannot resist the opportunity to relieve my fellow mortal when-

ever an occasion occurs." Here we passed him at a point in the road wide enough to allow the buggy to be turned back. The man by his side had not said a single word during the entire proceedings. We heard afterwards that he had stolen the team from parties in Anderson.

Burney town is but a small village charmingly located in the lovely valley bearing the same name. The stately pines run down her circling mountains to the verge of the long meadows of timothy and red-top clover. The dark breast of Burney Butte still wore a snowy vest that sparkled radiantly under the sun's warm beams. The air was balsamic with the odors of pines. The day was not too warm and you felt an overwhelming desire to rest among so much ideal beauty and freshness. I bade my companions goodbye; then I have a dazed recollection of an open gate, a pathway through nodding flower-beds, a wide porch smothered in rustling leaves, a kindly face in greeting, and a final vision of a shaded room, on whose snowy bed I sank to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. When I awoke it was four in the afternoon, and I had slept since ten o'clock.

How pleasant it is to recall my first introduction into this interesting family! Mr. Charley, handsome and bronzed by ardent suns above his meadows in this sweet hay-ing-time, shook me warmly by the hand while he presented his gentle wife and two rosy children. And Miss Madge, coming in from her district school, greeted me affectionately for Hal's sake. Altogether I felt that I was among old friends.

"My dear," cried Mr. Charley impetuously to his wife, "where is the Doctor? This will never do." Then to me, "You must see Doctor Guptill immediately!" And he rushed out of the door leaving me staring blankly at the ladies.

"Do I look as bad as that? I know that stage was dreadful, but still I *feel* perfectly well now."

Miss Madge laughed. "It is not that," she explained; "we all think so much of the Doctor that we are anxious you should meet him."

I was quite relieved by this explanation, and just then the door burst opened and in came Mr. Charley almost carrying in his strong arms a little, happy-faced man with fresh, blue eyes, and pink cheeks rounding down to the white fringe of beard on his dimpled chin.



DOCTOR GUPTILL.

"This is Doctor Guptill, Miss Kate," freeing his captive only to give him an affectionate pat on the shoulder. "He is just the man to see above all others. He knows everything and everybody, and has kept the people alive between here and Millville for the past thirty years."

The Doctor's face beamed at this praise while he shook hands with me over and over again, declaring in the most friendly manner that he was glad to make my acquaintance.

"You see, we have known him for years," continued Mr. Charley, drawing up the best

chair and firmly deposing the little man therein. "He was justice of the peace in Millville at the same time he did their doctoring, and hasn't an enemy in the world, unless it is the lawyers. They sometimes accuse him of robbing them of their just dues because he has such a way of everlastingly smoothing over difficulties between people. He won't let a good case ripen for them, for he generally brings the irate parties to compromise before they leave his office."

It did one good to see how happy this made the Doctor, although he iterated many times "No, no, Charley; not so bad as that; no, indeed, no, no!" When told that I had come to see their fine scenery he was much delighted. Such wonderful lakes and rivers! Just full of fish! "I tried to catch some one day and didn't get a single trout, though I met two girls on the way home who had twenty on a string. They said they had just caught them, but I learned afterwards that they had bought them from the Indians." He gave this account of feminine duplicity without the least suspicion of displeasure, and rocked himself to and fro, looking so thoroughly good and lovable that I began to understand why every one felt tenderly toward him.

We had venison for supper. The day before, a beautiful deer, driven to bay by Indian hunters, dashed out of the forest across the strip of meadow, down the single street of the town, leaping ditches and fences, and struggling madly to pass the pack of village curs that harassed his heels. A shot from Mr. Charley's rifle laid the noble animal in the dust.

The Doctor's face shone above his bowl of bread and milk with a fervent appreciation of everything. "I am too old," he said, to eat as you young people do. Age is like childhood. It requires simple nourishment. I live on bread and milk." And he smiled joyously over the fact, though the table fairly groaned beneath its load of tempting dishes.

One of these, a plate of trout, was set directly in front of him. The sight recalled his little fish story, which he proceeded to repeat in almost the exact words of his former telling. The family listened respectfully, as though it were perfectly new to them. The same thing occurred several times afterwards, but their gentle tolerance of this habit was very touching.

The Doctor had been carefully educated in his profession, and his cures were said to be remarkable. It seems that his affectionate nature could not brook the thought of taking fees for his services among his friends. As he regarded everybody in the light of a friend, he accumulated nothing for himself, always declaring he would let them know when he needed anything. This went on for years, and now, in his old age, he is the beloved protégé of many grateful patrons. When Millville is too warm, the Doctor is carefully packed off to Burney to have the benefit of her cooler air; and in like manner he is returned to Millville when winter spreads his fleecy garments over Burney's peaks and valleys.

This place was called after a young man named Samuel Burney, who was killed by the Indians here some thirty years ago. His companion buried him a mile from the present site of the town, and marked the spot by "blazing" a towering pine beside the grave. A few days before my visit Mr. Charley had removed his remains to the graveyard. There are many Indians through this country, belonging to various tribes that once waged war against the whites. They are now employed by the settlers as servants. Old Shave Head is still the chief of the Hat Creek Indians. He is believed to have been the leader of many a bloody massacre in bygone days.

On the Fourth some Pitt River Indians came over to his tribe, who have a rancheria not far from Burney. They had all drunk more or less liquor, and consequently were in just the humor to renew their old

hostilities. On this occasion they found an easy pretext for a quarrel in the fact that one Pitt River Jim had wooed and won their choicest maiden, who afterwards discovered he already had a wife. Her people resented this insult and hot words were followed by blows, in which the friends of both parties took active part. Blood flowed freely and several were severely injured. Hat Creek Jennie fled with her infant to white friends in the town, insisting that the Indians intended killing her and the child. The dispute was finally settled by allowing Pitt River Jim to take his new love for a second wife, and it was ridiculous to hear old Nancy, his first squaw, tell how uncomfortable she made it for Hat Creek Jennie. They all seem to have imbibed many ideas of social laws from their association with the whites, and it is a rare thing for them to sanction polygamy.

They have a summary way of treating their physicians when they fail to cure their patients. The relatives of the deceased are justified in killing him. A case of the kind occurred recently. Miss Madge related how the woman that washed for them lost her husband, and before he died he told his wife that he could not rest in peace unless she killed the doctor, an old squaw who had practiced among them many years. The considerate wife left his bedside just at dawn, and stealing into the wigwam of the doomed woman, dropped a slip-noose round her neck and jerked it quickly tight, so that it was impossible for her victim to utter a sound louder than a horrible gurgle. The wife afterwards described the whole ghastly circumstance with a fidelity that proved her keen enjoyment of the agony of the wretched squaw. She explained in vivid pantomime just how she continued to tighten the noose by a peculiar twitching motion, while she dragged the writhing creature round and round the room. When she had at last ceased to struggle, the wife returned to her appeased lord, who breathed his last with

a tranquilizing sense that he had brought about a noble vindication of his death.

The next morning we took an early start for Burney Falls. The road was smooth as in a park, and ran through majestic groves of pine. Many of these had received the fatal girdle that means sure death no matter how vigorous the tree. This is done by cutting around the trunk, robbing it of a circle of its bark. Already their highest plumes were turning brown. We passed several women going to the river with buckets in one hand and pistols in the other.

"They are new comers from the East, poor things! And nothing can convince them that the Indians here are perfectly harmless, They live in constant terror while their husbands are away at work,"

said Miss Madge, half laughing but wholly pitiful.

The rivers throughout Northern California have an absurd way of playing hide and seek. They come up suddenly out of lava beds and run for miles above ground, and then as quickly disappear into some unseen channel. Six miles from town Burney Creek sinks, to reappear three miles beyond, just above the falls.

There is room for lovely homes all through these beautiful mountain valleys. It is good farming land and can be had at a low figure. Their greatest disadvantage is the distance from market. I could better appreciate the Professor's earnest desire for railroad connection with northeastern California, now that I visited this section and



BURNEY FALLS.

conversed with its people. Burney Valley can be irrigated by ditches run from her several streams. Like all these wild localities, she needs men of enterprise and means sufficient to invest a few dollars for the sake of future prosperity.

A mile this side of the falls there is a tiny lake on the lava ridge a few rods from the road. It is called Blue Lake, and is about one hundred and fifty yards long, and full of trout of a large variety. As the lake has no visible outlet, the fish must come from a subterranean passage. Here the stock for miles around come to water. We paused beside a mill on Burney Creek to watch the sharp-toothed saw slit through and through the white bole of a sugar-pine that sweated drops of yellow rosin. A little farther, and we heard the rushing of the falls. We could not see them from the road, but running down a beaten path, we broke upon the picture with a suddenness that took away my breath.

The exquisite beauty of these falls is indescribable by pen or brush. It is a perfect jewel in a perfect setting. They are not grand and terrifying like Niagara or Yosemite, but the imagination cannot suggest a single alteration in outline, combination, or color. The river subdivides into two white streams that fall one hundred and twenty feet on either side of a jutting rock, which lifts its mimic turret into a bank of dripping ferns and flaming tiger lilies. The lava wall to left and right of these cataracts makes a crescent curve and half way down the dry black rocks the water gushes out from eaves of plume-like filices, and runs a thousand shining ribbons over a solid background of bright green ferns and mosses. A myriad of rainbows float in the starry mists sent upward by the plunge of waters into the wide, black pool below.

Miss Madge and I made the difficult descent to the falls, slipping and stumbling over stones, and clinging frantically to overhanging brush. When we stood at last on

the margin of the pool, we were enveloped in billows of chilling vapors, and the roar of the water was deafening. Above us on the utmost verge of the rocky ledge several dark pines caught the sunlight. We stood waist-deep in purple flags and scarlet-hearted lilies. When we returned to the remainder of our party we were wet, bruised, and dusty, but highly elated over what we had seen.

Some miles beyond the falls, from the brow of a hill, we looked down hundreds of feet on Crystal Lake, a glassy sheet of water more than a mile in length, now all ablaze with sunshine. We followed a steep road that lead below to the meadows, green as English ones that poets sing of, that skirt the reed-edged waters to where a dairy stands, its low roofs trailed across by clinging hop vines. Just here the lake leaps over stony steps a dozen feet in height, and pours its foaming floods into a rapid stream that hurries on to Hat Creek. These mimic falls span a hundred and fifty feet, and circle many a tiny isle of richest grass and flowers. The mistress of this dairy stands on her steps in leisure moments and feeds her fishes curds. They crowd by hundreds open-mouthed and eager. She takes advantage of their hunger and drops a hook among them. She draws a prize every time and throws it into a tank to be convenient for the frying-pan. That morning she had hooked twenty.

"And how do you catch them again?" I said, watching the pretty creatures dart to and fro in their narrow prison.

"That's just what I'll show you now, as I'm going to let you folks take them all home." And seizing a pole with an iron point on the end, this relentless woman speared her fish with every dash, flinging it out on the wet floor where it wriggled and panted for a moment, and when it became quiet was carefully stowed away in a basket by Mrs. Charley. The lake had plenty more and the mistress never

found any trouble catching all they could possibly use. There is an old man living here who makes a business of shipping trout to San Francisco.

After a drink of delicious buttermilk, we went for a row on the lake. They told me the water averaged fifteen feet in depth. We could see hundreds of trout running among the branches of a plant that resembled coral stems. Coming back from the boat, we forced our way through a wild growth of haw and gooseberry bushes and currants full of ripening clusters. The soil all through this country produces many varieties of wild berries, and cultivated ones do equally well.

We drove back over the hill and across the Hat Creek bridge. This clear mountain stream is famous for its fish, and the game all through here is abundant. Hat Creek Valley is gemmed by lakes, several of which are even larger than the one we had just visited. It has another creek also called Rising River, that boils out of the lava rocks, and runs several miles before it reaches Hat Creek. This river is supposed to be the reappearance of Lost River, which sinks in the lava beds a hundred miles above. The people throughout all these valleys are mostly engaged in stock-raising and dairying, though the land is good for fruit and grain.

We called at Shave Head's settlement in hopes of seeing the chief, but unfortunately he was not at home. It is believed that the young generation among these Indians are sincerely attached to the whites, but that nothing but fear keeps the older men from their former depredations.

We reached Burney after dark, and the next morning at ten I took the stage for Fall River. Our road still led through forests of pine. Ten miles beyond Burney we came to the salmon hatchery, on Hat Creek. This building has double the capacity of the United States hatchery on the McCloud River. It contains ninety

boxes sixteen feet long, with eight hatching baskets to the box. It was estimated that four million young salmon could be turned out here every season, but there is some disappointment now expressed as to the success of the undertaking.

On the summit we caught our first view of Pitt River, roaring headlong down one of the grandest of cañons, in a mad succession of turbulent springs and leaps over huge boulders, heaps of logs, and sheer declivities of rocks. I never saw before so angry a torrent. Sometimes it cut a splendid channel through feathery weeds and willow boughs, and again it tore its furious course through chalky cliffs and dizzy steepes of lava rocks that propped the skies. Pausing not to rest in shaded pools, nor lingering to reflect the mass of ferns and flowers adroop from many a ledge, it rushes to the falls, and bellowing like the sea, it takes a noble plunge of fifty feet that shakes the earth, and makes one cry aloud in sympathy. The scenery on every hand along this cañon is most sublime.

My companion was an aristocratic looking Southern gentleman, whom the driver addressed as Mr. Syd, which I took to be a contraction of some longer name. He seemed well acquainted with all this country, and told me many things of interest.

"I shall never forget how I helped drive the logs down this river last June and July," he said, turning his expressive gray eyes toward the stream. "It is the noblest sport imaginable. We started from Big Bend, eighteen miles above Montgomery Creek. Here there is a chute a mile and a quarter in length, made of immense logs down which they slide the others in fifty seconds. Sometimes they meet an obstruction and shoot off on a level from three to four hundred feet, cutting off great trees as they whiz through the air. A man was killed by concussion of a log passing. He was fearfully mangled, and his boots torn off his feet. The river bank at the end of

the chute is forty feet high, and the logs pitch off with tremendous velocity. An average drive for six bateaux is six thousand logs. There are the wagon boats for carrying provisions for the men, and the driving boats which are smaller and more easily handled. Both kinds are pointed at bow and stern. We had more than forty men, most of whom traveled along shore so as to direct the logs to the centre of the current. One day I saw from the bank a bateau overturned that was being managed by a couple of Indians. Two boys, lads of ten and twelve, were in it also. The boys escaped on the logs, but the Indians were both hurled under the boiling water, one of them coming up a hundred feet away with the boat rope still between his teeth. These fellows are regular water-rats, and are good hands with the boats. There are many times when we are obliged to unload and carry the provisions along the banks for a distance, letting the boats down the cascades with ropes. We often did not make more than a mile and a half a day. It is all dangerous, but there is no end of keen enjoyment. Sometimes the logs get to whirling around in a maelstrom until it gets choked, when they are forced out by the whirlpool. Again they are lodged on rocks, and then there is imminent peril of accident. The driving boats get close to the lower side of the jam, and the men fasten their cantdogs to the key-log, and as soon as they are out of the way, those on shore haul with might and main until it is loosened and the logs are again surging and tumbling in the current. It is a glorious freedom to ride recklessly over rapids, rocks, and whirlpools! You feel wildly exhilarated, as though you had quaffed rich bumpers of champagne!" And the memory of his experience fired his eyes with liveliest emotion. "We went ninety miles this way before we drove the logs into the boom beside the Redding mill."

We had now reached a high point, which

commanded a grand view of the Fall River plains. Here lay the little town in the embracing arms of the two rivers, whose waters meet within her lines. On every side we saw her grain fields stretching golden lengths, through which the rivers coiled like blue and silver serpents. Many homes are built within the curvings of these streams, which are crossed here and there with rustic bridges. The summers are delightful here, but the winters are colder than in any other part of the State. Snow remains on the ground, however, but a few days at a time. To most of our people this part of California is almost an unknown region. Here are a number of large and fertile valleys, extending southward a distance of a hundred and fifty miles. Pitt River, now a sluggish stream, traverses this entire distance, and its numerous tributaries drain an equal number of smaller valleys. Altogether there must be about two thousand miles of level farming lands, with little timber, though the surrounding mountains will always furnish sufficient wood for fuel and building purposes. Through Fall River the wool teams travel from Oregon and we frequently met the laboring mules dragging their dusty loads. One of the drivers told us his three wagons contained thirty three thousand pounds. The day before he left Oregon, he said, he had seen twenty-two thousand sheep. The expense of transporting such immense quantities of wool so many miles to market, makes it seem probable that this country will soon be in a position to demand a railroad.

The house where I stayed at Fall River is built on an island just large enough to furnish a little garden around its porches. Fall River throws an arm around each side, and these people live in the eternal roar of her bright waters tossing foaming billows over a series of cascades that terminate in a fall of more than forty feet. Here the stormy current plows a radiant path across the dull waters of the Pitt. Above this

PITT RIVER FALLS.



CHAS. W. LINSLEY, CALIF.

junction, and overlooking the Falls, is a rock-girt promontory so situated as to give a perfect view of the finest features of the landscape.

"What a site for a summer resort," I cried admiringly.

the same green English meadows I so much admired at Burney. Tule River and its large lake appeared to me the most transparent of any of the waters I had yet seen. The lake is said to be bottomless, and in many places along the grassy bank you look



FALL RIVER.

"Or a manufactory," my host quietly supplemented. "Perhaps the world does not contain the equal of their giant water-power, capable of running all the machinery on the Merrimac. This river never freezes over and is not subject to heavy floods, as it passes through a lake near its head, which acts as a reservoir to hold the surplus water. This uniformity of flow is a great advantage and will recommend itself to any one who is experienced in dealing with water-power."

The next day we rode around the valley, going as far as the great translucent pools that bubble up from the lava beds and are the source of Fall and Tule Rivers and Bear Creek. Beside this latter stream there are

down, down into the still azure depths until a kind of nightmare terror seizes you and chains you to the spot.

Returning in the twilight, we saw above the dreaming hills Mount Shasta staring straight through a veil of haze in his remorseless vigilance. Bald Mountain on the south looks down upon the barren peaks below him; while to our right and close at hand the pines, like grim old warriors, climb to the topmost point of Soldier Mountain. Near its base once stood Fort Crook, erected in the days of bloody conflicts with the Indians. It was early in the '50's that Lieutenant Crook, coming along Hat Creek to establish his post, dresse

some of his men like women, and let them be seen, while he hid the others inside the wagons. A hundred Indians, headed by Shave Head, came down upon them, and were met with such a shower of bullets from the concealed soldiers that they fled in terror, strewing the ground with their dead. For years afterwards a man could don soldier's clothes and travel with perfect safety, the Indians fearing he might be Crook.

Many interesting reminiscences were related to me by my island friends, who were unusually refined and intelligent people. Long after the stage bore me away from their cheerful home-circle, my mind still framed the charming group, and I wondered if they realized how pleasant they had made my stay at Fall River.

I was the only passenger. We did not return through Pitt Cañon, but over the lava beds as far as Burney Valley, and the journey was something frightful.

"You must get the motion of the stage, same as riding a horse," said the driver. "One man can cover a whole stage, and when he commences flouncing around like that, I know he's goin' to gin out."

I refrained from asking him if he thought I would last eighteen hours, because I feared his answer would be discouraging, and I had fully determined on going through to Redding by morning. As I clung desperately to the seat during the long hours of the night, I had plenty of time to elaborate all sorts of plans for making stages more comfortable. I believe I settled on lining and cushioning them with all the feather-beds that had made my nights wretched in Fall River. On a distant slope we saw two deer grazing peacefully. The driver said he rarely failed to see one or more on every trip.

We reached Redding at five the next morning. It was with a thrill of delight that I again beheld the beautiful Sacramento ploughing its radiant channel through the grass slopes at Reed's Ferry, pausing here to broaden into a lake whose burnished shield shot back a thousand dazzling sun-points. It needed no urging to make me rest a week before proceeding farther.

One day Hal suggested that we should visit the mines before going to Sisson's, and accordingly we started for Shasta the next afternoon. This little treasure city — the



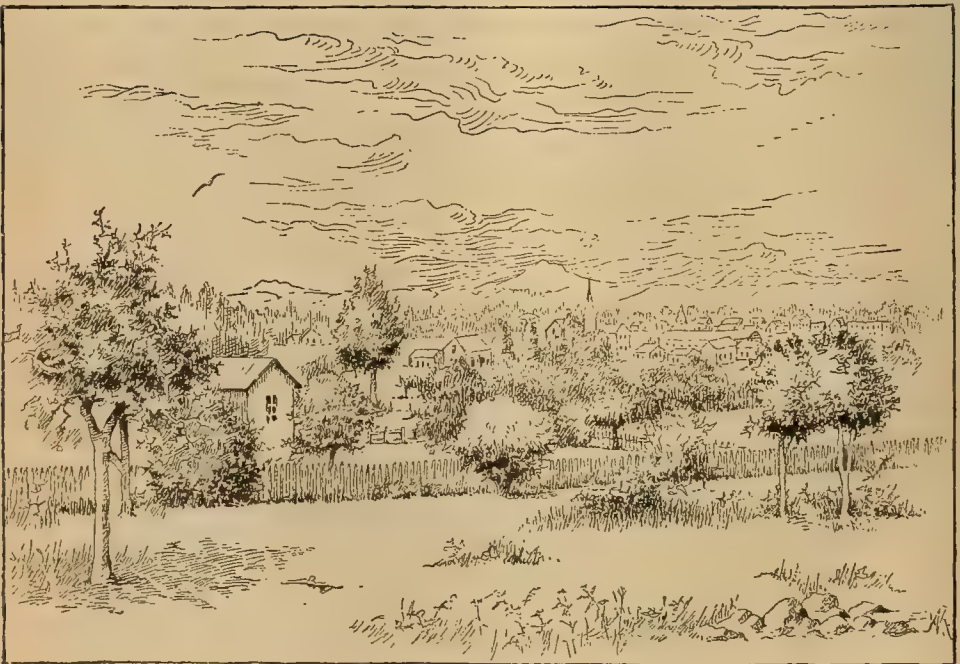
REED'S FERRY.

mother of all of Shasta's towns — is dropped down into a deep-mouthed cup of mountains, to which she clings with all her ivies. It is one of the most picturesque and romantic of towns. As you climb her streets — literally climb them — you pass old homesteads covered with vines, with spires of hollyhocks in front, and beds of marigolds like drifts of sunshine beside the paths. From an artistic stand-point we should be sorry to see these ivy-grown homes displaced by dwellings more modern or ornate. Shasta, so transformed, would lose its "Sleepy Hollow" effect, and with this would vanish half its charm. It is hard to imagine that this quiet place was once the heart of all the mining done for miles around. You can see by her dry creeks the upheavals of the placer mines, and every now and then the black eye of a tunnel confronts you from some red-banked cliff. Almost every foot of her soil has a history.

Shasta is just the place for a health resort. She combines an admirable climate with the purest and coldest of water, and the serenity

of her peaceful habits soothes one's weary nerves like an opiate. We arrived in one of her most exciting times, for her northern mountains were burning furiously, and most of the young men were out fighting fire. In the evening we went with several of her girls — the Shasta girls are the brightest, prettiest of damsels, with a fresh *naïveté* nothing short of bewitching — to watch the blazing forests that made a picture rivaling Doré's in immeasurable desolateness.

We went to Iron Mountain the day after, and much of the timber along the grade was robbed of its green and gold, and stood up stark and straight in its black nakedness. Some smouldered still, and here and there a huge log made a fiery core to heaps of coals and ashes. We were nearly three hours reaching the mine, which lay in a deep gulch overshadowed by high mountains. Twenty years ago this ledge was worked for iron, but as it did not pay, the people called it "Lost Confidence", which name still clings to it. Of late years it ranks first among the silver mines of the country. The



REDDING FROM LINDA VISTA.



SHASTA CITY.

7

mill is in perfect repair, and only needs more furnaces to give it a capacity for working fifty tons a day. The process used is roasting and amalgamation. They ship their bullion to Argo, Colorado. The superintendent told me that up to the time they built their mill they sent the ore first to San Francisco, and afterwards to Argo, finding they made a saving of \$1200 per ton, by changing to the latter place. It is a lack of forethought on the part of California to let this work go out of the State. The superintendent very kindly showed us through the mill and tunnel, answering our numerous questions with unfailing patience. It proved to be a most interesting day, and we came away fully appreciative of the courtesy shown us.

Going back to Shasta we stopped in an orchard for peaches. The branches were

breaking down with their luscious crimson and golden balls. There certainly is no doubt that fruit can attain its highest perfection in this country. Hal told me he had never eaten finer flavored oranges in Los Angeles than grew just outside the town of Shasta. The next day we continued our journey to the mines, passing the Tower House on the way. This is an ideal country residence at the foot of Old Baldy, its orchards and meadows embroidered by four mountain streams that make a hundred turns among them. The fruit trees here are the first planted above Sacramento, and many of them are more than thirty-five years old. Everywhere along the creeks there is a most luxuriant growth of trees and flowers. The place is full of shady nooks and hints of lovers' walks, all beautiful enough to inspire a poet's muse.

In the fragrant gardens beside the low white cottage are grassy lawns for croquet grounds and tennis, and here a group of lovely ladies were playing, in soft, white draperies. These people spend their summers here and their winters in Oakland. The hotel next door is largely patronized by guests that come from miles around to rest within its quiet walls and groves. The road in front is lined with English walnuts.

We left this place with a lingering sense of regret as we came out of the shade into the dusty road that led to the Deadwood mines. All along Clear Creek were heaps of stones and sand, the remains of old gold-diggings. Around French Gulch the red ribs of the mountains were bared for miles by the pick and shovel of multitudes of gold-hunters who once found this their richest field. Now there remain but a few Chinamen washing the gravelly soil along the stream. Several miles beyond the Gulch we heard the grinding of quartz mills in the ravines. Here is the Niagara mine, and a circle of seven miles around it would include the best gold region in the country. We were shown through several of the tunnels, and came out so disguised by clay and water that Hal suggested we should draw lots to see which was the foreman. They run these mills by the wet process, utilizing the water from springs, which is brought down by pipes for miles along the mountains. It is astonishing to realize how much bullion is shipped from this Deadwood district every month. No one can examine these mines without being convinced there is little danger of the gold veins being exhausted for years to come.

We returned to Shasta in the evening, having gone over more than fifty miles of mountain roads in one day. Next morning we went on to Redding. Here we found our friends had gone off camping. These Redding people can't live without their mountains. When the smoke in summer robs them of these mighty guar-

dians, they pack their frying pans and kettles, make a roll of thick wool blankets, don their oldest clothes, and go in search of them. We gazed drearily around the narrowed horizon, hoping that some one of those glorious peaks would strike a sudden splendor through the smoke.

"The place is intolerable!" said Hal irritably. "Now is our time to leave it!" And the morning train bore us bag and baggage farther north.

"Here's for a month's refreshment!" Hal cried triumphantly. "If only you had an equal allowance of time, Kate! It seems too bad we must go home just when we shall have reached the most interesting part of the country. It is what Swinburne calls the 'malice of circumstance.'" It did seem unfortunate, but I made up my mind philosophically to get all the enjoyment I could out of the two days remaining to me. From our elevation the Sacramento River seemed dwarfed to half its size. The track ran the entire length of the cañon through which this stream made desperate haste to reach the valley. When we were beyond the fires in the lower hills, the mountains gradually increased in height, and the bluish feathers of the Digger pines gave place to the richer foliage of the white and sugar varieties. The scenery, too, became magnificent. At lower Soda Springs a splendid mass of granite, assuming shapes of giant fortresses, domes, and battlements, ran its ragged edge before Mount Shasta's crown of snow. These are the famous Castle Rocks, and this was the first glimpse we had had of Shasta for a number of days, and with it came the inevitable shock and thrill, only intensified because it seemed so terribly near. Its omnipresence haunted me.

We passed Crescent Falls—a vision of delicate lace over a background of ferns. We could have touched its outer rivulets from the platform of the cars. And how the friendly pines crowded close to the track

and waved their welcoming, banners from every mountain slope! They knew we loved their presence, and all their singing branches surged in the glad sunlight while they poured their odors on the air. We drank our fill

mountains pierced by tunnels, and chasms leaped across by bridges whose intricate trestle-work resembled a magnified cobweb. The height and the depth of the cliffs above and below were equally appalling, and it was



THE SEVENTH CROSSING.

of this *elixir vitae*, and felt the exhilaration of renewed life. Beyond Upper Soda Springs the conductor stopped to let us drink from a delicious, effervescent waterfall that tumbled down the cliff a few feet from us. After this our train was dragged around an endless succession of sharp curves on a grade that averaged from one hundred and ten to one hundred and sixteen feet to every mile. This road is a wonderful piece of mechanism. It doubles upon itself in a way utterly to confound the points of the compass. Rocks have been rent asunder,

with a sense of relief that we watched our straining engine gain the plateau where Mott is built.

Here Hal and I stopped for breakfast, letting our train go on. This new town is little more than a beautiful large hotel, an editor's office, and a store, all newly built. It promises, however, to be quite a place in the next few months, as it has a beautiful location for a health resort within easy range of all the points of interest throughout here. The grounds are to be beautifully laid out in a park that will extend to Eagle Cliff,

which overhangs the railroad track hundreds of feet below. The pines and firs are noble specimens, and the ground is covered with numerous varieties of ferns. As a place for families to spend their summers Mott will be most desirable as everything here is conducted on the temperance plan.

That afternoon we went to Sisson's on a freight train. From Lower Soda Springs to this place the country was thronged with campers. Every house was filled to overflowing, and we found it impossible to secure a bed at any of the hotels. Finally a lounge was prepared for me, and Hal took refuge in the barn.

Now that we were within a few miles of Shasta, it did not look so wholly white. Its snows were ploughed by many a rocky ridge, not perceptible at a greater distance. It did not, however, lose its supernatural appearance thereby, but rather gained an effect more startling by the sharp contrast of lava rock and sweeps of snow. Shasta was named by Russian travelers, the proper derivation of the word being *Tcheste*, meaning chaste, pure. It is the culminating peak of the Coast and Sierra ranges, and has an altitude of 14,444 feet. Its glaciers extend for more than two miles down its slopes. We sat for an hour on the hotel porch trying to familiarize ourselves with this strange mountain, but its unearthly aspect did not change for us.

These Sisson meadows are green and fragrant with new hay. They comprise the greater part of Strawberry Valley, which is everywhere surrounded by pines. This valley takes its name from the quantities of berries among its grasses. Here is a little lake with boats skimming over its surface, and on its gradual banks white tents looked out through the trees. Horses dashed by with merry riders, coming from some mountain jaunt. The woods were full of happy voices, and here and there children ran along the meadows, chasing butterflies. Under the cool verandas, or swung in ham-

mocks fastened to the trees in front, the people lounged in restful attitudes. It would be difficult to imagine any mountain resort equal to this at Sisson's. All it needs is larger hotels to accommodate the hundreds of guests that crowd here since the railroad has opened a communication. These will be built the coming winter, and there is no reason why this should not rival Monterey as a fashionable summer resort.

That evening a carriage load of people returned from a fishing and hunting excursion on the McCloud River. They gave enthusiastic descriptions of the trout and salmon they had caught, and the unrivaled beauty of the scenery. One man had shot four deer, an antelope, and a cinnamon bear within three days. The McCloud is one of the most beautiful streams in California. It was named after McLeod, a Scotchman, but custom has simplified the orthography. Like the Sacramento, it owes its crystal waters to the melting snows on Shasta's head. From many a lava cup and channel underneath his crust, a thousand brooklets dash to light and join in one swift torrent at his eastern base. This torrent then takes a tortuous course through mountains all on edge, and runs a hundred miles to pour its volume into the Sacramento. The country all along the McCloud is timbered with a giant growth of pine and oak, while along the river there is the wildest confusion of alder, willow, azalia, ceres, and calacanthus, and many other trees and flowers of rarest beauty and color. The river is full of pools and rapids and has some picturesque falls near its source, within twenty miles of Sisson's.

From these falls it is about twenty-five miles more to the United States Fishery. Sometimes the salmon are so thick in the pools that they hide the bed of the stream. There have been as many as one thousand taken from one pool at a single haul of the seine. The salmon come up the Sacramento from the sea, and their eggs give the

trout their richest food. They,—the salmon—are not so plentiful as they were some years ago, but there are still enough to satisfy the most exacting angler. The trout in the McCloud are of several varieties, the "Dolly Varden" being the favorite. These have pink and yellow spots and are large and fine flavored. Deer, elk, antelope, and several varieties of bear are abundant here, and for smaller game you have the pine grouse, wood duck, pigeon, and quail. It certainly is rightly named "The Hunter's Paradise."

The next morning we breakfasted early and started for Castle Lake. We must make the trip in time for me to take the south-bound train at 5 P. M. I had staid to the utmost limit of my vacation. Hal would remain to hunt and fish and have a good time generally for several weeks to come. Our mountain train turned up a soft-lipped ravine whose cool mosses and ferns carpeted the damp ground under the maple vines and hazel-nut bushes. The thimble berries now wore their little crimson caps. Higher and higher we climbed, often crossing fallen trees and winding along slippery slides above the torrent-bitten gorges through which we heard the insolent dash of water on the rocks. From the back-bone of a mountain that scarcely left our horses room to walk, we looked down on the sparkling streams of Cold Creek on the one side and a branch of the Sacramento on the other. It is nine miles to Castle Lake from Sisson's, but we did not reach it short of three hour's ride, as we were forced to walk our horses all the way.

This lake makes an enchanting picture, lying in its crater cup, its blue expanse reflecting all the glory of a noon-time sky. The spiked pines came down in groups and columns from her mountain wall, and on her banks the azalias shook the perfume from their pink-tipped clusters. These flowers almost wreathed the entire lake. We saw a boat scud out from the bushes rowed

by a gentleman dressed in a dark blue hunting suit. He did not hear our horses' hoofs on the yielding turf and broke forth singing with the reckless abandon of one who believed himself alone with nature :

"O, the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many !"

"By Jove," cried Hal, "That's Syd !"
And raising his voice he shouted "Hello !
Come back and take us !"

The gentleman stopped short, and after a moment's surprise exclaimed, "Where in the world did you come from ?" And with a few dextrous movements of the oars he brought the boat alongside, and I recognized my stage companion of Pitt River memory.

We had dismounted and tied our horses, and Hal introduced the gentleman as an old friend of his, and joining him in the boat we spent an hour rowing around the lake. It is a mile across and more than one hundred and twenty feet deep. The water is exceedingly clear and cold, and full of trout. We learned from Mr. Syd that he had just returned from McCloud River.

"I wish you had been with me," to Hal.
"Jack and I visited some wonderful caves above the Fishery that had no end of curiosities. In one of them, the Indians say, there is a big river, but we did not venture more than one hundred and fifty feet. There were regular tables and stools along the walls made from the drippings off the stalactites on the ceiling. We paid an old Indian five dollars to take us to a cave where we had to be let down with rope, and I tell you it was awful ! I went in first and lit on something that cracked under my feet like an egg-shell. I examined it with my torch, and to my horror, found it was a human skull. Imagine my sensations to find the floor was covered with skeletons with hideous, upturned teeth and hollow sockets. By this time Jack's long legs came dangling down, and when he saw what I did, I can tell you



MOUNT SHASTA.

it did n't take long for us to get out of that infernal hole. I don't know how I looked when we reached the sunlight, but Jack's face was white as chalk."

After many questions about the caves, Hal asked him if he had seen any bears on his trip."

"O, yes, a regular grizzly," replied Mr. Syd with a shrug and a sigh. "You see Jack and I paid fifty dollars for a dog that was said to be death on bears, and Ponto was following close on to my heels, when I almost ran against the creature sitting erect on his haunches, his ears pointed and every tooth showing through his grinning jaws. I confess he looked as big as a mountain to me. That wretched cur gave a blood curdling yell, ran between my feet almost upsetting me in his cowardly haste, and disappeared with one wild bound. I never saw him after, nor for that matter the bear either. . . . I ran down that hill as much as a mile, I guess, never stopping to look back."

"You must have been dreadfully frightened," said I sympathetically.

"Not a bit," he answered quickly, and then more slowly, "But it took five minutes, at least, for my hat to settle down on my head."

We ate our lunch with relish beside a little stream, and remounted our horses, shaking hands with Mr. Syd whom Hal promised to join the next morning. We took the upper trail back, which led us to a summit with an altitude of seven thousand feet. There were acres of wild raspberries here, and in a swampy hollow were beds of pitcher plants that are said to be found nowhere else in California. From this mountain we had our finest view of Shasta. Above this dark girdle of forest this modern Sinai raised his sovereign brow in the portentous silence of his infinite isolation.

"It is terrible to be up there!" said Hal, with almost a shudder. "One is in no danger of forgetting the experience." As I was following that lava ridge this side of the

Devil's Thumb, I saw far off on the snow a black object about the size of my finger, wriggling and staggering about, falling flat occasionally, and then resuming its fantastic gyrations. I observed it carefully and discovered the object was forked, and then it flashed through me that it was a man climbing the glacier. When our party gained the cleft peak that forms the summit we were met by a perfect avalanche of clouds that tossed and tumbled about, giving a ghostly indistinctness to everything. We appeared to be in a world of unrealities, peopled by shadowy creatures that lengthened and contracted, and flung about their vast, white wings above the sickening fumes that steamed up from the hissing, spurting hot springs at our feet. A momentary parting of the clouds showed the sky blue as indigo, closing down in awful nearness. Through a revolving glare the blood-red sun swung in the frightful purple of the heavens. Fronting these unaccustomed elements a solemn dignity possessed the soul, and gave a conscious feeling of infinitude. The loss of all familiar land-marks lent an indescribable terror to the scene. This dead volcano's throat is choked with snow. On its icy rim one of the ladies slipped and fell head-long over the fearful chasm. The guide caught her by one of her feet. Her escape from a horrible death was almost miraculous. We were nearly frozen with the cold and yet our mouths were parched and hot as in a desert. Our hearts throbbed painfully and we drew our breath in gasps.

"Before we commenced the descent a fierce blast tore the mists asunder, revealing the grandest picture we shall ever behold on earth. From this majestic temple we could see hundreds of miles of kaleidoscopic landscape. Mountains, rivers, and valleys, with spurs of rocky ridges cutting through tawny farm fields far away; green meadows starred with lakes, and billowy ranges running toward the sea; while fifty miles of dense pine forests spanned the McCloud and Pitt to

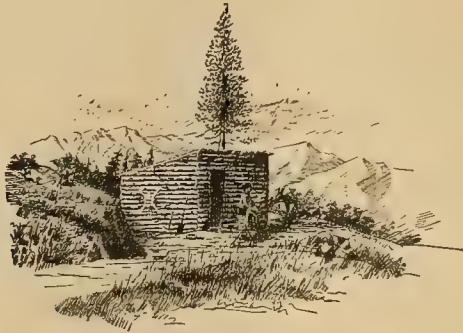
touch the snowy heads of the Sierras. And Oregon's rich prairies linked to ours by a chain of silver-surfaced lakes ; to the south, beyond the mighty Lassen Buttes, we catch a glimpse of dusky plains with isles of clustering peaks. Three times I have seen all this, and yet I feel an irresistible desire to go again. In spite of the labor and exhaustion attending the ascent, the vision from the top is worth a greater sacrifice."

We slowly descended the mountain, gazing silently toward Mount Shasta until the intervening silver firs shut off our view.

The train was two hours late that night, and as I turned from bidding Hal good-bye, we saw a radiant mantle fall on Shasta's head from the departing sun.

" 'And the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount ! ' " he quoted solemnly, and within its reflected light we parted hands.

Ninetta Eames.



CABIN ON THE SHASTA ROAD.

A BIRTHDAY RHYME.

So glide the days, dear ! Dawn will not delay,
Noontide will come, nor linger in its flight ;
And even-time in turn must pass away
Into the darkness of a dreamless night.

Hold fast, Beloved, thy season of delight :
Make merry while the morning gilds the sky,
And dews undried upon the roses lie ;

Thy golden morn of May-time, brief as bright.
For labor waits ; and cares thou canst not miss ;

Grief for thy gladness, and for laughter, tears.
Ah, love ! if only love might spare thee this —

Might hold a little farther off the years ! —

A little longer bind thy winged feet,

O youth, — most swift in passing, and most sweet !

Ina D. Coolbrith.



"KANAKA" BOYS.

KAUAI: THE GARDEN ISLAND OF HAWAII.

THE inter-island steamer Iwalani leaves the foot of Fort Street, Honolulu, once a week, at five o'clock in the afternoon. When you drive down to the wharf shortly before the appointed hour, you find the scene to be one of the utmost confusion and gayety. Indeed, a stranger might readily imagine the prospective night's trip to be a species of Fourth of July excursion or a May-day picnic. The vessel is drawn up close alongside, and its narrow deck and the wharf itself are thronged with animated people, the majority of whom are natives,—decked out in the brightest of colors and adorned with *leis*, or wreaths, of brilliant and highly perfumed tropic blossoms or of the glossy *maile* and the fragrant fern.

You mount the gang-plank and pick your way gingerly over the corpulent human forms that grace the deck, to reach your stateroom; but once within its sheltering walls, begin to take note of the novel and interesting scene before you. The natives ashore are holding voluble conversations with those on board, accompanied by shouts and laughter; while others come streaming up the plank for nearer intercourse with departing friends.

On the edge of the wharf, a lithe-limbed, dark-skinned youngster, in a species of

bathing suit, is perilously scaling a huge pile of sugar bags with all the fearlessness that characterizes the juvenile American; and leaning lazily against a post, gazing indifferently about, with all the nonchalance of an old inhabitant, may be seen the ample figure of a native woman, puffing a cigarette. A wrinkled old Kanaka, as blind as a bat, and with a *lei* of red roses around his neck, is feeling his way painfully along in the direction of the steamer. Near by, the good ship Zealandia is unloading, having come in from San Francisco a few days before.

They say a scene in Hawaii Nei is never complete without some kind of music; but on this occasion it is voluntarily furnished by a cargo of pigs, which are being unladen from a neighboring sailing-vessel. The chorus is *forte fortissimo*, with now and then a tenor, or a very bass solo, to which, however, but small attention is paid by the excited crowd.

The vessel is delayed in starting, but by and by there comes the cry of "All aboard"; and this is the signal of adieux. Among the natives weeping is not considered a weakness, but merely the outpouring of a tender and sympathetic heart; consequently masculine tears flow as freely as feminine, and



BEACH BETWEEN HONOLULU AND WAIKIKI.

handkerchiefs are the order of the day. Here we have a burly Romeo, in a costume consisting of white trousers tucked into high boots, red flannel shirt, and hat of yellow straw bedecked with roses, weeping in the arms of a dusky Juliet in a *holoku* of royal purple, the necks of both embowered in flowers and ferns, and the whole forming a striking and effective tableau. Other scenes go on about you, which show that separating as they are most probably but for a season, the quality of affection is strong in the native heart.

Now the gang-plank is removed, the bells are rung, and all is ready for the start. But stop! A tardy passenger comes tearing down the wharf, with arms and garments

flying, and is scrambled aboard, in a whirlwind of shout and gesticulation. Then the final whistle sounds, and with a waving of many-shaded hands and many-colored handkerchiefs, and amid cries of cheering and inspiring "*Aloha!*" we steam slowly away to the cane-field and the sugar-mill.

Past the wharves of the various steamship companies, over the reef, and we are fairly out to sea, and begin to brace ourselves for the inevitable battle with the remorseless fiend seasickness. Presently comes the gong for dinner, to which those cabin passengers that are so disposed, respond, while others may be served at the hands of a smiling Japanese steward. The Chinamen are stowed away on the upper deck, and below the fore part of the ship is occupied by a cargo of horses, sheep, or cattle, as the case may be. The natives pose themselves in front of the row of state-rooms in all sorts of careless attitudes, with an endless fire of chattering; while poi and dried fish are passed around and disposed of, with many a hearty guffaw to aid digestion.

By and by, when it becomes dark, most of them curl up in a bunch in readiness for sleep, and comparative silence reigns; but



DIAMOND HEAD.

not for long. As we proceed, it becomes rougher and rougher, until with a triumphant swish the waves break over the undulating deck, drenching the innocent slumberers and rousing them with shrieks of dismay. So forthwith, they proceed to sit up the rest of the night to talk it over. It is impossible to close the door of your stateroom, on account of the consequent unbearable closeness of that apartment; therefore the entrance is blocked and the threshold occupied by the portly back of a Kanaka, who rattles off Hawaiian with his cronies, at the rate of sixty words a minute, at the same time contaminating the surrounding atmosphere with the odors of a vile tobacco smoke.

The noises about the ship, the swirl of the waves, and the creaking of the machinery are, as it were, but a running accompaniment to that low, dismal, and monotonous obligato that is known among the natives as "*olo-ing*." This the bad taste of a foreigner would describe as a species of dirge on two notes; but it is in reality a kind of chant or a recitation of some old Hawaiian legend or love song, and is kept up sometimes for hours without cessation. Occasionally, as possibly in this instance, it is employed to act as a charm against sharks, which may be following the vessel; but on land the bewitching power that it exercises cannot here be told.

The night wears on, and about five o'clock in the morning we approach Kauai, and anchor in the stream. It is still quite dark, but after a short delay practiced seafaring hands help you down the side of the vessel, into a huge boat, which is rocking like mad upon the waves below; and then with a load of seasick Chinamen, you merrily pull for the shore. The breakers come racing in from sea with flying spray, and whirl you up, then suddenly down; but shut your eyes and set your teeth, and bear it as well as you can, until you reach the landing, which is Nawiliwili — a mile from the principal settlement, Lihue.

Once again upon beloved *terra firma*, you and your baggage are escorted to a "brake" or two, — a wheeled mountain vehicle, which is in attendance, — and are whirled lightly away through the early morning to the kindly welcome and the blissful quiet of an Island home.

Kauai, the so-called garden island of the Hawaiian group, is also said to be its oldest. Tradition claims, indeed, that all the others were formed from that source by a series of volcanic eruptions. Seventy-two miles in length and twenty-five in width, it rises abruptly from the ocean, mountainous and verdant, its plantations buried in its luxuriant valleys. Its climate is cooler than that of Oahu, a hundred miles away, and rain-showers are even more abundant, refreshing the air and encouraging tropical growth.

The first thing that attracts the eye of the stranger is the beauty and weirdness of its mountain scenery. Here is every conceivable variety of crag and peak, of gorge and precipice. A drive over the perfect roads of hard red clay opens before the admiring eye a beautiful panorama of hills, valleys, and plateaus, basking under the rays of a noonday sun, or soft and shimmering in the evening light. Strange and irregular are the mountain ranges, with peaks that rise to the height of five thousand feet, their summits somewhat rounded by time but bearing clearly the traces of their volcanic origin. Here the outline is cut up into a series of jagged little scallops of uniform size, and the sides into steep and rocky ravines, while the range is terminated by a grand old rock, towering on the edge of the precipice like the ruin of an ancient castle.

Sometimes the clouds descend to cut off squarely the tops of the mountains, while piercing through the mist are long and straggling sunbeams; and high overhead, as though floating in the air itself, bursts the crest of some solitary peak, all gilded in sunlight. Frowning and dark in the distance are mountains as grim and forbidding as any

in the illustrations of Doré; and in the foreground, low, rolling, and sunny hillocks, sloping to the sea. Hills over which roam great herds of horses and cattle; hills clothed in verdure, and with gorges dense with forests of the kukui, the lauhala, and the koa; hills whose rocks and creeks are the delight and the haunt of the fern hunter; and hills with shady groves of the ohia, the guava, and the mango. All these guard and enclose the numerous valleys, which as seen from an elevation present the appearance of a vast

ness for animals is exhibited in the fact that a huge canopy shaded with ferns is erected over the unwieldy bulk of an enormous porker, who grunts and champs contentedly away beneath his bowery arch; while cats, curs, ducks, and chickens wander in and out of the family living-room at will.

The taro is grown in fields of water, and is planted on little islands, two or three feet in diameter, studded closely over the surface,—the fields being separated from each other by a solid bank of grass. The taro



A GRASS HUT, AND TARO LEAVES.

checker-board of emerald taro patches, rice fields, and vegetable gardens, with here and there a feathery grove of bananas or a group of stately trees—the iron-wood, the olive, or the Pride of India.

Rude and picturesque native dwellings, in all varieties of lack of architecture, are scattered about, with an occasional grass hut, shaded by a few lonely cocoanut trees,—the care-free proprietors lounging about in the sunshine, or engaged in pounding poi, or in washing in the stream. Their fond-

leaf is very much like the calla, and it is the root that is used in the manufacture of poi, that time-honored article of Hawaiian diet. Fish are sometimes raised in the spaces between the islands, and are considered excellent eating.

Beautiful and extensive are the graceful rice fields, with their tender green, like early wheat, rising above the surface of the water, and bending and bowing before the summer breeze. All the fields are laid out with the greatest precision and regularity, although

of all shapes and angles where they bend the curve of the hillside.

Here also is the domain of the industrious Chinaman, whose thrift supplies the neighborhood with vegetables nearly if not quite equal in excellence to those of California ;

rest, when it is plowed and planted again with cuttings from a previous harvest, so all the various processes are going on at the selfsame time. When the cane is ripe, it is cut off with a sharp knife about a foot from the ground, by native, Portuguese, or Chi-



IN A CANE FIELD.

and who hoes contentedly away beneath the shade of his bamboo hat, serene with the consciousness of being without a rival, and of producing as fine a crop of strawberries the whole year round as the most fastidious palate could desire. Cabbages, sweet potatoes, lettuce, and melons, here attain their highest perfection ; with perhaps a field of tobacco or peanuts, by way of variety.

The sugar-cane is grown mostly upon the plateaus or level stretches of land, for the sake of irrigation, and covers acre upon acre of open country, down to the ocean shore itself. The fields are defined by solid fences of rough stones, at once economical, durable, and picturesque. After the first crop of cane is gathered in, there are two or even three volunteer crops, known as "rattoons" ; and after the last crop the stubble is burned and the land allowed to

nese laborers. The tops and leaves are trimmed to be used as fodder for the cattle, and it is then ready for the metamorphosis into sparkling sugar.

At the mill itself all is animation. Down the winding hillside come team after team of ox-carts, laden to overflowing with the succulent cane stalk, each team drawn by six sturdy oxen, the dusky drivers running excitedly before them and using, to an accompaniment of violent language, the formidable "black snake," or cowhide ; whose strokes, however, seem to have but small effect upon the speed of the patient and bewildered burden-bearers. Each load is deposited in front of the mill and the teams return the same way they came, so there is a continual stream both going and coming. On some plantations the cane is transported by means of flumes extending from the mill

to the various parts of the field. The cutters throw the stalks into the flume by the armful, and the current carries them to the mill, where they are strained out by a rough set of wooden crossbars and on these carried on to the crusher. The fact that the cane-fields are, as before mentioned, on the levels and irrigated makes it possible on very many plantations to use this cheap and effective method. It is certainly the most characteristic of them all and is possible only in an abundantly watered land. Other modes of transportation are employed, as seen in the elevated railway in the fields of Kealia, and the flat-boats from the bottom lands in the district of Hanalei.

Sugar-making does not differ materially from the methods employed in other countries. There are the various processes of crushing and maceration, of filtering and purifying, of boiling in the vat and the vacuum pan, of passing through the "double-effect" into the coolers, and thence to the centrifugal machine, from which it issues the first quality of brown sugar, ready to be shipped to the distant refineries of San Francisco.

Each mill has its individual village of laborer's houses, which are either thrown picturesquely down upon the hillside, like cast-off pasteboard boxes, or standing in neat and regular rows. There are also the comfortable homes of the overseer and sugar-boiler, a store and post-office, and perhaps a church or school.

Lihue is the principal settlement of the island, and the nearest to the steamer landing. Here are half a dozen plantation homes, chief among which is the hospitable abode of W. H. Rice, a well known stock-raiser. The grounds are rich in California and native plants, — roses, heliotrope, and geraniums, blossoming amicably side by side with the artichoke, the pineapple, and the Chinese banana; while the simple lawns are shaded by such trees as the banyan, the alligator pear, and the royal palm. On this

plantation are a blacksmith-shop, a dairy, with several hundred fine milch-cows, a large livery-stable, which supplies neighbors and tourists with all varieties of vehicles, a butcher-shop, a general office, and just back of the house, a neat chapel, used on Sundays for English, Chinese, or Japanese religious service, and in the week-time for a private school. At some distance away on the hillside is the native church, with its Hawaiian preacher; the Sunday-school being under the supervision of an able and energetic lady, of extended influence. There is also a German Lutheran church, and some miles away in the next settlement, a Catholic church for the Portuguese, and even a tumble-down structure of the Mormons.

The government school is in a prosperous condition, there being three or four experienced teachers, and perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty pupils, of every possible nationality. It is a comfortable and home-like structure of one story, and contains four class-rooms.

The district of Koloa is a drive of ten miles from Lihue, through a beautiful rolling country, past winding rivers and picturesque valleys, with curious natives and barking dogs. Here is a cosy little mill village, and the comfortable country home of Doctor Smith, an eminent physician and missionary, whose orchard abounds in luxuriant tropical fruit trees, — the bread fruit, lime, orange, guava, mango, and banana, — which mingle with gigantic growths of bamboo, sugar-cane, and coffee trees. Two ancient craters may be seen from this point, and not far distant are the beautiful forests of fern.

A mile or so down the beach is what is known as the "Spouting Horn" — a large hole worn in the rocks, through which at high tide the waves come dashing, sending a shower of spray to the height of forty or fifty feet.

A horseback ride of seven miles over a mountain trail brings the traveler to Kapu-

kai, the seaside resort of the island. Here are well appointed summer homes, situated on a beach admirably adapted for bathing purposes at all times and seasons. Rare and beautiful shells are here washed up by the generous tide. In the hills roam wild sheep, which fall a prey to the hunter, wild mutton being considered a great delicacy ; and large quantities of fine fish are obtained from the neighboring ocean waters.

Eight or ten miles from Lihue, in an opposite direction from Koloa, is the settlement of Kapaa, which is right on the seashore itself, some of its cottages being built almost on the water's edge. This place boasts but one principal street or road, which, however, is wide enough for a respectable Broadway. On either side are straggling native houses and Chinese shops in a more or less flourishing condition ; and right in the very centre of the road there stands a huge tower of stone, which is in reality the chimney of some demolished sugar-mill, but which looms up overhead like the fragment of a vast triumphal arch, or a modern Tower of Babel. From the perpendicular bluffs that skirt the beach may be had a magnificent view of one side of the island, and a grand sweep of a lonely ocean, — sailless and deserted, excepting when a small coast steamer makes an occasional visit. The water is the color of sapphire, and the sky of a lighter shade ; and the only sound is the moaning of the winds and waves.

Places of great interest on this island are Skull Beach, — where skulls and even whole skeletons are sometimes uncovered by the searching tide, and which is supposed to have been the scene of an ancient battle ; the famous "barking sands" at Kekaha, which when trodden upon give forth low and muffled groans, like some animal in distress ; and the ghost-haunted caves of Hanalie.

Waialua Falls is a lovely and romantic spot, far removed from human habitation.

The name signifies "two waters," designating the upper and the lower fall. The upper is not so easy of access, so it is the lower that is mostly viewed by tourists. This is a sparkling cascade of silvery water and wind-blown spray, falling on a fern-clad *pali*, or precipice, one hundred and seventy-five feet in height, broadening as it goes, and dashing upon the rocks and rushes at its base — a limpid and gurgling stream, now Waialua River. Groups of lauhala trees enclose it round about, forming an effective and refreshing setting. Over this fall two native women were said to have jumped, out of bravado, on a recent visit of the king ; one of them was killed. It is a favorite resort of the Kauai people.

A goodly company of forty-two souls set off on an April morning for a tour of inspection and a *luau* in the woods. The procession is composed of six or seven vehicles, of as many different varieties, with twelve or fourteen horseback riders, and a lively attendance of bounding dogs. Over roads bordered on either side with rustling cane fields ; through villages, where mill-hands and villagers stand open-mouthed to see the spectacle ; by mountain pastures, where men are plowing with a yoke of eighteen oxen ; past wondering cattle with upraised heads, and snorting horses with excited heels ; up hill and down hill, until, coming to the more open country, we leave the high road, and take to the rolling plateaus, bounding away over the springing turf, with the salt air from the ocean blowing freshly in our faces. Arrived at the destination, some proceed to explore the upper fall, while others, having viewed the beauties of the lower, repair to a grove of guavas, by the river, to spread the native feast.

The attendant Kanakas proceed to build an oven in which to roast the sweet potatoes, and a couple of camp-fires are soon crackling merrily away for rice and coffee. A space is cleared beneath the trees, and a table-cloth laid upon the ground, kept in



ON THE WAIALUA RIVER.

place by large stones at the corners. This is lightly covered with ferns, and adorned with clusters of ohia blossoms. The center of the board is graced by the passive forms of two young pig martyrs, fresh from sound slumbers of the night before in an underground chamber of hot stones, with banana leaves for blankets, and this dish is to be flanked by two huge mounds of the sweet potatoes. Calabashes of poi are scattered about, with dishes of fish, native salt, and pounded kukui-nut; also guava jelly and tropical fruits, and a few practical American dishes for the fastidious. Everything is to be eaten with the fingers, as knives and forks are forbidden on these occasions. Rushes are laid down in lieu of seats, and one has to recline at table like the ancient Romans. Great armfuls of feathery ferns are brought in, and made up into *leis* by dextrous fingers, and every one is garlanded; not forgetting the dogs who go tearing about and shaking their heads, as though they hugely enjoyed the joke.

This is in honor of ancient Hawaiian customs, and is but a specimen of the open-air life, the freedom from restraint,

and the universal goodwill of that simple-hearted people.

The election season is a time of the greatest excitement among the natives. Each of the principal districts has its representatives in legislature; and when the decisive day approaches, the Kanakas come tearing in to the polls from miles around, with loose rein and jangling spurs and flower-garlanded horses. Processions are formed with impromptu brass bands, and a general commotion prevails. Any native may vote who has a knowledge of reading and writing, or who has never served a term in prison. The different parties are regaled beforehand on gin or on coffee and dough-nuts, according to their political platform; and a victory is celebrated by a grand *luau*, with attendant ceremonies.

They are a warm-hearted and childlike people, and their characteristics are an interesting study.

The following is an exact copy of a letter received by a prominent Kauai gentleman, from a dusky fishermaid, who had fallen, at first sight, most helplessly in love with one of the plantation hands:

January 19th 188—

To you Mr. Willy R—

Will you please that
 Kaiakea be my marriage
 Husband. if you said yes
 I want him. I heard it was
 a workman for you and I want him
 to keep myself and I to keep his
 self two. if you are willing you
 answer my letter if you know
 Said yes you sent back
 my letter and you

excuse me and I sorry
 to myself farewell to you
 I stop here

Anna Kaumakapili.

It may be unnecessary to add that this form of love-making is not the one usually employed on the island ; and also that the unfortunate damsel's affection was not returned, the object of her choice contemptuously rejecting her timid but sincere advances.

Bertha F. Herrick.

ON THE UPPER WAYS.

YOU 'VE climbed a steep, but have you gone
 Up Atlas with Endymion —
 Been with him, there, as sung of old,
 Him and his moonéd flocks a-cold ?
 You 've seen the sun come up and bound
 The east with belt of red and gold ;
 You 've seen, but have you trod, that ground,
 The dancing-ground of th' early dawn ?
 Have you won those heights next the sun,
 Where the wild-haired Bacchantes run ?
 You know the wood, but have you seen
 Camilla in her tiger skin,
 With arrow and with javelin ?
 You know the green fields and the trees,
 But know you their divinities ;

Do you draw close as mortal can,
Dance with the nymphs that dance with Pan?
You know by note the wild birds's song,
Where shadows lay them deep and long,
But what of that one song that dies
Upon the grave where Orpheus lies?
You know the dews that fill and shine
In scented fields with sleeping kine,
But the amber that is wept upon
The body of young Phaeton?
The lily and the violet —
You've seen, and plucked, and loved them, yet
There may be left the flowers to see
That on the plain of Enna be.
You know the music and the mirth
When Spring comes singing back to earth;
But Bacchus fluting 'neath the vine—
Know you that song and dance divine?
Ay, every field and every wood,
The singing stream, the sighing hill —
You love them as a lover should;
But there be pleasures sweeter still
Along the viewless Upper Ways
The poet trod in olden days.
There, never is a fair shape found
But music floats it round and round;
And fairest things that eye can see
Aye come and go in melody,
Until the last dull, halting thought
Is by the rapture swift upcaught,
And we do come a part to be
Of what we feel and hear and see.

John Vance Cheney.



X, AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

III.

“I SWEAR I won’t do anything of the kind!” burst out Arnold in ungovernable rage. The sudden revulsion of feeling had been too much for him. He was mad with disappointment; a moment before he had been sure she was going to ask him to marry her. An unfaltering “Yes” was on his lips — then she had cruelly dashed his hopes to the ground adding insult to injury by proposing that he should bring his friends up in review before her and stand by while she bestowed her lovely, gracious, incomparable self upon one of the creatures, — no, he would see every one of them laid out in cold death first.

She was still waiting for some reply from him. The soft, dark eyes looked puzzled, the flush faded from her fair cheeks as she looked at his white, angry face. He longed to seize her in his arms, to kiss her a hundred times and entreat her to be his wife, but he dared not; he feared to lose all. He felt that his only safety lay in flight, for he could not stay in her presence and refrain from pouring out his wild passion. The door was farther off than the long, open window, and she stood near the door. He dashed out through the window, upsetting in his headlong flight the pitcher of *agua nevada* and shattering the frail Venetian goblet into a thousand pieces.

For three days he could not summon courage to go near her. He wandered about the mountains, lost to all desire of the chase and with no interest whatever in fishing. His views on the ideal primitive woman underwent a change. He thought

Nature ought to have implanted in the breast of every girl, civilized or savage, an intuitive knowledge of what love is, so that she would recognize a lover when she had one before her eyes. One moment it seemed to him the height of good fortune to have found such a beautiful, intelligent maiden, fresh, unsullied by flattery, ignorant of the world; and in the next instant he was regretting that very ignorance, since it raised a barrier between them, which he did not know how to pass.

Meanwhile, time was going and the father would soon be back from Vera Cruz. It seemed hardly honorable to win the daughter before even making his acquaintance; but it might be impossible afterward, for a man who would hide away a lovely girl like that in the mountains of Central America and bring her up in such a strange manner, would be capable of going to any extreme to keep her from marrying — that must be his main purpose through it all.

Arnold finally decided that as he could not leave off loving X if he tried, and as he had not the slightest wish to try, he would not deny himself the pleasure of seeing her as much as he could. Perhaps she might learn to care for him a little: then when the father appeared, whether he were man or ogre, he would ask him for his daughter, as a man of honor should; and if he refused and the girl loved him, he would take her anyhow, as a man of honor should.

When he had made these resolutions he took heart of grace and went to see her, after what seemed an absence of three months instead of three days. He apologized as best he could for his ungente speech and abrupt departure. Apparently she bore him no ill will for either, but accepted them as a

part of the ways of strangers from the unknown world.

She was dressed that day all in black, with a lace mantilla on her head and a rose in her hair; she carried an immense black fan which she swayed with true Castilian grace. She asked no more about marriage customs, much to his disappointment. He could not know that she had thought of nothing else all the three days, but had decided to wait for her father's return before seeking further information, her guest had such a way of getting unexpectedly angry. Doubtless she annoyed him by her foolish questions.

She sang Spanish airs to him; and though they breathed only of war and bull-fights, still the music of her voice lent them a charm greater than that of any love song he had ever heard. Then he sang to her a few of the most romantic serenades he could recall. She listened with all her heart and eyes, and said when he had finished: "Those are not like any songs I know, but I like them well. You say much about the moon and stars of a summer night, — I have no ballads to the moon, but I shall compose some and sing them to her; she is very fair when she sails in her full radiance through the fleecy-clouded heavens. I like her too when she shows only a silver crescent. Sometimes when I sit alone out there in the arbor gazing at her and everything is still except for the plash of the water and the calls of the birds to their mates, a strange feeling of sadness and longing comes over me. I cannot explain it. I wonder if others feel so. Father told me once that it was n't good for girls to look too much at the moon. I suppose he was speaking in a parable," she added sighing deeply.

"Young men and women who are thinking of marrying soon gaze much at the placid queen of night. It is a favorite way with them of passing the time together," said Arnold, with the grave air of one stating a fact in natural history.

"Indeed? You may come some night next week and we will both contemplate her. Perhaps we shall be inspired to write a beautiful hymn in her praise."

Arnold inwardly doubted whether his inspiration would take that turn, but he promptly accepted the invitation.

"You speak also," continued X, "of a lady's eyes closed in slumber, but I cannot quite gather from the drift of the poem whether you wish to wake her or have her keep on sleeping."

"This kind of song," carefully explained the young man, "is called a serenade. The lover comes at night and stands beneath the lady's window and sings. He prays that sweet slumber may close her eyes and that dreams of him may visit her pillow; but he really hopes she will waken and throw him down a rose."

"I should do so," said the girl with sweet frankness; "then I should come down myself and thank him."

Mr. Arnold greatly regretted that he had not brought his violin along with him instead of his fishing-pole, — it would have been so much more useful; then he wondered what kind of musical instrument he could find among the Indians.

They spent that day and many another like it in reading and conversation and music. They strolled through the forest, they wandered by the lake shore, they gathered flowers and ferns and mosses. His eyes looked love to eyes that spake not again, though a vaguely troubled light began to shine in them at times. Fearing still to vex him by any show of the ignorance that now weighed heavily upon her soul, she forbore from all questions; but he continued to give her a great deal of uncalled-for information about love and lovers. It never seemed to occur to him that there were other subjects on which she needed as much enlightenment. He might have filled her hungry mind with broad general truths about religion and politics, but he did not.

He came every day with great punctuality as soon as the Indians at the camp had given him his breakfast, and he never went away till twilight. He had scruples at first about such long visits; he knew they were somewhat unconventional. But Miss X seemed so unfeignedly glad to see him that he stifled what little conscience love had left in his breast. Household cares claimed some of her time, but the rest she gave to him without reserve.

Sometimes he would find her arrayed in pink and blue satin with pearls and foamy lace, her powdered hair high on her head like some marquise of the court of Louis XV; then she would insist on talking French all day. Again she would be a Japanese girl or an Italian peasant, her moods varying with her dress. He liked her best of all in the white Greek costume; and on the day after he told her so he saw with pleasure that she had resumed it. The Spanish dress made her stately and unapproachable, as a Japanese she was a trifle uncanny and outlandish, the peasant garb was not rich enough, and as a French marquise she reminded him too strongly of the society belle he could find any day in his native city; but in the plain, soft-falling folds of the Greek robe she was a fair statue slowly warming into life, a beautiful work of nature, not of fashion.

On the first night the moon was full he stayed for the evening, reminding her of her suggestion that they should gaze together at the silvery orb. They sat in the vine-covered arbor near the fountain, where the water fell in light sprays over a marble naiad; the gentlest of breezes bent the tall garden lilies and stirred the jasmine blossoms over their heads—and it was evening, it was moonlight, it was summer. Poets and romancers from time immemorial have noticed that the union of these elements is dangerous in the case of a young man and a young woman.

Neither Arnold nor the girl went on with

the business with which they had come out there. Neither could think of a word to say. He gazed at her—at the dark, lustrous eyes, the wavy black hair, the curves of her bare arms, the scarlet flowers rising and falling on her breast; not one detail of her loveliness was lost upon him. She forgot that she had meant to compose a hymn of praise to the moon; she even forgot to look at it. Her lap was full of roses, she began to pull them to pieces, scattering the petals in pink showers at her feet. Her eyes avoided his and her silence seemed constrained. They had sat together many a time before speechless for long minutes and the quiet had never troubled them, but now things seemed different. She wondered why her heart throbbed so; he felt that he ought not to have tried this fatal experiment until he had spoken to her father.

The moon continued to look down upon them in bland indifference, and the silence grew absolutely ghastly; it would have been a positive relief to both of them if one of the nearest mountain peaks had broken out in a volcanic eruption. The rose leaves fell faster and faster under her trembling fingers, and seeing them he was suddenly inspired, —it would be better to say anything than to keep up this horrible quiet.

"Miss X, your tearing those flowers to pieces reminds me of Marguerite in the garden trying the daisy spell."

"Tell me about her; I have never met her in my reading," she said without looking at him.

"No, I suppose not. She was a German peasant maiden, very gentle and beautiful, with blue eyes and long braids of yellow hair. She is not sure whether Faust cares for her so she picks a star-eyed daisy to try her fate.

"He loves me," whispers she, as in her fingers

She takes a petal and then lets it fall—

"Loves me little—madly," here she lingers,

But sighs with the last petal, "Not at all,

He loves me not at all."

"She throws that flower away and takes another —"

"But why did n't she ask him if he loved her? It seems to me that would have been simpler and more satisfactory," interrupted X.

"Ah — O — I don't suppose she thought of that; in fact, it is not the usual — I mean she preferred to find it out by the flower.

"He loves me — loves a little — loves me madly!"

Like flakes of snow the petals softly fall,
Till one alone remains; then very sadly
She plucks the petal, sobbing, "Not at all —
He loves me not at all!"

"To be perfectly sure one must try this charm three times, if the first and second have been disappointing. Marguerite does so, quite unaware that her lover stands near watching her.

"He loves me," and the teardrops almost blind her,

As with her tears the tiny petals fall.

"He loves thee!" cries a well known voice behind her,

He loves thee madly — loves thee in all —
He loves thee all in all!"

"Then she cried no more," remarked X, "and her future happiness is assured. I am glad it went well with her."

Arnold recalled a picture he once saw of Marguerite in prison, a black, hopeless figure lying prone, clutching with despairing fingers at the cold stone of the floor and he was silent.

"Here is a bunch of daisies growing right at my feet; see, they are waiting for me! Now hear me try the spell."

As she stooped for the flowers, she did not notice a dark shadow gliding behind the shrubbery near the arbor.

"But I forgot — I have no lover!" she suddenly exclaimed, impressed by the absence of this important item.

Arnold obligingly threw himself into the emergency. "O, just for the sake of the charm you might try —"

There was a heavy step on the grass, a tall figure strode up directly in front of the

little jasmine-covered bower, and the wrathful face of Edward Munroe confronted them.

"Throw down that flower and stop this cursed nonsense!" he said harshly to his daughter; and to Arnold, "Young man, who are you that steal here like a thief in my absence?"

X sprang to embrace her father, though his rough words — the first she had ever heard from him — frightened her.

"O, dear, dear father, I'm so glad to see you; I —" but he pushed her away from him and held her hard by the arm.

Arnold writhed at the insult to himself, but he mastered his rage and answered calmly: "I am no thief. I came here by accident. I was hunting in the forest two or three weeks ago, and your daughter found me wounded and took me to your house." He met the father's eye squarely.

"You seem to have recovered from your hurt; why are you still here?"

It was depressing to carry on such a dialogue with a would-be father-in-law in the presence of the girl to whom he had not yet declared himself; but there was no help for it. "I found the society of your daughter pleasant, and I staid to have the honor of your acquaintance."

Edward Munroe swore under his breath and took a step towards the young man with his fist clenched; then he turned to his daughter, "X, go into the house!" he sharply ordered.

"Father, I will not," she answered with quiet determination.

His eyes blazed with passion as he looked from one to the other. Neither shrank from his gaze. "How much have you been fooling with this girl?" he demanded.

"I do not 'fool' with women," said Arnold haughtily. "I have come here to see her every day, if that is what you mean. I have not told her I love her; but I do, with all my heart and soul, and I ask you to give her to me for my wife."

The earnest, manly tones checked for a

moment the father's anger. "X, look at me and tell me that you care nothing for this stranger; that you despise him as I do for obtruding himself into our home when I was not here to protect you."

She raised her eyes timidly to the face bent so fiercely upon her: the skies might well fall when her father looked like that. Desdemona was not placed in half so trying a position. Desdemona had a husband, and besides she knew her own feelings. But X was ignorant of the fair Venetian's line of defense; no heroine of romance could help her with a precedent. Another love than a father's, a love she could not understand, struggled for expression and made a cruel conflict in her maiden heart.

"Why do you not answer me? Why do you keep me waiting?"

The gaze of both men was fixed eagerly upon her; the father's eyes threatened, the lover's implored. She covered her face with her hands and sank down upon the ground sobbing out wildly, "Why have n't I a mother to tell me what to do? Other girls have mothers!"

Bitter words for the father to hear! They brought back afresh the shame of twenty years gone by and wrung his soul with the old agony. The sight of her tears was more than Arnold could endure. He rushed forward to raise her; but the father stopped him. "Keep back, sir, or I'll kill you! The girl is mine and you or any other man shall never have her!"

He lifted her to her feet and held her half tenderly against his breast, waiting for her sobs to subside. "Now, X, settle this thing quickly. I cannot think that in three short weeks you have learned to care more for this man than for the one who has loved you all your days. Tell him to go and leave us to each other."

She wiped the last tears away and withdrew from his embrace. "Father," she said with a grave, simple dignity, "you have kept from me the knowledge that a woman

has other duties besides those to her father; you have said there was no other happy love; you left it to a stranger to tell me that a time comes to every girl when she leaves the father for a husband and makes a new home. All women have acted thus as far back as history goes, the ignorant and the intelligent, the barbarous and the civilized, queens and peasants,—*he* told me so"—with a sweet, shy gesture toward Arnold which filled that young man with rapture unspeakable. "I am not different from others; Nature made us all alike; and—and I want to do as all the rest have done. It—must be good or else the custom would not have been kept up so long!" She stammered over the last sentences and blushed crimson, for Arnold was drinking in her words as though they were a revelation from heaven.

"O, X, I have lost you!" groaned her father in despair.

"No indeed! they go right on loving their fathers just the same."

"But I will not share you with anybody: you are all I have in the world. I came to this lone place to bring you up in seclusion that you might be safe and happy; there is a curse on our race that forbids us to hope for love in marriage. You know nothing about this man. You shall not throw yourself away upon him."

Arnold interposed. "Mr. Munroe, I have friends in San Francisco, who can satisfy you as to my respectability. My whole life is open to your inspection. No parent has a right to interfere when his child's future is at stake. It is pure selfishness. I can make your daughter happy and I will. Miss X, will you marry me?"

And X left her father's side, walked up to the young man, put her hand in his for a second, then turned and fled into the house. Arnold drew a deep breath of satisfaction and relief: the primitive woman could be relied upon!

He could make no impression upon the father, either that night or at any future in-

terview ; nor could Edward Munroe influence his daughter to give up her lover, though he tried every argument that his own great love could suggest. Arnold begged for an immediate marriage, but X insisted that he should wait at least six months. She hoped to overcome her father's objections ; but he could not be moved. It was a wretched time for both. The old confidence was destroyed ; they shunned each other's presence.

At the end of the allotted period Arnold came for his bride, and they were married. Both implored her father's blessing on their union ; but he said to X with cruel coldness when she would have clung to him and kissed him for the last time : "I have no daughter any more. I have nothing left to me now. Go with the husband you have chosen. I never want to look upon your face again. You are dead to me."

Her husband bore her away, half fainting with grief, and the happiness of their honeymoon was chilled by the estrangement of father and child. X made repeated efforts toward reconciliation, but her letters were sent back unopened, and she at length gave up the attempt as hopeless.

A fonder, more devoted husband than Ralph Arnold it would have been hard to find. Vague rumors of his strange marriage were current in society, and when he returned from his wedding journey half his friends expected to see a painted savage dressed in skins and wampum. Some said his wife was the daughter of a Mexican cattle-king, fabulously rich but unable to write her own name ; others had it from good authority that she was a Sandwich Islander, dark but comely ; still others asserted that he had discovered her in Alaska, and that she had a dreadful habit of nibbling tallow candles when she was out in company. All were agreeably disappointed when they met the beautiful woman, who if she sometimes startled them with her quaint observations

and lack of conventionality, charmed them by her sweet unconsciousness of self.

She found infinite delight in the new life opened to her, and she drank in at every pore the knowledge that had been so carefully kept from her. Her father's anger remained the only cloud upon her bliss, for her love for her husband knew no bounds.

A year after her marriage a child was born to them, a bright, laughing boy, the very image of herself, the proud father declared. There could be no question but that she loved her baby passionately ; yet Ralph Arnold often found her crying over it as though her heart would break. She gave no reason for her tears and seemed troubled by his questions. Her strength returned but slowly, and the child was a big boy six weeks old before she was able to sit up.

One afternoon when he had come home early to take her out for a drive, he found mother and child missing. The servants had not seen her go out, and he soon found that she was not at any of her friends'.

He was frantic with anxiety, uncertain what to do, when a telegram was brought him : "Don't be frightened. I have gone to my father, he will forgive me now when he sees my baby."

He followed as fast as he could and came to the mountain home one night but a little while after she had reached it. It was early spring. Nothing was changed about the place ; the windows were open, the curtains undrawn. Edward Munroe sat by the library table reading, and from the darkness outside Ralph Arnold saw his wife, hardly recovered from her severe illness, and weakened and worn by the long, hard journey, steal softly into the room with her child in her arms and fall down at her father's feet.

"Father," she cried, clinging to his knees, "if you would only forgive me I could be the happiest woman living, for I have everything except you ! I never knew

what your love was until my baby was born — until it looked up into my eyes and clung to me with its little helpless fingers. Just so I must have clung to you, and you loved and cherished me! Love me again for my child's sake!"

She raised the baby and put it in his arms; and as it smiled in his face it seemed to him that it was X herself, again a little child, just as she looked on that night when he had pointed the pistol at her head to kill her. Tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. He clasped his daughter to his breast and kissed her and her little one again and again.

Ralph Arnold came forward, and the two

men shook hands without a word. X smiled brightly at him and remarked:

"I knew you would come if we came, but I did not dare to ask your consent lest you should refuse and make me wait till I got stronger,—this was all I needed to make me well. Since I have been out in the great world I have noticed that it is the custom even of good wives to do as they choose, then ask pardon of their husbands afterwards; it *is* a good way. Father, isn't my baby the dearest, cunningest thing you ever saw! Can you believe it is mine? I have named him Edward; he is no X, no doubtful element. I know all about him: he will be a great and good man."

Marshall Graham.

THE END.

EARTHQUAKES IN CALIFORNIA AND ELSEWHERE.

IN selecting the instruments and work for the Lick Observatory I have been guided not only by a desire to make this magnificent establishment useful to science all over the whole world, but also by a sense of the duty of the observatory to do its share in solving local problems or in forwarding local interests. So that one of the first departments established was that relating to the time service for the public and for the railways.

Another local problem has received very careful attention. I refer to the accurate registration of earthquake shocks. A very complete instrumental outfit of seismometers (instruments for measuring earthquakes) has been ordered and placed in position at Mount Hamilton, and the University at California has two other sets at Berkeley. By means of these we may hope to obtain accurate and quantitative accounts of the cir-

cumstances of earthquake shocks. It is very likely that Berkeley and Mount Hamilton are not the best situations for these instruments, but that is a matter to be decided later on. It is hoped by means of these instruments to begin the accurate study of earthquakes.

As a preliminary to this really accurate work I have collected all available accounts of all the earthquakes which have been recorded in California, Oregon, and Washington, from 1769 to 1887, and this collection will shortly be published by the University of California.

I have examined a large number of books, newspapers, and manuscripts relating to this question in the past summer, and it has occurred to me that it might not be useless to give a short account of the chief characteristics of earthquakes, as described by the best authorities — Mallet, Milne, Fuchs,

and others. The subject should not be without interest in California, where (light) shocks are experienced as often as twice a month on the average for the whole State.

The Way in which an Earthquake Acts.—The very simplest earthquake shock would be one in which there was only one explosion; where this occurred at a single point; where it was transmitted through perfectly homogeneous rocks to the surface stratum of the earth, and where this surface stratum was itself composed of homogeneous materials.

We can form some idea of the circumstances of such a shock. In the first place, spherical waves would go off from the centre in every direction. One minute after the shock the radius of the wave would be 1; two minutes after, 2; three minutes after, 3; and so on. The whole energy of the original shock would be in the surface of each spherical wave at successive moments. But the wave-front increases in surface as the square of its radius increases. The energy has to be spread over the whole of the increased surface and hence the energy at a single point of the wave is inversely as the square of the distance from the origin. For example, if the energy at each point of the wave-surface is *one* at a mile from the origin, at two miles it is *one-fourth*, at three miles *one-ninth*, at one hundred miles *one-ten-thousandth*. This shows how rapidly the violence of earthquake shocks diminishes as we go further from their origin. Suppose the wave to go on and finally to meet the surface stratum of the earth. Here a portion of the wave will be reflected back into the interior of the earth; a portion will be refracted out into the air (producing sounds) and into the upper loose layer of surface materials, producing superficial vibrations, overturning or shaking buildings, etc.

This last wave will travel along the surface becoming less and less energetic until it can do no more damage to buildings; then at last until it can no longer be felt by

human senses; and finally until it is no longer perceptible to the most delicate instruments. It has used up and destroyed all the work there was in it by fissuring the ground, by shattering rocks, by deforming and heating the solid and liquid matter which it has met in its path. So much for the surface wave. The same is true, in its degree, of the sound-wave. What has become of the reflected wave? This has traveled back to the origin and has met and perhaps re-inforced any other waves which left the origin later than the first wave.

We have so far supposed only one wave to come from the focus of disturbance. This is a wave of alternate compression and rarefaction like a sound-wave. The first shock compresses the shell of matter around it; the elasticity of this matter causes it to resume its original shape and to expand so as to fill more than its original sphere; and alternate condensations and rarefactions are produced and the wave travels onwards as in Figure 1. The adjacent particles of the matter are alternately nearer together and farther apart than usual. This is the normal wave. The mass of matter near the origin is broken and fissured, some of the particles are driven beyond the elastic limit, and waves like water-waves are formed in which the separate particles move up and down while the wave-form travels onwards; or rather the particles move transversely to the direction of wave-motion. Strong dislocations and torsions are produced by this rupture and the effort of the body to assume its original shape gives rise to waves of elastic distortion also. At the emergence of each of these three waves at the earth's surface each is in its turn split into reflected and refracted waves.

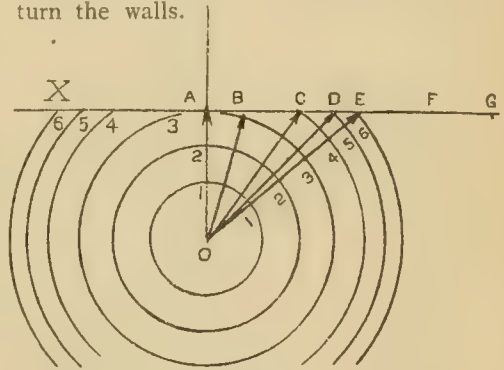
Even in the simple earthquake which we have imagined complexities come in. The reflected wave of the quickest or normal wave on its way back to the center, meets the other two direct waves and interferes with them and so on. Now if we take the

case of an earthquake as it actually arises in nature, we are at once plunged into the midst of the most highly complex circumstances. The origin of the shock may be a long fissure, perhaps of very irregular shape. From each part of this a shock may originate. Not only so, but from each point many shocks may come at irregular intervals. These do not travel through homogeneous materials, but across and through rocks of the most various densities, and at each new layer, new refractions and reflections take place, producing complicated interferences of the waves themselves. A sufficiently strong wave may throw down or break some mass in the interior of the earth, and may produce mechanically some new fault or fissure, or may open a vent for subterranean waters into a region of intensely heated rock thus bringing the explosive power of steam into play, and it may produce in some or all these ways new secondary origins, each of point of which may again produce its own earthquake waves of distortion, etc., and its own set of reflections and refractions. The resultant effect at the earth's surface is most complicated as we see, and even this brief sketch may serve to show how impracticable it will always be to explain completely every circumstance of the very simplest earthquake.

We are thus obliged to address ourselves to certain definite and limited problems, which it is possible to solve—as for example to determine the place and depth of the earthquake origin, the velocity of transmission of the wave, etc., etc., and to give up all hope of a complete understanding of every detail of the whole phenomenon.

Earthquake-Waves.—This is no place to go into details regarding earthquake or other waves, as those of sound or water. But something may be said of them which may make the phenomena of an earthquake better understood than it usually is. For example let us look at Figure 1. A, B, C, D, E, F, G are places on the earth's surface; and O is the point of origin of an

earthquake, say three or four miles below the surface. A wave starts from O after the initial shock and travels in all directions from O. All the energy of the shock is in the surface of the wave. From experiments on artificially produced earthquakes we learn that the velocity of transmission diminishes as the wave goes on. One minute after the shock the wave front is at 1; two minutes after, at 2; three minutes after, at 3; and so on. Just before the end of the third minute, say, the front reaches the surface at A and at B. At A the direction of the shock is vertically upwards. A house at A would be lifted suddenly and then dropped, but there would be no tendency to overturn the walls.



At B, there would be a lift and also a slight tendency to overturn; at C a lift and the maximum overturning force; at D, E, etc., lighter and lighter shocks from this wave. Notice also that persons at A and B would experience the shock about three minutes after the first actual shock; a person at C, four minutes after; at D, five minutes after; at E, six minutes after, and so on. In three minutes the *surface-wave* would travel from A to E and to X in the other direction. If we knew the angles at which the shock emerged at two places in a straight line (better three or many) we could prolong the lines AO and BO back till they met and thus determine the depth of O.

Accurate time-observations at A, B, C, etc., will give us the velocity of the surface wave. All this is shown precisely by earth-

quake instruments, and more or less accurately by observations of destroyed buildings and the accounts which can be given by persons. But the instruments give the most reliable accounts. They have no nerves to be shocked; their watches are always right; and they show the direction of the shock better than the overturned walls of structures which were built to stand up, and not to be overturned for the sake of science. These observations are really of use. If we can find out that an earthquake origin is under a certain region, it is a good sign of the use to which that region ought to be put. We can afford to grow wheat in the fields there, but we must not build a city near it.

Distinction between Earthquake and Water Waves.—It is necessary to draw a distinction between earth-waves and water-waves, yet in some points they present a striking likeness. The large earthquake waves which originated off the coast of South America and then radiated outwards across the Pacific to Japan and other countries, took twenty-five hours or so to travel the 3,900 miles from their origin. While they were near their origin they appeared as walls of water rapidly advancing onwards, sixty feet in height, and they succeeded each other at rapid intervals. After these walls of water had traversed the Pacific to Japan, for instance, they had dwindled out to a swell which could scarcely be detected except on shore lines, where the water rose and fell like the tide.

Instead of walls of water sixty feet high, they became long, full undulations not more than eight feet in height, with a distance from crest to crest of from one to two hundred miles. If we compare this to the effect of very large earthquakes on land there are many phenomena which can be explained on the assumption of an action similar to this having taken place. The short, quick vibrations of the Lisbon earthquake radiated to very distant countries,

and by the time they reached England had become long, flat waves having a period of several minutes. In countries like England, these pulse-like movements were too gentle to be perceived except in the effects produced by tipping the beds of lakes and ponds. Their original energy had destroyed itself in the work performed on the route from Lisbon to England.

Motion of an Earth-Particle.—Where there is not an actual rupture of the surface of the earth, we may conceive the motion of each particle of the surface to be a vibration in a very small orbit. At points far away from the origin of the shock, the vertical motion is very small in comparison to the horizontal motion. The horizontal motion itself is usually very small. Actual measures by earthquake instruments show that it is almost always less than a tenth of an inch even in heavy shocks.

When it is so much as two-tenths of an inch brick chimneys are shattered and thrown down. The vertical displacements are far less. In the destructive Japan earthquake of 1880, the greatest vertical displacement was two-one-hundredths of an inch. In the great shock of 1868 in San Francisco, the actual vertical displacements of the earth-particles were certainly not above one-tenth of an inch, and the horizontal displacements not above one-half of an inch, and they were probably less.

Displacements such as these, would not result in destructive effects if they were produced gently and slowly. They are, in fact, produced violently and suddenly three or four times per second, and the structures destroyed have not time to accommodate themselves to the change.

These small motions, it will be remembered, are based upon actual measures and must be accepted. We have to explain our personal feelings and sensations on another scale. I have seen several accounts of California earthquakes, in which it was said that the earth rolled in great waves,

several feet high. If it had done so, the surface of the ground would have broken into huge chasms, which would have opened and shut like jaws; whereas at most nothing more than cracks and small fissures were seen. Such large chasms are formed at the worst shocks, and we have absolute evidence, that in the very worst Italian shocks the earth-particles may move from four to five inches. But fortunately we have not experienced any shocks of this nature in California during our historic period, 1769 to 1887.

The interior of the earth is probably fluid, but the fluid mass is so viscous that its behavior is very like that of a rigid solid. If the crust of the earth is 25 or 30 miles in thickness and if it floats on a melted mass, the enormous pressure (something like forty-five million pounds per square inch near the earth's centre) will compress the liquid interior and produce a high viscosity, and the earth will act as if it had a solid nucleus which floats in a highly viscous layer, which layer floats in an outer one, slightly less viscous and so on till we reach the outer liquid layer which may be comparatively fluid. The crust of the earth floats upon the outer liquid layer.

Earthquake Experiments.—Experiments made in Japan on artificial earthquakes produced by exploding small quantities of dynamite indicated that the amplitude of the vibrations diminished directly as the distance increased for some distance from the origin of disturbance, but at a greater distance from the origin the rate of diminution seemed to be slower. The transverse vibrations seemed to die out less quickly than the normal vibrations.

The area over which a shock is felt will depend not only on the initial force of the disturbance, but also on the focal depth of the shock, the form and position of the focus itself, the duration of the disturbance, and also upon the nature and arrangement of

the materials through which the shock is transmitted.

Directions of Shocks.—It seems to be a fact, in California as well as in other parts of the world, that the main directions in which earthquake shocks are transmitted are along the axes of mountain chains, of river beds, or of narrow valleys. An obvious reason why this should be the case is that in the great majority of cases the earth's crust is much more nearly homogeneous *along* a mountain ridge, the axis of a valley, etc., than transverse to it. The shock travels in the direction of least resistance or of maximum homogeneity.

In California we should expect earthquake-waves to travel parallel to the ridges of the Sierras, the Monte Diablo Range, the Coast Range, or in the directions of the San Joaquin, Sacramento, Salinas, and other rivers, and experience shows that they do so. A severe shock may be transmitted with force transverse to these directions, but slighter shocks often lose their energy, and are not felt in such transverse directions.

One of the smaller valleys, as the San Ramon, the Amador, the Clear Lake Basin, Round Valley, Pitt River Valley, or Honey Lake, may experience quite sharp shocks that do not leave the valley itself. The earthquake shocks at Shasta, Weaverville, and Eureka are very probably connected phenomena, for example. A deep cañon intervening between the source of the shock and a particular locality may protect the latter altogether from the lighter earthquakes. In a very rugged country, like that near Mount Hamilton, earthquake-waves will be quickly broken up, especially if they travel near the earth's surface, as most do. The city of Quito is said to owe its safety to deep cañons which surround it, while a suburb only fifteen miles distant has often been destroyed.

In the experiments in Japan produced by

exploding charges of gun powder or dynamite, it was shown that the greatest motion of the earth is *inwards* towards the point from which the disturbances originate. The same thing has been shown in regard to certain earthquakes. Should this prove to be the general rule it will give a means of determining not only the line of direction of an earthquake shock but the side from which it came.

Depth of Earthquake Origins below the Earth's Surface.—The depth of focus of earthquakes below the surface of the earth has been roughly ascertained for several earthquakes. It may be interesting to give some of the results.

In the Naples earthquake of 1857, Mallet found that the depth of focus was about five and three-fourths miles.

In the Yokohama earthquake, of 1880, it is probable that the depth of origin lay between one and one-half and five miles. For four other earthquakes the depth has been variously determined as between one hundred and twenty-seven thousand and thirty-six thousand feet.

After a large earthquake smaller shocks usually occur at short intervals. At first the disturbances are separated from each other by only a few minutes or hours. Later on, the intensity of the shocks decreases, the intervals between them become greater and greater, until finally, after a few hours or days or even months the earthquake dies out.

There is such a thing as a secondary earthquake, which may be produced in this way. The shaking produced by one earthquake may be sufficient to cause regions which are in a critical state to give way, and thus the first disturbance may become the originator of a second earthquake, smaller than itself, or even very much greater. If we admit that any earthquake wave radiating from its centre may act in such manner, we see that a feeble disturbance may be the ultimate cause of the production of a

very destructive earthquake, just as the disturbance of a stone upon the face of a cliff might by its impact upon other stones cause many tons of material to be dislodged, or just as the foot of a traveler may start an avalanche.

Velocity of Propagation of Earthquake Shocks.—From certain experiments in Japan, Professor Milne concludes that the velocity of propagation of the earthquake of 1881 was variable, and that it was greater when measured between points nearer to the origin of disturbance than between points at a distance. The actual velocities appeared to vary between four thousand and nine thousand feet per second. The velocity of the shock of the Charleston earthquake was far greater. The general conclusions of Professor Milne upon earthquake velocities are as follows:—

1. Different earthquakes, though they may travel across the same country, have very variable velocities lying between several hundreds and several thousands of feet per second.

2. The same earthquake travels more quickly across the districts near to its origin than it does across districts which are far removed.

3. The greater the intensity of the initial shock, the greater the velocity.

The Cause of Earthquakes.—The primary causes of earthquakes are probably the heat of the earth, the heat of the sun, and the variation in gravitating influences. These primary causes produce secondary ones which are dependent upon them, such as expansions and contractions of the earth's crust, variations in temperature, barometrical pressure, rain, wind, the attractive influences of the sun and moon in producing tides in the ocean, or strains in the earth's crust, etc., etc. Volcanoes and earthquakes are certainly connected in the closest manner.

Earthquakes may be Produced by Faults in Rocks.—The sudden formation of fissures or faults within the earth's crust will give

rise to earthquakes, and possibly also to volcanic vents. Earthquake and volcanic regions are certainly situated on areas where there is evidence of rapid elevation — as all about the shores of the Pacific. Certain earthquakes and faults are closely related phenomena. Perhaps most of our California earthquakes are due to the rending of the lower rocks in mountain regions. The Inyo earthquake was probably an example of this kind.

Earthquake's Consequent upon the Explosion of Steam in the Interior of the Earth. — Humboldt regarded volcanoes and earthquakes as the results of causes which he described as the reaction of the fiery interior of the earth upon its rigid crust. To put this in more definite form it has been suggested that earthquakes may be due to sudden outbursts of steam beneath the crust of the earth and its final escape into cracks and fissures.

The gradual percolation of the waters of the ocean down into volcanic foci might account for the production of steam beneath the earth's crust, and the escape of steam constantly from one fissure into another might produce a rending of the rocks which would be sufficient to account for even the severest earthquake. But when we say that an earthquake has shown evidence by the nature of its vibrations that it was produced by a fault in the rocks, it is by no means certain that this fault may not itself have been produced by an explosion of steam.

If we assume that the earth has the rigidity which physicists ascribe to it, it will be impossible that bodily tides should be produced in it, but nevertheless there must be traveling around the earth a tidal stress, and one such stress for every one of the heavenly bodies, as the moon, the sun, etc. If this stress is imposed upon an area of the earth's surface which is in a critical state, it may cause this area to give way and thus be the origin of an earthquake. Earthquakes

ought therefore to be more numerous when these stresses are the greatest, — that is, at the time when the moon or sun is nearest to the earth and again when the moon and the sun act together and not opposed, — that is, at the time of full or new moon and not at the time of half moon.

Connection between Earthquakes and the Phases of the Moon. — Professor Perrey worked upon this subject for many years and as the result of his researches announced that earthquakes are more frequent at new moon or at full moon than they are when the moon is half full. They are also more frequent when the moon is nearest the earth than when she is farthest off. They are also more frequent at any given place when the moon is on the meridian of that place than when she is situated on the horizon of the place.

Frequency of Earthquakes in relation to the Position of the Sun. — Earthquakes are much more frequent at the equinoxes than they are at the solstices, and this is true for both hemispheres. Perhaps the best general law that can be stated is that for the northern hemisphere for the six months between October and March there are more earthquakes than for the remaining months of the year.

Connection between Earthquakes and the Positions of the Planets. — From a set of earthquake statistics it has been shown with some degree of probability that earthquakes occur with more frequency at the times when the planets Jupiter and Saturn exert their influence jointly upon the earth than at those times when the influences of these planets are opposed.

It is by the use of the preceding principles that Professor Falb of Vienna predicts earthquakes. The principles are probably true when we take the whole earth together, and if by means of them an earthquake is predicted for a certain day, the prediction is not likely to fail since taking the whole earth together there are many earthquakes

daily. In Japan alone the average is from two to three daily.

The Hours at which Earthquakes are most Frequent—An examination of a catalogue of over 2,000 earthquakes which occurred in various parts of the world between the years 1850 and 1857 showed that for both hemispheres the number of shocks observed during the night time was much greater than the number observed during the daytime. This very likely can be explained by the fact that one's attention is more readily directed to a shock at night than in the daytime, as it is well known that a quite severe shock may pass unfelt by a person who is walking in the streets, or attending to an ordinary mechanical occupation out of doors. This probably will account for the greater frequency of shocks in the night time, in spite of this being the time of sleep.

Relation of Earthquake Shocks and Changes of the Barometer.—It has long been well known that the quantity of firedamp given off from coal seams has a direct relation to the barometric pressure. The same thing is certainly true of the amount of steam, etc., emitted from certain volcanoes. Volcanic phenomena and barometric pressure are certainly in direct relationship.

A sudden rise of the barometer produces an immense load upon the area of the earth's surface over which this rise takes place, and it is not difficult to imagine that this may be the final cause which makes the crust of the earth give way in some if not in many cases. If the barometer rises an inch, this is equivalent to placing a load of about seventy-two pounds upon every square foot of area over the whole surface where this rise takes place. A fall of the barometer over any region is equivalent to the removing of a heavy load, and if subterranean forces are endeavoring to burst the crust of the earth upwards, the removal of even a slight barometrical pressure may allow this rupture to take place.

Prediction of Earthquakes.—Prof. Milne

has lived in an earthquake country (Japan) for many years and has devoted his whole time to the study of these phenomena. He is of the opinion that science will advance in the future so that earthquakes may be predicted, but he gives no countenance to any prognostications of earthquakes by the personal feelings of individuals, or by the behavior of animals, birds, etc.

The underground noises which precede earthquakes may be observed by means of telephones suitably arranged and connected with the earth's strata as is done in Italy, and it is by no means impossible that at some time earthquakes in certain localities may be predicted by this means. It has been shown from Italian observations that these small motions of the earth which produce sounds in the telephones, always increase with the fall of the barometer; and the sounds are at least believed invariably to precede an earthquake shock. An increase of barometrical pressure of only one one-hundredth of an inch is equivalent to a load of twenty million pounds to the square mile. Prof. Milne gives an account of a typhoon in Japan accompanied by great variations of barometric pressure which were sufficient to make a change of load of the surface of the earth from sixty to one hundred million pounds to the square mile, just as if these loads had been placed on and removed from a considerable portion of the earth's surface. Such storms as these might well be the final cause of earthquakes.

On the assumption that the earth has great rigidity, Mt. George Darwin has concluded that if the barometer rises an inch over the whole area of Australia, the load would be sufficient to sink that continent two or three inches. The tides which twice a day load our shores, cause the land to rise and fall in the same manner. Mr. Darwin has calculated that on the shores of the Atlantic this rise and fall of the land may be as much as five inches.

Earthquake Periods.—Our evidence,

such as it is, indicates a general uniformity in the occurrence of earthquakes as distributed over long periods of time, but while such uniformity may be the fact throughout historic time taken as a whole, there is also evidence of so-called paroxysmal energy in shorter periods. There may be scarcely any time in which there is not an earthquake somewhere within a certain large earthquake region; and yet it will be found that there are epochs when earthquakes occur in greater numbers and intensity than the average, and these we may call periods of paroxysmal energy.

After considering the extensive tables of earthquake statistics which he drew up, Mr. Mallet says that while the smallest or minimum intervals between two epochs of paroxysmal energy may be a year or two, the usual interval is from five to ten years of comparative repose. The shorter intervals are periods of fewer earthquakes, not always of earthquakes of less intensity, but usually so. The alternation of paroxysm and repose appears to follow no absolute law.

Within historic time two marked periods of extreme paroxysm have been observed in each century, one greater than the other. That of the greatest number and intensity of earthquakes has occurred about the middle of each century, the other toward the end of each century. The occurrence of such epochs at the middle or towards the end of our purely arbitrary subdivision of duration into centuries must, of course, be only accident. The interval of duration between one epoch and the next, that is fifty years or so, is the only thing that can have a real basis; and statistics seem to confirm the reality of such an interval and of such epochs.

We may then provisionally affirm the probability of two periods of earthquake activity, a greater and a less alternately as occurring in one hundred years for the three last centuries of history, at least for

the whole earth taken together; not for any particular place, of course.

Effects of Earthquakes on Buildings.—How to Build Safe Houses.—Professor Milne has made a large number of observations upon the nature of the effects of an earthquake shock upon houses, and has deduced a certain number of practical rules with regard to building houses in earthquake countries. The more important of these are:—

In choosing a site for a house in an earthquake country find out by the experience of others the localities which are least disturbed, and build there. Sometimes these localities will be upon hills, and at other times in valleys and on the plains. A wide open plain is less likely to be disturbed than a position on a hill, especially on the edge of a hill.

Avoid building on loose materials which rest on hard strata beneath.

Place foundations on the hard rock and leave a pit or trench all round them up to the surface of the ground.

If earthquakes in a region come always from one direction, build the house so that the blank walls are parallel to this direction, and so that the walls with many openings in them—as windows and doors—are at right angles to such direction.

Small structures can be supported on nests of spherical balls laid between two flat iron plates. Such houses are much less shaken than the ordinary kind. It is advisable that brick chimneys to wooden houses should be built so that the chimney is not bound closely to the wooden structure, but is detached from it in such a way as to allow it to have its own period of vibration without interfering with that of the house.

Effect of Earthquakes on the Underground Waters.—The changes which earthquakes produce upon the underground circulation of waters, deserve especial attention.

Although we know much about the circulation of surface water, but little is yet known about the movements of streams hidden from view, from which the surface waters have their sources.

Earthquakes can thus be regarded as gigantic experiments on the circulatory system of the earth, which, if properly interpreted, may yield information of scientific and utilitarian value. In the earthquakes at Los Gatos and Saratoga valuable springs were opened, as an example in California.

Earthquakes in California.—In the report of United States Surveyor General Hardenburg for the year 1871, he says:—

“The shocks of 1800, 1808, and 1812 appear to have been about equal in force to the shock of 1868, and it seems there have been no shocks during a century of greater severity.

“It is fair then to consider the shock of 1868 as a standard of the maximum force of earthquakes occurring in California during the last one hundred years. On the hypothesis that earthquakes are the results of natural laws which operate with some degree of regularity, it may be fairly presumed that a period of one hundred years would in all probability give the extreme limit of the result of the action of these laws. Hence, having learned from reliable history and from observation the maximum strength of earthquakes occurring in California during a century past, we may from these data with some degree of confidence predict what their maximum strength will probably be during the hundred years to come. It will perhaps be no difficult matter to provide against any serious damage from these unwelcome visitors by so constructing buildings that they shall be proof against any such shock of earthquake as has occurred in California during the last hundred years. Reasoning from the foregoing historical facts I am firmly of the opinion that the earthquakes of California are not so much to be dreaded as is generally supposed; in fact

that they are far less dangerous to life and property than are the hurricanes of the South or the summer tornadoes of the North.”

The earthquake of 1872 which occurred subsequent to the writing of this report was probably considerably more severe than the shock of 1868 and it should be taken to represent the maximum severity of any shock *which has actually occurred*, in California during a century.

The destructive earthquakes in California during the years 1769 to 1887 have been those of:—

- 1800; Oct. 11-31. (San Juan Bautista, etc.)
- 1812; Oct. or Dec. (San Juan Capistrano.)
- 1818; (?) (Santa Clara.)
- 1836; June 9-10. (Monterey and northward.)
- 1839; (?) (Redwood City and San Francisco.)
- 1857; Jan. 9. (Ft. Tejon, Tulare, etc.)
- 1865; Oct. 8. (San Francisco, etc.)
- 1867; Jan. 8. (Klamath, etc.)
- 1868; Sept. 3-28. (Kern and Inyo.)
- 1868; Oct. 21. (San Francisco, etc.)
- 1872; Mar. 26. (Inyo County.)

Say eleven destructive shocks in one hundred and eighteen years or one every eleven years on the average, taking the whole State together.

Extremely severe shocks have occurred:—

- 1806; March 24. (Santa Barbara.)
- 1812; Dec. 21. (San Buenaventura.)
- 1843; June 23. (California and Mexico.)
- 1851; May 15. (San Francisco, etc.)
- 1852; Nov. 29. (San Diego, Yuma, etc.)
- 1853; Feb. 1. (San Luis Obispo County.)
- 1853; Oct. 23. (Eureka.)
- 1855; Jan. 24. (Sierra County.)
- 1855; July 10. (Los Angeles County.)
- 1856; Jan. 2. (San Francisco.)
- 1856; Jan. 10. (Los Angeles County.)
- 1856; Feb. 15. (San Francisco.)
- 1856; in the Fall. (Tulare County.)
- 1856; December. (San Diego County.)
- 1858; Nov. 26. (San José.)
- 1861; July 3. (Amador.)
- 1864; March 5. (Santa Clara, Visalia.)
- 1865; March 5. (Petaluma.)
- 1865; May 24. (San Francisco, etc.)
- 1866; Feb. 17. (Klamath.)
- 1868; Sept. 26. (Ukiah.)
- 1869; Oct. 8. (Ukiah.)

1869; Dec. 26. (Sacramento, Marysville.)
1873; Nov. 22. (Oregon, Washington Territory.)
1885; Jan. 30. (Honey Lake Valley.)

That is twenty-four exceptionally heavy shocks (exclusive of what I have called destructive shocks) have occurred since 1800 say, or one every four years on the average taking the whole State together. No such shocks have however been recorded since 1873; fourteen years. For any particular locality the number of really heavy shocks is quite small. Thus at San Francisco, there have been only two destructive shocks and four exceptionally heavy earthquakes in one hun-

dred years, while there have been in the same time over two hundred and fifty slight shocks and tremors.

If we confine our attention to any particular part of the State the number of really heavy shocks occurring there is very few indeed.

When we take into account the whole damage to life and property produced by all the California earthquakes it is clear that the earthquakes of a whole century in California have been less destructive than the tornadoes or the floods of a single year in other less favored places.

Edward S. Holden.

THE STORY OF THE POZZUOLANA HOUSE.

"It's no use, John. We shall have to give it up, — and just at this time, too." Elizabeth buried her face in my shirt bosom and began to cry.

We had gone over our monthly expenses a dozen times : —

Fuel and lights.....	\$ 6.00
Washing.....	4.00
Provisions ..	22.00
Chinaboy once a week to clean... @ 75c	3.00
Milk bill.....	3.00
Ash man.....	.50
Daily paper and magazine subscriptions....	1.65
Clothing for myself @ \$100.00 per annum...	8.50
Clothing for Elizabeth @ \$100.00 per annum	8.50
Sundries for me, which included ten cents a day for car fare, an occasional cigar, repairs on boots and clothing, trifling loans to impecunious friends, and down town lunches on week days.....	13.25
Sundries for Elizabeth, representing occasional car fares, caramels, dentist's bills, new music, piano tuning, etc	8.00
House rent	25.00
Sum Total.....	\$103.40

I am a book-keeper in a large retail establishment of San Francisco, on a salary of one hundred dollars a month, and it will readily be conceived that the discrepancy between that amount and the Sum Total of our expenses was a very serious affair indeed, and yet we tried to be economical, dressed plainly, and allowed ourselves very few indulgences in the way of books or amusements; and Elizabeth did the housework herself, in order to save expense — poor child!

"It is all that horrid rent," she sobbed, "It eats up every bit of the nice balance we might have. If we only had a little home of our own, John, or dared defy society and live in a tent!"

The door bell sounded a loud, imperative summons. I resigned my task of trying to console Elizabeth and opened the door, to be greeted by Tom Holbrook's smiling face. He looked questioningly at Elizabeth's tearful countenance.

"Hope I'm not intruding, John? Can just as well step in another time."

His tone was so insinuating, and it was so evident that he suspected some disagreement between my wife and me, that Elizabeth and I both laughed outright, as we could well afford to at any suggestion of domestic jars in our household.

"Far from it, Tom," I responded gayly. "It is only a question of figures, a mere matter of expense that we've been troubling our heads over. Elizabeth," I added, in a sudden access of tender wrath, "I'm going to confiscate that little account book of yours, and if you ever dare to keep another I'll burn it to ashes."

Tom had listened to my explanation with eyes that brightened.

"Why, my dear fellow, I ran down to see you tonight with a proposition that bears on that very question."

Elizabeth was all attention in a moment. Tom had thrown himself into an easy chair, and proceeded to make his words intelligible.

"Of course you've both heard of the great discovery made over in Berkeley the other day? No? Why, man, it's the biggest find in California since the days of the gold placers. An old farmer over there took a fancy into his head to have an analysis made of some queer-looking sand on his ranch, and it proved to be genuine pozzuolana!"

"Pozzuolana! What is it, anyhow?" interrupted my wife, who, like all women, never will let a man tell a story in his own way.

"Pozzuolana is a species of volcanic sand, similar to the earth in which the Roman catacombs are excavated," amiably responded Tom. "It is largely composed of silica, in a condition to be easily acted upon by the calcic hydrate with which it is mixed, and it also contains various alkalies and oxide of iron, all of which unite in forming a substance that hardens under water."

"But I don't understand what it is good for," insisted Elizabeth.

"Don't understand! It makes the hardest and most durable cement in the world. A house built of it could be tossed up by an earthquake or rolled down California Street hill without so much as cracking it. It is absolutely fire-proof and impervious to water. Houses built of it are standing today on the side of Vesuvius that have resisted the wear and tear of centuries. From its easy extraction and simple preparation it constitutes a building material as moderate in cost as it is durable in nature, and its adoption will revolutionize the style of building in the city. Farewell to such architectural anachronisms as certain costly Nob Hill mansions, with flimsy wooden structures surmounting massive stone foundations."

"But how does it affect you, Tom?" I anxiously queried. "I should think that, being in the building line, it would naturally be a disadvantage—"

Tom interrupted me, the eloquent enthusiast resolved into the practical business man.

"Simply in this way. At the first whisper of the thing my partner and I went over and effected a lease of the ground for ten years."

"Is n't it a risk?"

"Not a bit of it. We are working on a sure basis. The thing is no experiment. Of course people are always distrustful of new projects, no matter what their excellences. They want first to see a test made, and if any one is to be bitten each man would rather it should be his neighbor. Now we intend to give the business a boom right away, to get people interested at the outset, and we have concluded—my partner and I—that the best way will be to put up a sample building and throw it open for the inspection of the public. He has a lot in a central location down on Leavenworth Street, and we shall erect a cottage there—"

a real beauty of architecture, snug and compact, with the latest improvements in plumbing, ventilation, and the like. O, I tell you," he cried, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, "It will be a regular little daisy of a house, and no mistake!"

We smiled approval and waited further developments.

"Well, you see," continued Tom, "the next thing is who shall occupy the house. As you know very well, I'm not a married man, and my partner's wife wouldn't give up their pretty home at the Mission for a dozen pozzuolana mansions. What we need is some nice quiet family, who in consideration of having the house rent free, will take a sort of interest in showing it off to visitors. Now here are you and Elizabeth, paying out, I dare say, a round sum every month for this stuffy little place," glancing contemptuously about our small parlor and toward the narrow hallway that constituted our sole entrance from the street. "When we have the house ready I want you to pack your traps down there and take a little solid comfort. I assure you," added Tom, in a burst of amiable flattery, "it will be worth a mint of money to have a tidy little housewife like Mrs. Elizabeth on the premises."

I am not a demonstrative man, but I think Tom understood the dash I made for the front window, and the rush Elizabeth made after me. His own eyes were moist when we shook hands at the door a few minutes later.

As the door closed behind his retreating figure, Elizabeth doubled up her fist at the Sum Total.

"Vanquished at last, you wretched thing! I shall never be afraid of you again. And O John," in a high staccato of triumph, "it's not only the rent, but the car fares as well. It will put at least thirty dollars a month in our pocket."

A week later we stepped around to see the excavations for the new building, and

from that time to the day the last painter left we took it as a regular feature of our after dinner walks, so that we grew to feel a sort of ownership in the house. It was by no means an easy matter so get a look at the operations in progress, for pretty much everybody in the city was curious to inspect the singular edifice that was going up without framework or studding, and not a few expected to see the whole structure fall into fragments when the heavy castings were joined together.

When it was completed it was really an elegant structure, constructed, after the fashion of San Francisco architects, in a style that was a mixture of Corinthian, Ionic, Queen Anne, Moorish, and Byzantine. The cornice was a marvel in its way, with various mythological notabilities grinning like a row of decapitated courtiers of the time of Louis XIV. along the entablature, and there were striking allegorical groups over the front and side entrances. But it was a substantial, comfortable home, notwithstanding, with a well arranged interior, marked by that perfection of detail from kitchen to parlor that characterizes the average tenement house of San Francisco.

When the cottage was at length ready for occupancy, I managed to obtain a three days vacation, (deducted from my monthly salary,) to help in moving. The teams that conveyed our household Lares and Penates were surrounded and followed by such an attendance of small boys that it made quite a triumphal procession; and as I sat on top of the last load, steadying a large mirror, which had been unscrewed from the dressing case belonging to our black walnut bedroom set, I felt something of the awful sense of glory and responsibility that must oppress the man in the circus procession who rides in the tiger's cage. An informal committee of reception was also gathered about the pozzuolana house, and it became necessary

to call in the services of a policeman to clear a passage through the crowd for the entry of our kitchen range.

I did not expect to effect any considerable saving from my income during the first few months. My wife and I both agreed that it would be a very shabby thing to put the new house to shame with our old carpets, already worn and patched beyond the furthest limits of respectability. So Elizabeth was for once able to gratify her taste, and selected some Wilton rugs for the parlors, of quiet, harmonious colors, in keeping with the ashes of roses tint of the walls and the deeper hues of the frieze above. When the carpets were down and the furniture arranged, Elizabeth thought we should have a new picture or two and some dainty bits of Parian for the walls, and I concurred with her that it was not a time to be stingy in the expenditure. There were also some few outside expenses, such as the sodding of the lawn, the purchase of several choice shrubs and roses—things to be had for a mere song in our city—and it was necessary to provide a nice garden hose. But when everything was in shape,—and it did not take more than a week or two to get the whole establishment into something resembling order,—it was one of the daintiest little homes, inside and out, that you often see.

There had been evinced such a widespread disposition to consider the pozzuolana house public property from the date of our advent, that we were forced to put up a notice denying admission to strangers, in order to insure the quiet necessary for regulating domestic affairs. Nevertheless several intrusive individuals presented themselves, and upon having their attention called to the placard denounced the whole establishment in such offensive language that I was obliged to help a few of them out of the front gate through the medium of their coat collars. However, one night Elizabeth came to me with a hospitable smile and said:

“I think, dear, that now we might take

it down.” This was in the month of October, 1883. At an unconscionable hour the next morning we were aroused by a continuous peal at the door bell, which was being revolved in the hands of some person evidently unaccustomed to such amenities of civilized life, and resolved to enjoy a new sensation when opportunity afforded. I hurriedly threw on my clothes and opened the door, to find a couple of men confronting me in the semi-twilight produced by the dull pallor of approaching dawn, shadowed in places by the sickly glimmer of San Francisco gaslight, which some astute municipal authority in bygone years stipulated should not be above sixteen candle power.

“An’ sure we was on our way to worrk, sor. Me an’ Mike is ingaged in a little contrhact down in the cut at the Potray-ro; an’ Mike says to me, says he, ‘Let us jist be afther steppin’ round an’ takin’ a look at the foine new pozzylany house, Pat,’ says he.”

I stifled my impatience and made a desperate effort to control my chattering teeth. Toward great or humble, high or lowly, our duty was the same. Besides, were not the gallant working men the real backbone of the country? Their honest patronage was by no means to be despised. If every day laborer in San Francisco should build a pozzuolana cabin, our friend Tom could retire a millionaire on short notice.

The two men followed me through the house in open-mouthed astonishment, treading the softly carpeted floor in undisguised awe, and examining the culinary arrangements with the pleased surprise of members of a grade of society to whom the kitchen is a familiar quarter, through habitual use as the living room of the family. As they took their departure one of them turned carelessly to me with the air of a prince of the Crown:

“Many thanks to ye for yer trouble, sor. An’ moind ye, Pat, whin I build me that elegant mansion on the hill, sure I’ll consider

usin' the same material for the sarvants' quarters."

We had two more calls before breakfast, and I left the table once, and Elizabeth twice to show visitors over the house. When I left home to go to my business she was going from room to room, heading a procession consisting of a couple of fat old ladies, an elderly gentleman in the dress of a clergyman, a woman with one baby in her arms and two clinging to her skirts, and our grocery man from over the way.

As I ran up the steps at noon—it had been agreed between us that I should renew the good old time habit of coming home to lunch—I found my wife bowing a fresh party of people out of the front door and ushering a new lot into the parlor, while my sense of smell was greeted by an odor of scorched mutton chops. When the last guests had taken their departure, and there was a momentary hiatus in arrivals, I received a tearful embrace from Elizabeth.

"Indeed, dear, I could n't help it," she wailed. "I had just got everything on the range for a cozy little meal, when the bell rang and half a dozen people filed in, and—and, they're all burnt to a crisp."

I would not wound her feelings further by calling her attention to the very ambiguous character of her last remark, but offered consolation in the form of a reminder that there was a neat looking restaurant around the corner, and I thought on the whole it would be wise to arrange to take a portion of our meals there until the rush subsided.

For of course the rush would subside. Tom, who ran in several times a day during the first few weeks, in a state of high elation at the success of his experiment, assured us that of course in the nature of things, it could never be kept up. By and by everybody's curiosity would be satisfied, and we would be left to ourselves save for an occasional visitor from away, just enough to keep Elizabeth from feeling lonesome.

But it did keep up. Week after week

and month after month the stream of visitors to the pozzuolana house flowed on without cessation. From the mansions of Nob Hill, from the byways and lanes of Tar Flat, from the pastoral abodes of the Mission, from the crowded down town caravansaries, fashionable Pine Street boarding houses, outlying suburban homes, the modest elegance of the Western Addition, the conservative homes of North Beach, and even the unsavory precincts of Barbary Coast, the tide of sightseers surged on with unabated zeal to the pozzuolana house. Along with a goodly number of people moved by legitimate purposes came a vast tribe who never had a house of their own in their lives and never expected to have, along with a regiment of women who took in the place as a regular feature of forenoon shopping expeditions, and repeated their visits in the company of friends with the same amazing persistency displayed in their patronage of the Mechanics Fair or a bench show; and in their wake followed a pack of young people going to and from school, who slipped in on every possible occasion. They came at all hours and seasons, and we were frequently kept up long beyond our ordinary bed time to exhibit the house and discuss its structure with some country gentleman or Eastern tourist who was compelled to leave on an early train in the morning; while the working classes evinced a singular unanimity in selecting the early morning as the season for their visits.

Many of our guests proved veritable Goths and Vandals, and pocketed numerous small articles of bric-a-brac, chipped the door and window frames, and even cut off the corners of our Wilton rugs, presumably to exhibit in triumph to their friends as mementos of their visit to the pozzuolana house. Occasionally some impudent aristocrat would offer my wife or me a piece of silver, as if we were on a par with waiters at a restaurant or ushers at a play.

As the winter advanced and Elizabeth felt

the need of more rest and retirement, we hired a sunny-faced young German girl, Hulda by name, and my wife secluded herself in our large room on the southwest corner of the lawn, which was consequently denied to visitors. Hulda and I had several exciting encounters with ill-bred strangers to prevent their entering the room by force; for the idea was at once conceived that some secret connected with the structure of the house led to the sealing of this apartment. More than one aggressive individual shook his fist at the closed door, and denounced me as a cheat and a fraud. Many insisted that there was some defect in the material which had commenced to display itself in that quarter, while a few suspected that for some mysterious reason they were denied a view of the choicest portion of the house.

About the middle of January I held a confidential talk with Holbrooke, and he readily assented to my proposition to close the house for a period of six weeks from that time. It is needless to say that the public and the press took this act as a verification of the truth of their suspicions, and a great hue and cry was raised that the *pozzuolana* house was a failure; that the material had been unable to withstand the celebrated "atmospheric influences" of the San Francisco climate, and that the cement had decomposed so rapidly that the building was already uninhabitable.

Our answer came in a form that the public least expected. It was an infant's feeble wail. Rarely has a baby's influence been so powerful or so quickly manifest. The press and the public graciously conceded their defeat. Our baby, to us so sacred a possession that we would scarcely have breathed her name to a stranger, was heralded throughout the land as the first baby born in a *pozzuolana* house in America.

It is needless to say that with the reopening of the house the first of March came a great rush of visitors, in which the

young female element of the community predominated; but upon one point Elizabeth was firmly resolved. Our baby should play no part in the pageant. Whenever the doorbell rang the child was dispatched out of the way in the faithful Hulda's care. Elizabeth received the visitors with a bland and smiling mien, and conducted them through the rooms with unfailing courtesy, but to all solicitous inquiries after the baby's health she turned a lofty and inexorable face, nor observed the curious smiles with which some of the strange guests regarded her.

About this time Elizabeth and I began to be somewhat troubled in respect to Hulda. The girl was an innocent young creature, whose Teutonic parents lived on a little ranch up country, and to them she sent all but a tithe of her earnings, after the fashion of a dutiful daughter. We felt in a measure accountable to her father and mother for her conduct while in our employ, and when we saw her blossoming out in gay ribbons and showy chains and locketts of rolled gold, we grew uneasy and feared something must be wrong with the girl. A pair of astonishing patent leather boots with crimson velvet tops (Hulda wears No. 6, E width) tipped the balance.

"I never can stand that," cried Elizabeth with flashing eyes. "I mean to watch that girl like a ferret until I discover the secret of these performances."

She had not long to wait. The next day, when she had finished doing the honors of the house to a party of ladies, (after having dispatched Hulda out into the yard with the baby in her carriage,) as Elizabeth closed the door on the departing guests she was suddenly seized with a determination to execute a flank movement on the unsuspecting girl. Perhaps Hulda had a lover, who courted her over the back fence on such occasions. She would slip on her un-awares, at all events, and learn the truth or falsity of her suspicions. As she sped

softly along the length of the little piazza that crossed the front of the house, she was surprised to catch a glimpse of the dress of one of her late guests fluttering over the lawn, around the corner of the house. Another moment and my wife beheld Hulda standing guard over the baby carriage, surrounded by an eager and expectant group. The girl was holding the pretty blue afghan — Elizabeth had embroidered it with her own hands during those last weeks of seclusion — in such a manner as completely to screen from observation the face of the sleeping infant. Her other hand was outstretched in the most business-like manner.

“Who wants to see the pozzuolana baby? Only pozzuolana baby in America,” she softly droned, after the style of the manager of a side-show at a country circus. “Ladies and gentlemen, step up and see the pozzuolana baby. Only ten cents a head!”

Four daintily gloved hands were promptly extended, each holding a silver dime between thumb and forefinger. Four comely feminine faces bent forward in blissful expectation, when Elizabeth swiftly descended upon them, looking, I dare say, like a pretty little Jezebel, white and terrible in her wrath.

“O you dreadful, dreadful girl! Next you’ll be selling the silky locks on her dear little head or drawing the precious drops of blood from her darling veins and trading them off for shoddy jewelry or red cotton velvet gaiters!” Elizabeth had gathered our wee daughter into her arms while she was speaking, contriving with a woman’s cunning, in the midst of her wrath, not to expose so much as a line of the dainty features as she did so. “And you,” she continued, addressing the startled group of women, “what manner of lady is that who will condescend to purchase from a nurse girl privileges that are denied by a mother?”

“To think of our baby, this precious, darling little girl, being exhibited to those

women — and Heaven knows how many others — like a tatooed Hottentot or an educated pig, at ten cents a head!” cried Elizabeth, as she recounted the incident to me that evening, and her eyes blazed again as she spoke.

We held a council of war forthwith. I favored throwing up the house at once; but Elizabeth, who cooled down perceptibly when she had transferred her grievance to me, pointed in consternation to the terrible prospect before our baby in case we took such a step. We had really begun to get ahead in the world. The saving of rent and car-fare was beginning to tell; and then the baby, instead of being an addition to our expenses, had actually been a help. It was surprising how many little things, hitherto regarded as indispensable, we had found it a pleasure to do without for her sake.

“If Tom only knew!” I exclaimed, “He means all right —”

“I have it,” she cried, “let him find out for himself.”

I looked at her inquiringly, and she unfolded her plan. We would invite him to come and spend a month with us. There was the pretty guest chamber unoccupied, and — it was close to the entrance. She would do the housework herself during his stay. (Hulda had taken the afternoon boat up the river). My dyspepsia would prostrate me when at home. Tom should have all his favorite dishes, and with his customary gallantry would be sure to readily relieve her of the duty of entertaining our unbidden guests when he was in the house.

Our plan was consummated without delay. Tom walked into the trap with such guilelessness and cordial appreciation of our hospitality that I felt like a traitor. Elizabeth’s prophecies were also fulfilled. He did the honors of the house with a warmth and readiness that put our more stilted courtesy to shame. But it somehow happened at first that the rush was least and the nicest people were sure to put in an appear-

ance during the hours of Tom's presence ; and we were appalled to hear him congratulate Elizabeth on the second day of his stay upon the agreeable diversion the entertainment of such pleasant guests must create in her quiet home life.

On the third night after Tom's installation as an integral member of our household, the usual throng of evening visitors ceased about ten o'clock, and we hastened to bed to recuperate our strength and prepare for the disturbance of our rest in the early morning. Somewhere between twelve and one o'clock we were all roused from a sound slumber by a tremendous peal of the front doorbell. I will explain that the bell was one of these ingenious affairs that have a gong on the inside of the door and can be muffled or intensified at pleasure by a few turns of a screw. As the decrease of sound is somewhat in proportion to the increase of the square of the distance, (if my philosophy is at fault it must be attributed to the time which has intervened between my collegiate and work-a-day life,) it is only reasonable to suppose that the sound must have been little short of terrific in the front room where Tom slept.

I was about to spring out of bed from force of habit, when I felt a tight grip on the sleeve of my night robe.

"Don't you dare, John! Can't you understand? I did it on purpose."

"Did what, my dear?"

"Turned on the bell so it would rouse the seven sleepers. It's sure to wake him."

And sure enough, at that very moment we heard through the crack in the door, which Elizabeth had pulled a little ajar, the sound of quick steps in the hall, and Tom's excited voice.

"What in thunder is the matter? Fire or murder?"

A woman's voice answered, clear and incisive, with a metallic ring, "We have come to see the pozzuolana house."

"Good Lord!"

This eloquent remark may or may not

have been distinctly audible to those outside. Out of consideration for the baby, as Tom afterwards explained, he decided to do the honors of the occasion, and making a hasty toilet (in the dark) he speedily returned to the door and began to show the party around, touching up the gas jets as he went.

The party consisted of an elderly maiden lady, (she of the voice,) with the unmistakable Bostonian stamp, a quiet elderly gentleman, who seemed a somewhat insignificant factor, and a stylishly attired young lady, whose face was so enveloped in heavy folds of lace, flung about her face as a protection from the night fog, that her features were not plainly visible.

Tom patiently led the way from room to room, and the visitors commented freely upon the taste displayed in the furnishing and adornments. When they reached the sitting room, where the magazines and papers we had been reading during the evening still encumbered the table, the young girl reached forward and curiously examined the contents of Elizabeth's work basket, on which lay a tiny pair of baby socks with holes in the toes.

"How sweet! and how very real!" she said.

Tom was struck dumb at the sound of her voice, but the maiden lady turned with some austerity to her niece.

"Miriam, I hope you are taking complete notes of this memorable visit. Midnight of June 4th, '83, in the Coliseum of Rome. Midnight of June 4th, '84, in the first pozzuolana house ever built in America. Do you remember the guide who took us over the Coliseum, Miriam,—his long, curling, raven black hair and nose like Tasso's?"

"*He* had not so much as an apology for a foot covering, Auntie, but his trousers were sustained by a picturesque crimson sash," murmured the young lady in an undertone, with a little hysterical laugh.

Tom became at once painfully aware that

he was limping about in one slipper, that he had a great hole in the heel of his other sock, and that in his hurried toilet he had left his suspenders hanging down his back. But he has since confided to me that he made a solemn vow at that very moment that none other than the hands of the identical mischievous girl who made these unmerciful reflections upon his costume should mend the hole in that sock.

"Where does this door lead?"

It was the door of our sleeping apartment. The maiden lady uttered the demand in the imperative and uncompromising tone of the professional sightseer. My wife and I awaited Tom's reply in suspense.

"That door, madam," and we silently blessed Tom for the inflexible tone, which augured a stanch defense of our privacy — that door, madam, leads to the sleeping apartment of the master and mistress of the house you have just been inspecting. I would prefer not to disturb them. You see, the gentleman is a melancholy dyspeptic — " If I could only have thrown my boot at the fellow!

"The master and mistress of the house?"

"Oh Auntie, what have you done?"

"But I thought it was a model house, built merely for the inspection of the general public. I shall never forgive myself for this intrusion — never in the world."

"Let us go at once, Auntie. It is the only reparation we can make." The young lady was walking swiftly toward the hall.

"Do not be so distressed, ladies. I beg you not to imagine there is the slightest need for apology. It is quite a customary thing for us to have visitors at all hours of the night. Indeed, I am not sure but there are more during the night than —"

There is no knowing of how many more lies Tom might have been guilty, had the young lady not stopped short in her precipitous flight.

"Mr. Holbrooke!"

"At your service, Miss Leland," — with

a genial laugh, so infectious that all joined in, even to the maiden aunt. Forgetting his intention to conceal his identity in his anxiety to relieve their humiliation. Tom had turned and faced them in the glare of the gaslight, in all the majesty of his six-feet-two-in-his-stockings. It was a very different thing from meeting in full dress at an evening reception, and swinging around a ball room to an air of Von Weber's. However, from my knowledge of Tom's physique I am inclined to think that he was not a bad looking fellow, even when prowling about a pozzuolana house at midnight, in the rôle of cicerone to a party of tourists, with his trousers drawn on over a ruffled night shirt, his suspenders hanging down his back, and a big hole in the heel of his stocking. And Mrs. Tom Holbrooke indorses my opinion.

Somewhat to our surprise Tom remained with us the entire month, without demur or protest, although each succeeding day initiated him more fully into the experiences of our painful servitude. Whatever his secret sensations, he veiled them with the outward serenity of a philosopher — save on one occasion, when he came in white to the lips, after the summary departure of a party of English tourists.

"They actually offered to tip me — the snobs!" he indignantly announced.

"Why, Tom," said Elizabeth, sweetly, "you should have taken the money and dropped it in the poor-box at church. I always do."

He looked at her with a curious glint in his eye, but said nothing.

I must confess I could not tell what to make of Tom in those days. He came and went at all hours of the day and saw Elizabeth wearily pursuing the treadmill she had walked for so many months, but made no comment. He witnessed fresh depredation made on our small stock of household goods, saw the baby deprived of her last new rattle, and a pair of new shoes, heard Elizabeth

deplore the loss of her scissors, and observed me hunt in vain for my paper knife, his countenance wearing an expression of calm indifference the while.

When he arose at two o'clock one morning, shortly before the conclusion of his visit, to help me extinguish a fire that some vandal had kindled beneath our bedroom window in the hope of proving the material of the building combustible, as I watched him turn a stream of water from the garden hose upon the blazing pile of tarred boards, the same impenetrable calm on his face, I could not repress a stinging exclamation.

"Tom Holbrooke, one would think you were born and brought up in a *pozzuolana* house!"

He viewed me with that same curious glint in his eye I had noticed when he looked at Elizabeth, and for a moment seemed about to speak, but checked himself before the words left his lips; and when he took leave of us a day or two later he was moved by the same singular impulse, followed by a similar reserve.

Elizabeth and I were forced to resume our deliberations as to what step we should take to free ourselves from the distressing incubus we had assumed. It was really a very material question, for our manner of life, in spite of its drawbacks, insured us many comforts of which we should otherwise be deprived, and, as I have already said, we were putting by a snug little sum for a rainy day. But the constant worriments of her position were wearing out my little wife's strength and patience, and even the baby was growing fretful and peevish.

As a solution of our monetary problem Elizabeth desperately proposed raising a class of pupils in music until we could see our way to greater prosperity. As may readily be imagined, I negatived this proposition.

On the first of July, before we had reached any decision, Elizabeth and I were surprised by a summons to a small gathering at

the house of Tom's partner, in celebration of Tom's engagement to a Miss Bessie Leland—a young Boston lady spending the summer on the Coast—preliminary to their approaching nuptials. It may be remarked parenthetically that Tom always does things in a hurry.

We found quite a little company assembled. Upon the conclusion of the modest banquet several toasts were proposed, and met with ready responses. I flatter myself that I made a very creditable effort in the shape of a flowery tribute to the prospective bride, but then one must allow that the sweet-faced little woman constituted a very inspiring subject.

Tom's partner rose to the sentiment, "The age of *pozzuolana*—long may it flourish," and gave a very interesting account of the discovery of the sand in the Berkeley hills and its introduction as a building material in San Francisco. He described the skepticism with which the cement was first greeted, the tests to which it had been subjected, and its final triumph over all other building materials, announcing that their success had exceeded their most sanguine expectations. He concluded by saying that there were now so many *pozzuolana* houses in process of construction in various parts of the city that it was no longer necessary to keep the model house on exhibition, and that he wished to extend the thanks of the firm to their friend here and his estimable wife, asserting that their co-kind operation and courteous reception of visitors had been an invaluable and indispensable aid in advancing the cause of *pozzuolana* in San Francisco.

As he sat down my wife and I drew a long breath. We both felt that we should be happy in being so easily and pleasantly released from our disagreeable burden, but our smiles were somewhat forced. The truth of the matter was that in spite of all the woes it had brought us, we had become really attached to the little house, and felt

cast adrift upon the world. The old question of dollars and cents rose like a frowning spectre — besides, there was the baby.

And then a very curious thing happened. The bride elect, her face all smiles and blushes, proposed a singular toast.

“‘Deliver me from my friends!’ I call upon Mr. Tom Holbrooke to respond.”

Tom struck an attitude of unconscious grace, placing his right foot upon the seat of the chair he had just quitted.

“‘Ladies and gentlemen,” he said, “in endorsing the sentiment that has just been uttered, I shall but voice the secret prayers of two of the most worthy of the guests here assembled. A year ago, when my partner and I invited my friend here and his wife to take charge of our model building, I think we were both actuated by an honest conviction that the step would be to their advantage. They have borne with the results of our error in a way that is little less than heroic. Uncomplainingly they have permitted their rest to be disturbed at all hours of the day and night,” — with a deprecating glance

across the table. “‘They have allowed their possessions to be plundered by vandals. I tell you, friends,” cried Tom, forgetting his oratory in his excitement, “if you don’t believe me just you go there and try it for a month as I did, and unless you find compensation in some such rare bit of good luck as befell me, I’ll give you, one and all, a free pass to the lunatic asylum.”

The speaker suddenly recalled the dignity of the position he was assuming and proceeded :

“‘Ladies and gentlemen, our friends in their zeal to advance our welfare often do us greater injury than our most bitter enemies. But when they discover their mistakes they must make whatever atonement lies in their power.”

With a quick, dextrous movement he drew a folded paper from an inner pocket of his coat and tossing it into my wife’s lap abruptly resumed his seat. My wife unfolded the document in blank amazement.

It was a deed of the pozzuolana house and the lot on which it stood.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

TO A LOVER.

THEY say the simple patriarch of old,
Sat by his tent at fall of even-tide,
And scanned the desert levels far and wide
For passing angels; till the dusty gold
Of the fair sunset took a fleeting mold
Of heavenly gates; and earth grew deified
Through his belief; and lo! there at his side,
All unawares, stood angels manifold.
So to thy vision will the earth grow fair,
The south wind warmer, and the summer hour,
Hurry with quickened pulse its length along.
And listen! All about thee in the air
The rush of winged thoughts that marks love’s power
To lift thy soul above the duller throng.

Francis E. Sheldon.



THE SEVEN NIMRODS OF THE SIERRAS.

ON a pleasant September morning a party of seven lusty young Comstockers boarded a wagon, chartered for a month's cruise, and set out for a ramble in the Sierras. The party numbered just seven. This fact was noted and commented upon by our Comstockers as they set forth. Seven being a mystical and symbolical number in the world's history, both sacred and profane, it was considered a good omen that the party consisted of just seven men.

In their exuberance of spirits, and the inflamed state of their fancy at setting forth upon an expedition of so much importance as a four weeks' ramble in the mountains, the happy fellows determined to rechristen

themselves, — to take *noms de guerre*, after the fashion of adventure-takers of the olden times.

In regard to the names there was much discussion. No set of names could be hit upon that was satisfactory to all. When a man found a name that satisfied himself, his friends objected to it as one they would be unable to remember, or as being too long and unwieldy.

At last one of the young men repeated the following scrap of doggerel :

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Acts o' 'Postles, Dick and Tom."

"Here," cried he, "are names for all of us, and easily remembered, too. This is a roll-call ready made."

"But, hold on," objected another ; "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Dick, and Tom are but six names."

"That is easily arranged," said the first speaker ; "we have only to call one man Acts o' 'Postles and there are names enough."

"Excellent !" cried a big, good-natured fellow — "just the thing ! I'll be Acts o' 'Postles."

The other names were distributed satisfactorily and the party went forward as — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Acts o' 'Postles, Dick, and Tom.

"It is rather curious, is it not," said Matthew, "that in that bit of doggerel there should be found exactly the number of names required for our party ?"

"Not at all," said Mark. "This is a most important expedition ; it is followed by the eyes of the gods from Olympian heights — then bear in mind that seven is a magic number. It is composed of the first two perfect numbers, equal and unequal, three and four, (for the number two, consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect,) it comprehends the primary numerical triangle, or trine, and square,

or quartile conjunction, considered by the favorers of planetary influence as of the most benign aspect. In the Bible, everything that is good goes by sevens, from the creation of the world down to the seven eyes and seven horns of the Lamb. We are predestined to be fortunate in all we undertake on any one of the seven days of the week, in any of the seven phases of the moon, or under the light of the seven stars, sifting down through the seven heavens."

"Then," said John, "the Persians, Egyptians, Indians, Greeks, Romans, and all the nations of antiquity believed in the virtues of the number. The Pythagoreans —"

"Yes," broke in Luke, "then there are the Seven Wise Men of Greece."

"And the Seven Wise Masters," said Mark.

"And the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus," said Dick.

"And the Seven Wonders of the World," said Tom.

"Jacob served seven years for Rachael, and seven additional before all was settled," said Matthew.

"And Pharaoh's dream of the fat and the lean beasts, and of the years of famine, was all in sevens," put in Luke.

"Hippocrates says: 'The septenary number, by its occult virtues tends to the accomplishment of all things, to be the dispenser of life, and fountain of all its changes,'" said Mark. "But why pursue the subject further, for as the moon changes her phases every seven days, so this number influences all sublunary beings. Yes, all things move by sevens, and we are seven who will move all things," and the young man gave a comprehensive wave of the right hand, as though sweeping the whole world back into chaos.

"If we are not the 'Seven Wise Men' of the world we will at least let the world see that we are not 'Seven Sleepers' nor the 'Seven Fools' to be like old Nebuchadnezzar turned out for seven years to grass,"

cried Acts o' 'Postles, slapping his hand vigorously on his thigh. "We are the Seven Nimrods of the Sierras! That's what we are."

All day the "Seven Nimrods of the Sierras" traveled on, and in the evening pitched their tent near a ranch at the edge of the forests of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains and at no great distance from the town of Genoa, situated some miles below Carson City.

The seven heartily enjoyed the novelty of cooking their own supper, and ate it with wolfish appetite after it was cooked. Pipes and cigars followed. Reposing about their camp fire the Seven Nimrods were for a time supremely happy. All the wonders of the mountains, at the foot of which they reclined, lay before them. These wonders they were about to explore. Filled with a fervor fierce as that of old Don Quixote, they had sallied forth in search of adventure, and they itched to begin their exploits forth with.

To break ground in a small way, they concluded that a good thing to do would be to make a ^{*The Nimrods decide to Raid the*} *Ranchers.* raid on the nearest ranch and secure a stock of potatoes. The night was propitious. There was no moon and the only light was that shed by the stars. This, however, was the light best suited to a plundering expedition.

Being provided with a pack of cards, the seven brought them forth and performed an operation called cutting, for the purpose of deciding which of the party should go out against the potato field.

The lot fell upon Acts o' 'Postles, whose name by this time had been cut down to "Acts." A worse selection could not have been made by the Fates. Acts was the poorest mountaineer of the party. Outside of a town he was as helpless as a child. He knew nothing of the craft of the hunter or the art of the angler. Notwithstanding this ignorance, he had brought with him a great stock of hunting and fishing imple-

ments. "I shall learn the whole business in an hour," said he.

Acts had also insisted upon retaining his city attire, even to his white shirt and diamond studs. "If I die," said he, "I shall die like Nicanor, in my harness." He was a six-footer, a Hercules in build, good-natured, and as easily governed as a child. He was strong enough to have carried six bushels of potatoes, had they been dug and placed upon his shoulders; which was about what was necessary to be done in order to make him a success at potato stealing.

However, Acts had not the slightest suspicion that he did not possess every qualification necessary to insure the success of the enterprise on which he was about to issue forth; and when supplied with an empty barley sack, he carelessly flung it over his left shoulder and set out in the direction of the ranch he was to raid, quite confident of the success of this his first predatory expedition.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when Acts thus set out. Nine, then ten o'clock passed, and he had not returned. Along about nine o'clock, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Dick, and Tom had put forth not a few jokes in regard to the success of the remainder of the couplet, Acts o' Postles.

Some said he would come into camp loaded down with unripe squashes and melons, as they had forgotten to tell him that potatoes grew under the ground; others asserted that he would not find the ranch, to say nothing of the potato field, though they had passed it but half an hour before making camp.

At ten o'clock, all in the camp had grown really uneasy about the "Potato Fiend," as they had begun to dub their absent friend. They talked over every evil that could by any imaginable chance have befallen him.

He could not have been detected and shot, as they had heard no report of a gun. This was about their only consolation. Several were of the opinion that Acts had be-

come bewildered and was perhaps, even at the moment they were speaking of him, wandering away from the camp, far into the hills.

It was finally decided that Luke and John should go down to the ranch and search for the lost Acts; that Dick and Tom should go up the road beyond the camp; and that Matthew and Mark should remain at home to keep house. Matthew and Mark were to keep the camp fire blazing, as a beacon, and all arrangements had been made for setting out, when Luke held up his hand and cried:

"Hark!"

"What is it?" asked the others.

"I thought I heard a noise as of the snapping of a dry stick, off down there," said Luke, pointing in the direction of the road.

"One of the horses," said Dick.

"No, they were both grazing back here five minutes ago," said Luke, nodding his head toward a dark region behind the camp.

"A stray cow or sheep—" began Matthew, but he concluded with:

"No, by Jove! I see some one coming! See, down there toward the road!"

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Luke. "Why, it's a bloody, begging Washoe Indian. They're camped all about here."

"It does look like an Indian," said Matthew, "for his head is done up in a rag."

At this moment up stalked the subject of the foregoing wondering remarks, marching into the full light of the camp fire.

"Acts o' Postles himself, by the two-headed Janus!" cried Tom.

Acts had also been at once recognized by the others, but all were too greatly astonished for the moment at the woful figure he cut to utter a single syllable.

Well might they be astonished. Poor Acts was in a pitiable plight. Little remained of that "harness" in which he had resolved to die, in imitation of Nicanor.

Acts Returns Defeated, Inglorious.

All that was left was his pantaloons. He was stark naked from the waist up. A handkerchief was tied about his head, and his feet were wrapped up in rags.

It seemed almost impossible that this object being could be the same Acts o' 'Postles that two hours before sallied forth gayly, and so finely arrayed, to win the plaudits of his comrades in arms by bringing into camp a three-bushel sack of potatoes. He was a dilapidated-looking foraging expedition.

"Are you hurt?" — "Are you wounded?" was soon the general cry.

"Haven't got so much as a scratch — wish I had!" was the puzzling answer of Acts.

"Glad of it, my boy," said Dick, "but by the blazing Jupiter you look as if you had been run through a threshing machine!"

"Never you mind about that!" was the gruff reply of Acts, and taking up a blanket he wrapped it about his stalwart form and gloomily squatted himself down before the fire, as stolid in face as an Indian.

Great was the wonder of the remainder of the Apostolic crew at the restrained manner and woeful countenance of Acts o' 'Postles. For a time they respected his grief; but curiosity was tearing at their vitals.

Acts the Saddest of Mortals. It was not in the nature of Acts long to bury in his bosom any trouble he might have, therefore when Matthew, his most valued friend, said: "For Heaven's sake tell us what has happened!" Acts turned his eyes sadly upon the speaker and said, "I've had a fearful time of it!"

"That is plain," said Matthew. "To have been reduced to your present condition you must have passed through a terrible struggle."

"The mere physical struggle," moaned Acts, "was nothing — amounted to nothing at all. Really there was no struggle in that sense; but my mental sufferings have been extreme, I assure you. It was the keenest

of torture to be made to suffer the indignities that have been put upon me — inflicted tonight while I was unarmed and utterly helpless. I pledge you my word I would have preferred being grievously wounded — shot through and through — to being so infernally mistreated as I have been. But you cannot understand this till I tell you all that happened."

"Surely not! We are all in the dark! Tell us all about it!" cried the assembled Apostles.

"Well," began Acts, "you all know how promptly and cheerfully I set out to do the bidding of the Fates. Good fortune attended me at first. I found the potato field at once and soon had filled and shouldered my sack. In passing out of the field, I even had the luck to stumble upon a melon patch. So I halted, poured out a portion of the potatoes and put into the bag a big watermelon, thinking, as I made the exchange, what a surprise it would be to you fellows in the camp.

"Full of happy thoughts, I shouldered my sack, left the field, and struck into the road. I was going along musingly with my head down, thinking how delicious the potatoes would be, when nicely *How Acts Fell into the Hands of Robbers.* roasted in the ashes, and was in the very act of smacking my lips when a smack of another kind aroused me — a smack across the back.

"Put down that sack and hold up your hands!" cried a gruff voice. I lost no time in obeying the command. When I had lowered the sack, and had pushed my hat back from over my eyes, I saw standing on each side of me a man with a leveled shotgun. Near at hand stood a third man. He also had a shotgun. However, it was on his shoulder, not leveled upon me. As I looked toward this man, he laid his gun on the ground and approached. I was now placed in the center of a triangle of footpads.

“‘What is your name, my child?’ said the taller of the two ruffians that were holding me under their guns.

“‘Acts o’ Postles,’ said I almost before thinking.

“‘Acts of the Apostles,’ said the fellow, in a tone of surprise, then added, ‘Indeed,’ and turning to the man who had laid down his gun said, ‘Go through him gently, Thomas.’

“‘Gently as a young mother would handle her first baby, Captain,’ replied the man.

“I own that at first I was somewhat startled at the appearance of the men, but their mild talk so far reassured me that I said, ‘Unarmed as I am you’d find me no baby if you came for me one at a time, or even two; but as you are three to one I submit myself to your tender mercies, confident that — though you do come three at a time — you are men of courage and gentlemen.’

“‘Spoken like an angel!’ said the tall one. Then turning to the short villain he said: ‘Handle him as though he were a kitten, Thomas; we must respect the Acts of the Apostles.’

“As the man addressed as Thomas began fumbling in my pockets, I felt some satisfaction when I remembered that I had on my person, all told, but about fifteen dollars.”

“Just fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents,” said Matthew, who was taking great interest in the story.

“Thank you,” said Acts, “but it is all the same now. Well, when the undersized villain had prospected all my pockets and announced the result of his labors, the Captain gave vent to a fearful growl.

“‘You infernal fraud,’ roared he, “what do you mean by deceiving us in this manner and giving us all this trouble for a paltry fifteen dollars?”

“Fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents,” corrected Matthew.

“Well, well,” said Acts, “let us not

bother about the odd cents. ‘I’ve a good mind to blow out your brains,’ yelled the tall robber — the Captain — shoving the cold muzzle of his gun into my right ear. ‘Do you know, you Biblical cuss, that through your fancy toggery and affluent appearance in general, you’ve made us follow and dog you all the way from Carson? It’s a mercy we got you out alone, otherwise you might have been the cause of our cutting the throats of your whole camp, and all for the trifle of fifteen dollars.’”

“Just fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents,” quietly murmured Matthew.

Acts turned upon Matthew a look of protest, but said nothing.

“‘Shall we allow such a fraud as this to go up and down through the country, deceiving honest and industrious men?’ asked the robber chief.

“‘Death to the fraud!’ shouted the others, and I felt my hair rise and my blood run cold to my heart.

“‘No,’ said the brigand in command, ‘no, he is unworthy of your steel, my brave lads. You fly at higher game than a pitiful potato thief — a potato thief! Bah! only to think of our having followed the dandy chap all the way down here to find him out stealing potatoes, and digging them up with his paws at that — with his paws like a d—— coyote.’

“This was truly my humiliating position, and I made no attempt at retort.

“‘What defence can you make? What have you to say for yourself!’ thundered the robber chief.

“‘Why you should not be shot?’ said the short man, who by this time had picked up his gun, and seemed to be thirsting to use it.

“‘No, not shot,’ said the chief, ‘but why sentence should not be passed upon you?’

“‘Sentence for what?’ asked I beginning to grow angry.

“‘Blazes of h—l!’ roared the brigand chief, ‘have I not told you? For being a

thief and a fraud, and for going about deceiving your betters ! But I'll give you a lesson you'll not forget till the last day of your life. Bring him out this way, my men.'

"The chief left the road and stalked away some two hundred yards across the open country, the two men marching me after him at the muzzles of their guns ; indeed the short rascal took a fiendish delight in keeping the muzzle of his gun pressed between my shoulder blades.

"It's a mercy his gun did not go off," said Luke.

"I wish to God it had!" cried Acts, "for what was to come was worst of all.

"Well, at last the chief halted, and as we came up he faced about and sternly said : 'Take off your coat, sir.'

"I hesitated a moment, but up came two guns, and I took off my coat and threw it on the ground.

"Take off your vest, sir.'

"I took off my vest.

"Take off your shirt, sir.'

"Instead of obeying, I said : 'This is a little too much ! Do you mean so strip me naked ?'

"Not quite. Do what I tell you — off with that shirt !' yelled the chief, stamping the ground in his fury.

"The muzzles of the two guns arose, and I hauled off my shirt and added it to the pile of discarded garments.

"Now your undershirt and boots,' cried the chief, and I was obliged to obey.

"I shall leave him his pantaloons,' said the chief.

"Captain, I believe his pantaloons would about fit me,' said the short fiend. The wretch ! it would have been like Tom Thumb in the breeches of the Chinese Giant.'

"I have said he keeps his pantaloons,' was all the answer the robber chief deigned.

"And, sir,' said I, 'pray be good enough to leave my boots also. The

sharp stones will cut my feet cruelly.'

"His boots will just fit me,' puts in the short devil. 'Wait a moment and I'll run and get his barley sack ; I'll tie his feet up in that. I'll be as good to him as if he were a sucking babe,' and away the fellow ran, the captain chuckling heartily at the idea of tying up my feet.

"Soon the rascal was back, and seating me on a stone the two under robbers tore up the sack and bandaged my feet with it.

"His hat ! O, I want his hat,' cried that pestilent short thief. 'It is just a fit,' said he, trying on my hat, which came down below his ears. 'He will do nicely and will not take cold in his lugs if I tie his head up in his handkerchief,' and soon I was rigged out as you see me.

"Then they escorted me back to the road and started me up it, telling me neither to halt, cry out, nor look behind me till I reached camp, on pain of being shot. I obeyed to the letter — the more strictly as I heard, or fancied I heard, footsteps behind me for a considerable distance — and here I am, a sadder and a wiser man than ever before in my life."

All had listened to this long and circumstantial account of Acts's disagreeable adventure with much patience and interest, seldom disturbing the flow of his story with interruptions. Now, however, his companions in arms began to ask questions on various points, all swearing it was the "greatest outrage" ever heard of, — there seemed something malicious about it.

"Were the robbers masked ?" asked Tom.

"No," said Acts, "but at the same time their faces were stained or painted. As well as I could see, all their faces were of a dirty red ; much the same as if one were to take some of the burnt clay of this camp fire, wet it, and rub it on his face."

"Indeed," said Matthew, "I should think that would be a rather thin disguise."

"On the contrary," said Acts, "it was

a very good one and very perplexing."

"But you could see their features?" queried Luke.

"Not at all," answered Acts, "the dim light and the dirty red, made all their faces look as flat as a board. - All I could make out was their height and build; I could not even distinguish the color of their clothing."

"About their build, now," said Dick, "about what was their stature and bulk?"

"Well," began Acts, stroking his chin and musingly looking about him, "the captain of the gang was a man very nearly of the height and build of Matthew; the mean little devil was about your height, Dick, while the other rapsallion was much of the size and build of John."

"Oho!" exclaimed Matthew, "sits the wind in that quarter? I see by the way in which you are sorting us out that you are beginning to suspect that we played you this trick. I can honestly assure you that not one of us thought of such a thing — that not a man of us was away from this camp during your absence."

"No, no!" protested Acts, "do not do me that injustice. I merely selected you and Dick and John because you came handy,— I mean because you are about the size and build of the fellows I was trying to describe. No, I should have recognized your voices. The robbers seemed to speak in their natural tones and theirs were voices I never before heard."

"Well, it was an outrage that must not go unpunished," said Matthew. "We will turn our hunt for game, winged and antlered, into a hunt for the robbers, and we will make it very disagreeable for them when we find them."

Incomprehensible Conduct on the Part of Acts. "It will be of no use to bother with them," said Acts. "We shall never find them; besides, if found, they might kill half our number,— they are cool and desperate villains, I can assure you."

"They can never kill *half* our number,"

said Mark, "for are we not seven, that indivisible and magical number?"

"Still they might kill three and half kill another," said Acts, mournfully regarding his companions. "I care nothing for my loss — let it pass — let it go. I forgive you all if you put up the cards on me. It's only fifteen dollars and some old duds!"

"Fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents," said Matthew, the correct and practical.

"But," said Mark, "his diamond studs! Do they count for nothing? They were worth every cent of three hundred dollars."

"The devil!" exclaimed Acts, bounding to his feet so hastily that his blanket was left behind — "the devil! I never once thought of the diamonds! It was no mean haul after all. By the head of St. Anthony I *have* paid dearly for my whistle! It is bad enough to have to pay the piper, but much worse when there is also the devil to pay!"

"But we shall catch them — we shall get the rascals yet," cried Matthew. "At the first peep of day we will go to Genoa and put the affair into the hands of the authorities. We will all be deputized and will assist the officers. Now I think of it, we should go tonight — at once. Let us lose no time!"

"No, no; not tonight," protested Acts. "I must have time for thought — time to reflect."

"It appears to me to be a plain thing enough," said Matthew. "You are stopped by three highwaymen, who strip and rob you. I can't see why you should wish to reflect upon such an affair?"

"Well, there is more in this than you know," said Acts. "It is a thing to be well looked into and considered."

"What!" cried Matthew, "have you kept something back? Have you not told us all that occurred — the whole truth?"

"O yes; yes, all. I have told you everything I could think of, but —"

"But what?" asked Matthew. "Let us

have no 'buts'—let us be off to Genoa to-night—at once. Boys, some of you catch up the horses."

"No, no!" cried Acts, "don't do it. I can't go tonight, and I will not go! I must think it over. I am too nervous—I am exhausted. My nervous system is completely shattered by what I have passed through."

"It strikes me that you are getting bad all at once," said Matthew. "You said nothing about nervous exhaustion when you came into camp."

"I beg your pardon!" cried Acts, "but did I not dwell particularly upon the mental strain?—did I not say that my mental sufferings had been 'extreme', or words to that effect?"

"I believe you did, but you did not look it," said Matthew.

"Look it or not, I felt it, and feel it yet," persisted Acts.

"I did not observe any indication of mental torture," returned Matthew, "until mention was made of your diamond studs."

"Ah, the devil! Yes, the studs—my poor studs! Why will you bring them up to torture me?" groaned Acts.

"Then why will you persist in refusing to go and give the affair into the hands of the authorities," flung back Matthew, sharply.

"That is what he should do, and at once," cried the united apostolic crew.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said Acts in a serious tone, "there are things to be considered. There are points against me. For instance, with what sort of face can I go and make complaint of being robbed, while myself out on a thieving raid,—while stealing potatoes? Think of that, gentlemen! 'What were you doing out on the road at that hour of the night?' asks the justice. 'Stealing a few potatoes, your Honor.' Now, what kind of reply is that for a gentleman to make?"

"Nonsense!" shouted the apostolic band. "We will explain that it was only a bit of a

lark,—a bet,—a little job we put up on you. Besides, what are a few beggarly potatoes? Pooh!"

"And a melon, too," groaned Acts, "bear in mind the melon."

"Well, potatoes—probably a peck of them—and——"

"No, at least two bushels," interrupted Acts—"at least two bushels. I had at first all of three bushels in the sack and I did n't pour out more than a bushel to make room for the melon. Gentlemen, I will not have even the smallest lie about this whole miserable business. Let the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, be told."

"So help us God!" fervently exclaimed Dick.

"Well, telling the whole truth," said Matthew, "what are two bushels of potatoes—?"

"And a melon," sighed Acts.

"And a melon," said Matthew, to a suit of clothes, fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents, and diamond shirt studs worth three hundred dollars, to say nothing of a most outrageous highway robbery?"

"O those studs!" groaned Acts. "Why did I not think of them and hold on to my shirt? The robbers might have taken all else and welcome, but d— it, the studs!"

"This affair must go before the authorities," said Matthew in a tone that showed he meant what he said. "It is now so late that we will give it up for tonight, but before sunrise tomorrow morning we set out. It is less than two miles to the town; we can soon be there and start the officers on the track of the robbers."

"It will do no good," said Acts, "besides there is the affair of the potatoes and the melon."

"Nothing need be said about that matter," put in Dick.

"But the officers will find the potatoes lying in the road when they go to look for the tracks of the robbers," cried Acts.

"Bother the potatoes and devil take the

melon!" cried Matthew, "they are trifles. Besides, we can see the owner of the ranch and explain all to him. He will see it as a good joke, will laugh at the matter and so it will end. But for the robbers it will be different; we'll made things hot for them."

"No, no!" protested Acts, "no, let the rancher go. I will go and tell my story to the justice, but we will not go near the rancher. He is an outsider, he is in no way concerned in the business and need not be told of it. Respect my feelings. How can I face him?"

"You are silly in your fear of this ranchman,—a jolly good fellow I'll be bound,—but let it be as you say," and Matthew, who, as a sincere friend of Acts, was taking the lead in the affair, advised all hands to turn in at once for the night.

Bright and early next morning, Matthew aroused the camp. *"Acts" is compelled to Act.*

Breakfast was hastily cooked and eaten, the horses were caught up, and all was soon ready for a start to Genoa.

It was decided that Dick and Tom should remain to keep camp; Matthew and Acts would ride the horses, while Mark, Luke, and John would take their guns and go on foot, it being but a short walk and there being some hope of getting a rabbit or a few quail.

At the last moment, and even after he was mounted, Acts fell into a lugubrious mood and refused to proceed. He said it would all be of no use and would end in the disgrace and confusion of all concerned. "Let the studs go," said he, "let all go, and let us proceed on our pleasure trip the same as if nothing had happened."

But Matthew would not hear of it. An outrageous highway robbery had been committed and the perpetrators should be punished.

Finally, Acts was again brought to the sticking point, but all that was to be required of him was to allow him to make a

single statement of the facts to the justice, when they would leave him to act as he might think best.

The justice was soon found by Matthew, and when all were seated in his office—Mark, Luke, and John having arrived—Acts was requested to tell his story.

"Well," began Acts, "there *Acts Makes a Statement that Astonishes the Apostolic Crew.* is very little to tell. I was passing along the road in a contemplative mood, having left the camp for a little walk. I was gazing up at the starry heavens, thinking of the millions on millions of worlds revolving far away in the eternity of space, millions and millions of miles beyond the reach of all telescopes yet mounted on this visible diurnal sphere, when suddenly two men stepped out from behind a large rock and confronted me with leveled shotguns. I turned to retreat and behind me found two more men with leveled guns."

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John looked at each other in astonishment.

"I told the judge," said Matthew, "in giving him a slight sketch of the robbery, that there were but three highwaymen. I certainly understood you last night to say three."

"Last night," said Acts, "I was a good deal excited, but now I am calm and collected. You see I was only thinking of the three that at first came in front of me with leveled guns and ordered me to halt."

"But that," said the judge, "with the two men behind you, would make five men, and but now you said there were only four."

"That was all," said Acts; "three men in front, and one behind—four in all."

"I understood you a moment ago to say there were two men behind you with leveled guns when you faced about?" said the judge.

"O yes, so there were, but you must know," said Acts, "that I did not at first see the short villain. He was sitting down on the ground, and was the leader of the

gang, the greatest rascal of the lot. It was he that at first slapped me on the back and and cried out: 'Put down that sack!'

"What sack was he speaking of?" asked the judge.

"Did I say anything about a sack?" questioned Acts, gazing innocently into the face of the judge.

"You certainly did," answered the judge, eyeing Acts in some surprise.

"If I did it was a mere figure of speech," said Acts. "What the tall fellow, who was captain did say was, 'Hold up your hands!'"

"But," cried the judge, "just now you said the short man was the leader of the gang."

"Beg your pardon, judge," said Acts, "but I said it was the short one that slapped me on the back, but it was the tall one that cried out: 'Put down those potatoes!'"

"Potatoes!" shouted the judge, growing red in the face; "What do you mean, sir, by talking of potatoes?"

"Did I mention potatoes, your honor?" coolly asked Acts.

"You certainly did," roared the judge.

"If I did I was only speaking figuratively, meaning 'Come out with your coin, your kale seed,' or something of the kind."

Matthew and all the other apostolic friends of Acts were so astounded at hearing him giving utterance to such a jumble of nonsense that for a time they were rendered speechless. At this moment the door of the court-room opened, and in came a strapping six-footer, bearing under his left arm a large bundle.

Acts glanced at this man, turned deathly pale, and darting quickly to a window, threw it up and attempted to get out of the room.

This he found no easy matter when obliged to hold the sash of the window up with one hand. Before he had succeeded in doing more than to get one leg outside, he was hauled back into the room by a man

who had accompanied the justice and Matthew to the office, and who proved to be a constable.

"What is the meaning of all this?" roared the justice, glancing from face to face. "Mr. Lewis," said he, addressing the big man that had come in with the bundle. "Mr. Lewis, what is up? Do you know this man?" pointing to Acts, who stood near in the clutches of the constable, and who was now blushing like a school-girl.

"I do not know the gentleman's name — having never had the pleasure of an introduction — but I know his face. We have met before — once before. I see that he remembers me. He probably has no good opinion of me, seeing that I made him peel off these here duds, but I'm not a bad sort of man after all. You know that, judge?"

"As to that, neighbor Lewis," answered the judge, "as to that, I will go further and say that no better man lives in this section. What I cannot understand is how you could have headed a gang of cut-throats and robbed this gentleman," pointing to the blushing Acts.

"What does he say about the affair?" asked "neighbor Lewis."

The judge gave the story as told by Matthew and as gathered from Acts, then appealed to Matthew and the others to know if he had correctly stated the case.

Matthew said that in the main circumstances it was right.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Lewis. "A strange story indeed. It shows that the young man is full of inventions."

"Can you throw any light on the matter, Mr. Lewis?" asked the judge.

"Can I?" cried "neighbor Lewis," "well, I guess I can give you the whole business."

"You will oblige me very much by doing so," said the justice.

"Neighbor Lewis" deposited his bundle on the judge's desk, Acts dropped limp into a chair, while Matthew and the others of

the apostolic band stared about them without well knowing what to think or do.

The Ranchman gives a true Account of the Acts of Acts. "Well," began ranchman Lewis, "last night, after I got my supper, I was sitting reading my paper and smoking my pipe when my wife says to me, 'George ain't there somebody a-hollerin'?'"

"I listened and said: 'I guess not.'

"'There it is again!' says my wife.

"This time I heard it myself. I went out onto the porch and listened. 'Whoo-oo-ee!' yelled some one. 'Whoo-oo-ee!' yelled I.

"'Whoo-oo-ee! Hell-o-o!' yells the other feller.

"I went back into the house and says to my wife: 'Jane, I guess somebody's in trouble somewhere. I'll go and see what's up.'

"'Take your gun, George,' says my wife.

"'Of course, Jane,' says I.

"So I took down my own double-barrel and struck out.

"'Whoop-ee!' yelled the feller.

"'Whoop-ee!' answered I.

"'Whoo-roo-oo!' yells the critter.

"The hollerin' seemed only two or three hundred yards away, just off in my pastur lot. I answered the yellin' and went straight toward where it seemed to come from. In the lot are a good many trees, and in places some thickets of brush, so for a time I could see nothing; besides, you know, it was only starlight.

"Pretty soon, findin' I was gettin' near the yells, I says: 'Hello!' rather low. 'Hello!' says the feller, quite near.

"I had just got through a patch of brush into an open space. I looked all about but could see no one, though the voice seemed close by.

"'Hello!' says I again and the voice answered, 'Hello!'

"I could still see nobody, so I sings out, 'Where are you? What do you want?'

"Then the voice says: 'For God's sake

come here, whoever you are; I'm treed by a bear!'

"Looking up, I could then see against the sky a big black lump, stickin' against the side of a considerable sized pine tree, about thirty feet up and about fifty yards away.

"'Is the bear there now?' says I.

"'Yes,' says the feller, 'he's here at the lower end of the tree.'

"'Sure of it?' says I.

"'Yes, sure,' says the man up the tree, 'I can see him now.'

"'What is he doin' of?' says I, for I didn't want to make any rash breaks with a bear around.

"'He's eatin' of a watermelon,' says the voice.

"This was a puzzler and I began to think some one was playin' a trick on me. However, there was the man up the tree, no doubt of that.

"'How did the bear get the watermelon?' says I.

"Says the voice: 'I was goin' across lots, toward the light of my camp fire, with some potatoes and a watermelon in a sack, when the bear made for me out of the brush and I throwed the sack on the ground and took to this tree.'

"'And the bear is there now eatin' of the watermelon, is he?'

"'Yes,' says the feller, 'I s'pose the melon busted when I chucked it down and he's eatin of it — I can hear him a-chomp-in' of it.'

"'Hold your halt,' says I, 'and I'll see about him.' You see I did n't know but a bear might be packin' round there after my pigs, so I cocked my gun and moved up very cautious — just a step at a time.

"At last I could see a black object — some animal — near the foot of the tree. I could also hear him chompin' away at the melon. I squatted down so as to try and bring the critter against the sky, but the brush behind him was too high. I leveled my gun and was about to let drive, pretty

much at random, when the animal spoke to me."

"Spoke to you! What do you mean, Mr. Lewis?" cried the judge.

"I mean just what I say, judge. The critter spoke to me, and I knowed his voice in a minute. It was my big old Berkshire boar, and I knowed his voice the first grunt he made.

"I laughed right out when I heard Blossom—that's what I call the old fellow—when I heard old Blossom grunt his wheezy grunt. I went up to old Blossom, sent him away with a kick, and said to the gentleman up the tree: 'come down, the bear's dead!'

"Judge, I dropped on the whole situation at once. I saw that the gentleman had been making a little free with my potater and melon patches and that, in trying to take a near cut across lots, he had mistook the light of my winder for his camp fire and was a-steering for it when old Blossom sauntered out toward him, probably from seein' the sack or smellin' the melon, for he is a great pet on the ranch.

"As for the strippin' of the gentleman, judge, I did make him peel. I thought I'd larn him a bit of a lesson. I asked him how much money he had about his clothes, and he said fifteen dollars."

"Just fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents," put in Matthew.

"So it proved," said the ranchman, giving Matthew a nod. "Well, I told my man that was not enough; that it would not pay half his fine if I marched him away to the justice of the peace. In short, I gave him his choice, to peel his duds as I directed, or be marched off to jail at the muzzle of my gun. Well, my gentleman peeled, even to his boots, and would have given me his pantaloons had I asked for them. Then I made him tie up his feet in the sack, marched him out into the road, and ordered him to strike out for his camp, which the gentleman did.

"Havin' had my joke, judge,—you just

oughter heard Jane laugh when I showed her the duds and told her what I'd done,—havin' had my joke, bright and airly this morning I took all the gentleman's things, money and all, and went out to the camp to turn them over to him.

"Well, at the camp I found a couple of chaps that told me the gentleman and his friends had come over here to town to lay complaint of an outrageous robbery. They told me some of the particulars, when I up and gave 'em the facts, opening my bundle and showin' the gentleman's duds to prove what I said. Then you should just have seen them two fellers roll and laugh.

"When we'd all had a good laugh, I struck out over here with the gentleman's things, which he is heartily welcome to. That's all there is about it, except that when you boys get down to camp you can come to my ranch and get all the pertaters and melons you can eat, and if you come to the house you can have all the milk and buttermilk you want. Jane would be pleased to see you all, and particularly the gentleman who was up the tree."

During all the time the ranchman had been talking, Acts had not said a word, though he had turned half a dozen colors, and once or twice had faintly smiled.

When all had been told and the laughter had subsided, Acts said: "All is true, just as the gentleman relates it. I acknowledge the corn,—acknowledge the potatoes, the bear or boar, and all else. Now, I ask you all, what could I do but invent the story of the robbers, after having allowed myself to be stripped as I did? Had not things turned out as they have, I would have lost five times as much rather than have told you fellows the true story. Now that the truth is out, I throw myself on your mercy. All I ask is that you never tell this story on the Comstock."

All promised faithfully, as Acts led the way to the nearest saloon, with his apostolic tail, the judge, the constable, and sev-

eral of the townspeople trailing at his heels. It is hard, however, to completely suppress such a matter, and save the true names, the reader now has the whole story.

Not quite the whole story of this eventful trip, however, for there is still a sort of sequel, an occurrence that probably operated to prevent the remainder of the apostles from bearing too hard upon poor Acts.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Acts left Genoa a little after nine o'clock in the morning, and toward ten o'clock were nearing their camp. Only a small hill intervened between them and the camp. Suddenly they were startled by hearing several reports in rapid succession, like a string of fire-crackers exploding. These light reports were followed by two heavy explosions. Looking toward their camp they saw a smoke rising above the trees.

*Grand Blow
up of the Seven
Nimrods of the
Sierras.*

All hastened forward as rapidly as possible. Acts and Matthew, being on horseback, were the first on the ground. They found their wagon a mass of flames, with fire underneath and all about it. Cartridges or pistols were still occasionally exploding,

making it unsafe to go near. It was a considerable distance to water; besides the buckets and other vessels were being consumed in the fire. Therefore there was nothing to do but look on while their whole outfit was being destroyed.

Where, all this time, were Dick and Tom? They presently arrived, having heard the exploding of the cannisters of powder. It turned out that after the ranchman left they had concluded to go fishing, as it was not likely that any one would disturb the camp. A rising breeze had scattered sparks from their campfire and these had fired the woods. The pine boughs and bedding under the wagon, with the tent alongside, had taken fire and the result was before them.

This accident ended the exploits of the apostolic band and brought to a close the "great expectation." On horseback and on foot — "riding and tying" — all managed to get back to the Comstock; but it was long before a word could be got from any one of the party in regard to what had caused their sudden return, and they never once alluded to themselves as the "Seven Nimrods of the Sierras."

Dan De Quille.



THE BARZEITSON EXPERIMENT.

I.

ON the thirteenth day of May, at the thirteenth hour, (Italian reckoning,) in the thirteenth year of my philanthropic career, I became acquainted with Professor Barzeitson.

When I entered the occurrence in my diary that same evening the strange coincidence of three thirteens vividly impressed me; moreover, it was my birthday, my thirty-ninth anniversary — here again the same coincidence of three thirteens. Evidently this Professor Barzeitson was destined to be a source of trouble to me. Forewarned, they say, is forearmed, but like most popular sayings this is a fallacy. Who heeds a warning? On the contrary, the vague sense of danger implied in a warning arouses the adventurous spirit that characterizes all of Aryan descent, and impels us to court the shadowy evils rather than to shun them. Thus it was that instead of avoiding this man of three thirteens, I sought his society, anxious to discover the significance of the portent.

A strange man was this Professor Barzeitson, an unsolvable problem even to me with my vast experience of scientific eccentricities.

Before plunging *in medias res* I will state who I am, and the nature of my vocation. This course will accord with my methodical habits and I shall feel more at ease.

The pronoun "I" here represents Ambroise Schengel, citizen of Paris, gentleman, bachelor, C. S. V., D. M. P., which translated signifies Cerebral Safety Valve, Doctor of Mental Philanthropy.

My parents and my great aunt (who was also my godmother) destined me to a bril-

liant position; unfortunately they could not determine upon any definite field of action. My father hesitated between the army and politics; my mother opposed both these professions, and said that to make her happy I must become an advocate or a doctor, — one day she was for one, the next for the other, — while my godmother declared that I should not be either, that God destined me to the priesthood — but whether a Dominican or a Jesuit the old lady could not well decide.

A small fortune was spent in tapers, masses, pilgrimages, and so forth, by my mother and godmother, in hope of obtaining a direct revelation as to my future; and my father grew gray and feeble trying to settle the question. One by one they died, leaving me their wealth and indecision.

At last I had the good fortune to read a treatise on revelation and psychic influences. From its pages I learned that passivity is a necessary condition to receptivity; that all mental agitation, intellectual preoccupation, and spiritual disturbance, neutralize the magnetic currents and prevent inspiration. This was a light to me. I determined to become absolutely passive, to banish from my mind the slightest perturbation.

To effect this I renounced reading, gay society, and active pleasures; I spent my mornings in bed, my afternoons in the classic shades of Luxembourg, my evenings in smoking. My few associates were lymphatics, to whom activity, mental or physical, was torture. After a few years of patient waiting, I discovered my vocation. It did not come as a sudden inspiration; it grew slowly. I practiced it nearly a year before the greatness of my destiny became manifest to me.

This fact confirms me in the belief that

most things grow, and that the greater they are the longer it takes them to grow. I intend writing a treatise illustrative of this theory as soon as the arduous duties of my vocation permit me. I have already written the title and it sounds well. Some of my friends say it will render my name famous.

I hear the impatient reader exclaim, "What is this vocation?" You know it already,—C. S. V., D. M. P., Cerebral Safety Valve, Doctor of Mental Philanthropy.

To me come the men of theories, of inspired missions, philosophasters, the workers in the despised ways of science, panting with enthusiasm, overwhelmed with mighty thoughts. They must speak or go mad; they will explode if no vent be made for superfluous cerebral steam. They come to me, they pour out their thoughts to an interested listener, they go away cool and composed. Thousands have I saved from madness. Am I not then justified in calling myself a doctor? Not only am I a doctor, but also a political economist, for by preventing these people from becoming insane I save the state vast expense and increase its revenue by preserving the number of producers.

Nor is this all; others again suffering from the neglect, the indifference, of a cruel world, come to me for sympathy, for help. A few kind words, a pretty picture of the final triumph of genius, a skillful linking of their names with those of the martyred heroes of the past, and they are consoled. The river has lost a victim, society gained a worker.

Yes, mine is a glorious vocation. My father's, mother's, and godmother's wishes are fulfilled, for am I not priest, doctor, and political economist?

True this career has its trials; but they are of the passive kind, and one soon becomes accustomed to them. Then it has its pleasures: one receives ideas without thinking, makes discoveries without the labor, becomes learned at little cost.

A life time would not suffice to write in detail all the theories, the discoveries, the plans for reform, that have been imparted to me, and the extraordinary experiments I have witnessed; but of all these the Barzeitson experience is the most marvelous.

It was in Luxembourg. I love Luxembourg. The Champs Elysées and the Tuileries may please the butterflies and drones of fashion, but give me Luxembourg, where come the scholar, the thinker, the student, to rest their weary brains in the shady walks, where the glorious women of the past gaze upon them in silent majesty. It was in Luxembourg that I found my vocation, or to speak more correctly that it found me. Luxembourg is the great field of my labor of mercy. It was at Luxembourg that I met Barzeitson.

II.

It was listening to Professor Douceâme who had discovered or almost discovered (by the way, "almost" is an important factor in discoveries) a means of instructing the juvenile mind and developing juvenile muscle while the subject was in a state of mesmeric coma. I was more than usually interested, for any good means of doing away with the noise and mischief of the small boy and the pertness of the small girl seemed to me a glorious inspiration, heralding the dawn of the millenium.

The Professor was descanting and demonstrating with unusual vehemence when he stopped abruptly. I looked up and following the direction of the Professor's fixed gaze I saw a singular looking man, tall, slightly bent, long yellow hair, a thin mustache of a shade darker; his face of that reddish brown tint that tells of a very fair skin tanned by exposure to a tropic sun. He was not thin, yet there was a withered, wrinkled look about him that made me think of a mummy. The idea had just flashed through my brain when Douceâme exclaimed, "Barzeitson!

why I thought he was in Egypt. Just returned, no doubt."

Strange that this man so like a mummy should have recently dwelt in the land of mummies. I said nothing of my thought, but asked who he was.

"What? have n't you heard of Barzeitson, the chemist? a fine genius, a grand soul, a marvelous man. Lucky too — such a nice wife, so devoted, and a very pretty dowry; rich, exceedingly rich, an English heiress. Every one likes Barzeitson."

An introduction followed, and I must say I could not see any signs of the wonderful qualities Douceâme attributed to him in this silent mummified man, who seemed to submit under compulsion to the introduction. Every minute he grew more and more mummy-like.

Douceâme's volubility, however, prevented awkwardness; he did not wait for any answers to his questions which flowed on like a spring torrent for some minutes. At length a remark about my vocation moved Barzeitson. He looked at me; then I understood Douceâme's description. Out of those deep blue eyes gazed a noble yet child-like soul pulsating with genius.

His scrutiny of my person seemed to satisfy him. He said, "We shall be friends."

His voice thrilled me. It was soft, dreamy, yet full of power; a voice that filled one with pleasant expectation. I responded eagerly and seized the proffered hand. I shuddered, for it was the hand of a mummy, not a man.

After this introduction, I met Barzeitson every day. He fascinated me. A more singular complexity never came under my observation. My opinion concerning him changed continually; so did the sentiments with which he inspired me — repulsion and attraction, fear and confidence, pity, then admiration, possessed me alternately. This acquaintance of a few days obsessed me. I became, so to speak, Barzeitsonized.

By what power had he enthralled me

thus? Was it his gift of language? That was indeed truly marvelous. In ordinary discourse he spoke but little, expressing his emotions more by looks than words. At first I classed him among the silent brethren. Great then was my astonishment to hear him burst forth into eloquent discourse, a glowing shower of exquisite fancies, grand generalizations, minute data, modern scientific marvels, musty antique lore, practical laws, and strange prophecies. It was like a pyrotechnical phantasmagoria such was the fountain of fiery gems. It dazzled for a few moments, then suddenly died out, leaving us astonished but not illuminated.

It was after one of these meteoric outbursts that the volatile Douceâme whispered to me, "Now you can see what he once was — before that trip to Egypt. The sphinx and pyramids have been too much for him." Thus I discovered that he was not always so strange.

One peculiar trait in Barzeitson, the one which to my experience was the most extraordinary, was his reticence concerning his researches; the most artistic questioning failed to bring to light any clue to his special studies. My penetration (seldom at fault) assured me, nevertheless, that all his faculties were concentrated upon some discovery. His abstraction, his fits of moody depression and feverish exaltation, told this as plainly as could words. But what was this discovery? I hoped to solve the mystery and my hopes were not vain.

Sometimes I thought that his silence arose from mere forgetfulness of his personal existence and that of others, rather than from premeditation. He never spoke of his previous life, nor of his wife. My curiosity was much excited about this lady. I wanted to see the other half of Barzeitson. About a fortnight after our introduction my desire was gratified. She came with her husband and Douceâme.

Shall I describe her? Can I describe her as she appeared to me at our first meet-

ing? It is difficult to separate our after experiences from our first impressions. The task I find is beyond my power. But on referring to my diary I find, "Mdme. Barzeitson. The golden mean personified."

Yes, that is it, a lady neither tall nor short, blonde or brunette, neither — but I forbear; what is the use of my going into details, especially where it concerns women, whom men never see as they really are? Suffice it, then, that Madame Barzeitson appeared to me as the embodiment of the *juste milieu*.

Her conversation and manner increased the impression. As was natural we talked of Egypt. Madame gave very clear and precise accounts of the country and of incidents of travel, without any of the usual feminine exclamations and exaggerations that render women's conversation frothy and tedious. One remark of hers pleased me so much that I entered it in my diary. "It seems singular," said she, "that people weary themselves traveling, when they can know just as much about foreign countries from books, which they can peruse while comfortably seated in an easy chair."

That remark told me that madame and I were kindred spirits, and I resolved to cultivate the friendship of this delightful woman. Great then was my satisfaction, when Madame Barzeitson, with more than ordinary graciousness, invited me to her receptions. "M. Schengel, I receive *my friends* on Thursday evenings. *Au revoir* until then."

Thursday evening saw me in the salon of Madam Barzeitson, with a select few whose chief characteristic was repose. Barzeitson was absent, and the unconcerned way in which Madame excused his absence was sufficient proof that the Professor generally preferred his laboratory to his wife's salon.

III.

THE morning after the reception, as I was taking an early stroll in the neighborhood of the Pantheon, my attention was suddenly

arrested by a din of running and shouting. Turning toward the direction of the noise, I saw a troop of gamins, and in their midst a tall wild looking man, most strangely attired in a flowing silk robe very much discolored and faded, Turkish slippers on his feet, and a black skull cap on his head. He did not appear at all disturbed at the excitement he created, but on the contrary seemed to enjoy the frolic; he ran, leaped and shouted, with the gamins.

What was my astonishment, upon drawing near to the crowd, to find that this ridiculous looking personage was Professor Barzeitson.

He recognized me instantly. Springing forward he seized my hand.

"My friend, rejoice, rejoice! I have found it! The mystery is solved. Night shall be turned into day, the secrets of the past revealed, and mine is the glory; rejoice, I have found it! I have found it!"

He was wild, half-crazed with excitement; his eyes flamed, his skin seemed scorched with the fiery blood that coursed through his veins. He frightened me but I answered with a forced laugh:

"What have you found? The elixir of life, eh? My friend, you won't be able to make enough to supply us all."

The words or their bantering tone produced a calming effect upon Barzeitson. His excitement gave place to bewilderment. He dropped my hand and retreated a few steps, eyeing me suspiciously; then he grew pale, tottered and would have fallen had I not caught him quickly.

"I feel weak, sick. How came I here? I must have been dreaming — yes, dreaming." He relapsed into silence.

There was a small café not far distant. I led him there, sent for a hack, and took him home.

Madame was greatly surprised, for she thought her husband had not left his laboratory. Still, she asked none of those questions her sex delight in. Professor Barzeit-

son took some breakfast—he had eaten little if anything for two days—then he retired to sleep. He was very weak and gladly accepted my arm as a support to his chamber.

This room was small and gloomy; it communicated with the laboratory, to which it formed a sort of anteroom. The door of communication aroused my curiosity. When Barzeitson fell asleep I approached it, hoping to gain entrance to the laboratory.

The door was locked. I left the sleeping apartment. Instead of turning to the right, I turned to the left, and came to a narrow, dark corridor, which separated the bedroom from the front apartment. Now I knew well that this part of the house was devoted entirely to scientific purposes. Perhaps then, there was another door to the penetralia where the mysteries of the past would be revealed.

My conjecture was correct. There was a door—and it was locked. But though it barred my ingress it could not prevent the egress of a subtle perfume so exquisitely delicate, ambrosial, intoxicating, that it seemed like a breath of paradise wafted to earth to refresh weary man. This then was the discovery—some new perfume; and none were admitted, no word of it was spoken, lest the secret of manufacture should be found out. Bah! this strange being was concocting perfumes while I had fondly imagined he was analyzing the vital essence or busy in some other Utopian scheme.

I was about to turn away when I was startled by a sound like a moan, a soft, scarcely audible moan, as from some one in deep sleep. I listened with bated breath, my ear pressed to the door. All was silent for a few moments; then a faint sigh—or was it my heated fancy? I waited for its repetition, but all was still as the grave. The perfume became overpowering. I hastened from the corridor and returned to the salon. Madame was there, sewing, calm as an angel. I said nothing of my ad-

venture, but adroitly turned the conversation upon her husband's devotion to science. Her replies soon convinced me that if he had any special discovery in view, she knew nothing of it.

"Is it possible, Madame," I exclaimed, "that you do not know these cherished projects—or project; it can only be one, for it absorbs him so completely. He spends entire days and nights in his laboratory and you know not his secret!"

"Monsieur, my husband does not choose to tell me."

"Ah, but my dear Madame, ladies do not wait to be told; they ask, they divine, they—"

"Monsieur, I never trouble myself with that which does not concern me. I have many failings, no doubt, but I am happy to say curiosity is not one of them."

She spoke with her usual calm—not a shadow of pride or of pique in tone or gesture; neither did indifference appear. Ah, but this woman was admirable—she was perfection. I gazed upon her as I would upon an angel. My admiration could not be repressed.

"Ah, Madame," I cried enthusiastically, "but this is touching—it is heroic; it is adorable!"

"Monsieur," she replied, looking at me, a smile of calm surprise in her eyes and on her lips, "you speak in enigmas. I have done nothing unusual. I am afraid you are a flatterer. Tell me, do you know anything about decalcomania? See, I have vases and designs, brushes and varnish, all the necessaries except the exact knowledge of 'How to do it.'"

Fortunately I knew enough of the art to pretend to give directions, and we were soon deep in its mysteries.

Madame had skillfully and politely forbidden the expression of the enthusiasm awakened by herself; but could not so easily banish it from my heart. The forced repression intensified it. Suddenly the

significance of the fatal numbers became palpable to me. I knew, at length, in what way this Barzeitson crossed my path. He had stolen my wife! Yes, this admirable creature, so unlike her frivolous sex, so fair to look upon yet without that abominable gift called beauty,—a gift I consider the bane of a husband's existence,—yes, this fair woman who could be amiable without coquetry, who was content with her sphere, who (O marvel!) minded her own business and asked her husband no questions—this model companion of man—was my wife! For her I had waited all these years; for her I had looked upon all other women with feelings of dread, of contempt, of pitiful toleration; for her, I had hoped and dreamed and labored! to find her the legal possession of another man!

As these truths burst vividly upon me, I felt my senses reel, my heart refuse to work; crushed so to speak with the horror of the revelation. What should I do? Should I mutely, meekly allow myself to be robbed of the wife created for me, who was mine by the fiat of destiny? To be despoiled of her fortune, which was mine also by all right,—the right of destiny and affinity? The thought was unendurable. Yet could I go to this half-crazed manufacturer of perfumes and demand my property, my property which he held my right of the law? What law? A fiction of man's imagination. Still, this law laughed at destiny and at affinity. There was no redress for my wrongs; none unless destiny exerted itself, to do me justice.

My mind was a chaos. How I answered my wife's questions (I shall call her my wife, her due title. At least, in my inner self shall justice reign) I do not know, as fortunately she was too well habituated to masculine mental abstraction to notice mine.

Barzeitson entered. How I hated him! His childlike blue eyes beamed with subdued delight—a certain air of triumph

appeared in his manner, in his gestures, in his voice. I felt it as an insult. That man knew he had robbed me of my wife, and he rejoiced in the robbery.

I made my adieux as soon as possible for I needed air to cool my excited nerves. Barzeitson followed me to the door. "If you must go," said he, "I will not detain you; but I had hoped you would visit my laboratory today. I think the visit will interest you; however, you will be here soon again."

At any other time this invitation would have taken the priority over all other engagements; but just then it had no charm for me. In truth I dared not trust myself with my triumphant rival. I muttered some kind of apology and hurried home.

On the way I met several patients, who begged me to listen to them, to be their safety valve. I roughly dismissed them. What were their troubles to mine? It was I who needed a safety valve. No, my vocation had lost its interest, my home had lost its pleasures. It wanted the wife I had found and who belonged to Barzeitson.

IV.

I WAS crossing the Place de la Concorde on my way to the Champs Elysées for I could no longer endure Luxembourg; its associations increased the painful confusion of my mind, and I resolved to plunge into frivolity, perhaps dissipation, anything to forget my wrongs—when a hand grasped me on the shoulder and a voice I knew too well vibrated on my ear. It was Barzeitson. He looked anxious, but his eyes sparkled, and his voice had an exultant ring as he exclaimed while his finger pointed to the obelisk:

"Pause before the genius of the past that in the living present, from this ephemeral today points to the unfathomable Yesterday! List to its voice—the petrified voice of three milleniums ago.

Who shall sing my rhythm antique?
Who shall tell my story aright?
He, who shall enter the sepulchral gates,
He, who breathes life into the dead.

They loved riddles, these ancients, but every sphinx has an Oedipus. Shall I tell you this one? It is I; yes, I—chemistry through me, so that is I. The glory is mine; I am he who enters the sepulchral gates, who breathes life into the dead. A long, tedious, anxious process; but it is almost done."

He relapsed into silence. His words re-awakened my feverish curiosity to discover his secret. I forgot all I had against him, and only thought of his invitation to visit his laboratory. I reminded him of it. "Come this very afternoon," he replied.

We hailed a passing omnibus that was not labeled "*Complet*," and soon found ourselves in Rue des Postes.

The laboratory was a large, lofty room, lighted by a square projecting window, the lower part frosted as a screen against outside observation. My first glance excited my curiosity, for that part of the room where stood the door through which I had inhaled the mysterious perfume, was partitioned off from the rest by a velvet curtain or portière, whose heavy ample folds formed an excellent barrier. The part thus separated from the principal apartment I knew from previous observation must be lighted by a window looking out into a narrow court.

The principal room gave at first sight the idea of a museum. A good sized crocodile reposed on a large tub. Over it a hyena stood guard. A huge snake was coiled round a withered palm. On a table, amidst a number of retorts and different chemical apparatus lay several small reptiles; and in a paper box I perceived a cobra. A large battery stood not far from the curtain, and I noticed that there were lines of communication between it and the screened chamber. A small furnace was built in a recess. There were glass cases and numerous shelves

filled with jars and phials, but one large crystal jar in particular attracted my attention. It stood alone on a dark, heavy stand of carved wood, and was filled with a clear liquid of a pale bluish tint.

While I was looking at it, a ray of sunlight fell athwart the jar, and the liquid seemed to spring into life. It blushed and quivered and sparkled; exquisite tints of pink, azure, rose, violet, seemed to chase each other along the sunbeam's golden ladder. If ever there was an elixir of life, it certainly was contained in that jar of crystal. I drew near to examine it, when Barzeitson, noticing my movement, called me away; but not before I perceived emanating from it a faint breath of the delicious fragrance that intoxicated me a few days before.

"Now, cried my host, "what miracle shall I perform for you? what chemical wonder shall I show you? for chemistry is the science of marvels. It plays with the invisible, the infinite. It analyzes the stars, it weighs the imponderable atoms that float in the air. It wields the sceptre over life, its laws rule the universe. Shall I show you the mighty forces latent in a grain of dynamite, or resolve into its primal elements the life blood now coursing through your arteries. — Nay, do not shudder." I was not aware of shuddering, but an uncomfortable sensation passed through me. This man awed me. The hyena glared at me; I fancied the jaws of the crocodile moved, that the serpent writhed.

I made an effort to throw off these ridiculous fancies and answered gayly: "I do not care for anything so obselete. Show me something new, some of your own discoveries—for I am certain you have not labored fruitlessly. Did you not hint this very afternoon at some glorious results? Will you not let me into the secret?"

Barzeitson glanced uneasily round the room, especially at the curtain, then muttered, more to himself than to me, "Ye will see and ye will not believe,—not yet,

not quite yet." Then rousing himself with an effort he said, "There are secrets that only the brave dare know."

"I think I am as brave as you."

"Supposing you should see these reptiles start into life?"

"Are they not dead?" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Touch them and see."

I did so, and to my astonishment, they felt like stone; a lizard fell from my hand to the stone floor, and its tail broke off.

"Bah!" I cried, "these are toys; they are not even stuffed animals."

"You are right; they are not stuffed — for they are not yet dead."

"Not dead — no, certainly, for they have never been alive."

"My friend, make no rash assertions. That crocodile has eaten many a victim; it is not long since that he bathed in the sacred Nile, and you shall see him alive and eating a meal if you will help me."

"Agreed; and if you bring him to life, why you may experiment on me."

I spoke in fun, but the peculiar gleam that flashed from his eyes made me feel uncomfortable. It was not an evil glance — his childlike eyes were not capable of giving wicked glances; But I felt that the professor was a greater problem than ever.

"Good," said he. "Suppose we have

a general resurrection. These lizards and toads will not do for the alligator's supper. There's a nuisance of a cat round here — suppose we have her. Fortunately the python is gorged, or it might be troublesome. The hyena does not care for fresh meat. Now to the work."

The cat was brought in, chloroformed, then thrown into the tub with the crocodile. Barzeitson next drew forth from a recess an apparatus somewhat resembling a force pump, with about half a dozen adjustable rubber spouts, long and curved, and terminating in a perforated nozzle. These were arranged so as to throw a spray into the nostrils of each one of the monsters.

"These creatures are not harmless kittens," remarked the professor, "and it is well to be prepared for them. This spray pump is worked by electricity, its effect instantaneous. If the reptiles are too familiar, turn the crank and they become as harmless as now."

"Indeed!" I said.

"Ah, you are still incredulous."

"Pardon, Professor, I simply wait."

"You shall not wait long. But since it is to be a general resurrection I must crave your help. Sprinkle these frogs and lizards and see."

Saying this, he gave into my hands a large atomizer. Amused as much as interested, I prepared to obey him.

Rebecca Rogers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE UNKNOWN WAY.

PERCHANCE some cobweb thread of memory
Of Homer's captive maiden, led away,
While through the long line rolls in undertone,
Ceaseless, unheeded, slow, the all-present sea, —
Drifted across the dark and hush that lay
Cool on hot lids and brain, and all unknown
Shaped from grim thoughts the pictured outline gray ; —

Darkness and clouds, and rifts of windy light,
And rugged cliffs above a sounding shore ;
A mailed and mighty one that through the night
Draws ever on, the rocky pathway o'er,
A Psyche captive, hesitant, afraid,
Yielding both hands to that resistless grasp,
Yet lingering back full arms' length from the clasp,
With drooping head, and face in deepest shade, —
Not fain, nor all unwilling. Yesterday,
Haply she cried and struggled, terror-mad ;
Haply she followed, trustfully and gay,
Wondering what gifts in store for her he had.
But struggles perish of futility
In such a grasp, and trust fades into dread
When timid feet by such a path are led.
Dumbly she follows, by the threatening sea.

What will he with her ? Ah, how should she know ?
He speaks no word. Seeks he some rock-hewn way
To lead her to the glimmering beach below
Where up and down upon the waters sway
His boats, with waiting oars, to bear her through
The perilous night to his far land, and there
Through some vast palace-portal, shining fair,
Shall she be led while morning skies are blue ?
And will he turn, with smile like sudden sun,
To clasp her in his arms, his chosen queen ?
Or wave a careless hand that summons one
To lead her thence, poor slave, to labors mean ?
Or will there shine out on the awful deep
A low, red light ; and by their fire, between
The tumbling waves and cliffs that darkly lean,
Grim forms and pitiless, that watch the steep

With blades made ready for some fearful rite,
 Some expiation for her race's wrong,
 Some vengeance for the fortunes of the fight? —
 Silent he leads her on, the shore along.

Yet once — ah, once! — full in her fear-wide eyes,
 She met his smile. O wonderful and dear!
 Full of all promise, gracious and most wise!
 And now she cannot all distrust and fear
 He means her ill. And once again she knew
 His glance upon her, — ah, how pitiless!
 How ruthlessly he dragged with savage stress,
 Her bleeding feet the thorny thickets through!
 And so heart-stilled with balanced hope and dread
 Not fain, nor all unwilling, silently
 She follows where her faltering feet are led, —
 Dumbly she follows, by the awful sea.

M. W. Shinn.

HUNTING IN HAWAII.

WE had been feasted and entertained in the little city of Honolulu until our very souls cried "Enough." Even the delights of earth grow wearisome, and pleasures turn to burdens. We welcomed gladly an invitation to visit some friends on another island in the group.

Their beautiful tropical home was a place of verdure, bloom, and fragrance. Skillful workmen trained what was already delicious in nature, and we wondered if Eden could have been more perfect.

After a few days of this elysian rest, Mr. M—— said: "I have some hunting in store for you, Mr. B——, that I hope will be a treat. A variety I am sure it will be, for you have no game in America just like what you may find on these islands. First you may try something easy, and if you do pretty well I will then show you something better."

"Let us get through the easy things quickly then," said Mr. B——. "What are your plans?"

"Let the ladies have a voice in the matter. Which shall come first, wife," said Mr. M——, "wild chickens and turkeys, or to the seaside for goats? He cannot go to the jungles till I see how he rides and shoots."

"The chickens and turkeys are near home," said Mrs. M——, while the goats are across the mountains near our cattle range, about seven miles distant. We will all go there if you think you would like it. We have a cottage there, and often go for a week or two. But would it not be wiser," she added to me, "for you to rest here a little longer, while they enjoy hunting the fowls?" And so it was decided.

Although it is a warm climate, it did not prove uncomfortable. Tropical trees, flowers, and shrubs filled several acres around the house — a handsome modern cottage all on one floor, with deep verandas, recess windows, and many folding doors, all of which combined to make it delightfully airy.

Smaller cottages, the servants' homes, were scattered among the trees in the rear. I was impressed with the different nationalities among these servants. There was a Chinese cook, a Japanese steward, a German nurse, and a Scandinavian seamstress, whose husband was a French landscape gardener; the vegetable gardener was an old Englishman, while the coachman and the plantation hands were Hawaiians.

Most of my time by day was spent on the west veranda. A wealth of beauty was spread before me, of which I never wearied. First a breadth of tropic flower garden. In the shadows of superb exotics were blossoms of every hue, from the glowing hibiscus to those of most delicate tints.

This was once — can it be true? — a blackened, charred expanse, upheaved from fiery depths. How many ages since? What silent influence wrought such lovely change?

On this veranda we read, chatted and idled with our needles, in the morning hours. In the afternoon a temptation to doze was usually irresistible, and in some vine shadowed depth we would swing in a hammock or stretch on a bamboo couch, and our senses, wooed by insect hummings and kissed by fragrant breezes, would seek, perhaps, but never find a lovelier scene. In the cooler evenings we took our walks and drives.

One evening duty we never neglected — to meet our hunters and help them unload their saddles of the weight of huge fat fowls, bestowing all the merited praise for which we could find words on both game and successful huntsmen.

For a better description of the game and hunt I will quote from my husband's notes:

"Long ago the domestic fowls brought here grew tired of the tyranny and persecutions of civilization, and determined to make a bold strike for liberty. The missionaries kept coming and coming until no well regulated chicken felt safe in going to roost at night.

"At last they held a mass meeting, — more properly a caucus. An old cock, brought here by Mr. Sandwich himself, called the meeting to order. He said the preachers were coming so thick and fast that although he had reached an age not commonly allotted to roosters in a gospel-enlightened land, even he did not feel his head safe for a single night. A motion was made to emigrate. An old hen moved to lay it on the table, but a younger female said if she was so chicken-hearted as that she could stay; but as for herself she meant to pullet through. The motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. The turkeys gobbled their assent, the roosters crowed as if it were just getting daylight, and all started for the mountains.

"What has been the result? As we stood that morning on the foothills, we heard from every gulch and cañon come floating to us the well known sound 'cock-a-doodle-doo.' They are as large as the common fowl, and as wild as the pheasant; but very soon I had five tied to the pommel of my saddle. Mr. M—— was above me. I heard the bang of his gun, then a whirl of wings, and a flock of turkeys came sailing down the ravine. My finger pressed the trigger, and in a moment more I was lugging as fine a fat gobbler as ever strutted the old barnyard at home just before Thanksgiving day. Five chickens and two turkeys were enough to carry home."

One morning early we breakfasted and started to our friend's seaside retreat. We drove for a few miles through the valley, followed by a half-dozen native servants on horseback. At the foot of the mountains our horses were unhitched and the conveyance left under shelter. We mounted our saddle horses, and began to ascend. It was the steepest mountain I had at that time ever crossed, and it did look dreadful.

"I can never ride up," said I.

"Yes you can," answered Mr. B——,

touching my horse lightly with his whip, and starting off by my side. Mr. M—— and his wife encouraged me by the assurance that I had the safest animal in the number; and as I soon found he was very careful and of easy gait I began to enjoy the journey.

In some places the mountain was bare,—except for rocks,—but at intervals were pleasant little thickets of—what do you think? Oranges, guavas, lemons, bananas, and ohias, with which we refreshed ourselves as we journeyed. The breadfruit, pineapples, papais, and mangos also abound there, but of these we did not find ripe fruit.

We crossed by means of a pass among rocky peaks, the only land route by which the other side is accessible. Our descent made, we found ourselves the only inhabitants of a grassy plateau of about one thousand acres, walled on three sides by almost perpendicular rocky peaks, and on the fourth by the roaring ocean.

The cottage was a neat one of four rooms with a “lean-to” kitchen. Mr. M—— wheeled some easy bamboo chairs from within to a veranda fronting the ocean. About a hundred yards beyond lay a pretty bit of beach cut in a curve about five hundred yards across from tip to tip. Out in the waters lay a wall of coral rocks, curving in the opposite direction. This wall stood out at low tide, but at high tide the waters rushed over it. Within its shelter we could bathe with perfect safety from sharks and all other dangers. Rough, jagged rocks extended from this up and down the coast as far as the eye could reach.

The next day the hunters began their sport. It seemed impossible to climb those rocky crags and peaks, but we saw them go up, and up, and up, until their forms were mere black specks against the gray. Then we lost sight of them, and except for the reverberating sound of the rifle we knew nothing of the hunt for wild goats. Fine horns and a little orphaned kid, however,

brought home in the evening, told the story of their success.

Mrs. M—— and I donned our bathing suits and searched for fine shells and mosses. We waded far out among the rocks and peered into the crevices and under the waters for live shells and delicate mosses,—clinging tightly to some jagged edge when the great waves would roll, and break, and dash all over us.

One of my amusements was to watch the men fish. No need of hooks and lines and the patient, quiet watching. If you wish to combine exercise, sea bathing, and fun, with fishing, make a party of three and go there. Two of you carry a net into the water, and another tarries at the edge. Watch carefully for a school of fish—it will not take long; then slip the net between them and the deeper water, beckon to your friend in waiting, and he will by a plunge, frighten a score or more into the net—perhaps more than you can carry. When you spread your prize on the beach you will see fish that cannot be excelled for beautiful, glistening tints, and delicacy of flesh.

The natives live principally on fish and poi. Poi is made from a root called kalo, which grows wild. They powder this and mix it with a little water. When it ferments it is ready to eat. It is a sticky paste, in appearance and taste very much like stiff yeast. It is considered very wholesome, and the natives eat it with a never failing relish, putting in their forefingers and swallowing all that adheres. Foreigners find the root very palatable when fried, and many even acquire a taste for the poi.

Mrs. M—— insisted that we try one meal in true Island style. So a huge calabash was filled with poi and placed on the ground. On each side was a pile of fish spread on *ti* leaves,—one raw, the other cooked. We sat on the ground and took turns in dipping our fingers into the dish. Mrs. M—— argued that the method was perfectly nice, for nothing touched our fingers but that

which we ourselves ate. One "dip," however, sufficed for me, and I finished with a little cooked fish.

The men were surprised when they learned our desire to accompany them to the wild cattle jungles, but after much coaxing on our part and promising to obey all orders, they consented. We wore heavy corduroy bloomers, and rode astride.

For a mile or two we kept in the road, passing grass huts, and groups of brown natives. The children were usually naked; the men often clothed only with the *malos*; the women in *holokos*, a garment which I then thought hideous, but which has since become popular in this country as the "Mother Hubbard." All were decorated with *leis* of red and yellow flowers.

Leaving the road, we galloped for miles over beautiful rolling pasture lands, pausing on our way for hasty glances at some fine falls, and other bits of beautiful scenery. When we entered the forest, a trying novelty began. Had I foreseen the difficulties I should scarcely have dared to venture on them. But we had started, and there was no time for reflection or thoughts of turning back.

Our horses were not of the jogging kind, and they stepped briskly through the mire, slipped and slid bravely over stones, which lay in the beds of rushing mountain streams, and sprang lightly over fallen trees. On, on, the guides went, and all we could do was to hold on, watch for hanging and twisted vines that our necks might not be caught in an untimely halter, and throw our feet forward to avoid some tree in crushing nearness. O what a labyrinth, what a maze, we traversed! No one knew these trails but the native guides and the wild inhabitants of the jungle. Mr. M—— said he had never known of ladies venturing there before.

A wild, gorgeous beauty surrounded us on all sides. Fern trees, bamboo thickets, delicious fruits, and gorgeous flowers, were

closely matted around and over our heads. Beautiful parasites clustered thickly and vines tangled among all. We, however, were deplorable looking objects amid it all. The mire splashed over us, and the mountain streams we forded came to our knees as we sat in the saddles.

About five miles of beauty, fragrance, dirt, and discomfort, and we halted in a lovely opening. Here Mr. M——, Mr. B——, and the guides, left us, having time for an hour's hunt before dark. The Kanakas left with us began immediately to construct huts, three of which were finished and quite weather-proof in two hours' time. The frames were made of bamboo, with a covering of large banana and appi leaves, pinned on by thongs.

Before the first was completed a heavy rain came on, which lasted several hours. Our feet were already soaked, and we did not try to protect ourselves from further drenching. When we had plashed about to our heart's content, we changed our wet bloomers for dry holokos, but found our extra shoes had been forgotten. Never mind, we intended to wade as well as wander for ferns and mosses, and as there are neither snakes nor toads there, we would copy native simplicity and go barefooted.

Many were the treasures we found. Ferns grow in one hundred and twenty-five varieties, from the tree in size to the smallest known. Among my most highly prized treasures is a collection of Island ferns, made complete afterwards by the gifts of friends. We gathered flowers from *lanhalla* and *ohia*, and in the shadow of candle nut, *eugenia*, *koa*, or others of fine foliage, would weave crimson and yellow *leis* with which to garland ourselves. We feasted on guavas, bananas, steaks, and fish, refusing the raw fresh-water shrimps proffered by the Kanakas. Our steak we broiled on the coals, baked fish wrapped in *ti* leaves under hot ashes; fried bananas; boiled the wild *kalo*: then ate them with pocket and hunting

knives from ti leaf napkins, while we sat on cushions of dried ferns. Did I choose to be a hermit, I might be a happy one there.

Mrs. M—— and I did not see a wild animal while in the forest, and only twice heard their voices. We were prepared for them however. Four trusty servants remained in camp with rifles. Then a little device of our own was to cut a narrow passage into the depth of a thick clump of bamboo, into which we might retreat.

The experience of our hunters was very different, and again I will quote from my husband's notes:—

“Spanish cattle were first brought here by Mr. Vancouver. Many of them went wild, and now some of the forests contain great herds of them, wild, and often more ferocious than the buffalo of the plains. To hunt them successfully is no small undertaking, from the fact that the whole forest is one vast jungle, filled with swamps, bogs, a mass of tropical undergrowth, trees with wide-spreading low boughs, and hanging vines, under which run trails unknown save to the wild bull and boar and occasionally to the native guide. He will strike a trail, follow it till he finds a fresh track, then with head bent down almost to his horse's mane to avoid the vines, away he will go, sometimes mile after mile, with his eye on the track, as true as the scent of a hound.

“So off we start, our guides leading the way. We had scarcely gone half a mile from camp before we heard the fierce baying of dogs. The guides plunged their spurs into the horses' flanks and shot off like a flash. I tried to follow, with what success you will see.

“There was some difference between the guide and me. I had my heavy rifle to carry—he had none; his horse was used to the business—mine was not; besides, he had the advantage of experience. On we went. He pointed with his finger, and I cast a hasty glance over his shoulder and

saw five or six cattle, with horns like young masts, plunge across the trail into the dense undergrowth, followed by all the dogs.

“Now the chase began in earnest. An overhanging vine caught my hat—the next rider tramped it down somewhere between there and China; I never saw it again. In a moment we emerged from the forest, on the bank of the river. The guide pointed again, and I saw a whole band of cattle on the other shore. I raised my rifle, but my untrained horse would not stand. I could not get the range before they were lost in the forest.

“We plunged through the river, and in a little while were in sight of them again. I fired. Like a flash my horse went under a vine. I went the other way. The ground was soft, however, and no harm was done.

“The barking of the dogs was now at my right, I started afoot a little way, when a huge bull, with the dogs at his heels, crossed my path. I gave him a ball between the shoulders; then the dogs brought him to bay and another ball laid him low. He was a ponderous fellow, and fought to the last. One dog he tossed about two rods, and he limped and howled about camp for days. . . .

“Mr. M—— showed me where he came near losing his life on a former hunt. He was following a bull, trying to lasso him, when he missed his throw. The bull turned, caught the horse, and flung him and his rider over backward. But a ball from a companion's gun released Mr. M—— from his unpleasant predicament.”

One day the guides with ominous looks on their faces, anxiously scanned the heavens. We were told they feared a freshet, and we must break up camp and start below at once, or we might find ourselves shut in. A freshet there means something, where the water pours down from the steep mountains. We looked up to see the dark leaden clouds hanging around the crests, and it was not

long before we bade farewell to our banana huts and were on our way homeward.

We were scarcely half way down the mountains when the rain fell in terrible earnest, and the muddy waters came pouring in rushing torrents, swelling the streams

we crossed and we could easily understand what a few hours delay might have wrought for us.

We soon, however, passed into the sunshine below, and though drenched and wearied, did not regret our camp in the jungles.

E.

IN BLUNDERLAND.

I.

WHEN Sir Henry Parsloe invited me to pass the Christmas holidays at Tinburn Abbey, I accepted rather at the earnest solicitation of my Uncle Arthur than through any preference of my own. Country life is very little to my taste, nor do I happen to care for hunting or shooting; and upon the whole, I think I should have felt better satisfied with a visit to some place in the south of England, whence I could make an occasional run for an hour or two up to London. But Uncle Arthur expressed himself so very urgently about the matter that I did not exactly see how I could get out of it.

"The Abbey is a fine old place, abounding in pleasant scenery and associations," he wrote, "and I know that you are very fond of scenery and associations. And I particularly wish you to become acquainted with my old friend and college mate, the Bishop of Banbury. He was in the diplomatic service for a year or two before studying for the Church; and as you are so soon to go out to the Azores as secretary, he may be able to give you a few points from his own large experience. As one of the British Embassy he attended an international congress of the allied powers at Vienna in 1857, and was so fortunate as to be able to

observe all the inner workings of the conferences that led to the reorganization of the import duty on salt."

Of course I did not feel very well disposed to waste my vacation in diplomatic studies or reminiscences, and I made a mental reservation that it would require more than the Bishop of Banbury to withdraw my mind from the usual festivities of the season; but saying nothing about that, I simply notified my uncle that it would give me great pleasure to yield to his suggestion, and hurried up to Tinburn Abbey by the early train, arriving at a reasonable hour in the afternoon. I was agreeably surprised to find it was a very delightful old place—a picturesque mansion with plenty of pleasant scenery around it, and some ten or twelve guests already assembled, all of whom rather favorably impressed me.

Sir Henry received me with most abundant kindness, for he also had been a college-mate of my uncle, and at once he proceeded to make me acquainted with every one in the house. First I was duly presented to the Bishop, who struck me as rather a fine old gentleman, but grave and distant in demeanor, and probably very hard to talk to about diplomacy or anything else; though possibly he might warm up on the subject of the salt duty, looking upon it as one of his past successes. Then there was

a laird from the north of 'Scotland, who seemed deeply versed in the mysteries of otter-hunting; and upon the piazza in front of the house were five or six very pleasant young ladies conversing with an equal number of young men of my own age.

The tallest and handsomest of all these girls was the Bishop's daughter; and at the very first glance at her I was so attracted that I began to make immediate overtures towards a more intimate acquaintance with her; and as she seemed willingly to accept them, and proved very bright and ready in conversation, we found ourselves almost at once getting along very pleasantly.

Being thus thrown into the society of a beautiful and interesting young lady of agreeable disposition, lively manner, and varied accomplishments, and having come to the Abbey entirely heart-whole, the natural results were sure to follow. At first I began to realize that Ronaldine was very pleasant company,—then that I liked her as well as any young lady whom I had ever met,—then that I was beginning to like her better,—and after that I naturally found myself growing a little depressed with the fear that she might not become inclined to like me quite as well in return. This fear grew alternately light or heavy according to her demeanor of the passing moment. Upon the whole, however, I soon began to feel a little better, with the assurance that as she did not avoid me circumstances must be assumed to stand a trifle in my favor. In fact, we were almost always together, walking or riding, and I could not fail to realize that at last my predestined fate was working itself out, and that upon the result would depend the height of bliss or the depth of misery for the remainder of my life. When I state that in all my previous day-dreams the girl who should rend my soul had always appeared as of slight, frail figure, olive complexion, and pensive manner, and that Ronaldine was tall, inclined to stoutness, ruddy, and almost always brightened up with a pleasant

laugh in her hazel eyes, it must be evident that under the inscrutable rule of contraries which accompanies all derangements of the heart, there could be no other result possible than that I should at once become her slave.

One thing troubled me a little throughout all, however. My good, kind uncle had sent me to Tinburn Abbey expressly that I might become acquainted with the Bishop of Banbury and through him begin my diplomatic education. Instead of this, I was neglecting my studies altogether, idling away my time in riding, walking, and love-making, to the total disregard of my future in the service. I had not even gone near the Bishop, though it seemed rather the politic thing for me to endeavor to ingratiate myself a little with him. But to tell the truth, I was somewhat afraid of him, and basely avoided any occasion of showing myself to him in such a favorable attitude as might be becoming to a possible son-in-law. His tights, with the big shoe-buckles below, and his silk apron above overawed me; and more than all else, his long, thin back, his great, high forehead, and the settled frown with which he read blue-covered reviews, evidently disputing every word in them as he went along. I felt that I must not much longer, however, postpone making overtures of esteem and attachment to the Bishop; and perhaps when that had been successfully accomplished and I had won his confidence and approbation, my uncle might be induced to overlook my waywardness and neglect.

It happened that when I had reached this stage it suddenly flashed upon me that I had all the while been acting just as my Uncle Arthur had from the very first intended. I remembered that he had often given hints of his desire that I should marry and settle down; and I recalled how throughout all his encomiums of the Bishop he had invariably abstained from any mention of the Bishop's family, which I now considered all of a piece with his customary

strategy and double dealing. I began to realize as I had never done before that it was a little out of his habit of mind to feel very solicitous about my diplomatic education, looking upon my position as secretary rather a diversion of the moment enabling me to spend a year or two in seeing the world; after which, unless circumstances developed me into a Metternich or a Bismarck, I might retire to private life, and take up some more permanent occupation.

Yes, it was very evident that my uncle had all along intended that I should fall in love with Ronaldine: and I felt at once very much hurt and angry that I had not seen through him more speedily. It was in some respects as though I had been led blindly towards a trap and then by myself had walked innocently into it; and though it was an exceedingly pleasant trap, from which I would not have stepped out again for the world, my self-complacency suffered a slight shock, as though I had not been allowed to remain a free agent, but had been made a plaything by a designing old man, with which term, at the first moment of my mortification, I chose to stigmatize my very dear uncle.

Ronaldine happening to encounter me at that instant, I found myself in my perplexity of thought rewarding her pleasant smile with an exceedingly unresponsive greeting, which she very promptly resented by passing on without lingering, and by treating me with dignified coolness for the rest of the day. This did not mend matters at all; and I mentally objurgated my uncle not only for his base deception of me, but also for his being the indirect cause of a lamentable misunderstanding between my Ronaldine and myself, from which it might take us several days to recover. I determined that the best way to revenge myself upon my uncle would be to frighten him a little; and I repaired at once to the library, in the conclusion of which to indite a letter of terrible import.

The library was not exactly a cheerful apartment, and anybody coming into it was pretty sure to have it all to himself. It was a long, narrow room with very little light in it; and in the olden times had been the library of the monastery, where doubtless the monks were wont to collect for a more perfect retirement from the world, and read treatises on Arianism and miracles, to their great satisfaction and improvement. It had a groined roof, long, narrow windows at each end, a huge, carved fire-place, some old family portraits too blackened and too unartistic to be shown in the main hall or dining room, and no books. Perhaps, though, I should allow mention of a small mahogany case in the further corner, containing Scott's Commentaries, three odd volumes of Shakespeare, a dozen or two novels, and twenty or thirty treatises on dogs and horses. At the other end of the room was a long table for writing, with inkstands and paper at each end, and in front of one of these inkstands I now seated myself, and went to work at my letter to Uncle Arthur.

"I have delayed writing to you, my dear uncle," I began, "until I could be able to tell you a little about this place, and the impression it has made upon me. As far as scenery goes, it is all that can be desired, and the house itself has a quaint and venerable aspect, which is vastly pleasing to me. I have had several delightful conversations with the Bishop of Banbury, who is a very charming gentleman, a model of courtesy and affability, and whom I have already learned to respect and love. He has greatly interested himself in my studies, which it is needless to say I still keep up, and advises close analyses of Vatell and Adam Smith. You are mistaken, by the way, regarding the matter of the salt duty. It was saltpetre; and he became interested in carrying the measure through from a conversation he had previously had with Prince Esterhazy at the Café Doney. I wonder why the Bishop has never married? At least, I

presume that he has not, for I have never seen any one with him who might answer for her Ladyship, and so far he has made no allusion in my presence to any family at home. Among the guests——”

When I had reached this point, happening to look up for further inspiration, I saw that I was not alone. In front of the little case of books, and with his back towards me, was a short, rotund man, with a bald head and what at first I took for a loose and exceedingly ill-fitting overcoat. In a moment, however, I saw that the presumed overcoat was made of some very coarse gray material and held together in front by a piece of common cord; that the little man's feet were almost bare, being protected merely by low sandals; and that what I had taken for the baldness of age was a circular bare spot of artificial creation. In fact, my friend seemed a very fair specimen of a mediæval monk, and how he happened to have come there was a question. I could recollect no such figure among Sir Henry's retainers, and it was scarcely possible that through any idea of congruity he had ventured to set up a librarian in such a costume. There might be some association of monks in the neighborhood—I had heard that elsewhere there were imitations of the olden brotherhoods; but it did not seem probable that any of them could enjoy the run of Sir Henry's premises. And then again, how could he have slipped in without my hearing him?

I coughed slightly; and the rotund little man turned, disclosing a rubicund and pleasantly disposed face, though for the moment he pulled down the corners of his mouth into a very saintly expression.

“Peace be with you,” he said.

I made some reply, expressive of reverent satisfaction at meeting him, and probably succeeded very well, for the little man turned more fully towards me, and appeared disposed to continue the conversation.

“I am Father Bede,” he said.

“I am delighted to see you, Father,” I replied.

“And it's very glad I am to meet you,” he rejoined. Of course I knew at once from his tone that he was an Irish monk; and as I saw how his eye brightened up with the light of a pleasant humor, and how a net-work of little wrinkles all pointing the right way gave merriment to his face and manifested a kind of inward joviality, I began to think that he must be quite an acquisition to his monastery, wherever it might be, and perhaps occasionally when the abbot was out of the way might make things very lively and sociable for the rest of them. “For you must know,” he continued, “that it is not once in a hundred years that I have a chance to speak with anybody.”

With that the truth began at once to dawn upon me.

“Then you are, after all, not so much a monk as the ghost of a monk, coming down, perhaps, from the old times.”

“Surely,—you've hit it right. Coming all the way down from the time of Henry the Eighth, with whom may all the ——”

“Yes, but you may omit the commination business, Father Bede. Henry the Eighth had his faults, I suppose, but his good points, as well. And he is rather a favorite topic in history, so that I do not care to hear him abused. Moreover, his position in the next world is probably fixed by this time, so that anything you can say or do——”

“Exactly. Then I won't talk any more about him, seeing that I wish to be polite to you. But you must allow that naturally I can't feel very pleasantly disposed towards him, it being he who broke up our monastery and drove us all out, and in the end hanged me.”

“You don't really mean——”

“Yes, I do. Hanged me on one of the big trees in front, and I was the only one

he did hang. All the others were left to go free, and I had not done any more than they had, so I must confess I never quite understood it. But it did n't much matter, after all, for it hurt scarcely any, and of course I should have been dead long before this. And then, as I died upon the place, I was allowed to stay here, while all the rest as they dropped off were assigned to duty in strange places, and some of them not very agreeable. For you must know that we all have something or other given to do, while waiting the final disposition of things. I had been librarian at the Abbey, you see, and so I was left in charge, just as before."

"But I should not think —"

"O, of course I could n't dust the books and hand them down as when alive, but it was something to keep an eye upon them, all the same. If any were taken away, you understand, I could tell where they had gone. And it was a very easy place, until one day Cromwell — with whose soul may every —"

"Another interesting character in history, Father Bede, and somewhat of a favorite of mine. And therefore —"

"To be sure. And so I will refrain. But he burnt the whole library on the green in front of the Abbey; and of course there was no way I could protect it at all. There was one illuminated missal that I would have given ten years of my life — that is, if I had a life — to save: but it went with the rest of them."

"And so your occupation was at an end?"

"Not exactly, either. You see the Parsloes then came into possession, having purchased the place under what was called a royal commission; and as they were at that time a well disposed family, — not Catholic but somewhat inclined that way, being collaterally related to our abbot, — I was left in charge to make things a little comfortable for them. It was thought that being under the influence of the old place, they might in time come round; only they

did n't. But the library being gone, I was put in charge of the dream department; and whenever any one wanted a pleasant dream, I was the person to furnish him with it. At first, of course, it was in aid of the cause, for there's many a salutary thought can be worked up to good effect with the proper sort of dream; but now that all hope of family conversion has pretty nigh disappeared, I just keep on with the dreams as before, for occupation and amusement, and generally for old acquaintance' sake. I have n't been drawn away for any other duty, you see, and I must have something to do."

"But, Father Bede, I don't exactly under —"

"You don't now? Well, that's a pity, indeed. For you must know —"

Just at that instant a door banging on the right let out the house-dog. Then a door banging up stairs at the left let three children and their nurses into the main hall. And as the reverberations died away, I saw that Father Bede, startled by the uproar and probably fearing intrusion, had disappeared. There was the old bookcase that had formed such an appropriate background to him; there was the high carved chair over which the knotted cord that bound his waist had dangled: but he — the ghost, or vision, or whatever he might be — was gone.

III.

IN vain I rubbed my eyes to collect myself; in vain I began to stigmatize the whole affair as a delusion; in vain I tried to be calm and return to my writing. There was a feeling of reality about the matter that I could not shake off, — a something that would not be set aside. It was such an old building, and the very room was so ghost-like in its aspect; why should the vision not be true? Might not such things be more common than is generally supposed? What,

after all, was more likely than that in old castles and abbeys, former occupants or retainers might be suffered to linger in the spirit long after the decease, for especial purposes? Such experiences might be enjoyed by the owners of such places much more often than we are apt to imagine. Of course these visitations would not be noised abroad. It was only by a mere chance, indeed, that I, a passing guest, had come into the knowledge of a mystery known perhaps to all the family.

A bright thought struck me. I would casually mention the matter to Sir Henry; gradually and with cunning progression working into the subject, and watching for him to be drawn out through my affected innocence, and so unguardedly betray himself.

Chance somewhat favored me. I found Sir Henry inspecting his gun; and that occupation, being suggestive of coming sport, always put him into a good humor and made him communicative.

"It should be a crossbow instead of a fowling-piece, Sir Henry," I said. "It would somehow be so much in keeping with the surroundings. A queer, quaint old place such as this, — with dark passages and shadows, full of old associations, and seemingly built for the abode of ghosts, — a modern fire-arm is really so disassociated —"

"The fowling piece does seem a little out of place, does it not? Only I am afraid that we could not catch many partridges with a crossbow, and so we must put up with a little incongruity in that line. And talking about ghosts, there was actually said to have been one here, once."

"Really?"

"At least my grandfather reported that he had seen him. The ghost of a monk or something of that sort, and that he had been librarian to Henry the Eighth or somebody of that description. Talked a little while quite pleasantly with my grandfather, and then faded away through a bookcase. Of

course my grandfather never saw any such person at all; it probably came about from the third bottle of port."

"And has no one since —"

"No one at all. Port began to go out a little while after that and claret to come in, which in part might account for the lack of further ghosts."

I stood for a moment deliberating whether I should tell Sir Henry all I knew. It seemed pretty well proved to me that I had not been dreaming, and that there was actually a ghost upon the premises, and perhaps Sir Henry ought to know it. But after all, it is not always a becoming or necessary thing to instruct a man about his own affairs; and so far from Sir Henry being convinced by any thing that I could say, he might conclude that I had acquired some of his grandfather's habits, and with worse luck had been able to do with claret what it had required port to do two generations back. On the whole, I concluded to say nothing about it.

But there was the Bishop. As a very high-church clergyman he might possibly be in latent sympathy with the monastic order, and possibly Father Bede might have been encouraged to seek communication with him instead of with Sir Henry.

I found the Bishop sitting in a secluded corner, his tights crossed, and the bluest of all blue-covered reviews in his hand. Peeping over his shoulder, I saw that he was reading a learned dissertation upon the influence of Arianism on Buddhism in the northeast corner of Ceylon during the fourth century, and was disagreeing with the author in such a series of frowns and shakings of the head that for the moment I felt appalled, and inclined to flee incontinently. But at that instant the Bishop looked up, and seeming to surmise that I was wishing for information upon some subject or other, bestowed upon me a very pleasant smile of encouragement.

"You were desiring —" he began suggestively.

"I was thinking, my lord, about ghosts; in fact, what for instance would be your opinion, as a learned authority, about them."

"That depends," answered the Bishop, "upon your premises."

"Whether they are antiquated and gloomy; or on the contrary bright and sunny?" I said.

"Not that kind of premises; but the premises to your argument. Do you speak of ghosts in the light of the spirit of man, which, according to some authorities might for a purpose be permitted to leave the body for a little while, and then return to it,—equivalent, according to Paracelcus, merely to the wanderings of thought? Or do you mean ghosts in the ordinary vulgar sense, as the mental complement of a dead body, still lurking where the body while living was accustomed to be?"

"Really, I —"

"In the former case, I could refer you to the second chronicle of Domenius for a full discussion of the subject; and also, of course, to the treatise of Paracelcus already alluded to. In the latter case, there is a valuable footnote in the third chapter of the posthumus Tribute of Caspar Aretophiles, — you will of course recollect him as one of the most learned professors at Leyden during the eleventh century. But perhaps I had better make you a list of some twelve or fifteen treatises upon the subject, as worthy of your study. Most of them are in the British Museum; three that I now especially recall are in the Bodleian Library. Reading these carefully, and comparing their sometimes conflicting philosophy, you will then be safely upon the road for a further examination of the subject."

"Thanks, my lord. I am sure it will give me the greatest pleasure."

Then gracefully retiring, I betook myself to Ronaldine. Within the last hour or two her manner towards me had seemingly changed for the better; possibly she might now listen to me with some sympathy for

my dilemma. If the ghost had not revealed himself to either Sir Henry or the Bishop it was scarcely possible that he could have put Ronaldine in possession of his secret; but, as a discreet young lady she might listen to my story with encouragement, and thence her favor and intelligence might be invited to advise me what I had better do about it.

"I have been wanting you," she said, "I must ask you to help me to a motto or two for the Sunday school festival tomorrow."

"Something in early English?" I said. "To be put into a queer text that nobody can read? I should think that in such a quaint old building as this you might find what you want on almost any wall or cornice, ready for your adoption. Or why might not Father Bede suggest —"

"And who is Father Bede?" she responded, not betraying the slightest perception of my meaning.

"O, nobody in particular. These old fellows were always called Bede, or Cyril, or Ambrose, or Reginald, or something of that sort. I only thought that they might yet be walking somewhere about the premises, and perhaps with just such inscriptions as you want hanging already around their necks."

"Ghosts, I suppose you mean? But you know that ghosts have gone out of fashion."

"Perhaps, but not altogether for a certainty, have they? It seems as though one or two might yet linger in such a quaint place as this. What if any person told you he had met one? Say, for instance, a musty old monk, with a corded dress, and sandals, and a shaven head, and all that. Explaining that he had come down from Henry the Eighth's time, and was wander-around for old acquaintance sake upon some incomprehensible duty. What would you say to a person who told you that he had met and talked with some such a queer character as that?"

"I don't know exactly what I might say to him. But I should think all the same

that he had lingered a little too long at the dinner table."

"Yes, of course. And very proper on your part, I am sure. Well really, I don't think of any suitable motto just now. If I do, of course it will give me great pleasure to —"

With that I strolled away, feeling abashed with the consciousness that I was not making a very creditable figure in my investigations, and that Ronaldine, perhaps, was again becoming a little pert and sarcastic in her manner and speech. She seemed entirely too ready to give a personal application to my remarks, instead of allowing them the general scope I had intended. Was she really becoming indifferent towards me? Or on the contrary, was she assuming that particularly harassing demeanor simply as a suitable disguise for some deeper feeling, and expecting to be enticed out of it with much studied preference and devotion? I would make it my business to ascertain which it might be, and before very long. And meanwhile I would not let myself meddle any more in that matter of the ghost, neither would I just at present enter in the study of Paracelces, or Domenius, or Caspar Aretophiles, or any other authority upon the subject; and upon the whole I concluded that the sooner I crept out of the way and returned into the solitude of myself the better it might be for me. With that intent, I pleaded a headache early in the evening and betook myself to my own room.

Not at once to sleep, however. I had a very agreeable book to read, and made up my mind that I could enjoy myself better with that than in trying to talk with people upon whom, somehow, I could not make any impression. So I lighted my lamp, drew out my easy chair, took down my book, and prepared to make a pleasant evening of it. It happened that my bedroom adjoined the library, and I opened the door between, for better circulation of air. Then, as an additional comfort, I brought out a little

choice whisky and poured half a glass full at my right hand. All things being now thoroughly in order, I put my feet upon another chair, plunged into the novel, and was just at the point where Malvina sees a bloody foot-print when I heard a little grunt, as of recognition, and looking up, saw Father Bede standing in the library doorway.

"Peace be with you," I said, this time getting the start of him.

"The same to yourself," he responded, and the pleasant manner of his speech showed that he was in quite an enjoyable humor.

"Thanks, Father Bede. And now come in and take a seat. And let me pour you out a little whisky."

"I will take the seat," he said. "As for what I suppose is wine of some kind, only under another name that I wot not of, being myself a spirit, of course I cannot drink it."

"I will pour out a glass, though, and will see what can be done. Perhaps with good intent — well, here's to you."

"Here's health," he responded, going through my motion, and holding his nose and mouth just a little over his own glass, in affectation of drinking with me. And I thought that it seemed to please him somehow. Though he could not drink, possibly something of the aroma of the liquid had a capacity for entering into his incorporeal nature; for after that first sniff of ceremony, he returned to it again quite unnecessarily, and his eye began to brighten up with entire satisfaction. "It seems to be very excellent wine," he continued, "somewhat different from what we were accustomed to use while alive; and stronger, I should judge, but probably quite palatable. I would really like to be able to try some of it."

"I wish you could do so, Father Bede. But what was it you were saying about dreams at our last meeting?"

"Simply this. You may not be aware

of it, but there is a very fine collection of dreams stored away in the Abbey. Some have been manufactured here, and some have been brought in by our guests in old times, and left behind; and it seems just as well to use them over again where they will fit. You see I have already told you how for the sake of the family we like to make things pleasant around the place. Of course Sir Henry can take good care of his guests in the day time; but what of the night? Then it is that I come forward and from our storehouse adjust agreeable dreams to their slumbers, so that they get up in the morning quite refreshed and contented. — What did you say they call this liquid?"

"Some people speak of it as Bourbon."

"A very good name,—a fine saintly name. A truly Catholic family while it lasted, only somehow things did not work very well with it at the end. I will put my nose over the liquid once more, in honor of the Bourbons. I may not be exactly able to taste it; but still—even if I could drink it, I suppose that it would be scarcely the correct thing for me to do so. But simply for the moment to inhale the aroma. Well, you may have noticed at breakfast what a fine habit has come up of each one telling the other his pleasant dreams, — now haven't you?"

"I think I have."

"Well, that's my work," he said. And he tipped me a little wink.

"You surprise me, Father. For I had supposed that we all brought our dreams with us, or evolved them from our inner consciousness, as it were,—I believe that is the expression; that we—"

"Yes, that's the expression, but scarcely the right one, under the circumstances. For in fact you bring with you or evolve from yourself only the animus of your dream,—not clothing it in any suitable form, so as to give it what might be called its vital presentment. For instance, you go to bed expecting to form one of a fishing

party the next day. This is all that there is in your mind,—every bit. Now does this expectation clothe itself in any suitable and appropriate picturing? Not at all. You merely drop asleep with the abstract thought of fishing formulating itself in your brain."

"Well, what then?"

"Then I take up the matter. I search through our collection, and I find an old dream left behind by Sir Rupert Folkes eighty years ago. With it he fancied that he hooked a twenty-pound salmon three miles down the estuary and brought it safely to land. I fit the dream into your brain, and at once you also imagine that you are hooking a twenty-pound salmon down the estuary and bringing it safely to land. Perhaps after all you don't do it; but what of that? Dreams are not always supposed to come true, are they? You will have had a pleasant night of it, all the same,—isn't it so? But tell me—"

"Well?"

"This thing that you call Bourbon,—bless their saintly souls! is it from the white grape?"

"From no grape at all—from a grain."

"A precious benefaction, all the same, I should say," and over the tumbler his nose went once more, and caressingly there lingered. "It is strong, I know; for though I can't drink it, there is somehow a soft aroma from it that seems to waft itself into the perceptions of my incorporeal—that is to say— Well, where was I? O, it was fishing we had just got through with, to be sure. Well, then again, we will say that there is Captain Vance just going out to the Crimea, and by the powers! expecting to do great things there. I hunt around, and I find an old dream of Sir Giles Mayhew, who served under Henry the Fifth in France, and who, sleeping one night at the Abbey on his way to join his force, dreamed that he cut down twenty Frenchmen in their armor. I change the dream a little, putting

modern conditions of arms and location in place of the old, and then we have Captain Vance imagining that he is about to annihilate twenty Russians. Sir Giles Mayhew was killed, in fact, before he had knocked over a single Frenchman, and it may happen that Captain Vance when confronted with the Russians will run away; but that does n't in the least affect the case. He will enjoy the pleasant dream just the same; and in the morning will get up so exhilarated that for an hour so he will make every one else about him just as happy."

"Exactly. And now, Father Bede, since I have an inkling of the process, I —"

"Not from any grape at all, you say? Now isn't that wonderful! I will just take one little sniff of the aroma into my soul, and then — For you see I have n't any more time to wait. It's Christmas tomorrow, and I must get up something particularly pleasant tonight for all the family, I suppose."

He arose as he spoke, and it seemed to me that his eyes were still more bright, and he tottered just a little.

"And what do you propose —"

"O, to every one something that will please him, sure enough. To Sir Henry, a spanking good run across the country. To the old Bishop, promotion — he might have been a cardinal now, with his brain for finding out things and putting them together, if he had come over to the right side. To yourself —"

"And what to me?"

"By all the saints! you should have something good, — should n't you now? Is it fishing or hunting you most care about? Better than all that — than all that," he continued, staggering slowly out from my room into the library and so across, still seeming to speak to me, though with such failing voice that I was obliged to follow close after him to catch what he said. "There's a young girl here, — tall and with ensnaring glance —"

"What of her, Father Bede?"

"Perhaps she has quarreled with you just a little, and perhaps she is all the same ready to make up. And I know of an old dream of Count Robert Glenville when five centuries ago he quarreled with Lady Beatrice Plantagenet, — and he thought he saw her coming up to him with her two white arms stretched out and the sweetest of all smiles on her face; and she put those arms around his neck, and her face turned up for a loving kiss, — devil a bit did he refuse — the saints forgive me! what is it I am saying? But I will bring out the old dream and just change the dress a little, — and so —"

Thus muttering to himself he slowly staggered against the wall, seemed somehow to melt away through the case of books; and I found myself alone.

IV.

WHEN I awoke the next morning, it was under the pressure of a kind of confusion, of the brain, which it took me some time to dissipate. Then when I got my ideas into shape, I fell into a season of wondering. After that I laughed, though not in very hilarious spirit, but rather from the idea that I ought to laugh a little, so as to bring myself right again. And then I once more went off wondering, as unable exactly to comprehend what it was all about.

"That tipsy old monk!" I finally said to myself as I went down stairs. "He has made some mistake; that is all. I'll try not to think any more about it."

As it was Christmas morning, every one was up bright and early, and I found most of the household at breakfast. We all exchanged the customary greetings, listened to the distant chimes, and said how well they sounded in the clear air, hoped we would have a short service, looked forwards cheerily to a long dinner, and wondered what all our friends in India and elsewhere were doing. Then we fell vigorously to our

breakfast, rather more silently than usual it seemed to me ; and I noticed that a few of us appeared preoccupied and reserved, as with some thought that was rather absorbing and might in the end require open expression for its alleviation. And at last it came.

"A most singular thing, this matter of dreams," said the Bishop, pushing back his plate and crossing his shapely hands across his breast. "Tertullian says—"

"But what do you say about them, Bishop?" interrupted Sir Henry. "Never mind Tertullian; let us hear your philosophy of the matter. Something has happened to trouble you; is it not so?"

"A very singular dream last night, I must confess. And so contrary to what might be called the usual philosophy of dreams. Generally we bear the leading thought—what might be called the context of a dream—in our minds as we drop asleep. But here was a dream about hunting; and how did it come to me? Of course I never now hunt; I never did hunt except once when I was a layman. It was on the Campagna at Rome, just before running up to the Congress at Vienna; where, by the way, I flatter myself that I was mainly instrumental in re-organizing the import duty on salt. I do not think that full justice was ever done me in the Parliamentary report for that service."

"And the hunt?"

"It was on the Campagna, I was saying. I let my horse follow the others, and I never saw anything of the fox at all, though I was afterwards told that he was a very fine one. Well, that is the only hunting I ever did; and yet last night I saw myself riding full speed at the head of more than a hundred red-coated horsemen, and with an enormous fox scarcely twenty feet away. Now, what do you make of it?"

"Only that you seem to have got hold of an old dream of mine, Bishop. I have had that same dream over twenty times, and it has never come exactly true, either. And

as things seem to be a little mixed, it may be that I have come into a portion of your property. It's the only way I can account for it. For last night I found myself walking in stately manner across a large hall, and at the end of it stood Her Majesty with a whole crowd of counsellors of state around her, and she handed me something rolled up, or tied up, or something of that sort, and told me that it was my appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury. Think of it: I, the Archbishop of Canterbury! Certainly it must have been your dream, Bishop."

His lordship colored a little, I thought, and drew himself up, looking longer and thinner and more angular than ever.

"I do not know any one who might dare to cherish such an ambitious dream as that," he said, somewhat icily. "If in the Providence of—that is to say, if such an impossible preferment should ever—but that I should have the presumption in my inmost thoughts to have anticipated—"

"But if not yours, whose then could it be?" persisted Sir Henry, who as an old classmate of the Bishop could not be made to stand in the slightest awe of him. And you, Miss Ronaldine,—you seem quite preoccupied. What was your experience of last night?"

"Dreams are very foolish things, Sir Henry, and unworthy of any attention, I think," she responded, coloring a little in her turn, and turning the conversation by rising from the table. We all did the same, having finished; and while the others repaired to their several pursuits, I returned to the library, determining that I would certainly this time finish my suspended letter to Uncle Arthur. Being delayed a minute, I found when I reached the library that Ronaldine had preceded me, having letters of her own to write, and not anticipating any interruption there. At my entrance she made as though she would retire; but I restrained her.

"It is a long table," I said, "and possibly

two persons can sit at it, one at each end, without interfering with each other. We can write on separate sheets and from different inkstands; and of late your thoughts have so seldom wandered towards me that any fear of mental interference should scarcely trouble you, I think."

At that she resumed her seat, bowing in somewhat stately manner, and I took my place at the other end; and for some minutes nothing was to be heard but the scratching of our pens, rapidly dotting down our respective thoughts.

"—several young men and women," I began, in continuation of what I had written the day before, "who seem to spend most of their time at lawn tennis; which, you must be aware, can scarcely be looked upon as a satisfactory pursuit for one who is in training for diplomacy; and I must confess to having as yet made so little acquaintance among them as scarcely to know their names. I must except, however, from those others, such utter strangers to me, a Miss Jennie McIntosh, the eighth daughter of a Scotch laird now visiting at the house, — a young lady of singular beauty and accomplishments, and seemingly fitted for any station. I have had many conversations with her and find that contrary to the frivolous creatures around her, she has a singular talent for diplomacy. If you could listen to her exposition of the interior workings of the treaties of Paris and Aix la Chapelle you would say that it was very wonderful. She has no property; but with true congeniality of soul —"

"Do you spell 'leisure' with an 'ei' or an 'ie'?" interrupted Ronaldine.

"With an 'ei.' You are writing —"

"To a cousin of mine. Would you like to read it?"

"O no, not at all! That was not what I meant, of course. But while you are about it, give her my regards, please."

"My cousin will be delighted, I am sure;

never so far having heard of you. And you?"

"O, I am writing to my Uncle Arthur. I am thinking of telling him how deeply I am wounded by the captiousness of — At least, I suppose I ought to tell him about my dream, it was such a strange one. Shall I let you hear it first, by the way?"

"If it is very good, and not too long."

I arose upon this great encouragement, and came over to her end of the table. As I did so, chancing to cast my eyes at the other side of the room, I saw Father Bede standing in his old place against the bookcase and meekly observing me. I thought that his eyes were a little bloodshot and his posture still somewhat unsteady; but that might have been only my imagination. Certainly he had a very penitent expression, which under the circumstances seemed altogether proper. I felt a little discomposed at the sight of him, for I had supposed that I was entirely alone with Ronaldine, and by a sudden inspiration I had just concluded that here was the opportunity I had long waited for to say a good deal to her; and naturally I did not like the idea of being watched. But on the other hand I was filled with unquenchable ardor of avowal; I felt sure that Father Bede would seek to do me no injury, having shown himself up to that time rather kindly disposed; he was standing so far behind Ronaldine that it was scarcely possible she could see him; after the usual nature of ghosts he must be so constituted as not to be seen or heard by any other than especially designated persons, and it was hardly possible that Ronaldine had been selected for one of those; — upon the whole, I could not bring myself to relinquish the happy opportunity, but resolved to go on determinedly and trust to fortune.

"Well, this was my dream. It was not meant for myself, I suppose; it really must have belonged to some one else. It was only through the unwarrantable stupidity of

one, who having spontaneously offered his services in the matter might reasonably have been expected to —”

“The saints forgive me !” I heard Father Bede mutter, with a still more intensified expression of penitence.

“But I will not enlarge upon that, Ronaldine ; I will go on to my dream, in which, by the same peculiar vagary of fancy, I saw myself advancing to myself. It is n’t a usual thing for a person to dream that he sees himself, is it? Generally it is some one else ; I may say, for instance, that it should have been you — merely, of course, so as to have some else than myself. But here it was my own self that I saw, and I found myself coming forward to myself, a smile on my face as though I were wishing to clear up some misunderstanding or other,— not with myself, certainly, for how could a person quarrel with himself, so as to make up with? — a smile, that is to say, not on my face as I stood there, but on my face advancing to myself, — though perhaps there might have been a smile on my face, also, as I stood there — of course I could not see it, myself — and I held out my arms — that is, I who was coming forward, you know ; and so — I make myself quite plain, do I not?”

“Scarcely,” responded Ronaldine. “And as you tell the story, I am really afraid that I can never —”

“Really? Perhaps not. In fact, it is rather hard for me to comprehend it, myself. But now, you will tell me your dream in return, will you not?”

“Yes, I had a dream,” she said, slowly and reflectively. “Every one seems to have had a dream last night ; and somehow, nobody appears to have cared for his own, but wanted some one else’s instead. But what my dream was all about, exactly, or how to tell it —”

“Don’t take the trouble, Ronaldine. I will tell it for you, for I think I know it all, and you see already how well I can describe dreams. Yours was really my dream, as

mine was yours ; and but for the outrageous carelessness of a being whose long experience in such matters should, have prevented him from —”

“My soul cleaveth unto the dust !” Father Bede groaned forth, still more penitently. He appeared so very contrite, indeed, that I began to feel rather sorry for him, and disposed to indicate my forgiveness by a pleasant smile or so. How much more, then, when it suddenly occurred to me that after all I was exceedingly indebted to him for his stupid blundering ! It came upon me as a flash ; the only wonder was that I had not so understood it before. For with this exchange of dreams had come the full revelation of Ronaldine’s real feeling towards me. If I had had merely my own dream what would it have amounted to, other than that my waking aspirations were being pictured out to me in my sleep, perhaps after all never to be realized? But having been given by mistake the dream of another person — and I could not doubt that Ronaldine was that other — had not her secret longing for my forgiveness been thus revealed to me? her kindly imaginings as she fell asleep been illustrated to my mind instead of hers, exposing with unquestioned certainty her preference for me? I felt that I could have hugged Father Bede to my heart, in my gratitude to him ; and really it seemed as though at that very moment his face was lightened a little from its penitential gloom, as though in electric responsiveness to my thought.

“Well, Ronaldine, I will tell you your dream. Perhaps last night you may have fallen asleep with some little feeling of kindness towards one who cares a great deal for you, and how he can best please you, and therefore is sometimes entitled to a kindly feeling. And perhaps you were thinking that once in a while you might have been a trifle too unforbearing with him, since in even his worst moods he could n’t have had a single unkind impulse against you ; and it

may be that you said to yourself that if he came again with the same old fondness showing itself in every look and action, you would n't any longer speak impatiently to him. Thinking all this, it might naturally have colored your dreams with picturings of that thought. But instead of that, you saw yourself coming towards yourself, with arms stretched out as though seeking for reconciliation, and seeming to ask of yourself, standing there motionless, that there should be forgetfulness of any past estrangement, and a better promise for the future. Was n't that something of the nature of your dream?"

"I scarcely know — I was awake so soon that — And really you are as incomprehensible about my dream as your own, it seems to me; and so —"

But there was something in her expression which showed me that she understood me a little better than she pretended, and I felt very much encouraged to go on. And looking askant into the farther corner of the room, I saw that Father Bede also seemed to be getting a glimmering of the true state of affairs, for his face began to brighten up a trifle more. This was not as it should be, for he had no business to be standing there and listening. As soon as he found that it was a private conversation he should have gone away and left us to ourselves, it appeared to me, and I felt that I should resent it. I did all that I could under the circumstances, for over Ronaldine's shoulder and unperceived by her, I threw at him

a terrible scowl of indignation; but he did not seem to care for that a bit, but momentarily gained in cheerfulness of expression.

"Exactly, Ronaldine. But now let me tell you what would have been your dream if everything had gone aright, if the intense obtuseness of one whose plain duty it was to — But let that pass, also. You would have seen some one coming towards you — just as I have come, we will say, for I suppose that I might as well illustrate the matter as I go along; I am so dull of description, you know, that my story must need illustration — some one looking a little like myself, perhaps; not exactly indulging any errant fancy of the moment, but rather one long dream which he hoped would never end, and which had yourself as its centre; coming towards you with hope in his expression, and asking, as I do now, that you would listen to him for a little while; looking into your eyes as he came nearer, and as I am doing, taking your hand in his; trying to believe that he could read in your face something a little responsive to his thought of you; then, still exactly as I am doing, lifting that hand to his lips, and holding it there as his own. So, Ronaldine, from this day forth, let us —"

"Let us rejoice and be glad," exclaimed Father Bede, breaking out into a very sunshine of cheerful smile and turning his head aside with an affectation of great propriety, as he slowly melted away through the bookcase.

Leonard Kip.

THE MINOR CHORD.

WHEN years gone by my life was glad,
The little sorrows that I had
I sang in sad, sweet song;
But grief has grown too real to dare
To give it breath in aught save prayer.

S. W. Eldredge.

INDIAN WAR PAPERS.—IX.—CLOSE OF THE PIUTE AND BANNOCK WAR.

At the time of my accident, just related, there were four principal columns, of course none of them large, sweeping all the ground toward the east, toward that country from which the Bannocks had come. The Malheur River is a crooked one. I think some of the French voyageurs must have settled in this region; for, and I think very properly, everything had the word "Malheur" attached to it. There were the "Malheur" country, the "Malheur" reservation, the "Malheur" river, and the "Malheur" city. As with my own immediate force I passed down this river, I found the banks exceedingly rough and rocky, in places almost impassable for animals. We had to make diligent search for grass enough for their subsistence. The next day we broke away from the river, marching due east and passing over a waterless lava-rock plateau for twenty-eight miles. This day there was as far as the eye could reach a singular appearance of nature, owing to a partial eclipse of the sun. For a while everything appeared very much as when the heavens are obscured by the smoke of forest fires, only now the air was pure and the sky was clear. It seemed to the officers and men as if they had been suddenly ushered into another world, conceivably like that in Bulwer's "Coming Age." In a few hours, however, the realities of things were re-established.

Owing to the ignorance or carelessness of a guide, we were at last led out of our direction, and did not succeed in getting to the valley of the Owyhee as we had hoped, and what is always worrisome to tired men, we were forced to make a countermarch of three or four miles, where we had seen water pools at the bottom of a cañon between some ambitious cliffs. By seven o'clock the troops, worn out and not a little

cross, went into camp. I was annoyed to find that I had in some way lost the principal trail, for evidently only eight or ten Indians were ahead of us in the path that we were threading.

The next day was August first. As I had frequently been obliged to do, I asserted my independence of guides, changed my direction to the left, and after a thirty-miles brisk march succeeded in gaining the Owyhee, but was again destined to disappointment, for there was not a spear of grass in the valley of this strange river. So with a feeling of real grief we encamped without a mouthful of food for our overworked and weary animals. The next morning, however, while ascending from the river bed to the high table-land we experienced the joy of the Psalmist, when he came upon the water-brooks, for we suddenly discovered a beautiful spring of clear water, and an abundance of that bunch-grass which makes the horses glad and strong.

When fairly up the mountain steep, we came upon an extensive rolling country full of forage and running springs. The night of the second found us near old Camp Lyons. We bivouacked upon the level shore of a charming little lake. There are three such in that neighborhood. One of the officers, who had passed through that country years before and had been much troubled during the day for fear that we were lost, ascending a high bluff suddenly saw these mirror-like lakes. He cried out, "Now I know where we are: these are the lakes where General Crook, some years ago, had a battle with the Piutes." The one nearest to us, instead of having a euphonic Indian or soft Spanish name, was called Cow Lake.

The third of August led us along through an extensive sage-brush prairie. The march of the day was a short one, for here we struck a telegraph-line. Mr. Holland, our young operator, quickly hitched his instruments to the wire and made telegraphic connection with the outer world. So here, near Mr. Annawalt's, we encamped and before morning had ascertained what the other actively moving troops had been doing.

Major Green, who, it will be remembered, was moving along a parallel trail several miles to my left, had been obliged for some reason to delay at McDowell's Ranch. During the night of the 28th of July some Indians had crept up close to his camp, perhaps within a mile, driven away several horses, and then saucily set fire to a haystack. It was near dawn when Green discovered the fire, but did not know that it was the hay-stack in flames till one of his pickets came in and so reported. Major Green immediately used the trail of these depredators, following it up rapidly in the hope of finding a larger one. This led him straight to the mouth of the Malheur River. He reached the place known as Reinhart's Crossing the evening of the twenty-ninth. There scouting was continued. During the night of July 31st he received several reports, which showed him that somehow hostile Indians had managed to get beyond us and had already appeared in large numbers as far east on the Snake River as Mundy's Ferry, where it was reported that the stage had been stopped and the driver, Mr. Hemmingway, killed.

This is Major Green's dispatch:

"August 1st. I moved to McDowell's Ferry; sent two messengers with the news about the murder to the Department Commander, hoping they [the messengers] would reach him that day, as I believed if he received this dispatch my course would be changed, but unfortunately, the messengers did not find him for several days."

How different officers are in interpreting and obeying commands! Sometimes it is necessary to deviate from literal instruc-

tions, in order really to obey the plan and wish of a senior commander. During the Nez Percé campaign, the year before this Bannock war, I received from my senior an order which detached from me a considerable portion of my troops. To obey this order was to imperil and probably defeat the expedition. There was no time to communicate. I did not hesitate. I deviated so far as to send an equivalent detachment, but not the one ordered. I can never forget when my general, months afterwards, solemnly called me to an account for this direct infraction of discipline!

"You did not know what necessity was behind that order, sir!" he said, while looking sternly into my face.

"True," I replied, "but you were two thousand miles from me, and I did just what I knew that you would have done had you been on the spot."

His face relaxed and he said, "Well, I suppose it is necessary to give some discretion to an officer with large command and situated as you were."

But Major Green would never risk so much; his designated route lay toward Camp Lyons, and thither he bent his way, till when six miles distant he received instructions to turn to the left and go at once to Mundy's Ferry. Fortunately while I was separated from the telegraph lines my second in command, Colonel Wheaton, at Baker City, had heard of the stage-line outrage, and so took the responsibility of sending a message to Green not only to go to Mundy's Ferry, but beyond, if necessary, following up our fourth column under Captain Egbert.

Egbert, on the north side of the Snake, had succeeded in finding the largest trail. He had put his men into wagons and rushed on like the hostiles themselves at forty and fifty miles a day. A part of the main hostiles, not more than a hundred, emerging from their hiding-places in that Malheur country, had kept themselves south

of the Snake, robbed the horse ranches along Sucker and Reynold's Creeks, and as we had before seen, struck the Boise stage near Mundy's Ferry and murdered the driver. There was a small detachment near the Ferry from Captain Collins's Twenty-first Infantry company, which skirmished with these raiders and drove them from the river. They then ran up the Snake River as far as Bruneau Valley. Here they crossed over the main river and hid themselves for quite a little time on a bushy island of a tributary of the Snake. Here then let us leave this rapid, energetic, fierce, depredating band, in fact the most important one which had succeeded in crossing the Malheur, Owyhee, and Snake Rivers.

Behold Captain Egbert and Major Green hastening their battalions through clouds of dust and under the intense heat of the August sun. While they are in eager pursuit, endeavoring to head the Indians off, beat them in battle, or capture them, let us turn for a few moments to bring up the other column moving over a country rougher than ours miles away on the extreme right. I cannot do better than give Colonel Forsyth's own story of his march from Malheur agency to Stein's Mountain, and then beyond to that famous ground called Old Camp C. F. Smith. Here he arrived the same evening (August 3d) that I reached Annawalt's, where young Holland had set in motion his telegraphic machine. Forsyth says :—

“From the time that we left the Malheur agency, up to our arrival at Old Camp C. F. Smith, no fresh signs of Indians were found in the country, and citizens living along the road reported that no Indians had been seen by them for ten or twelve days prior to our appearance. Distance traveled from the Malheur agency, 144 miles.

“We were detained at Old Camp C. F. Smith from the fourth to the seventh of August by signal fires in the mountains and reports made by citizens that there were In-

dians still hiding in them. To satisfy myself and clear the matter up, I sent out scouting parties, and they developed the fact that the signal fires were built by one Indian on foot, whom they brought in. No other signs of Indians, after a careful scout of the mountains, could be discovered.”

Colonel Forsyth now swept that lower country by the way of Oregon Cañon to Antelope Springs. He kept on to the old camp Three-Forks, near the sources of the Owyhee, to the Flint River, to the Bruneau Valley, and thence up the Snake River itself to Payne's Ferry.

When his command had reached the mill on Sinker's Creek it was divided. A part under Major Sanford went on to scout the Snake valley further eastward, while the remainder under the famous Bernard turned southward and gathered up the scattering hostiles that were lurking in the neighborhood of Duck Valley, South Mountain, and the flat country stretching down as far as Fort McDermit.

When his command was divided I brought Colonel Forsyth himself back to Boise City in order to give him general charge of all operations south and east of that city till the close of the campaign.

Meanwhile my own little column was itself bearing a part. The fifth of August, taking Captain Sumner's battalion, I left our camp at Annawalt's by sunrise and made a rapid march of thirty miles toward Bruneau Valley, where excited citizens declared that hundreds of Indians were committing depredations. *En route* I passed through that small mining town of Idaho named Silver City, going on to a rough camp in the mountains. I encountered at Silver City considerable hostile feeling from white men, particularly from the editor of a newspaper, who seemed extremely dissatisfied because the commanding officer could not be personally in more than one place at a time.

The place of encampment was at a queer little hamlet denominated Scotch Bob's,

where the hills were so precipitous and the level spots so limited that it was next to impossible to find enough lodging ground for the night. Here my news was of such a character and rumors from one quarter and another so conflicting that I decided it best to break up my own little column, sending forward the troops to cross the river at Mundy's Ferry and report to Major Green, while I myself hastened northward to Boise City with a view to regulate all the operations from that center. The night of August sixth my aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Wood, and myself set out, rode all night, and until noon of the next day. When we reached our destination at Boise City I found about twenty Indian prisoners that Lieutenant Guy Howard with a part of Captain Vivien's company, Twelfth Infantry, had succeeded in gathering up near Ladd's Cañon and had sent here to the fort for safe-keeping.

A little later, the ninth of August, a detachment of Egbert's battalion, which we left in hot pursuit of the Mundy Ferry raiders, under the immediate command of Captain Dove, discovered unmistakable evidences of the presence of hostile Indians. They were about a hundred strong and hiding on the curious island, before referred to, in the midst of Bennet's Creek. Captain Dove could only succeed in skirmishing, his combat lasting for some four hours. The island afforded the Indians a remarkably sheltered position. Egbert brought him re-enforcements as soon as he could, and when the difficulties of the rapid stream and the concealing bushes had been overcome, a brisk charge was made, our men rushing through the fringes of trees; but the Indians were already on the alert, and soon fled beyond danger. Then Captain Egbert followed up the hostiles without rest till they scattered out and lost their trail among the ledges and lava rocks of the mountains which lie between the Big Camas prairie of Idaho and the Snake River.

On the seventh I forwarded to General

McDowell a dispatch from which I make an extract, which affords a significant picture of the condition of that section of the country at that time. In fact, it is typical of the fevered disturbances occasioned by every Indian war.

"The apprehensions of danger by the people are so great that I have located the troops so as to catch wandering parties, scout the country, and quiet this feeling, so that the farmers may return home and gather their crops. There is great fear among the people that we shall be too lenient toward the prisoners. It seems to me wise to keep the troops in this vicinity for a few weeks, till all danger is over, and the prisoners gathered in, that proper punishment may be meted out to them."

As we have seen, Egbert, Green, Sumner, Sanford, and Bernard had kept their battalions, or detachments from them, in constant activity, following up every road and pathway, and ferreting out every possible hiding place. Colonel Wheaton, back at Baker City, had held Captain Worth in front of him near Old's Ferry, and had sent Captain Drum with two infantry companies to push all the way northward to Mount Idaho, crossing the Snake at Brownlie's Ferry. The generous Captain Drum, finding the apprehensions of the people on his line of march very great, had halted near Salubria, and made continuous efforts to capture Indians, which were confidently reported to be infesting that neighborhood.

Meanwhile the valley of the Boise River was scouted by a company of Miles's battalion of the Twenty-first Infantry, which was serving under Captain Downey. They were mounted on Indian ponies, and made a rapid run through the Boise Valley and along the Snake River, near its mouth, wherever the imagination of an over-excited people fancied there were hiding Indians. Captain Miles himself, with other mounted infantry, covered the country back to Baker City, while Major Mizner held his battalion

upon the Blue Ridge on Meacham's Ranch.

All these active movements of battalions, detachments, and companies were necessitated by the singular conduct of our foes. They scattered, but not from fright. They ran hither and thither through this rough, wooded, and rocky region in ways that were puzzling to pursuers; persistency, however, brought its results. The ninth of August my dispatch from Boise City said, "I have now at different points some six hundred Indian prisoners (more or less), men, women, and children." After placing Lieutenant Colonel Forsyth in command of the Boise district, I turned back towards my permanent headquarters at Vancouver Barracks. The fighting was now over and every dispatch showed the necessity of my immediate return to the Columbia.

On the fourteenth I met Colonel Wheaton at the Umatilla agency. Here, after consultation with a view of settling their difficulties on a permanent basis, we had a council with the Umatilla and Columbia River Indians. It was plain that there was such a mingling of the loyal and the disloyal, and such a fever of accusation and apprehension among all the people there, both whites and Indians, that some measures must be speedily taken to relieve the troubles and preserve the peace. To this end we appointed a second council for Monday, the 26th of August, and with a view to keep matters quiet and save the possibility of an outbreak, I ordered a small body of troops to bivouac at the agency and to remain there for a considerable length of time.

The results of this council and movement of troops were to take several prominent Indians and send them to safe forts to be kept as hostages for the good behavior of the remainder. These were harsh measures, war measures, where often innocent men were taken and made to suffer privation and hardship for the sake of securing the good behavior of a perturbed tribe. But owing to the manner in which Indians are

influenced and governed such measures appeared absolutely unavoidable.

By subsequent instructions and the gradual drawing back of the troops from the eastern portions of the department of the Columbia the prisoners themselves, made up principally of the Piutes and Bannocks, were gathered together first at the Malheur agency and then all transferred to Camp Harney, where there was a permanent garrison of troops some fifty miles from the Malheur agency. Then with recommendations the situation was reported to General McDowell, the division commander, and through him to Washington.

From the Umatilla councils my aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Wood, and myself made our way to the Columbia and embarked on the first down river steamer. The Lieutenant was so worn by continued labors and loss of rest that he dropped down on a side seat of the steamer's cabin and went fast asleep. I was sitting near him and half dreaming, when a large man approached and roughly accosted me. He was tall and strongly built, had some pretensions to an education, but was coarse in his manner and language. He had evidently been drinking, and seeing me, had doubtless made his boast that he would show me how people such as he represented felt towards me and the authorities over me. He said:—

"I hear that you have allowed those accursed Indians [perhaps using stronger terms] to surrender."

I answered, "Of course I have. Whenever the Indians give up and put out the white flag they are taken as prisoners of war."

He then said, "I wouldn't have done it. Every last one of them should have been killed."

"Then, sir," I replied, "You would have been a murderer. It would be more than my commission is worth to do such a dastardly thing as to kill prisoners."

He again, showing great anger, uttered

more insulting language, and imputed to my officers and myself the most unworthy conduct and motives. I felt great indignation, for a large crowd appeared, metaphorically, to be egging him on to keep up a quarrel with me. So I rose and said, probably with some decision of manner :—

“Sir, I do not know who you are, but I wish you to understand that I am a soldier, that I have never turned a corner to avoid a bullet ; now, what do you want ?”

He answered in a different tone, “O, nothing — come take a drink.”

I said, “No, I do not drink.”

The crowd was now on my side, hurrahing for me, and I was left after that to join my aid-de-camp in his repose.

There is, however, little doubt but that many frontier people who have suffered extremely from Indian outrages entertain a feeling of soreness toward us army officers, who seem so much to sympathize with the Indians : and they decry over-lenient policy and behavior. We should judge them to be wholly right, did we not know, from long experience that, primarily, nine-tenths of our Indian outbreaks have been occasioned by the misconduct of wicked white men.

O. O. Howard.

ETC.

WITH the present number of the *OVERLAND* begins the sixth year of its present series, the twentieth since its establishment in the San Francisco of 1868, by Mr. Anton Roman. In the curiously rapid succession of historic strata that divide up the last fifty years of California's experience, we seem to have fairly reached the end of another, and to be on the verge of new times, if not actually in them. The Mexican pastoral period, the American occupation and gold period, (whose conclusion was perhaps roughly coincident with the war,) the stock-gambling and early railroad period, (during which *THE OVERLAND* was established, in the impetus given to all enterprise by the completion of the railroad, and succumbed, during the collapse consequent on the suspension of the Bank of California in 1875, which marked the close of this period,) a transition time of a good deal of discouragement, yet never of actual “hard times,” — these periods have followed quickly on each other, several of them making almost total transformations in the manners and conditions of California society ; and now the very great immigration setting toward the State, most of it with agricultural intent, and the corresponding vast development of the higher agricultural industries, seems to promise still another — and this time perhaps a final — revolution. A promising one, it seems to us, for the best interests of the State : for while manufacturing communities are liable to great demoralizations from the massing

of poor people about the factory centers, and also to dangerous fluctuations of good and ill fortune, and bucolic communities are apathetic in mind and hostile to progress and improvement, the higher industries of the soil, such as fruit-growing, escape both these evils. Especially is this true when these industries are as varied as they are on this coast, when the fig and olive and pomegranate, the orange and almond and vine, the new fruits of Japan and China, may be as common in our orchards as the apple and pear and peach, when the cherry and apricot, wheat, roses for the perfumers, hops, cotton, sugar-beet, honey, ostrich-farming and the pastoral industries, each find localities suited to them, and this upon a scale of production large enough to figure in the world's market ; when moreover, not only the growing of these products but their after disposition involves operations that call for skill and intelligence, but rarely create actual factory communities — the preserving of fruit in various ways, the making of olive-oil, raisins, wine, and so on ; and when their relation to the markets of the world leads to large commercial transactions in the way of shipping and distributing. Moreover, the tendency of most of these industries is to the breaking up of holdings into tracts of ten acres and upwards ; the desire of the present Eastern immigration is toward the ownership of land for the purpose of home-making ; and our foreign population is largely of the land-tilling

peasantry of the Latin races, who are imbued with the same desire. We cannot but feel that all this opens up a future of peculiar promise for letters and arts and civic virtues.

It would be mere boasting to pretend, however, that this promise is as yet even near fulfillment. In proportion to the wealth of the Coast, its support of letters and art is meagre. Its achievement in these directions (and it is no inconsiderable one) has been rather by the effort of exceptional knots of men and women, working against great discouragements, than by any high average of appreciation in the public: while as to the civic virtues, few portions of our country have at present less cause for pride. It is a community intensely materialistic, lit up by a sprinkling—a “remnant”—of unusual intellectual potency, and faith in the high intellectual life, and desire theretoward. It becomes, accordingly, a matter of the most vivid interest to all engaged in intellectual work among us to see what effect the present great additions to our population will have upon its spirit in regard to such work. It is by no means so certain that well-to-do Eastern home-seekers will help it greatly as it is the habit to assume. There are great sections in the East that have been always more intensely materialistic than the Pacific Coast; sections that have never sent out a journal of high class, an author of distinction, a real contribution to art of any sort, and as little as possible to science. Nor are these the poor and struggling sections—they are rich, prosperous, and contented. They should, according to ordinary conceptions, be orderly; since they abound in capital to be cautious, in property to be protected, in business ability to desire, and devise, and secure good order. In fact, their experience of civil demoralization and disorders illustrates strongly (as does our own experience in the same sort) the necessity of ideal aims in a community if even material interests are to remain safe. Whether Eastern Philistinism or Eastern intelligence is to carry preponderant weight in our present immigration will be the decisive point in the immediate future of our civilization. Any such educating power in the nature of our occupations as we have spoken of, will take a longer future to show itself.

It is Not Intolerance.

EDITOR OVERLAND:—I wish as briefly as possible to correct Professor Kellogg's misapprehension of the late action of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Springfield, Mass., which, as I think, he very unjustly criticizes in his article in the December OVERLAND.

This Board was instituted for the sole purpose of sending the *Gospel* to those who are destitute of it. It has some vested funds and receives contributions for that purpose, and has no authority to do anything else.

Of late, however, a new doctrine or hypothesis has been broached and taught at Andover Theological Seminary, and embraced by some of the students and others who have offered themselves to the Board as missionaries, viz: that of probation after death for those who have never heard of Christ in this life. This doctrine is regarded by the Prudential Committee, which is the executive organ of the Board, as not only not constituting any part of that Gospel which the Board is to propagate, but as calculated to “cut the nerve of missions” at home and hinder essentially in various ways its work abroad, and the Committee has, therefore, declined to commission as missionaries those who hold it. At the annual meeting of the Board, in 1886, in Des Moines, the doctrine, or hypothesis, alluded to was, by a large majority, pronounced to be “dangerous and perverse,” and the Committee was directed to use special caution as to the appointment of candidates holding it. Obeying these instructions the Committee has declined to appoint such persons, and at the late meeting of the Board at Springfield, their course was, by an overwhelming majority, endorsed and approved.

And now this action of the Board is characterized by Professor Kellogg as “intolerant—a refulgent wave of old-time bigotry.” Is the charge well founded? Is it intolerant for a society instituted for the propagation of the Gospel to refuse to appoint as its agents for that purpose those who hold a doctrine that the great majority of its supporters regard as not only *not forming a constituent part of that Gospel*, but as “dangerous and perverse,” calculated to embarrass its operations by lessening at home the sense of obligation on the part of Christians to give the Gospel to the heathen, and introducing controversy and division at its missionary stations? If the Board is bound to tolerate a doctrine thus regarded, what error can it refuse to tolerate?

Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., the newly elected President of the Board, in his admirable letter of acceptance of the office thus puts the matter. He says: “Nothing could be more conspicuously absurd than to expect the Board in its corporate action to authorize a theory which most of its members believe to be only an attractive but delusive human speculation, with no basis in the Scriptures and forming no part of the divine message which came to our fathers and has come to us from the bleeding and kingly hands of Christ. Nothing can be

gained except irritating debate and annoying defeat by presenting again a theory for acceptance which has been twice refused." And he speaks of it as "a question of conscientious conviction on the part of the majority of the Board and a matter of very grave import."

Again Dr. Storrs says: "The very function of a society like the Board as an executive body, for accomplishing a particular immediate work *forbids it, with imperative precept, to anticipate in its proclaimed doctrine conclusions which a majority of its members and of their churches do not accept.* Its present business therefore remains, as I conceive, what it always has been, to distribute the Gospel as still understood by the controlling consent of its members and as substantially affirmed, not only by them, but by sympathetic evangelical communions. The Board has determined, by a majority of nearly five-sevenths, at the largest meeting of its corporate members ever convened, and at a meeting happily held in the midst of communities giving an active and eloquent support to the challenging opinion, that the theory of a probation after death, offering opportunities beyond the grave to attain by repentance eternal life, is at any rate not a constituent part of the Gospel of Christ, that it has no authority from the Master to show, and that it therefore ought not to become, directly or indirectly, an element in the message which a society in the past and in the present consecrated to Him sends to mankind. Many, no doubt, go further than this, and believe the theory not only foreign to the Gospel, but in its various roots and relations, and in the germinant forces which it holds, inimical to that, and dangerous to the souls of men. To their minds it presents itself as closely intertwined with a recent and confident speculative system which they thoroughly distrust, which seems to contradict fundamental convictions, and to which they are energetically opposed. But all opponents of the theory reach at least the line before indicated; and it is not needful to go further than that to understand and accept the late action of the Board. After full discussion, against all influences seeking to divert it or to detain it, it has explicitly re-affirmed, with added emphasis, the instructions before given to its committee, enjoining them to be specially cautious in regard to this theory in their approval of future candidates."

It is worthy of note that the action of the Board is approved by every Congregational religious newspaper in the land, as well as by the like organs of all the other evangelical bodies, and is pronounced to be logical and consistent with the fundamental principles of the Board by the leading papers and

ministers of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations.

It should also be observed that all the outcry against the action of the Board is from individuals and *not from churches* which form its constituency. There has been no protest from them singly or in their associate capacity. When *the churches* shall demand a change, it will then be time enough for its serious consideration.

In regard to liberty of thought on the part of missionaries, to which Professor Kellogg refers, I quote again from Dr. Storrs:—

"Speaking with entire frankness, I have to add that it would not be safe or wise, in my judgment, to allow altogether the same latitude of opinion among those representing all our churches in the missionary field which is occasionally allowed, whether properly or not, by local churches in our own country to those who transiently minister in them. Substantially, both our ministers and our churches are distinctively evangelical. But very loose and unworthy speculations about Christ, about his atonement, about the inspiration of the Bible, about the nature and limit, or even the reality, of future retribution, sometimes appear for a time in pulpits or in clerical bodies, and are carelessly permitted to pass without protest, to which I do not think that the Board, as a body, ought or would wish to give equal allowance in those working at its cost, upon its supreme errand, under its authenticating commission, in communities where matured convictions are not yet present to check the temerity of adventurous minds. This society exists for a purpose wide as the world, solemn as the cross, connected with eternal issues. It is always responsible to the Lord of the Gospel for what its messengers proclaim in His name. And it should, as I think, expect those messengers to stand on a higher level of conviction—higher and steadier—than may be occasionally occupied at home by scattered churches, or individual teachers, who are yet not excluded from the general communion.

"If this shall seem a hardship to any—as it cannot, I judge, to any but eccentric and self-confident persons—it will doubtless be better to avoid a service which should impose no narrow limitations on candid thought, but one of whose constant conditions must be, as I conceive, a continuing vigor of evangelical conviction. If the Board should cease to anticipate this in those whom it sends, it would seem to be in danger, through indulgent tolerance toward questioning or revolutionizing teachers, of forgetting its business and becoming unfaithful to its trust."

The Board does not demand of candidates the

adoption of any theory as to God's dealings hereafter with heathen who have never heard of Christ. Says Dr. Storrs, "It has been unanimously decided that when one does not find the new theory sustained by the Bible and does not hold it as a part of an accepted speculative scheme, but leaves the whole momentous matter in the hands of Him who as Judge of all the earth will do right in wisdom and love, no hindrance is interposed to immediate appointment. I have no doubt that considerate care will be exercised between the want of an opinion and the presence of one which implies or favors the objectionable theory."

The influential name of the late President Hopkins has been used as favoring a different course of

action than that of the Prudential Committee, but he distinctly and publicly declared that he would not vote for the appointment as a missionary of one who held the doctrine in question, and the senior secretary of the Board, Dr. Clarke, is reported to have said at a late minister's meeting in Boston, that he would not favor such an appointment.

The simple question then remains: Shall the majority or the minority control the action of the Board; or shall a few individuals compel the Board to send out missionaries holding doctrines that the vast majority of its constituency conscientiously regard as "dangerous and perverse" under the penalty of being denounced as intolerant if they refuse?

John C. Holbrook.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Poems by E. R. Sill.¹

FRIENDS in California — both personal and those who knew the man only by his work — have waited with much expectancy for the promised volume of Professor Sill's poems. In announcing it the publishers say: "The recent death of Mr. Sill was an incalculable loss to American letters . . . His poems were marked by a thoughtfulness, delicacy, and incisiveness, which placed them among the very best of current poetry. His poems previously collected, as well as those printed recently, will be embraced in a tasteful volume which cannot fail to commend itself not only to lovers of good poetry, but to those who desire some memento of one of the most modest as well as one of the strongest and finest of this generation of American writers."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, writing to the *New York Independent* last April, said: —

"To the careful and critical few the name of E. R. Sill brings at once to mind some of the best work that has been done in our best magazines and periodicals of late years. To the careless and restless many the firm, fine stroke of the delicate pen now motionless will never mean what it might have meant, or would have meant, if he had been spared to teach us his full value.

"A critic whose enthusiastic praise is not easily had, says of him in a private letter: 'The pitiful

part of it is that the world will never know what he was, because his best work would have been done in the next five or ten years.'

"Professor Sill's touch in his critical and miscellaneous articles was that of a teacher and master of English style. Nobody who knows good English at sight will forget his . . . He will be longest remembered, as he was deepest beloved, for his few and exquisite poems."

Mr. Sill's poems are perhaps better known to the readers of the *OVERLAND* than to any others; and the two quotations we have made say all that need be said to them of the general quality of the poems in the little book that we have just received. They are poems that have never been greatly talked about, but wherever they have been read they have been valued. Probably no one entirely unfamiliar with the actual processes of putting forth literary work, knows how far this "talking about" is factitious; a matter of skillful advertising by the writer and his friends. It makes no one's fame in the end; but it does produce a delusive appearance thereof for a few months or years. But Mr. Sill's poems have made themselves known rather in spite of his effort than by means of it.

Notwithstanding the publishers' announcement that "his poems previously collected, as well as those printed recently," will be embraced in the volume so long looked for here, it proves to contain only a limited selection from among these — forty-one poems, selected from a total list that cannot fall

¹Poems by Edward Rowland Sill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

far below two hundred. In a prefatory note the publishers say, "No attempt has been made to publish the body of Mr. Sill's poetic work, nor even to indicate the quality of his poetry at different periods of his life. Regard has been had to what may properly be considered as his own judgment in such a case, and while a few illustrations are given of the spirit which pervaded his earlier verse and never essentially changed, the main contents are drawn from the poetry which represents his maturity and the period when his technical skill was most highly developed. His own deep respect for his art forbids that his friends should be governed by other considerations than a love and admiration for fine poetry." And again it is suggested that the volume "is addressed not primarily to the friends of Mr. Sill, who would eagerly preserve all that he wrote, but to the larger public."

With this judgment of the publishers, Mr. Sill's friends will not be disposed to take issue. It would have been in accord with his own desire; and there is plenty of time to come for a larger collection. We believe that carelessly as he scattered his verse, not invariably preserving a copy himself, little has been actually lost sight of, or would fail to be forthcoming on proper occasion. As to the wisdom used in selection, we are gratified to be able to speak very highly. Probably no one familiar with the poems among which selection was made, will find all that he would personally have wished to see included, even at cost of excluding some that have been preferred; but that is of course.

To those who have long known Mr. Sill's work, again, the predominance of the poems of the last five years gives a slightly unfamiliar tone to the collection, now that the poems they had read month by month in the magazines are brought together; there seems perhaps a little more of the man, as he was known in California, in the little privately printed collection he made when he left the State. But as the publishers remind us, it is not for these readers, but for "the larger public," that the book is intended.

"A few illustrations are given," we are told, "of the spirit which pervaded his earlier verse, and never essentially changed"; but no indication is given of which poems constitute these illustrations. Five brief poems — Morning, Life, Faith, Solitude, and Retrospect — are taken from the forty-seven contained in *The Hermitage and Other Poems* (1867); Christmas in California and The Wonderful Thought are from among fugitive poems printed earlier than the private collection of 1883, and eleven from the twenty-eight contained in this collection. The Venus of Milo, Field Notes, and The Fool's Prayer, — probably the poems that have

been most read and copied of all Mr. Sill's — are among these last; with Opportunity, Home, Reverie, Five Lives, Tranquillity, Dare You?, The Invisible, and Peace. The remaining twenty-four, with one exception which we fail to recognize, are selected from some sixty poems printed in the *OVERLAND*, *Atlantic*, and *Century*, during the last five years.

The little volume is in paper covers, neat and attractive, a form frequently used of late by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for some of their best work; yet we hope to see it or a larger collection some day in more durable form.

Holiday and Children's Books.

THREE archaeological essays, reprinted from the *Century* with all the numerous and fine illustrations, make up W. J. Stillman's *On the Track of Ulysses*. It takes its title from the first essay, which is a very interesting account of Mr. Stillman's effort to trace (in a little yacht) the wanderings of Ulysses. It thus becomes in part a sketch of travel among the Greek islands, whose modern aspect is not neglected by the text and still less by the pictures; but the explorer's motive throughout makes the interest far greater than that of a mere travel sketch. The second essay is also upon the Odysseus; but the third is Mr. Stillman's investigation into the facts as to "the so-called Venus of Melos," in which, as many readers will remember, he arrives at the conclusion that she is the Niké Apteros — the Wingless Victory — of the little Athenian temple. His arguments seem to us very strong. The three essays, expanded to beautiful large text upon heavy paper, make one of the most attractive of gift books — more interesting, to our mind, than mere decorated editions of familiar poems, unless these be of very unusual character. — Not so beautiful, but still more interesting, is the remarkable collection of Thackeray's letters² reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine* in a large and pleasing volume. It abounds in portraits of Thackeray and facsimile reproductions of his sketches and of snatches of his letters. The letters themselves — as it is unnecessary to say at this day — are well-nigh the most delightful ever printed, and throw a most pleasing and satisfying light upon the character of the man. Their perfect naturalness (and the writer evidently placed great value on the same quality in others) constitute, we should say, their most marked feature, and perhaps their

¹On the Track of Ulysses. By W. J. Stillman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

²A Collection of Letters of Thackeray, 1847-1855. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

prime charm; next to that, the kindly and affectionate nature they reveal, without detriment to the man's shrewdness.—Miss Phelps's story of *Jack the Fisherman*¹ is reprinted from Harper's Monthly, with profuse illustrations, in a pretty volume, apparently for gift-book purposes. It is a powerful little story, but it is hard to see why it should have been selected for holiday publication, for it is dark and unrelieved tragedy enough—life, undoubtedly, but life whose moral is hard to find.—The Browning demand makes a little volume of his *Lyrics, Idylls, and Romances*² in white and olive, gold-lettered, as pretty a gift book as may be. Its contents do not correspond exactly with those of the corresponding portions in his collected works, for in this little volume lyrics are taken out from their setting in dramas and elsewhere, and included with the other lighter and briefer selections. It may therefore be regarded as a satisfactory compendium of so much of Browning as is reasonably easy reading,—as much, let us say, as should ever be undertaken by ordinary reading clubs, without a teacher.—*Bird Talk*³ is a sort of poetic calendar of months and birds—that is, it contains verses for each month of the year, in which the note of one or more of the birds appropriate to that month (beginning with the chickadee for January, and ending with the screech-owl for December) is ingeniously imitated, both spirit and sound. The book is attractively printed and bound, the pages devoted to each month have appropriate decoration and the name of the author is a guarantee that to those who fancy this sort of ingenuity it will be very welcome.—'Coming too late for adequate review, and yet worthy of notice among holiday books, is Mr. Paton's pleasant account of his voyage to the Windward Islands. The islands themselves are *terra incognita* to the average reader, and Mr. Paton's descriptions are satisfactory and readable. The book is most notable, however, for its illustrations, done in excellent style by the same process work that is now largely taking the place of the more expensive but hardly more satisfactory work of the graver in all the leading illustrated periodicals.

¹Jack the Fisherman. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

²Lyrics, Idylls, and Romances. From the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

³Bird Talk. By A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

⁴Down the Islands, a Voyage to the Caribbees. By Wm. Agnew Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Two books of "folk lore"—as children will soon learn to call what we used to know as "fairy stories"—are among the children's books of the season: the one⁵ "rewritten" by Horace Scudder, the other⁶ translated from the French by Mrs. M. Carey. Mr. Scudder's object is to rewrite some of the most familiar stories in language simple enough for children to read to themselves, and he hopes that the book may find its way into schools, to relieve the monotony of the reading lesson. Mr. Scudder is generally a sound authority on the minds and needs of children; but Boston children must be very "backward" if this is what is properly adapted to them, as he suggests, at the age of twelve. A well taught child of eight should be able to read it. Indeed, most children have so often heard these oldest stories told or read, before they are able to read themselves, that a simplified version for their own reading seems unlikely to attract them. Possibly, however, many children among the unlettered and hard-working classes do not hear them at home—although the peasantry are their conservers in other lands. Mrs. Carey's translation and the excellence of the sources from which she drew, are guaranteed in a brief introduction by Professor Jameson, of Johns Hopkins University. The recorders of these stories seem to have tried to set them down in the exact words of the peasant narrators; and we suspect that they have thereby come nearer to the child mind than can well be done by deliberate effort. The tales are for the most part "variants" of the familiar ones, and it is just as well that children's attention should be called to this, and to their origin and history; for as the world grows gentler their occasional cheerful and matter-of-fact brutality becomes rather archaic, and tender-hearted children may well find a little of the edge taken off the frequent terminations of life in fire or boiling oil or by "four wild horses;" by understanding the archaism of the tales themselves. These provincial French versions are rather more savage than usual; and also more sublimely indifferent to questions of property and personal right. But children seem to be able to read bad ethics in folk-tales without either shock or injury to the moral sense, as they could not anywhere else.—Some one who, under the signature of "Jak," has already written several pretty fair books for boys, now adds *The Giant Dwarf*⁷, a somewhat elaborately plotted tale of

⁵The Book of Folk Stories. Rewritten by Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

⁶Legends of the French Provinces. Translated by Mrs. M. Carey. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

⁷The Giant Dwarf. By Jak. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Germany, and *Who Saved the Ship?* and *The Man of the Family*, a couple of mild and worthy stories of a girl and boy who rescued the family's fortunes by pluck and industry and good sense. One of these contains a rather surprising shipwreck, but the author takes pains to assure us that it was even toned down a little from the account given him by a survivor. Perhaps it would be well if young people's reading never went outside the best books; but they might do worse than read these stories. — *Burnham Breaker*² is another amiable and unobjectionable story, of a less homely order than the last-named, and rather less venturesome than "The Giant Dwarf." Its English is good, its ethics admirable, and its plot the "old favorite" one of the lost waif who, after all manner of hard experiences, finds that he is some one very fine indeed. — Mr. Robert Grant gives us a story³ of an American boy's school days, and Signor Edmondo De Amicis a sort of sketch⁴ of an Italian boy's; and we fear that for the desirability of the man to be turned out, any discreet reader will be obliged to give the preference to the Italian schooling. The much closer personal attention that the parent in Turin — if De Amicis knows his subject, and we do not know who else should know it — bestows on his boy appears to save him from many temptations and much rowdiness. The horror that the affectionate and didactic "Thy Father" of the Italian sketch would experience if Enrico did such an inconceivable thing as to go to smashing lamps, harassing neighbors with bell-ringing, and the like, can hardly be imagined. Mr. Grant's morals in *Jack Hall* are all excellent; but he has tried so hard to adapt his ideals to the actual behavior of a manly, thoughtless, average Boston boy that he makes a good deal of concession from them. The "sensibility" of the Italian boys and their teachers and parents, the embracing, weeping, kissing, and fine language, could never find any place in American manners, nor would one desire that they

should; but it would be altogether a thing to be desired if the same delicate consideration for others and affectionate sympathy were not possible without. We suspect that few people will find in their personal acquaintance that the truest gentlemen have come from mischievous and inconsiderate boys. *Cuore* is from the thirty-ninth Italian edition, but we doubt if its popularity could be repeated or even understood here. — *The Story of Keedon Bluffs*⁵ is a very good type of child's story, written with spirit and movement and picturesqueness, and its tone is good. It has just enough sensation and not too much, its humor is excellent, its young people natural. It might be questioned whether so much dialect is good reading for the young; but we cannot have Charles Egbert Cradock without the dialect. — *Living Lights*⁶ is a book of "popular science," treating of phosphorescent animals and vegetables, in a dull and ill-arranged manner. There are bits scattered through the book that children will like to read, and the illustrations, which are many and pleasing, will attract them; but the confusion and heaviness of the style will be a great obstacle to them, as it would be to older people. We should think any child would prefer to read the simpler books and papers of scientific men — such as Grant Allen's — at first hand, than to stumble through such cumbersome "popularizations." — *White Cockades*⁷ is a story, intensely partisan and of no great merit in any way, of the hidings and escapes of Charles Stuart and his followers after Culloden. — *Juan and Juanita*⁸ is one of the prettiest and most entertaining children's books of the year, — a story of the adventures of a couple of Mexican children taken prisoners by the Comanches, and their flight from their captors. The admirable shepherd boy, Amigo, is the third leading character.

⁵The Story of Keedon Bluffs. By Charles Egbert Cradock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

⁶Living Lights. A Popular Account of Phosphorescent Animals and Vegetables. By Charles Frederick Holder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁷White Cockades. By Edward Renaeus Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁸Juan and Juanita. By Francis Courtenay Baylor. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

¹Who Saved the Ship? and The Man of the Family. By Jack. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

²Burnham Breaker. By Homer Greene. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

³Jack Hall, or The School Days of an American Boy. By Robert Grant. Boston: Jordan, Marsh, & Co. 1888.

⁴Cuore. An Italian Schoolboy's Journal. By Edmondo De Amicis. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. (SECOND SERIES.)—FEBRUARY, 1888.—No. 62.



AROUND SAN DIEGO BAY.

THE harbor of San Diego is formed by the peninsula of Coronado, which shuts off its peaceful waters from the rolling sea beyond, allowing only a channel some four hundred yards wide for the flow of the tide and the passage of vessels. Where this peninsula joins the mainland at the head, or north end of the Bay of San Diego it is a tract of some seven hundred acres, broad and fertile as any part of the mainland, now known as Coronado Heights. This narrows rapidly

to a mere sand-spit from fifteen to twenty feet above high tide, and some three hundred feet wide and five or six miles long. Then rising again it widens suddenly into a high, broad tract of some twelve hundred acres, about a mile and a half wide and a mile and a quarter long. Then the inner shore-line runs back seaward to another sand-spit some three hundred yards long, and from there directly out into the bay again, forming another broad and beautiful tract of some fifteen hundred acres, which forms the south side of the main entrance to the harbor; leaving the two tracts almost separated by a small bay about a mile and a half long by nearly one-fourth of a mile wide. This larger tract, beside the entrance to



OLIVES AND PALMS, AT OLD SAN DIEGO MISSION.



ESTUDILLO HOUSE, 116 YEARS OLD.

the harbor is in all respects the best of the three ; but the middle one of twelve hundred acres has anticipated it in attracting settlement because it is directly opposite the city of San Diego.

Outside the harbor the great shimmering ocean plain rolls in long and lazy undulations, never swelling with anger.

Just beyond the surf that in long curling lines of white and green rolls for miles away on either hand, the seal lifts his shiny head into the bright sunlight, the porpoise rolls in glistening curves above the blue water, and the whale often shows his back above the deep or marks his course by a column of spray. Flocks of pelicans ride like ships at anchor upon the smooth back of some long swell or wing their way solemnly above it. Mergansers, divers, and ducks float upon the silent tide, while the seagull and tern wander about through the sunlight above. Along the shore the curlew and willet scud along the sands, with the plover and snipe ; while the call of the quail may yet be heard from the busy shore, and the hare still plays among the fast springing gardens.

In the southwest far beyond where the osprey and the frigate-bird are trying to rival one another's graceful curves in air the bold, rocky group of the Coronado Islands rises in sharp outlines hundreds of feet above the ocean's smiling face. Up the peninsula, far over the winding lines of curling water, the table-lands of Mexico rise blue and hazy with distance, with lofty mountain peaks standing in all directions above them till lost in the southern horizon. More to the east but

close at hand the sharp-topped San Ysidro and San Miguel look down upon the long smooth slopes that roll toward San Diego Bay ; and beyond them tower great cliffs of old gray granite, which grow rosy when the sinking sun has left the land below, or great chaparral-clad hills, which grow bluer as the light departs.

Fifty miles away the pine-clad head of Cuyamaca lies nearly seven thousand feet in the eastern sky with long blue ridges running miles away on either side. Miles beyond the rugged dome of El Cajon the sky rests lightly on the broad timbered shoulders of the great Volcan, while more to the left the long golden slopes and dark blue cañons of Palomar contrast curiously with the snowy crowns of San Jacinto and San Bernardino, which glisten two miles high in the northern sky a hundred miles away.

Scattered among these greater peaks are mountains by the score, higher than the highest of the Adirondacks or Alleghanies, yet here so numerous as to be unknown and unnamed, mountains rugged or soft, sharp-topped or broad, mountains yellow, gray, red, or blue ; a vast array of cliffs, and domes, and ridges, seeming afloat in the golden haze in which the dreamy land is so constantly steeped — a scene whose strangely contrasting spirit almost makes the gazer forget that he is standing in the midst of a rush of invading civilization and progress.

Descending to the lower tier of the great gallery, the eye rests upon a far different set of pictures. Still and smooth as some wood-embowered lake save where broken by the

busy prows of commerce, or the splash of the pelican as he descends for a fish, lies San Diego Bay. At its upper end South San Diego and Coronado Heights loom in all manner of fantastic shapes through the mirage caused by miles of smooth water. On the eastern shore lie the long, even slopes of Chula Vista, where water is now about to release thousands of beautiful acres from the desert fetters of ages; where the smoke of the steam-motor already rises from a dozen points of the compass; and where in anticipation of the water, fine houses are already building on the lately bare plain. There the land swells upward to the highlands where the white houses of National City look down from among the green of the orange, lemon, and olive groves over the machine shops and railroad buildings that seem to rest upon the

Directly opposite the center of the enclosing peninsula San Diego proper climbs the mainland slope from the water in long lines of business blocks and handsome houses, mounting one above the other in tier after tier for over a mile till lost to sight over the brow of the highlands beyond. Two miles on either side its wings reach out up the slopes in the same manner until fancy needs little aid to look forward to the time when they will overspread the whole eastern side of the bay. A remarkable city, upon which no one can look without wonder and admiration. Certainly no other city in the world has ever grown from twenty-five hundred to twenty-five thousand people in two years with such a kind of growth as this has, with such a mass of substantial buildings and improvements built with such an expenditure of hard



SAN DIEGO FROM CORONADO.

very face of the bay. Along the few miles of distance that for years held National City and San Diego apart in silly rivalry, the lines of houses stretching out both ways are fast closing the gap between them, and fine residences springing from the high table lands beyond are hastening the union.

cash, brought in by such a host of wealthy people and people so well pleased with their new home. Yet it is growing today faster than ever, so fast that the wisest are no longer able to measure its progress.

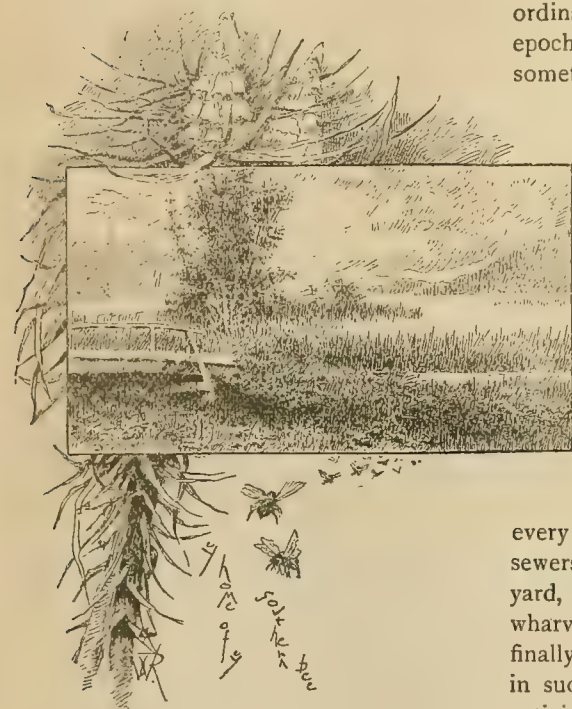
At the northwest end of San Diego Bay, Old San Diego, the oldest town in California,

is awaking from the sleep of years; and a few miles beyond it one can catch a glimpse of False Bay, on whose shores the hand of improvement is already at work upon large and daring enterprises. Then the view is suddenly cut off by the long, high promontory known as Point Loma, which forms the western boundary of the bay. Four hundred and sixty feet above the tide, the lighthouse looks down upon the channel from the

A small tract of land, which, but eighteen months ago, was covered with brush, and tenanted only by the coyote, wild cat, and hare, upon which half a million of dollars were spent in improvements before a lot was offered for sale, of which less than one-fifth has, within a year, been sold for two million six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, over one million of this re-invested in still further improvements, — and this, too, in a remote corner of one of the least known counties in California — is certainly an extraordinary phenomenon, even in a country and epoch of extraordinary growth. It requires something more solid than the brass band

and free lunch that in Southern California have lately shown such a marvelous power over the human heart to achieve such results as already stand completed on this strip of land. The town site was originally surveyed into some five thousand lots, with parks, avenues, and boulevards of grand proportions. A steam ferry to San Diego, a steam dummy road across to the sea shore, bath houses, a large water-pipe across the bay and pipes in

every street, a complete system of glazed pipe sewers, electric lights, an extensive lumber yard, planing mills and machine shops, wharves, and various other improvements, and finally the great Hotel Del Coronado, followed in such rapid succession that the business activity now actually almost eclipses that of the fast growing city across the bay. The parks and nurseries were planted with every variety of rare, tropical vegetation that can be grown in this latitude; and the avenues were lined with orange, cypress, palm, and other evergreen trees, with shrubs and flowers between. All this was done without waiting for settlement or even for sales, and on a scale apparently of the greatest extravagance. It is doubtful if anything of the kind has ever before been done in advance of any settlement: but the event justified the audacity of confidence displayed by the founders of the town.



sharp point that runs out into the sea. On its slopes toward the bay lie La Playa and Roseville, with long terraces rising above them, from which thousands of houses will some day look down upon the whole sweep of the bay.

On the Coronado peninsula, in the central tract opposite San Diego mentioned above, the new town of Coronado has sprung up almost in a night, — the most remarkable growth of all this amazing period about San Diego Bay, and not to be passed by without more mention than any other.

It is easy to see that confidence rested upon the unique fitness of the spot to the purposes of a watering place, and not simply upon its attractions to home seekers. Accordingly, the great Hotel del Coronado, per-

which the tastes and whims of luxurious travelers have been planned for. For those who like rain water to drink, a cistern holding half a million gallons has been built; an inner court entirely enclosed on the four sides,



CORONADO BEACH.

haps the largest hotel in the world, has been an objective point in all these lavish improvements. It was planned not only to supply an attractive resting place for weary tourists, but also and specially to tempt that class who travel solely to enjoy hotels, and whose abiding places in every country are its hotels. It covers four and a half acres of ground and its floors require seventeen acres of carpet; two thousand feet of broad porches surround its lower floor, and several hundred feet of these are provided with glass enclosures, movable by a slight touch, where the most whimsical sojourner can sit with the rolling surf beneath his feet and regulate the breeze and sunshine as he pleases. This is but one example of the manner in

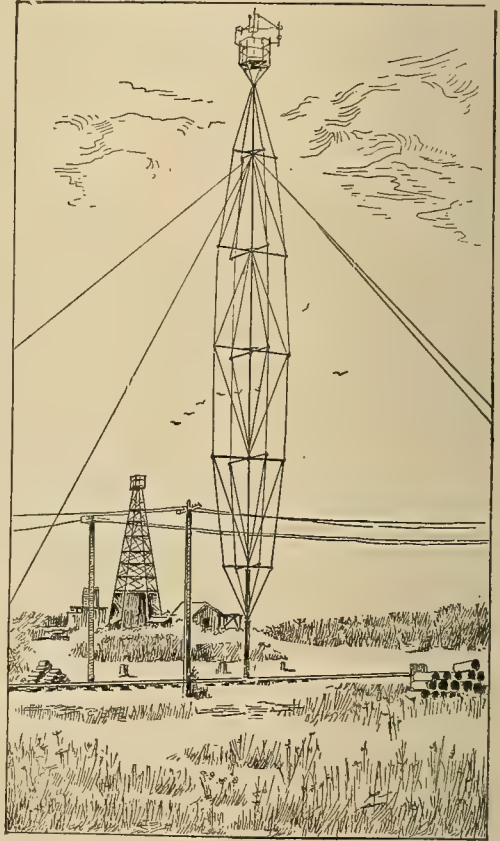
two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty wide, filled with tropical plants below and sunshine from above, has been provided for those who find it too far to stroll outside; ladies' billiard rooms and ladies' bowling alleys are built separate from those for gentlemen; while an opera house holding one thousand people forms one of the most beautiful parts of the building. Every nook and corner of the whole is lighted with electricity from five dynamos, run by an engine in a fire-proof house away from the main building, and connected by tunnel underneath. The same engine will also run a large ice machine and laundry. Every room opens upon a parlor, and every parlor upon the inner court as well as upon

the outside. The system of fire escapes is perfect but there is little probability of their ever being used, for in addition to a special fire patrol, water pipes and hose are in place every few yards, and an automatic electric system sets the huge engine to pumping salt water from the sea, whenever the temperature rises above one hundred and fifty degrees in any part of the building, and all portions may be quickly flooded if the ordinary water pipes fail to check a fire at the beginning. This hotel will accomodate over a thousand guests and will cost over a million dollars.

The soil of the whole peninsula, except upon the narrow sand-spit, is a dark red alluvium, very fertile and retentive of moisture, and so free from clay that it may be cultivated in all stages of dampness. Mud will be unknown, and there will be scarcely a limit to one's ambition to make a pretty home surrounded with rare flowers and trees. The streets are all to be paved with bituminous rock, with open places on the sides for trees and flowers; a steam-dummy road is fast encircling the whole peninsula, on which for a trifle one may ride twenty-four miles and see the whole bay and all its shores as well as miles of surf, while one may drive in a carriage on the beach and over good roads almost as far. An ostrich farm has been located here; and a famous Eastern museum has been induced to move hither.

All this seems an exaggeration of enterprise; but the founders of the town and hotel have grounds for their confidence. San Diego with twenty-five thousand people today will soon be the second city on the Pacific Coast, and in a few years will nearly equal the present size of San Francisco. The great Santa Fé railroad system is determined to make a city of it, and the Southern Pacific will soon follow it up. The vast area of fine land around the bay, the rapid settling up of the interior valleys and table lands of the county, and above all the rapid development by huge dams and long aqueducts of the great water supplies of the high mountains, would alone make a city of it, and insure Coronado as a summer resort and place

of suburban residence. But even if there were no city across the bay, it could scarcely fail to be a famous watering place. San Diego has the best climate on this coast, which, of course, means the best in the United States. The situation of Coronado gives it all the advantages of San Diego with cooler days in summer and warmer nights in



ELECTRIC LIGHT MAST.

winter. Summers and winters are so nearly alike that one is puzzled to choose between them. There is no summer day on which the mercury passes eighty degrees Fahrenheit, yet few in winter when it does not reach seventy. The surf that beneath the bright sky and gentle breeze rolls so lazily in long miles of snowy foam changes its temperature scarcely four degrees from summer to winter.

This makes sea bathing almost an every day possibility ; and one may bathe either in the surf or the still waters of the bay ; the two being one hundred yards apart at the bath-houses. Upon the higher parts of the pen- ical plants grow in midwinter with a vigor unknown upon most of the low parts of the mainland where the temperature falls too much by night. We find here what can be found in few if any other parts of the world,



HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

insula even hoar-frost is unknown, and on the low parts is seen only once or twice in occasional years, and then is gone with the sunrise. As frost can occur in this section only on perfectly clear nights, the following day is sure to be bright and warm. At this season, too, the sea breeze has fallen away to a mere breath of air ; so that the greater part of the winter day differs slightly in temperature from the average summer day. Grass, trees, and flowers, and even the trop-

a place to escape both the cold of winter and the heat of summer, where the winter sea, like the winter land, is a plaything instead of a terror. And all this in the center of a vast amphitheater, where great mountains sit as silent spectators looking down upon the mightiest of oceans.

It is easy to imagine what the surroundings of this rare bay will be when the great flume, now rapidly building from the heavy rainbelt of the high mountains, pours its



HOTEL DEL CORONADO, JUNE, 1887.

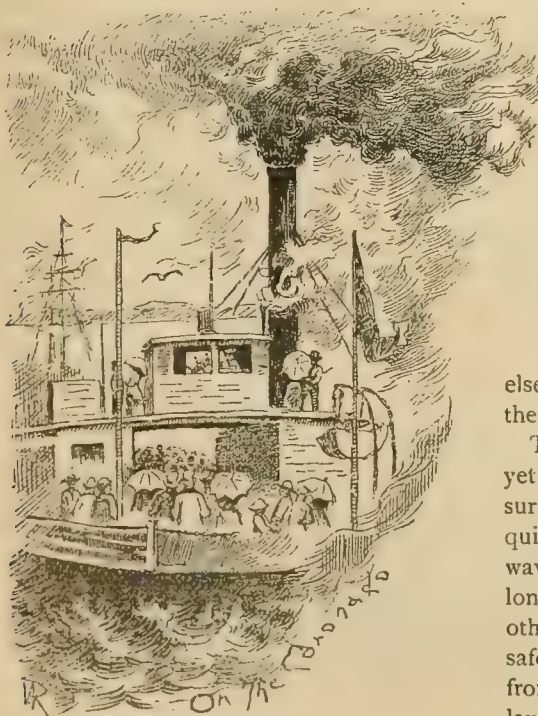


BOAT-HOUSE ON CORONADO BEACH.

waters over the hills, now brown and bare the long summer through. The whole will be one city, one in purpose, one in pride, the

city of San Diego Bay, with Coronado for a central point from which the finest view of the whole may be had. There will be no other such city in America as that of San Diego Bay and no other such watering place in the world as her peninsula. For those who have turned the last quarter in the race of life, as well as for those worsted in the struggle with barbarous climate, the world has nowhere else such peace and comfort, such freedom from friction, such light and easy and safe ways of amusement. Other places may have as good amusement, but over them scowls an unfriendly sky. The world may elsewhere have as good climates, but over them waves no starry flag.

There are few places that afford such safe yet certain sailing as San Diego Bay and its surrounding ocean. No squalls ruffle its quiet face, and the heaviest breezes make no waves upon its bar. No danger lurks in the long undulations outside, and boats unfit for other oceans may ride them with perfect safety. There one may see the light shine from the brilliant Spanish mackerel as he lays himself on his side beneath the green



water and, with frantic rushes from larboard to starboard, tries to break from the hook. There one may burn one's fingers trying to hold the Jew fish, or tire one's arms with constant hauling of the silvery barracouda ;

he is little apt to imagine that among them lie hundreds of thousands of acres of as fine land as any in California ; that fine valleys and table lands abounding in game lie within a short drive. Unless familiar with South-



SAN DIEGO BAY.

or anchoring in the kelp, where one can see fathoms into the clear depths, draw out a varied string of strange fish.

When the stranger looks beyond the heights of San Diego at the strange medley of sharp peaks and long chains of hills that seem struggling for room in the eastern sky,

ern California he sees little suggestive of timber-filled cañons, of running brooks or gushing springs, or anything like the haunts of game. Yet the deer used to abound on every hill ; and every cañon and valley resounded with the roaring wings of such flocks of quail as one never before imagined. The

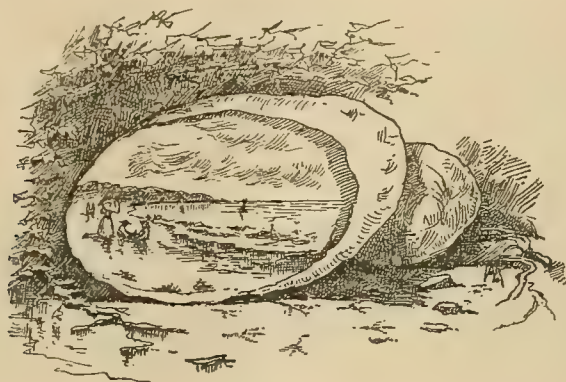


CORONADO FERRY.

hare fled in every direction from one's path ; still remains for those who know where to seek it ; while the ease and comfort of hunting and camping beneath the clear skies go far to compensate for whatever else may be wanting.

the wild duck sunned himself in many a little pond or slough ; and the goose and sand-hill crane stood in long rows upon many a plain and table-land. Though much of the wild beauty of those days has faded, much

T. S. Van Dyke.



TWO.

I.

SILENTLY, swiftly, riding with me,
 Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
 If I stretch out my hand in the night, by my side,
 I touch him, steadily, sullenly,
 With his withered face, and his misery,
 By the firmest and bitterest bond allied,
 That never a love, nor a hate can divide,
 Riding with me.

Across the land, and from sea to sea,
 Plashing and plunging through many rivers,
 Recklessly, wearily, desperately.
 Ban nor blessing, nor thing that severs,
 Can sever the tie 'twixt him and me.
 Out of the night, and into the day,
 From season to season, from year to year,
 What does it matter where leads the way ?
 There is nothing further to heed nor fear ;
 There is nothing to hope in the time to be :
 As I gallop in silence tonight, by my side,
 Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
 He rides with me.

II.

As I ride with thee, shall I ride with thee,
 With my withered face, and my misery,
 Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
 The Cross, and the Book, and the Priest defied.
 Through time, and death, and eternity,
 No days that breed, nor years that kill,
 Nor prayer, nor tear of souls that be
 Past the swift river of good and ill,
 Shall sever the bonds that hold me, tied
 By deed and by will of thy own to thy side.
 Stirrup to stirrup, and stride for stride,
 Steadily, sternly, silently,
 I shall ride with thee.

P. Y. Black.

DIARY OF AZARIAH SMITH IN 1847 AND 1848.

[AZARIAH SMITH was one of those adventurous Latter Day Saints who, after enlisting in June, 1846, to aid the United States in conquering California, marched from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Having been honorably discharged at Los Angeles, on July 16, 1847, he with some of his companions sought and obtained employment of John A. Sutter. He worked several weeks at Sutter's projected flour mill on the American River, and then was sent to help build the sawmill at Coloma, where he was, with nine other white men on the 24th of January, 1848, at the time of the revolutionizing gold discovery,—the most important and influential event in the history of the western slope of our continent. Like his friend and fellow workman, Henry W. Bigler, whose diary appeared in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* of September last, Mr. Smith had enough mental activity, notwithstanding his limited education, to feel the want of a written record of the notable events of his life; and to this characteristic of these two men we owe these interesting contemporaneous accounts of the simple and rude life of the builders of the Coloma sawmill, and of the occurrences that preceded, accompanied, and suc-

ceeded Marshall's discovery. The entries from Mr. Smith's diary are copied from the archives of the Society of California Pioneers, as edited by John S. Hittell.]

Sunday, Sept. 9th, 1847. Last Wednesday, as one of a party, I took a job of Sutter to dig a race at 12½ cents a cubic yard; and we went five miles from the fort to a house which we occupy. I worked the last three days of the week. We expect to make more than \$1 a day. Sutter furnishes tools and provisions.

Sept. 24th. My back was so lame yesterday that I could not work.

Sunday Oct, 3d. Marshall sent word that he wanted some of us to go about thirty miles into the mountains to build a sawmill. I went with others, spending three days on the way. We had a very slow ox team. Arrived here Thursday evening. Here we have a woman to cook for us. I have had a fever every other day and have done no work.

Oct. 4th. The ague has disappeared. God grant me health so that I may return to my parents, sisters, and brother. I feel very lonesome and am like a cat in a strange gar-

ret. I hope to be strong enough to work in a few days.

Oct. 11th. Feeling anxious to get means for the trip to Salt Lake, I resumed work on Thursday the 7th inst., but in the afternoon had another chill, and have had one every day since. I am so weak that I can scarcely walk, and one night I feared that I should never see my relatives again. Mrs. Weimer, the cook, treats me kindly and I am grateful to her.

Oct. 22d. Through the goodness of the Lord and the kindness of Mrs. Weimer I am gaining strength slowly.

Nov. 1st. In the early part of the week our only provisions were mutton and underground wheat and peas without salt. On Friday a wagon arrived with a supply; and Marshall came with another. I am regaining strength rapidly.

Nov. 10th. Still gaining. Last week I went hunting for exercise. Saw two deer but did not get a shot.

Sunday, Nov. 14th. Have been making wooden pins for the mill.

Sunday Nov. 21st. Have been at work mortising. Yesterday five wagon loads of provisions arrived in preparation for the rainy season.

Sunday, Nov. 28th. Last week was a busy one. The bents of the mill were raised.

Sunday, Dec. 5th. Last week I drove team. Two more loads of provision arrived yesterday.

Sunday, Dec. 12th. I had a chill on Thursday but none since. Mrs. Weimer has insisted on having a chimney to the house and today the men are building it.

Sunday, Dec. 19th. Three of us pinned the plank on the forebay. My basin and knife have been stolen. I sometimes fear that I shall not have money enough to go to Salt Lake in the Spring, and I often feel lonesome and miserable, especially Sundays.

Sunday, Dec. 26th. Last week I worked five days. On Christmas a party of us climbed a peak, from which we could see many mountains covered with snow, and from which we started many large rocks rolling down into the steep cañon. For dinner

besides bread and meat, we had apple and pumpkinpies.

Sunday, Jan. 2d, 1848. Mr. Marshall has been away for some time, and now the cook saves the pumpkin pies and so forth for herself and the second table.

Jan. 11th. Rain began on the 9th and continues to fall.

Sunday, Jan. 16th. The river is very high. Since Monday the weather is clear. Marshall left us a month ago to get the mill-irons and has not returned. Mr. Bennett has got out of patience waiting for him.

Sunday, Jan. 30th. Marshall having arrived, we got his permission to build a small house near the mill, so as to get rid of the partial mistress, and cook for ourselves. We moved into it on Sunday last. This week Mr. Marshall found some pieces of (as we all suppose) gold, and he has gone to the fort for the purpose of finding out what it is. It is found in the race in small pieces; some weigh as much as a five-dollar piece.

Sunday, Feb. 6th. Marshall has returned with the fact that the metal is gold. Captain Sutter arrived on Wednesday with Johnston for the purpose of looking at the place where the gold is found. He got enough to make a ring. He brought a bottle of whiskey for us and some pocket-knives. This morning I found my basin and knife in their proper place. Johnston had hidden them away, though he denied knowing anything about them.

Feb. 14th. Last week I worked only three and a half days. Marshall allows us outside of work hours to pick up gold, and I have gathered considerable of it. Gold is found on the bottom of the tail-race after we shut down the gate.

Sunday, Feb. 20th. It rained in the fore part of last week and I worked only four days. I have been drilling and blasting a rock in the race. The Indians are much interested to see a hard rock split open so easily. Today I picked up a little more of the root of all evil.

Sunday, March 12th. During the last two weeks I have worked on the mill. Last Sunday I picked up gold to the value of two

dollars and half about two miles below the mill. We have used the mill to saw one log into boards to pin on the forebay.

Sunday, March 19th. Last week we ran the mill, and it cuts well. Today I crossed the river and went down stream to hunt for gold, some of which I found. It was raining most of the day. Brother Barger arrived this afternoon from the fort, and says that three wagons are on the way to this place with provisions.

March 21st. Yesterday the wagons arrived with flour, pork, pumpkins, etc. They started back today, and I thought of going back with them to prepare for the trip to Salt Lake; but at the request of Marshall I shall stay here a while longer.

March 28th. With three others I went down the river last Sunday, and we found considerable gold. Yesterday I was much pleased by receiving a letter from father, who writes that he arrived at Salt Lake on the 27th of October. Provisions are very scarce there: corn is \$6 and \$7 a bushel; wheat from \$9 to \$10. He intends to plant some grain, so that when his family arrives, they will have something to eat.

April 3d. Yesterday some of us went down along the river and picked up some gold.

April 7th. Brothers Brown, Stephens, and Bigler started today for the fort. Marshall gives us the privilege of hunting for gold on condition that we give half to him. I have about \$30 in gold now.

April 15th. The boys have returned from the fort with the news that the first company will start for Salt Lake today. As the wages due me amount to \$100 and more, I think I shall be able to fit myself out for the trip.

Sunday, April 23d. Started from the saw-mill on Monday, and reached the fort on Tuesday. Have seen Capt. Sutter twice, but got no pay as yet. Bought some sugar to keep myself sweet. Worked two days with a scraper at the grist mill head-race.

Sunday, April 30th. Have been at the fort three or four times, without succeeding in getting anything but a saddle and abundant promises.

May 5th. Started alone last Monday morning from the grist-mill for the mines; took the wrong track and slept under a pine tree in a heavy rain. Next morning turned back and met a company going to search for a pass to the emigrant road to Salt Lake. Brother Willis gave me directions how to find the mining camp I had started for, and I struck across the country for it. The rain continued, and after traveling about 20 miles that day I slept under another tree. The night was rainy and cold. Wednesday morning had nothing to eat, but continued my course, and at 3 P. M. reached the camp very tired. The next day I rode a borrowed horse to the fort.

May 26th. I scraped one day on the race. On the 9th, the road party returned, having found the snow too deep for crossing the mountains. A party, including myself, then went up to the mining camp [at Mormon Island], where we remained till the 23d. I got about \$300 there. The most that I made in a day was \$95, but of this I had to pay \$30 to Willis and Hudson, the owners of the claim. Before we came away, men, women, and children were flocking in by the wagon load. While there [Sam.] Brannan held a meeting to see if they would pay toll. Some were willing and some were not. I came over to the grist mill to help finish the race, and I have agreed to go with a party to leave for Salt Lake in June. Some men, who have been getting gold on the other side of the river, arrived last night.

May 30th. Today I went to the fort to get some animals from Capt. Sutter but did not succeed.

June 3d. Was at the fort yesterday and got an order on Smith, the storekeeper, and bought hickory shirting and sugar to the amount of \$22.

June 7th. Went to see Capt. Sutter today and he promised to let me have a mule on Saturday.

June 12th. Saturday went to see Capt. Sutter but got no mule. Sunday saw him again and he was out of humor so I got nothing. Today I went to the fort, and the captain, being in a good humor, gave me one of

his mules employed at the mill. I had bought a horse previously from another man.

June 21st. The spare horses and mules of our party were sent to the mountains today. I have three horses and two mules, so I can make the trip without a wagon.

June 22d. We bought part of a barrel of potatoes for \$25, as a protection against scurvy of which I have had a touch.

July 5th. Last week on Monday we started for Salt Lake.

[MR. SMITH'S diary, like Mr. Bigler's, is brief and direct with all the characteristics of genuineness and veracity. It has no events of marvelous novelty to tell; no theory to advance or support; no perceptible motive for departure from the simple truth. It is valuable for its corroboration of the 24th of January as the true date of the gold discovery. A few persons are unwilling to give up the 19th of January, which had been generally accepted for thirty years. The Associated Pioneers of the Territorial days of California in New York City celebrate the 18th of January every year as the anniversary of the discovery. The secretary of that society addressed a letter to the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers, soliciting their opinion of the date, and Winfield J. Davis, Historian of the Sacramento Association, wrote an interesting report expressing doubts of the genuineness of Mr. Bigler's diary. This paper, published in the daily *Sacramento Record-Union* of November 28th, 1887, though it does not, in my opinion, make out a strong case against Mr. Bigler's diary, may be worthy the attention of persons examining the question. Mr. Davis finds two circumstances that suggest to him suspicions of Mr. Bigler's veracity. First, his diary says the week preceding January 30th, 1848, was clear, whereas Sutter's diary says there was rain on the 28th; and second, Mr. Bigler published a letter on the 2d January, 1871, in the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, without any mention of the date of the gold discovery. Both these circumstances may be readily explained: the first by the fact that the two diaries were

kept at places forty miles apart; and the other by the failure to show that Mr. Bigler knew anything at that time of the date mentioned by Mr. Marshall, or that he attached any importance to the day.

The 19th of January was accepted on the exclusive authority of James W. Marshall, whose first printed statement appeared as a letter in the *California Chronicle* (published in San Francisco) of the 9th February, 1856. There he said the discovery was made "about" the 19th. In his next statement, in *Hutchings' Magazine* for November, 1857, he used the words, "I am not certain to a day, but it was between the 18th and 20th." According to his biography, written by G. F. Parsons, it was on the 19th. Marshall never claimed to have made any contemporaneous record of the discovery, and in fixing the day he trusted to his unaided memory after a lapse of eight years, — a very uncertain trust.

The diaries of Bigler, of Smith, and of Sutter, agree substantially with each other and with Marshall's statement that he went to the fort four days after the discovery. Sutter says Marshall arrived at the fort on the 28th. Marshall must be wrong either in his date of the discovery or in the period between the discovery and his trip to the fort. The certainty of his error on one point or the other destroys all our confidence in his accuracy; and that confidence is the only basis for accepting the 19th.

Whoever reads Marshall's biography must be impressed by the great influence of his imagination on his statement. On many occasions the wildness of his language led his hearers to suspect that his mind was unsound. The memory of such a man is far from infallible. An instance of the untrustworthiness of his recollections is given in his letter of February 9th, 1856. He there mentions the arrival of Sutter at the sawmill to look at the gold mine, and adds that "at the same time Captain Sutter, myself, and Isaac Humphrey entered into a co-partnership to dig gold." There is however an abundance of evidence to prove that Isaac Humphrey was not at the sawmill in February. He told me that he went to Coloma

in March. The Hon. John Bidwell, in a letter to me, writes that Humphrey did not go to the mountains till April 3d, 1848, and this is, I presume, correct. Bigler and Smith did not know him, and they certainly would have known him if he had been at the saw-mill in March. Marshall says further that Humphrey "suggested the tithe," or tax, of fifty per cent which Marshall and Sutter demanded for all the gold dug on their claim of ten or twelve miles square, a claim that had no legal validity. That tax was presumably not claimed in February or March, for it is not mentioned in Bigler's diary, and first appears on Smith's on the 7th of April.

Marshall does not state distinctly whether the four days was interval between the discovery and his start for or his arrival at the fort. If the latter, then there is no disagreement between him and Bigler, Smith, and Sutter — that is if the date was the 24th; whereas if the date was the 19th, then the interval of four days has no support save Marshall's word, and is contradicted by all the other authorities. The diary of Bigler in its entry for January 30th says, "Our metal has been tried and proved to be gold," implying that Marshall had returned. Smith's entry of the same date has no knowledge of the return of the test. Perhaps one was written early and the other late in the day, one before and the other after the arrival of Marshall. There is no difficulty in finding petty discrepancies between the diaries of Sutter, Bigler, and Smith, but I think that no one accustomed to sift evidence and competent to weigh it fairly, can come to any conclusion except that they were kept at the time, and were truthful, though in many respects incomplete, records of the knowledge and impressions of the writer.

Neither Mr. Bigler nor Mr. Smith has sought publicity. Mr. Bigler's letter in the *Bulletin* was written in response to an appeal

to him as a living witness, an appeal made by Marshall against the injustice of those who insisted upon giving the honors and rewards for the discovery exclusively to Sutter. In that letter the writer claims no credit for himself, and seeks merely to state the facts, which he regards as entirely in favor of Mr. Marshall, — an opinion then rejected by many and now generally accepted. He said nothing publicly of the date until I sent to him a pamphlet about the discovery, with a request for his corrections of errors or omissions. He replied that the 19th did not agree with his diary, which said the 24th. I solicited a copy of the entries relating to the discovery and early mining, and he sent them. Subsequently he consented that I should publish. I inquired whether any of his companions had kept diaries at Coloma, and at his suggestion I wrote to Mr. Smith, who gave me a copy. Both diaries remained in the dark for forty years; they and their authors were dragged into print by the efforts of others.

The only person besides Marshall, Bigler, and Smith, who was at Coloma in January, 1848, and has made a public statement of the date, is Mrs. Weimer, the cook. Her story given in the San Francisco *Bulletin* of December, 19th, 1874, says the gold was found in the last days of 1847 or the first week of 1848. Her authority in this matter has never had any weight, and may be passed by here without any remark save that her memory was more treacherous than that of Marshall.

Several months or years may elapse before the concurrence of those persons whose opinion is authoritative will be known to the general public, but when it shall become known there will, I think, be no doubt that the auriferous deposits of the Sierra Nevada were first found on the 24th of January, 1848. JOHN S. HITTELL.]

A LULLABY.

Now fades the glow in evening skies,
Dim shines the light in baby eyes:
A single star gleams in the west,
And two fair stars sink into rest.
With restless wings the clouds drift by,
Yet two white clouds so quiet lie;
Lullaby, my baby, lullaby,
Lullaby, O, lullaby.

The misty night winds hurrying pass,
Stir to sobs the tremulous grass.
Faint, so faint a flickering breath,
With life impregnt—allied to death—
O moon, shine down with radiant gleam,
No phantoms lurk within thy beam.
Sweetly dream, my baby, sweetly dream,
Sweetly dream, ah, sweetly dream.

A mateless bird in wild chant sings,
Of great and most mysterious things;
Of victory, of glorious strife—
Beat the drums—fight hard for life—
Hope is as boundless as the sea,
And all its treasures are for thee—
All for thee, my baby, all for thee,
All for thee, yes, all for thee.

But what grim shadow o'er thee lies,
Hushed is the song—dark are the skies—
No—in the cradle none may dare,
Naught but heaven may touch thee there—
O Thou! the Lord of sea and land
Mother and child are in Thy hand—
In His hand, my baby, in His hand,
In God's hand—Ay, in God's hand—

Adelaide Samson.

THE BARZEITSON EXPERIMENT.

V.

At the first pressure of the atomizer, a breath of delicate fragrance filled me with delight. It was the same marvelous perfume that once before aroused my curiosity. Marvelous it was, truly. The breath grew into a zephyr, the zephyr into a current. It filled the room with an atmosphere of deliciousness—a perfumed, radiant freshness, invigorating, intoxicating—such as the blest immortals inhale in Elysian groves.

In these moments of ecstasy, I forgot the Professor and his experiment. I had merely an impression that he sprinkled the monsters with the subtle essence of life.

How long this ecstasy continued I cannot say. Suddenly, however, my pleasurable sensation came to an end; a chill crept over me; something noxious touched my hand. I looked—was I dreaming? The lizards were alive. They ran here and there over the table; and coiling itself around my hand was a small snake.

I dashed it off and stepped back. A prolonged hiss close to my ear caused me to turn—the python was alive! I felt the spell of its glittering eyes; I saw it unwinding its huge body, ready for a spring; another minute, and I should be lost. By a desperate effort, I sprang away, out of the reptile's reach, but only to find myself in close proximity to the hyena—no longer a petrification, but ferociously alive, as was evidenced by the fierce snarl that greeted my approach. A furious snapping and dashing apprised me of the presence of the crocodile, who, having devoured the cat and several of the small living things, was looking around for more.

"Is not this a resurrection?" cried the Professor.

"End it! End it!" I gasped. It was not my vocation to fight with monsters, and a little of such an experience was enough.

VOL. XI.—9.

The growling, hissing, and snapping of jaws increased.

"End it!" I cried.

"I think it is time," coolly replied Barzeitson, turning the crank of the pump as he spoke. Instantly a dense shower fell on the monsters. There was a frightful hiss; the alligator leaped into the air, then fell back writhing. A few convulsive movements, and all was still. Once again they were petrifications.

The peril over, I began to breathe freely—when suddenly an icy hand clutched my veins; the blood within them froze. Then those terrible fingers fettered every nerve, every muscle; soon they would touch the fountains of life, and then——! Would it be death?

This Barzeitson knew he had robbed me of my wife. Did he want to silence me forever? It was possible. But he should not triumph; not if will could aught avail. Those icy fingers were creeping up to my brain; before they closed upon it I would throw them off. I made a mighty effort; a faint laugh came to my ears—then the fingers clutched my brain, and ——

* * * * *

Once again that exquisite fragrance; distant sounds of voices and laughter float in upon my waking consciousness. I open my eyes. I am no longer in the laboratory, but in a small room adjoining the salon. *Douceâtre* and some strangers are there. Barzeitson is talking with them.

Presently he comes to me, and smiling through those childlike blue eyes, he whispers, "You gave me leave, you know."

VI.

I LEFT the Professor's house in a state of mental bewilderment difficult to describe. Was this man a charlatan or a sorcerer? By what power could he arrest the vital powers, and—still greater marvel—force them into

action as he willed? This control over life and death was no vain boast. Had I not felt it? The memory of those awful moments was too clear, too vivid, to allow of doubt.

This being possessed, then, the key to all mysteries. All that constitutes life, motion, and consciousness bowed to his fiat. Who was he? What was he? Man, or demon? And to think that my wife, she who was mated with me in the morning of time, should be chained to this sorcerer! Had the world fallen into chaos?

I walked along, heedless of the passing crowd, when my progress was suddenly stayed by a gaily liveried footman, who told me that Madame de la Fontenaye prayed me to step to her carriage.

Madame de la Fontenaye was my cousin — how distant, it would be difficult to say, but she was my sole relative among the fair sex. Her son was my godchild and heir presumptive to my fortune, consequently Madame and I were excellent friends.

"At last, my naughty cousin, I have found you. Where do you keep yourself? But come in; sit down here beside me. I am going to carry you off — only to dinner; nothing terrible, you see. No, I shall not accept any excuses. We shall dine *en famille* — you will do as you are. Now tell me what new craze are you interested in? Where have you hid yourself this long time? Confess. Ah, but I have great things to tell you. I have found a wife for Paul. Such a weight off my mind! She is charming — a million of francs for fortune, and such a sweet disposition! You know we had determined that Paul should marry a million; and it is so difficult to meet with all the requisites. But there, tell me what you have been doing?"

Fortunately for me, before I had uttered three words in reply, Madame forgot her interest in my adventures, and recommenced upon that more absorbing theme, Paul's marriage. I soon learned that Paul had a rival candidate; but the latter was twenty years older than Paul and some five hundred thousand poorer, that is, if they took my fortune into consideration, which, of course, they did. So Paul had little to fear. The young peo-

ple had been introduced to each other, and Paul had declared Mademoiselle to be charming; and Mademoiselle had blushed and whispered to her mamma that Monsieur was very agreeable. Everything, therefore, was ready for the notaries and modistes to commence business, provided I approved. How could I do otherwise?

My cousin chatted, and I silently pondered upon my surprises in the past, and the surprises in store for my cousin, when I should introduce to her *my wife*.

The dinner passed off pleasantly; still, my efforts to forget all the events of the day were ineffectual. At moments I saw again the writhing snake, the glaring eyes of the hyena; I heard the snap of the crocodile's jaws, as it devoured its prey; I felt my blood slowly congeal, my limbs stiffen. The nightmare tortured me; nor was it exorcised by the bright lights or cheerful converse of Madame de la Fontenaye's salon.

As soon as Paul and I were alone, he inquired if I had been evoking ghosts, or in any way drawing upon myself the enmity of the invisibles. Then I told him all that had occurred in the laboratory of Monsieur Barzeitson, Rue des Postes.

"My dear godfather," said Paul, when he had heard my story, "I will wager you a box of cigars that this professor has been amusing himself at your expense. This Barzeitson is not unknown to me. A friend of mine, a student, has rooms overlooking a court belonging to that worthy's house. He is a pretty cunning one, this professor. I'd like to enter that laboratory. The velvet curtain would not hide its secrets from me."

"But I tell you I saw, I felt."

"Bah! Excuse me, dear godfather, — I saw! I felt!" that is like women's talk. The testimony of the senses is fallacious; the man who relies upon his senses, his feelings, lives in an atmosphere of deception, of illusion. Reason must guide us, and reason only. We must ask, 'Can this be done?' — if reason answers 'No,' it is to be rejected as impossible, no matter what the evidence of sense."

"Nevertheless, it is difficult to disbelieve that which the eyes see. Suppose now you

should behold a man looking in at us through, that window,—you see him clearly, plainly; could any evidence to the contrary undeceive you?"

"You give but half the question: a man looking through that window is a possible thing, therefore I may accept the evidence of my senses. But supposing I saw a man fly in through the window, my reason would say 'It is impossible,—men can't fly,'—and I should reject the testimony of my eyes as illusory, the result of a disordered stomach or a diseased brain. Now these experiments of Barzeitson are impossible; hence I am certain there is some trick. You admit that the room was warm, the odors sickening, and your imagination excited. A galvanic shock, and the animals move;—a little chloroform, and behold you unconscious. Is it not easily done?"

"Apparently so—still—it is mysterious."

"I agree with you. There is a mystery—but it is Cyprianic, not Minervian."

"Paul!"

"Pardon, *mon parrain*, but did you see behind the curtain?"

"That has nothing to do with the experiments."

"Perhaps not, but a little legerdemain, something to dazzle eyes too inquisitive, is indispensable to this kind of mystery."

"Incredulous philosopher, I wish you had been a witness."

"I wish so too—that curtain would have been lifted. Ah! an idea! Could you not take me on a visit to the laboratory?"

"I do not think Barzeitson likes visitors."

"That does not matter in the least. You have entered; you can enter again, and take a friend with you."

"How shall we manage it?"

"We won't form any plan. What is the use? Who can foresee eventualities? Allow me to be your companion for a few days, so as to be ready to seize the first opportunity, and, believe me, the mystery of the curtain shall be revealed."

I readily agreed to Paul's proposition, for I had a dread of being alone—a dread lest that icy hand should again clutch me.

Paul's mirthfulness drove away the horror. My godson was brimming over with fun at the prospect of an adventure.

"My last adventure," he said sighing, "the last chance to distinguish myself in mischief! It is sad, sad. In a week or so I shall be offered up a victim at the altar, chained by Hymen; the proprieties will henceforth claim me. Ah, what a sacrifice is marriage! and all for the good of society. Society can never repay us. My godfather, I envy you your freedom."

Envy me! if he only knew of my heart's desires, of my longings to enter that state he so much dreaded! if he knew of my secret tortures because another man owned my wife! Envy me, indeed!

VII.

THE next morning I discovered that I had lost my umbrella, that most essential part of a gentleman's wardrobe; also a note book containing some autograph papers of rare value.

"Perhaps the alligator devoured them," suggested Paul, when I mentioned my loss.

His words were as a flash of light. The lost articles were in Barzeitson's laboratory. I remembered distinctly the place where I had deposited them before witnessing that weird experiment.

"Behold our opportunity!" cried Paul. "Not a minute must be lost."

We hastened to the Rue des Postes.

Monsieur Barzeitson had gone to St. Denis on urgent business; Madame was not at home.

"The very chance we want," whispered Paul. "Follow the cue I give you." He then said aloud, "This is most unfortunate. What is to be done?"

"It is, indeed, most unfortunate. The loss is terrible," said I, following the cue.

"Ah, Monsieur has lost something valuable?" said the servant.

"Yes, I left here yesterday some papers of great value."

"Papers that must be forthcoming by noon or—" rejoined Paul.

"Don't speak of it!" I exclaimed, for I began to play my rôle with keen zest.

"Madame will be *desolée*," said the domestic, with true Parisian politeness. "Well, Messieurs, enter; perhaps the papers can be found. If I can be of any service—"

"Thanks, Mademoiselle, you are very kind!" and Paul slipped into her hand a five-franc piece.

"You have saved me much trouble, Mademoiselle," I said, emphasising my words with the gift of a gold piece. "I remember where I left them, so do not inconvenience yourself further."

The girl smiled knowingly, curtsied, and disappeared, leaving us masters of the situation.

"Fortune smiles upon us!" cried Paul, "Lead on, *mon parrain*!"

Fortune did favor us, for the laboratory door was unlocked. Barzeitson in the hurry of departure had forgotten it.

Paul entered first. I must confess that it required some effort to follow him. The room was odious to me.

A cold chill swept through my veins as I looked again upon the monsters whose strange resurrection and death I had witnessed. The crocodile's jaws gaped wide as if ready to devour; by its side crouched the hyena, its eyes fixed in a stony glare of terror and rage; the python was half uncoiled, its huge body curved all ready to dart on its prey,—all so life-like, yet so still, fettered in seeming death by the icy hand.

Even Paul recoiled, for it seemed as if a breath, the slightest tremor of the air, would be sufficient to re-animate the monsters.

"Let us go, Paul," I exclaimed.

"Nonsense, *mon parrain*! Just imagine that we are in Africa, killing crocodiles, pythons, or any other interesting reptiles who wish to be too familiar. This cane of mine conceals a sword. Now for the attack."

As he uttered these words he struck the python with his weapon. The blow made a ringing sound.

"Mechanical toys! The trickster!" exclaimed Paul.

If they were mechanical toys, they were

certainly not made of any known inorganic substance. I pointed this out to Paul, and tried to convince him that they were real animals—organic tissue, congealed, petrified by some unknown process. Paul laughed, and answered:

"Nothing but toys, mechanical toys. They can't be anything else, therefore, they are nothing else. But we are losing time; let us lift the curtain."

He hurried towards the hidden recess, and seizing the hangings he turned to me with a mocking smile.

"Are you prepared to confront the mys—" The word ended in a prolonged whistle of astonishment.

The lifting of the curtain revealed—Great heavens, was this a hallucination? "Can it be?" I exclaimed.

Paul dropped the curtain. "Enough—let us not seek further."

"It is not enough," I replied. "This man is an impostor, a villain. This mystery shall be fathomed to its deepest abyss. We will—"

"Lift again the curtain," answered Paul, amused at my vehemence; and suiting the action to the word he drew back the curtain.

It was no hallucination—before us lay a woman, sleeping. A woman, young, beautiful, gloriously, darkly beautiful, low-browed, full-lipped. Her long hair, black with a purple glow, fell around her, sweeping the floor. She was wrapped in bright woolen blanket robes, a leopard skin over her feet.

"Is this a mechanical toy?" I exclaimed.

We stepped nearer the couch to examine. In doing so we must have pressed some air forcing tube, (the alcove was full of apparatus,) for instantly from a species of douche fell a fragrant shower. It was impossible to mistake that perfume, the perfume of the marvelous elixir.

The shower bedewed the sleeping beauty. She gasped; the robes undulated with the pulsations of her bosom, then her lips parted like a rose bursting its bud, her eyes opened—such eyes of smouldering fire! She raised herself a little and looked at us. The movement disarranged the robes; they fell slightly

from her form, disclosing beauties such as dazzle the eyes of the Moslem in the paradise of hours—and that bosom palpitated with life.

"Ye gods of Olympus!" ejaculated Paul.

We stood spell-bound by the glimpse of those Venusian curves, when a suppressed cry from the other end of the laboratory caused me to turn. A vertigo seized me. There stood Madame Barzeitson, looking straight at the mystery.

What would she do—she the incomparable amongst women—in this crucial trial? The horrible discovery could not be concealed; it was already the property of strangers and the world would soon gloat over it.

How I cursed my imprudence in bringing Paul into the laboratory; but the deed was done and no remorse could undo it. Barzeitson was a villain, a treacherous impostor, —for that I could not feel aught but triumph. The question remained: Would she feel glad that he was unmasked?

My eyes sought to read her soul. How calmly she stood, yet the pallor of her countenance and a tremor she strove to control, but which was quite perceptible to the eyes of love, showed how deeply she was affected by this villainous imposture so long kept up by her legal husband.

Then joy overwhelmed me—fate had interposed in my favor; now that *he* had lost all right, I could assert mine!

She turned to leave the laboratory. In an instant I was at her side.

"Madame," I exclaimed, "behold your friend, your slave! Will you be avenged? I am ready—command me and I obey. My life, my soul, my fortune, all, are yours. What will you that I do? Speak, and it is done."

"Monsieur," she replied, calm as destiny, not a trace of excitement in look, words, or manner, "Monsieur, I pray you send me a messenger."

She passed out, leaving me somewhat disappointed by the sudden check given to my aspirations; still I felt that the lady's conduct was heroic, sublime. I hastened to obey her behest, Paul and the mystery forgotten in the whirl of hope and fear, joy and disappoint-

ment, occasioned by the events of the last few moments.

VIII.

THE more I thought upon the Madame's request the more I admired her delicacy. She could not speak before Paul, a circumstance my masculine brutality had overlooked—but she could write; the messenger would be a messenger of joy.

As soon as the man was found and dispatched upon his errand, I once again sought my well-beloved Luxembourg, there to calm my excitement and determine upon some plan of action.

Evidently Barzeitson was an impostor, a villain. Ought I not to kill this wretch? Honor dictated this course. Yes, I must kill him—how else could this adorable creature ever be mine?—for although Barzeitson's infamy was by justice all-sufficient to sever the legal tie, yet the law, that science of injustice, might decree otherwise.

It was a sad dilemma for a peace-loving man. Then, too, Madame might object to dueling. Would it not be wiser to let events shape themselves?

I could not resolve upon any course, for my mind was in that tumultuous, chaotic state when one can say with truth that he is not thinking of anything, so undefined and shapeless are the ideas that fill the brain. Suddenly, I was recalled to outward perception by Douceâme's voice:

"Here he is. I knew we should find him in this shady retreat. Gentlemen, Luxembourg is the sanctum of my friend, our friend, Schengel."

I looked up to see that impostor, that hated rival, Barzeitson. The villain looked at me as unconcernedly as a child. What a mask, what a lying delusion were those innocent blue eyes. Could he not read in my face that his secret, his infamous secret, was discovered? Had he a conscience? or was he one of those horrible beings without a soul, yet endowed with intelligence beyond mortal dower?—beings neither angel, man, nor demon, hoverers on the threshold of in-

visibility, despised by hell, feared on earth, and abhorred in heaven. If he were man—a conscience-endowed man—he would surely wince, or cower, or falter.

I longed to spring upon him, expose him, hurl him out of society into the dens of the pariahs where he belonged.

I forbore for the sake of peace—I am a peaceful man. Then, Madame must be considered. No doubt I looked at my seekers in a bewildered way, for Douce  me exclaimed :

“What is the matter? You look dazed. Here is Professor Barzeitson, wishing to initiate us into some chemical mysteries. Come, we have lost an hour looking for you. Come.”

I muttered something in reply and followed them. Douce  me chatted ceaselessly ; his volubility prevented my confusion from being much noticed.

When I had somewhat recovered, I looked attentively at Barzeitson. He appeared very triumphant. There was an exultation in his step, in his silence,—for he was very silent. One of the gentlemen remarked upon this. Barzeitson replied :

“My friends, the thoughts that fill my mind transcend so far the usual thoughts of men that were I to give them voice here in the streets, I should be incarcerated as insane. Wait until you see for yourselves ; then my exultant spirit shall sing, and the world listen entranced.”

Douce  me whispered to me, “Mad, mad.”

“A right ‘pleasant madness,’ I replied sneeringly.

Arrived at the house Rue des Postes, Barzeitson said to the servant who opened the door, “Pray tell Madame that these gentlemen will remain to dinner.”

The servant, somewhat confused, replied, “Madame is gone.”

“Gone? O, yes, to make a call. It will do when she returns—”

“Pardon, Monsieur, she left on the two o’clock train. She left a note for Monsieur.”

Barzeitson took the note, then turning to us, said carelessly, “Gentlemen, you will have to excuse Madame. As you are all bachelors, it will not be difficult. Come now to the laboratory. We have lost too much time.”

“But first,” said Douce  me, “I pray you read Madame’s note—it may be of great importance.”

“That is true,” replied Barzeitson, calmly smiling. He opened the letter, glanced over the contents, then walked briskly towards the laboratory, a glad smile still on his lips, and Madame’s note loosely held in his hand.

How I longed to possess that note—although I surmised its tenor. After the events of the morning, the words of the domestic told me all. Madame, indignant, had left her treacherous husband ; and he calmly ignored her grief, her horror—perhaps he was glad to be rid of her presence. Monstrous imposture !

As we entered the laboratory, I thought of Paul. What had become of him? Was he still there? No, all was silent—no trace of the drama enacted there only a few hours before. Where was Madame? Where Paul? Should I dart forward, tear down the curtain, and reveal the guilt of this arch-impostor? Such were the thoughts that crowded into my mind as I entered this apartment, replete with weird reminiscences.

I noted that Douce  me and the two strange gentlemen recoiled at the first sight of the petrified monsters.

“Why, Barzeitson, it is a menagerie that you have here. Are they safely dead?”

“They wait but your bidding to start into life,” was the reply of Barzeitson, now busy with the force-pump apparatus.

I turned away in disgust ; he was going to repeat the jugglery that had mystified me yesterday. Why not stop it all by a revelation of what that curtain concealed? A desire to see what he would do restrained me. I sat down to await results.

On the table just before me lay a crumpled piece of paper. It was Madame’s note, tossed carelessly aside by the false husband. Most admirable woman! How differently would I have treated a page consecrated by the impress of her thoughts ! As I gazed upon the firm yet delicate lines faintly discernible from my point of view, an uncontrollable impulse to know in what manner my noble wife broke with the man who had so cruelly outraged

her took possession of me. I seized the note and hid it next my heart. The act passed unperceived, so much were the others engrossed in Barzeitson's movements.

O, the bliss of feeling her so near me ! That note was a living presence—her fingers had touched it, her breath had perfumed it, her soul spoke in it. It was an emanation of herself, and its sweet magnetism cast me into a delicious reverie.

"My friends, did you ever wish to rule life, to command it, to be its master, instead of its slave? I think you have; hence, I have asked you here today."

It was Barzeitson who spoke. I have already said there were moments when that strange being seemed on fire with inspiration; as he then stood before us, surrounded by the stony reptiles, his form expanding, his eyes aflame, his countenance radiant with the glory of convictions triumphant, he was sublime. Even I, knowing all I did, felt thrilled with admiration. I will give you the tenor of his address; but the electrifying tones, the glowing, sparkling words, cannot be written. Like meteors they flashed upon us, like meteors they died away.

"A glorious discovery is mine; yet I can scarcely call it a discovery,—only the bringing to light of a great power obscured by the dust of centuries, driven into darksome caves by heedless generations of spirit-scoffing, comfort-loving, money-getting people, who have had no time to seek out the mysteries of life. The ancients knew more than we; they sat patiently at Nature's feet and learned marvels, because they believed.

"To control life—to say 'Thus far shalt thou go'—to bid the dead arise and reveal the secrets of the past—to live a hundred years hence if we will—yea, that is indeed a power, a god-like power.

"What is life? Life, that marvelous stream, whose source and outlet are lost in the abyss of eternity. Whence comes life? Whither goes it? These are problems still; but the day is near when they will be solved. It is not with them that I have to do; my question is 'What is Life?'

"Do not expect any spontaneous genera-

tion play. That is like making bread without fire. We can bring together the constituents of life, but can we bring back the atmospheric conditions of a young, warm, plastic earth, teeming with life particles of restless, floating matter, now immobile in fixed form? No; we will leave that with other unsolvable problems. But life is no longer a problem. It has been solved. Life is simply motion. Heat, light, electricity, life, are merely different stages of motion.

"Then if life be motion, can we not bid it go, or be still? Reason answers, 'Yes.'

"Take a watch, with its complex, speaking action; take a steam-power machine, exceeding a giant in strength, excelling an artist in execution—they do your bidding. Arrest their motion without injuring the mechanism. They are lifeless, but not dead; they are ready at the given impulse to rush into new life. Why cannot the same be done with the human mechanism? Is it possible to arrest its motion, that is, life, without causing death? I answer, Yes. Death is disintegration. Now if none of the organs, none of the springs be injured, surely the gentle arrest of motion will not cause the mechanism to fall to pieces. Certainly not. My friends, there can be absence of life without death. Numberless instances of trance attest this truth—and what is more, the Egyptian and Hindoo have held, the Hindoo still holds, this mighty power over life.

"From childhood these thoughts have haunted me. Was this power lost to us? Could not the Occidental attain to the wisdom of the Oriental? I resolved the power should be mine. Its attainment became the one aim of my life. Chemistry is the science of power. I devoted myself to it. Then fortune favored me with the friendship of a learned Brahmin. To him I communicated my hopes. From him I learned strange secrets. I experimented; I found I could suspend life. Years of study and labor gave me the power to restore motion, or life.

"My friends, these creatures are not dead. You shall see them move, eat; you shall hear them hiss and growl; life shall come and go at your bidding."

Barzeitson here went through the horrible jugglery that had so mystified me ; but he refrained from experimenting upon us.

When the excitement produced by the extraordinary experiment had somewhat subsided, Barzeitson continued :

"Gentlemen, you can believe, for your eyes have beheld the proof of my assertions. You witness not the vagaries of an idle enthusiast, but the tried experiments of an earnest worker. But we are only on the threshold of my discovery. The tomb shall be made to speak—dead centuries shall be resuscitated—hieroglyphian darkness dispersed.

"Our friend Douceâme has often said that my sojourn in Egypt changed me. Gentlemen, it was in Egypt, among the tombs of that ancient race, that I fully realized the magnitude of my discovery. The ancient Egyptians knew of this power over life and made use of it—whether as a punishment or to save from punishment remains to be told. One thing is certain—they did suspend life.

"The Brahmin I mentioned gave me the

clew to a glorious secret, which I guarded sacredly. In Egypt I lived among the dead ; mummies became my study day and night.

"You know that in embalming the internal organs were removed ; but I found a few who still had all the organs of life. Was their life destroyed, or merely suspended? How I trembled in asking the question ; how eagerly I applied the test given me by the Oriental ! And my heart grew faint as disappointment succeeded disappointment. But I never gave up. I searched—and found. Yes, mine is the triumph—mine ! But my friends, you shall see—you shall know."

Barzeitson had become very much excited ; he ran about the room, testing tubes, arranging apparatus ; then he walked to the curtained recess—he was going to draw back the curtain. I sprang forward. The supreme moment had arrived.

"Gentlemen,"—his eyes shone like balls of fire,—*"this is"*—he drew back the curtain.

Nothing but empty space and an empty couch.

Rebecca Rogers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMERCIAL UNION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

IN a work published by the present writer at Toronto, 1872,¹ in Chapter X, page 357, will be found the following observations :

¹ Confederation ; or, The Political and Parliamentary History of Canada, from the Conference at Quebec in October, 1864, to the Admission of British Columbia in 1871. In two volumes : by the Honorable John Hamilton Gray, M. P., D. C. L. [It may add weight to Judge Gray's paper with American readers, to add to the authorship of the above book the statement that he was umpire between Great Britain and the United States, under the Treaty of Washington, in 1857-58, Her Majesty's commissioner on the Tenant Question in Prince Edward's Island in 1860-61, Dominion Arbitrator between Ontario and Quebec under the British North America Act, 1867, Attorney General and Speaker of the House of Assembly in New Brunswick, delegate to the Charlottetown and Quebec Conventions in 1864, and member for the City and County of Saint John, New Brunswick, from 1850 to 1872. At present he is one of the Supreme Judges of British Columbia.—*Ed.*]

"The proposition which has been sometimes mooted of a Zollverein with the United States, is simply a commercial amalgamation with that country to the exclusion of all others, except on such terms as her policy might dictate. It would not only render impossible our present connection with England ; but it may be seriously doubted whether, even if it could be obtained consistently with that connection, it is desirable. It would be impolitic in Canada, under any circumstances, even if separated from England, to tie her hands to one country, however good the market that country may offer. The more varied the channels of trade, the more diverse the nations with which she may have to deal, the more varied will be the development of her own powers, and the greater the stimulus to bring into existence latent, but unused, sources of wealth. Some nations want what others do not want, and the effort to supply the varied demand tells upon the productive enterprise of the country. Desirable, therefore, as may be the market of the United States, the price paid for obtaining it

by such means would be too high. The British and colonial markets, including the East India possessions, embracing a population of nearly two hundred millions: Brazil, with a coast line of three thousand miles, and a population over ten millions, willing to trade with us, to say nothing of other foreign nations who may hereafter be willing to do so on liberal reciprocal arrangements, would all be thus rendered subsidiary to the attainment of trade with the thirty-eight or forty millions of the United States, a trade less varied from similarity of production; bringing into competition rather than exchange the articles of the two countries; and from geographical position entirely neutralizing one of the great elements of advantage, her marine, which Canada now possesses.

"Not only would such a Zollverein render impossible all independent action abroad; not only would it make Canadian progress dependent entirely upon the fluctuations of business or politics in the United States; but it would in a very short time merge Canada into the United States politically as well as commercially.

"The Zollverein of the German states terminated in their political absorption into Prussia, and history under similar circumstances on the American continent would but repeat itself. Canada, with her unbounded, but yet undeveloped resources, with her comparatively light taxation, with her freedom from the necessity of maintaining burdensome and expensive armaments or diplomatic relations, has a magnificent future before her, if, following the example of the parent state, she will look to the whole world as her customers, and not restrict herself by an injudicious alliance to any one country. The question requires the consideration of the ablest mercantile minds."

The question thus briefly referred to fifteen years ago, has now become the living question of the day, as between the United States and Canada.

It is proposed to deal with it impartially from different standpoints:

1. What does the term "Commercial Union with the United States" mean, when applied to Canada? How far does the proposition extend?

2. What effect would such a Union have upon the financial, commercial, and manufacturing interests of Canada?

3. What effect upon the agricultural interests, the fisheries, the provincial subsidies, federal and provincial taxation, and inferentially upon the relative positions of the Dominion and provincial governments towards each other?

4. In a business point, and for the true interests of Canada without regard to any political party, what course is it best for Canada to adopt?

5. Let it be distinctly understood that the question is, what is best for Canada, not for the United States, or for both together, or for the outside world of nations, but what is best for Canada?

The discussion should be approached and carried on without prejudice and without passion. All men have their natural feelings, in favor of one side or the other, on most questions; sometimes hastily formed and preconceived ideas lead to injudicious expressions, and a consequent resistance to reasonable consideration of the different phases a question may assume; but after all, the right conclusion is hit at last. Men of the present day look back with astonishment at how little harm—nay, at the great good—which has been done by changes which partisan prophets of the times declared were to revolutionize the world and upset society. Now, whatever our prejudices may be, let us try to subdue them, and above all things, not assume that those who differ with us are less patriotic or less sincere than we ourselves profess to be. Both say they want to do what is best for Canada. The cool heads outside of the combatants (that is, public opinion) will decide which is right, which is wrong.

The broad question of Commercial Union with the United States is not one of Government or Opposition. It is not one of party politics. It may be discussed, but not disposed of, by talkers. It is to be passed upon by the mercantile and business people of the Dominion, by those who make the trade and commerce of the country; not by the producer alone who wants to sell, but by the buyer who wants to use, by the trader who wants to make profit from the deal, and by the purchaser who wants to measure his expenditures by his means; passed upon, not by speculators or boomers, but by the honest, industrious workers of the country; not by the rich, to whom toil is a matter of indifference, nor by the poor, whose sphere of thought is limited to daily want; not by the ambitious,

whose object is power and place, nor by the demagogue, whose object is to profit by disturbance. It is to be passed upon by the calm sense of the people—the silent thinkers, the keen observers, the well read statesmen, who, from knowledge of the past history of mankind, forecast the effects of measures upon the masses of the people, and point out in few and simple terms the resulting good or evil.

Again, in Canada, it is not a mere question of locality. It is not what may be exceedingly beneficial to one part, but what is beneficial to the whole, *as a whole*, though to a section not so advantageous. The agricultural interests of Ontario, the exhaustless grain producing powers of Manitoba and the Northwest, the lumber and shipping interests of New Brunswick and Quebec, the fishing and trading interests of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island with the New England States, the coal and mining and fishery interests of British Columbia and Cape Breton, and the local manufactures in each and all, put forth their separate claims for separate consideration. Can prominence be given to one exclusively, to the sacrifice of the rest? Certainly not. Are the agriculturists, or the manufacturers, to rule? Are all other pursuits to be ignored, that coal, or lumber, or fish may control the market? Certainly not. Then it is our duty to consider the question carefully, and balance what is best for the whole.

Again, this question is not for a day, but for years. Treaties and unions between nations, each covering half a continent, with populations varying from five millions to sixty millions, with every varied production that the tropic, the temperate, or the frigid zones can give, with all the attainments that the highest science or knowledge can command, with strong national sentiments, and on both sides an ambitious and proud people, are not mere cobweb matters. Such treaties and such unions are meant for years. Trade once diverted, manufactures destroyed, power gone, are not easily brought back or restored. These are grave considerations.

The first question is, What does Commercial Union with the United States mean for

Canada? What is its significance? A matter of business, not of sentiment. What does the proposition mean? How far does it extend? "Commercial Union with the United States"—the term is most comprehensive. It is in no way restricted. Judging from the views of the advocates of this measure, as explained in their various addresses to the public and in the press, it means, in all articles of trade and commerce, the most unrestricted intercourse with the United States, the abolition of all tariff and customs dues on articles coming from the States into Canada—whether manufactured or of raw material, whether pertaining to the growth and manufactures of the United States, or imported from foreign countries, even to the extent, if Sir Richard Cartwright, one of the leading members of the Canadian Parliament, is correctly reported, of passing by the Canadian Parliament discriminating duties against similar English goods and manufactures imported from England direct into Canada. All productions of every and any foreign nation once imported into the United States, and not in bond for transit, are to come into Canada free of duty: that is, having paid duty to the United States for the support and maintenance of the government of the United States, and the protection and encouragement of United States manufactures, whenever or wherever that government thinks proper for the benefit of the United States to protect or encourage manufactures, they are to come into Canada free. There is no exception. Books, silks, satins, clothing, furniture, animals, carriages, wines, liquors, machinery, everything. In fact, for purposes of trade and commerce, Canada practically, from Halifax to Cape Flattery, would become like Kansas or Montana, an *entrepot* for American goods or foreign goods entered at American ports. It is difficult to believe the promoters of the measure (if Canadians) ever contemplated the construction of the term in so broad a sense, yet it is more difficult to find any other construction to put upon the term. Reciprocity of trade in specific articles, or absolute freedom from duties on some, is entirely a different matter; but Commercial Un-

ion, as a term, simply means a complete union, and a common entity. On the other side, therefore, Canadian goods and foreign importations into Canada would in their turn go into the United States free of duty.

This is not only the full meaning of the term, deducible from its grammatical construction and the words used, but, it will be shown hereafter, it is the meaning ascribed to it by its supporters and advocates in the United States. A modified reciprocity in particular articles, the growth and produce of the two several countries, will not fill the expression "Commercial Union,"—besides which, if accepted, it would not attain the end proposed,—viz: the saving the expense to each country of the maintenance of custom houses and officers along a frontier of three thousand miles, and the removal of all obstacles to unrestricted intercourse, because those establishments and obstacles would still have to be kept up with reference to goods not the growth or produce of either of the two countries.

Then with a clear understanding of what the term "Commercial Union with the United States" means, let us inquire what effect it would have upon the financial, commercial, and manufacturing interests of Canada.

We must bear in mind that the case is to be considered as bearing upon two distinct nationalities, upon two distinct governments, with separate responsibilities for the past, with separate duties for the future. It is not a question whether the amalgamation of the two would or would not be better for both. That is a distinct proposition, disavowed by both the opponents and supporters of "Commercial Union." That looms like the spectre shadow on the Jungfrau, seen by all, but which no one is bold enough to beckon forward. The question is, Canada and the United States being separate nationalities, and each intending to continue separate, what effect will such Commercial Union have upon Canada?

Again, it is not to be examined in the light of whether past or present tariffs have been or are injudicious, or bear hard on this place or that, or on this or that trade. Can-

ada enjoys constitutional government by the people, the majority rules, they pass their own measures, and in internal affairs what they don't like they can change.

Napoleon said, "*Il faut laver le linge sale chez vous.*" Settle your little family differences at home. It is not necessary to disavow your country, and run into the United States, for every little trouble you have. If the tariff is not for the best interests of the country, let the majority constitutionally change it.

Then as to the effect such a Union would have on the financial state of the country, we must look at the payments to be made, and the sources from which the means of payment are to be derived. The annual payments to be made by Canada, in discharge of past debts incurred in the public service, carrying on the ordinary expenses of government, subsidies to the provinces, extraordinary expenses and charges on the consolidated fund, amount on an average to about thirty-six million dollars a year. The means of payment are derived from various sources, but largely from customs and inland revenue. Of the customs duties, amounting for the fiscal year terminating June, 1886, to \$19,427,397, \$6,769,354 were from duties on importations from the United States, leaving in round numbers \$12,600,000 on importations from other countries. (Blue Book "Trade and Navigation," page 567.) By Commercial Union with the United States, this \$6,769,354 will be at once swept away. How is it proposed to make up this deficiency? Of the \$12,600,000 something more is to be said hereafter. It is useless to say those debts ought not to have been incurred—the expenditures were extravagant, unwarranted, etc. They were incurred by the government *de facto*, under laws authorized by the parliament of the people. They must be paid! The national credit must be maintained. How do you propose to make up the deficiency? That answer must be given before consent can be given to a measure, which without such answer would amount to practical repudiation. Then, when the mode of supplying the deficiency is pointed out, that

mode itself must be discussed, to determine whether it be more beneficial to Canada than the existing mode of avoiding the deficiency. These are not questions of sentiment, they are questions of business. A nation cannot any more than an individual command respect or retain influence, when it is unable to pay its obligations. That is the first question to be asked; no answer has as yet been shadowed forth. It is useless to talk of direct taxation. Canada has not been educated to stand it, and years will pass before it will be.

Then, apart from this particular deficiency, what would be its effect on the commercial interests of Canada?

We must here look at the nations with which Canada may deal. Apart from the direct fish trade with Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Catholic nations of Europe, and to some extent with Brazil, and the South American republics originally founded by Spain, most of the articles of commerce produced in other parts of the world will find their way into the United States more readily than into Canada, for two reasons: first, on account of the greater extent of Atlantic sea-coast, the greater number of accessible seaports and harbors, and the more open waters throughout the year; and secondly, on account of the greater extent of the market. The shipper would naturally say, If from any cause I find a failing market in the United States, I still have Canada quite as much as if I went direct; therefore I will take the two chances. The same also might be said by the shipper from Brazil and the South American republics, Why go north mid snow and ice, when access to Canada can be obtained by direct routes from summer ports without additional duties?

As against this it might be said that the cost of transportation through the United States to Canada would so add to the cost of the article as to neutralize the gain; but equally would that argument operate as against the advantage to be derived by Canadian goods from the enlarged market of the United States.

Thus assuming Commercial Union to be established, Canada would not only lose

the carrying trade for the articles of her home consumption, but would lose the advantage of return cargoes, and the export of her home productions. It might not be in a day, it might not be in a year, but in the end it would be commercial annihilation for all but internal intercourse with the United States. But, it may be said, we can make our duties so much less than those in the United States that we shall bring the importations for the United States through Canada, and by virtue of our Commercial Union pass them into the United States. Does any man of common sense suppose for one moment that sixty millions of people in the United States, with their practical business habits, would leave such a back door open in Canada, to undermine their business and lessen the revenue of their country? The very first requirement of Commercial Union on their part would be that your duties shall not be less than theirs; in fact, you would have to get the assent of the Congress of the United States before you could raise a revenue by duties on foreign, or even English goods. However much it might be Canada's interest to open a trade with Australia, India, or Brazil, before determining the duty by which you could make such trade profitable, you would have to consult the United States, because the article once imported into Canada could by virtue of the Commercial Union go free into the United States. Can any one suppose the United States will permit Canada to humbug them in that way? You must have the same duties on importations, or no Commercial Union.

Then as to the effect. The trade and navigation returns, before referred to, show there are forty-four other countries besides the United States trading with Canada, and seven of these alone contribute \$11,631,201 in duties to the Canadian revenue, viz:

Great Britain.....	\$7,817,357
France.....	735,666
Germany.....	588,168
Holland.....	602,570
British West Indies.....	530,184
Spanish West Indies.....	853,524
Brazil.....	503,732

\$11,631,201

or \$4,861,847 more than the duties paid by the United States. Yet have Commercial Union with the United States, and with not one of these countries could Canada trade, except on terms dictated by the United States. What terms would those be? Unquestionably, such as would suit the sixty millions instead of the five millions of people—such as would suit the United States, not Canada.

What interests would dictate those terms? Unquestionably, the interests of those who control and influence the policy of the United States. Take, for instance, the Canadian Pacific Railway alone, the construction of which has created a great river of commerce from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and will in a few years generate towns and populous centers of industry throughout the Dominion, giving to the foreign trade of the country, as well as to its internal development, an impetus hitherto unknown. Would not the controlling influences of the transcontinental lines of the United States have entirely prevented its construction, and prevented the Dominion government giving it pecuniary and material aid, if the financial policy of the Dominion government could have been controlled by the United States? It is useless to say that those who direct the fiscal and commercial policy of a free country, its means of raising a revenue, and its application when raised, will not control its internal government. Those who impose the burdens control the expenditure; and if an absolute Commercial Union had, during the past ten years, existed between Canada and the United States, Canada would not have had the money or power to aid the construction of that road; for, not having the power to control the fiscal policy, and to say what amount of duties should be imposed to meet the wants of the country, the government could not have undertaken to advance what was necessary to its development. No finance minister could venture to say the deepening and widening of such a canal, the building of such a dock, the opening of communication between the interior and the sea-coast, would be essentially beneficial to the whole country, and therefore should be con-

structed or aided by public money; and that the government had determined to devote the necessary public funds to that end, because, inasmuch as the imposition of duties would be regulated by the United States and not by the necessities of Canada, he could not say what money he would have. Could he undertake to say, as in 1886, that he would raise in round numbers \$20,000,000 from customs? No, for \$7,000,000 from the United States trade would be at once cut off, and with reference to the other \$13,000,000 from other nations, he must first see what the United States would like.

It would simply be, so far as Canada was concerned, a paralysis of power. Of the forty-four nations with which Canada now trades, which would think it worth while to look to Canada for business? Helpless and powerless, she would have to refer them to the tariff of the United States. Without a voice in the councils of the United States, without a vote in her assemblies, without a feather's weight of influence in the scale, she would have to accept the orders of the United States as to the nations of the earth with which she might trade. What! Canada not trade with England, except by the permission of the United States? What! Canada not trade with France, except by the permission of the United States? Well might it be said:

“The despot's heel is on thy shore.”

“O for one hour of old Sir George Cartier!”

As to its effect upon the manufacturing interests of Canada, it is urged that Commercial Union with the United States will be beneficial to the manufacturers of Canada, because they will have the advantage of an unrestricted market with sixty millions of people, instead of being limited, as now, to five millions.

Simple as this proposition seems, the soundness of its application is dependent entirely upon circumstances.

Nations on equal terms as to population and general advantages, but with dissimilar climates and natural productions, with varied wants, the one, from natural causes, having what the other has not, may well contend for

an unrestricted exchange ; but it is doubtful, even if, in such cases, they could have an absolute Commercial Union in all things, as against all the rest of the world, where their governments are independent of each other, and their relations with foreign powers different. But where the countries are contiguous, similar in their natural characteristics, where the wants, callings, and habits of the people are much the same, where the productions are exactly similar, and climate alike, but where at the same time they live under different political institutions, entirely separate and distinct governments, have separate and distinct burdens to bear, and are controlled by different circumstances, one with a national character and status made, the other with a national character and status to make ; it may be gravely questioned, whether it is for the advantage of the younger and weaker one, *if it desires to remain a distinct nationality*, to merge itself practically into the larger and greater by a Commercial Union which ties it hand and foot to a power controlling its destinies in the proportion of twelve to one.

Canada has assumed burdens, deemed necessary by her people, for the improvement of their country, and has drawn largely upon her future resources for that purpose. The debt of Canada in June, 1886, in round numbers, amounted to \$273,165,000. On the 30th of December, 1884, the debt of the United States was \$1,413,920,951, and has since that time been materially reduced. Thus, with the relative populations of 60,000,000 and 5,000,000, we find that in the competition, assuming the Canadian manufacturer could go into the United States market, and the United States manufacturer come into the Canadian, at the start the Canadian manufacturer would be handicapped by at least fifty per cent ; the American manufacturer, for his share of the public debt, bearing \$23.56, while the Canadian would bear \$54.63.

To be at all on equal terms as to future position, the Canadian manufacturer should be relieved of the difference. Let all start fair.

Always assuming that the two countries are to remain distinct nationalities, it has not

been proposed that the United States should assume this two hundred and seventy-three millions, or any part of it, in consideration of Canada agreeing to Commercial Union. Then the question remains, thus handicapped, is the larger market worth so much more as to induce our manufacturers to throw away what they have for it ?

How stands this market ? The territorial characteristics of the United States are similar in a great degree to the territorial characteristics of Canada ; similar water powers, agricultural productions, hills and valleys, internal navigation and natural advantages ; the habits and wants of the people the same, the pursuits, callings and industries similar, mode of thought and language the same ; yet owing to different political institutions, with different necessities, different national sentiments, and different future contingences to consider.

Then, what will be the character of the products of skilled labor ? Exactly the same, the manufactures of one country are almost identical with the manufactures of the other. Admitting them freely into each other's country simply inaugurates a competition, not an exchange of what the one country has and the other has not, and this competition simply benefits the strongest ; for having the larger home market at his door, an equal command of skilled labor, and the same command of raw material, he is enabled to produce more than his weaker competitor ; and thus, after having obtained by his own sales in his own large market sufficient to compensate the cost of production, he may deluge the smaller market of his weaker competitor with the surplus, in fact, bury him under the privilege he has conceded of a chance in the larger market. Where you can get sugar for timber, or cotton for stone, the exchange is beneficial to both countries in proportion as those articles are wanted in the one or the other ; but what is the advantage to the weaker producer of taking chairs or tables or other manufactures into a country, when they already have exactly the same, and just as good, in the proportion of twelve to one ? In such case, the weaker must go to the wall, and in a short time give up the business altogether,

leaving to his competitor undisputed command, not only of his own large market, but also the possession of the smaller market, which the unsuccessful struggler before had to himself.

The St. Lawrence is admittedly one of the large rivers of the world; as to its volume of water one of the largest. Pour the waters of the St. Lawrence into the Atlantic Ocean, it would add but little to its depth, perceptibly not at all; but pour the waters of the Atlantic into the St. Lawrence, and the latter would disappear from its outlet to its source. As a river it would cease to exist, it would simply become a part of the ocean. Such is the relative position at present of Canada and the United States, such would be the future of the United States and Canada, and Canadian manufactures, under Commercial Union.

Suppose, however, all this reasoning to be mythical. Suppose that, notwithstanding all these inequalities of burden, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of the greater competition, the greater market is still desirable to be had, the question may fairly be put: Is the necessity upon us at this moment such as to require our making the sacrifice, admittedly necessary to obtain that larger market?

How is our trade at this moment with the United States? By the annual returns, ending June 30, 1886, the total value of the imports into Canada from the United States was \$44,858,039. The total value of exports from Canada to the United States for the same period was \$33,747,471, or a balance of trade (as it is called) against Canada of \$11,110,568. By the returns ending June, 1887, the value of imports from the United States to Canada was \$34,958,110, while the value of exports from Canada to the United States was \$39,523,685, or a balance in favor of Canada of \$4,565,575,—the total volume of trade in 1886 being \$78,605,580; in 1887, \$74,480,765—a clear *change* in favor of Canada of \$4,000,000. Now, these returns indicate one of two things, either a fluctuating state of business, alternating each year, dependent upon accidental circumstances, from which no definite rule can be drawn, or a quiet increase

in the power of Canada to compete with the United States, which ought to remove all fears for the future, and above all prevent Canada from putting shackles on her limbs, destructive of all freedom of action with other countries for the time to come.

But another matter of grave consideration arises. The effect upon the financial business of the country by the jeopardy of capital invested in manufactures. It is not to be contended for one moment, that if a change in the policy of the country be clear and indisputably to the advantage of the whole, it should not be adopted, because it might operate disadvantageously to a particular industry of the country. The manufacturers, like all other business people, go into their business for the purpose of benefiting themselves, not from any love of country. They would not embark their capital in mills or machinery, unless they thought it would pay; but having invested under the laws of the country, they have a right to ask to be considered. The capital at present invested in manufactures is estimated at \$200,000,000, and those investors may well say: Before you make a change which experience teaches us will be destructive to our business and capital, let it be proved conclusively that such change will be beneficial to the whole country. To such an end, mere theories are not sufficient. There is but one nation in the world, the strongest and the richest, that has ventured upon the bold proposition of unrestricted intercourse in everything, and with everybody. Not another nation has adopted it. The European nations have profited by the course Great Britain pursued, but of all the nations of the earth, the United States has most emphatically pronounced against it, and built its present power and place among the nations by a course directly contrary to that of Great Britain. The indications of a departure from the national policy of the United States, by the faint shadowings of the President's message, delivered on December 4, last, are not sufficiently pronounced to justify any conclusion of a change. It is more than probable the United States will stand by the policy which has made them the great and

influential people they are, and leave theories and experiments to other nations.

Canada is a newer nation than the United States, has a country as extensive to develop, has a future as bright, and not the slightest pressing necessity at this moment to jeopardize her individuality, or power of self-action, for an uncertainty, or even a certainty, unless the benefit be first clearly shown to be worth more than the sacrifice.

It must be borne in mind throughout that the question is not whether the two countries ought or ought not to be amalgamated, but whether, choosing to be separate, and to continue separate, the axiom that Canada would have a market of sixty millions, instead of being limited to five millions, for her manufactures, applies.

It is singular how much sound has to do with the formation of public opinion. At a political meeting held somewhere in British Columbia, not long since, the question of "Commercial Union" with the United States came up for discussion. A gentleman addressed the meeting, assumed to be well informed, and unquestionably unobjectionable in position and character. He had been in British Columbia only one or two years—so far as known, never in any other part of Canada. He had very little knowledge of her past history, and none of her public men; was entirely unconscious of the struggles Canada had gone through to accomplish the practical union of the provinces, or of the difficulties she had encountered in raising the necessary funds to construct the great public works to cement that union, and lay the foundation of internal development and future commercial business abroad. He was, however, ambitious of Parliamentary distinction, and desirous to secure a seat as a representative of the people, in either the Provincial or Federal Parliament; and having cursorily read the blue book to that end, boldly urged: "Build, if you please, a wall round all North America, but throw down the wall between the United States and Canada."

Above the views of a practical statesman, he assigned no reasons—astute judge of the

character of his audience, it was not necessary to convince by argument—utilitarian by assumption, it would have been superfluous to have pointed out to his hearers the benefit Canada would derive from the contemplated construction of the imaginary wall all round, or the destruction of the imaginary wall between. Those were unimportant considerations. The sentence sounded well, and took. To common sense or business men, to thinking men who have something at stake, to those who constitute the stable element of public opinion, it would seem desirable that the speakers and instructors of the people who advocate this great change in the public economy of Canada should show, by facts and figures, and by argument, why the change should be adopted, how it would provide for improvement in the future, and how, in the intermediate stages, until the improvement comes, we are to bear the annual charges of the debt now upon our shoulders.

On the occasion referred to, that was not thought of; sound has a great deal to do with forming public opinion.

During the present century, it may safely be affirmed that that effective burst of oratory has but one parallel, and it comes from that land of sorrows where the brightest gems of wit, oratory, and song once had their unchallenged home. In the time of the far forties, when the first potato famine was spreading desolation throughout Ireland, and the angel of death swept through the land from Connaught to Kildare, when pyramids of human bones attested the utter destitution and misery of the people, when the United States and British America were sending ship-loads of provisions and clothing—not for barter or sale, but for humanity to clothe and feed the starving poor, there came back from India a young gentleman who had been serving there a few years in one of the regiments of the line, an excellent young gentleman, a moral young gentleman, whose family estates and influence could easily secure for him the object of his ambition, a seat in the House of Commons. He at once grasped the situation; it inspired him. "The famine? Ah! yes, my countrymen can't get potatoes. Dreadful! Let them

try curry and rice." The kind young sybarite, whose palate was racy with the viands of India, meant well, but he had very little common sense. "Throw down the wall between Canada and the United States." "Curry and rice."

What effect would such Commercial Union have upon our agricultural interests, fisheries, provincial subsidies, and taxation, and inferentially therefrom upon the relative bearing of the federal to the provincial governments?

It may at once be fairly admitted that a judicious reciprocity between the United States and Canada of the natural products of the field, the forest, and the fisheries, might be established with advantage to both, but beneficial though that might be, the question still remains (even if the United States were willing to concede it) whether it would not be paid for at too high a price by the concession now demanded, under the name of Commercial Union, of all our trade relations with every other part of the world; and secondly, it may be gravely questioned whether under the altered circumstances of Canada at the present day, by means of her transportation facilities and the increasing development of the interior of the country, with seaports nearest to Europe on one side and nearest to China and Japan on the other, it is worth while to make any concession at all to obtain even that reciprocity. It is a matter open to fair argument, but it must be regarded from the standpoint of the whole Dominion, not from that of any particular province.

It is useless for British Columbia to say: We want this or that thing, and our distance from the Canadian source of production is so great that we buy at a disadvantage, because we could get it so much cheaper from San Francisco or Oregon. The *per contra* of that argument is: You are paid for that disadvantage by the benefits you derive from the expenditures in your province of moneys raised by the taxation of the other provinces, which expenditures are not only giving you the opportunities of foreign business and trade, your dry dock and your railroads, for instance, but also opening the internal market of the continent, three thousand miles across, for your

fruits, your fisheries, your cattle, and other industries. Of your own means, half a century would have elapsed, before you could otherwise have obtained either the one or the other.

It will not do for New Brunswick or Nova Scotia to look at the question from the limited view of a section, and complain that they are not as prosperous as they expected to be under confederation, and therefore are prepared for the proposed change. In both those provinces there are circumstances which account for local dissatisfaction. For instance, from its early settlement until about fifteen or twenty years ago New Brunswick had practically but one great inlet and outlet for trade. Saint John was the distributing point, from which radiated all the business of the country. Into its harbor came the importations from Europe, the United States, the West Indies, South America, Asia, and Africa. From its harbor went forth the large ships laden with timber and deals, carrying their cargoes to pay in return. With the exception of the ships built at Miramichi and one or two other northern ports in New Brunswick, and the materials imported from England for their construction, it may be said that, approximately, all that came in and all that went out passed through Saint John. Now there are dozens of other places all along the upper Saint John, Woodstock and elsewhere, where by means of the railways and improved communications goods are imported and exported. With reference to the North Shore, the inter-colonial railway constitutes a great river of commerce, by which materials for the construction of ships, and other commodities, can, in addition to the existing ocean and water communications, be brought down from Quebec as conveniently and as cheaply as they can be carried from Saint John. Other large towns like Moncton have grown up, all competitors for business. Saint John was at one time to New Brunswick what towards the close of the last century Paris was to France. It ruled the country. Now that rule is shared by other parts. The loss of consequence always creates dissatisfaction, though we know that it is the rule of life for others to become

as great as ourselves. We must not, therefore, permit the question to be judged from a sectional point of view. The question in this respect in that province would be: Has or has not New Brunswick benefited, though Saint John itself may not now hold the preponderating influence it once held?

The same may to some degree be said of Nova Scotia. Halifax and Yarmouth once held there a preponderating power and influence as to trade and commerce; now other competitors have arisen. The same causes as in New Brunswick have produced similar results, and to some degree, dissatisfaction may arise in parts, and there may be some in Nova Scotia who would desire the proposed change.

An examination of the provincial incomes and expenditures of the two provinces, derived from local and Dominion sources severally, with the assessed value of property in each at the time of confederation in 1867 and at the present day, would show a marked increase of the whole in material prosperity, though in sectional parts of those provinces the progress might not have been so great as was expected. Thus, even with the provinces themselves, we must look at the whole and not at parts only. Still more so ought we to enforce that rule in applying the question to the whole Dominion.

Taking the question in a national and not a provincial or sectional point of view, we find Canada has unexpectedly become, to the astonishment of mankind, the most abundant grain producing country in the world, with area in extent unlimited, and soil in fertility unsurpassed; above all things, rich in that which constitutes the most valued source of wealth, the element of food, but, at the same time, rich with herds of cattle, sheep, horses, and exceptionally nutritious pasturage, the animals improving day by day with culture, and strong from the vigorous climate. All these things are in demand in England and the crowded countries of Europe. The export of flour in the early days, from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore made those cities severally the great emporiums of trade that they ultimately became, and in return, secured for the United States the com-

merce and population which to this day sustain them. Yet at this very day, when the same means are ours and the same courses open to us, it is proposed that we shall tie our hands and place ourselves, our fortunes, our property, our interests, our power of self-action, in the hands of those who want to keep up Boston and New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, instead of the cities of Canada.

Looking at it even in the most mercenary light, the acquisition of money, how can it succeed? The United States and Canada have exactly the same productions. You do not want theirs, for you have your own and an excess to export. They do not want yours, for they have enough of their own and sufficient to export. For home consumption it would reduce the value in both, but in case of export, it would be beneficial to have the transportation expenditures in transit, and the disbursements at the port of embarkation. This must necessarily go to the United States, because, apart from their more open ports at all seasons, the country which has the power to impose the duty on the return foreign trade can so legislate as to secure it. Under Commercial Union, as above depicted, Canada cannot legislate at all. Now for the three articles, flour, cattle, and horses, England holds out to Canada an excellent market. It is easy to see that there is arising in England a strong inclination to agree both with Canada and Australia for an exchange of mutual productions on terms more favorable than now exist, and to some extent to discriminate in favor of those countries. If you adopt this Commercial Union with the United States, how can you make any arrangement to that effect? The United States will not admit English goods to the detriment of their own. Canada does not produce in quantity many of the things England does, but which Canada wants, and for which she could pay with her flour, cattle, and horses; but under Commercial Union the United States would simply impose such duties on the importation as would give her the advantage. You have no choice. Your flour, cattle, and horses must be sacrificed or re-

main unsold, your trade dwindle away, and your people suffer.

The difference between competition and exchange must here be plainly seen. In the former, under Commercial Union with the United States, it would simply be swapping flour, cattle and horses, with the odds against Canada: in the latter, exchanging flour, cattle, and horses with England for her productions, with the odds in favor of Canada. It would be impossible to lay down in the treaty a cast iron rule, imposing a maximum and minimum for all time. Trade constantly varies; new necessities arise. The position of the United States with reference to some foreign nation might demand exceptional legislation, which the position of Canada might not only not require, but which might be positively injurious to her. What then could Canada do? Her trade would be regulated by the tariff of the United States, and in that particular instance, by way of illustration, she would be dragged into complication with another country, directly against her own interests. The reverse of the rule would not apply, there would be no mutuality; the United States would simply laugh at Canada if the latter expected to drag her into any complication.

It is yet too soon to say what the agricultural future of Canada may be, but one thing is certain, and that is, that Canada should seek out the countries that want what she produces. The greater the demand shall prove, the greater will be the stimulus to her productions. Apart from the admitted reputation of Manitoba and the northwest territories, British Columbia possesses agricultural resources not to be disregarded. It has been called "a sea of mountains." The formation which justifies the expression, makes the valleys exceptionally fertile. The delta of the Fraser alone affords room for an unlimited number of farmers. The deposits brought down by the spring and autumn floods are year by year extending and widening the delta at the mouth of the river, until, like the Nile and the Mississippi, its richness and capabilities cannot be outlined. At this very moment the new line of steamers to

China and Japan is inaugurating a trade with those countries in flour, grain, lumber, cattle, and other agricultural productions, in exchange for teas, silks, and articles of Chinese and Japanese manufacture, which in a few years will develop into large proportions. Why should Canada throw away all this future wealth for an uncertainty? What is to be got from the United States that can compensate for the sacrifice of this freedom of the future? It is an axiom which cannot be denied, that if there is to be an absolute Commercial Union, the United States must regulate the duties, and the duties must influence the trade, and it will be so influenced as to suit the interests of that party to the Union which has the greatest power and influence.

It is senseless to talk of the brotherhood of nations. Every nation must and will look to the benefit of its own people, and particularly so the strongest. Prussia eats up Holstein and Bavaria, under the affectionate pretext of a common Fatherland. Massachusetts and Maine would swallow Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, and declare it to be for the love of the Pilgrim Fathers. The first wants the soldiers, the last wants the fisheries. If Canada is to be a part of the United States, the argument is at an end; but all parties disavow that such is the object, or to be the consequence of this proposition of Commercial Union. Then the question comes back to business, cold business, dollars and cents, not for today or tomorrow, but for a century to come. Preserving the distinctive nationalities of the two countries, it is difficult to see how it is going to pay Canada.

The fisheries cannot be here discussed. They are under the consideration of the commission at Washington, where it is hoped that an arrangement alike honorable and satisfactory to both Canada and the United States will be arrived at.

The effect of such a union upon the subsidies paid by the Dominion to the provinces is a matter of internal finance, which, it will be contended, has nothing to do with the commercial question, and must be left to be provided for by a re-adjustment of the tariff, in accordance with the views of Parliament.

That may be so, but whether so or not, the consideration of its effect will have a marked bearing upon the adoption or rejection of the Union. The sums paid in subsidies to the provinces amount to about two-thirds of the whole duties received by the Dominion on importations from the United States, and in the Parliament of Canada no bill will pass which for one moment jeopardizes or leaves doubtful for an hour the payment of those subsidies. The subsidies are \$4,182,525.91, with, under the constitution, a certainty of increase. These subsidies were a matter of treaty at the time the provinces went into confederation, and cannot be dealt with as Parliament pleases. They must be paid, however the provision may be made, and the first thing that will have to be done is to show how the deficiency made by the repeal of duties on importations from the United States is to be made up. Such subsidies are unknown in the United States, as between the federal government and the several States. In Canada they are a vital element of confederation.

Any idea that the provinces would, under any so-called patriotic sense of duty, abandon these subsidies for the general good, is a delusion. Not a ministry in any one of the provinces except Ontario, would venture on a proposal to that effect. Not one except Ontario could afford it, and Ontario will certainly never give up her \$1,339,287.28 while the other provinces hold on to their proportions.

So far from giving them up, it is plain from the resolutions of the Quebec Conference, attended by delegates from five of the most influential provinces, in October last, that it is their united intention to use every effort to have them increased, instead of abandoned. As to a re-adjustment of the tariff, by which that \$4,182,525.91 can be put on articles from other countries, it will be found on examination that those articles are already so weighted down that they can hardly carry their own load, and ingenuity itself could not find in the world other articles numerous or productive enough to raise that amount in duties, or capable of conceivable subdivisions further than

now are made—from pith to package, from marrow to skin.

It follows as a necessary consequence from the foregoing observations, if sound, that the relative bearings of the Dominion and provincial governments and legislatures towards each other must be entirely changed. Under the constitution, the "British North America Act, 1867," whatever its imperfections, the intention was the creation of a mutual dependence and harmonious working between the separate provinces, as distinct local individualities, and the general government of the united whole, of which each formed constitutionally and practically a constituent part. Each province separately considered its own necessities, spoke by its own local legislature, consulted by its representatives in the general Parliament as to what would be best for the whole, what from the general funds each should receive under an adjustment consistent with the interest of the whole, what measures, what policy, what great works would best promote the prosperity of all unitedly, and poising the burden upon the whole country, advance its consolidated strength, and develop its latent resources. Thus from the local assemblies up to the united Parliament there was constitutionally an unbroken chain of dependence and support. From the lowest to the highest in the councils of the country each had to regard the other. If dissatisfaction arose, the majority ruled, from the highest to the lowest, and if sufficiently pronounced could change the entire administration of the public affairs. In what country on earth is there greater freedom of action in that respect than in Canada?

Under Commercial Union the order of the day would be, "Look to Washington," to the Congress at which place Canada would not have the power to send a single representative, where her voice could not be heard, where she would not have a single vote, where her interests would be unknown, or if known, would be treated with contempt, and very properly so, if those interests were antagonistic to the smallest portion of that extensive territory whose welfare it is the duty of that Congress to watch and promote.

What province would trouble itself about the government of the Dominion at Ottawa? What would it have to give? What would it have to do? What earthly thing could be expected from it, except a petty distribution of the few crumbs the United States government might throw to it? If it could not consider a policy, adjust a tariff, impose taxation, build a dock, construct a great road of communication opening all the provinces to each other, or do a single act for the general benefit, of what use would it be? Who would look to it? The parliament that cannot raise money may as well cease to exist. Thus, if Commercial Union were carried, it is plain the whole structure of the Canadian government and country, as a self-governing people, collapses. Canada would simply become an outlying dependency of the United States, not even one of its Territories,—not even an Alaska, which has at least a custom house officer, and an itinerant seal-seizer.

It is difficult in the face of a proposition to cut your own throat, to tie your own hands and feet, and deliver yourself bound and manacled to another to do with you as he pleases, to determine calmly on the sanity or insanity of the proposed measure. It is equally difficult to suppose that men of standing and intelligence, whom, each and all, we must credit with good motives, have not some reasons deserving of serious consideration, when they come forward with such a proposition.

II.

WE will now look at the other side.—The advocates of the measure published in New York their reasons for the proposition. It is a small collection of pamphlets, letters, newspaper paragraphs, and observations gathered by Mr. Erastus Wiman. It embraces names of weight and influence as writers—Mr. Wiman himself, Professor Goldwin Smith, Attorney General Langley, of Nova Scotia, Senator Sherman, members of Congress, and others who have given the subject attention, and recommend it. Surely here we shall find some reason why it would be beneficial to Canada to adopt Commer-

cial Union. Mr. Butterworth's draft of a proposed bill, the first of the collection, is simply for unrestricted reciprocity in articles, the growth, produce, and manufacture of these two countries—not for Commercial Union in its broad and comprehensive sense. The second is a letter from the Hon. Robert R. Hitt, member of Congress from Illinois. His argument is a fair one—in view of the quiet absorption of Canada into the United States. It is for the Commercial Union in its broad construction, points out the saving of expense by the abolition of the customs and consular services along the boundary, declares that tariff and internal revenue taxation must be the same in both countries, that within five years the present sales in Canada of American goods, now twenty million dollars annually, would be doubled, and the rapidly disappearing forests of the United States, which will be all gone in twenty-five years, would be reinforced by the vast woods of Canada. From an American standpoint this is excellent; but there are one or two points in it which it would be well for Canadians to note. He says:

"In a Commercial Union with a common tariff and the border free, probably a larger part of the imports of Canada than at present *would enter by way of New York and the New England ports—and the receipts of Canadian ports would of course correspondingly fall off.* This would have to be adjusted by passing over a fair proportion of the revenue to Canada."

Again :

"We can at any time withdraw from a Commercial Union if it works unfairly, and no power can be taken from Congress—or be even limited except by the action of Congress itself."

No one can find fault with Mr. Hitt. As an American, he speaks plainly; let Canadians speak plainly too.

Of Professor Goldwin Smith's article, which is the third, it is difficult to find the salient point. His position in general terms is this: Contiguity of country and identity of race intend you to be one. It is unnecessary to reason on the point.

No one can fairly object to the next two articles, from the *Philadelphia American*, and Attorney General Longley, of Nova Scotia;

but neither touch the practical point : they breathe good will, good feeling, which every one should endeavor to promote, but nowhere do they touch the financial question, or what must be the necessary consequences of Commercial Union with the United States upon the individuality of Canada, upon her position with reference to other countries, Great Britain, France, or the other nations of the world.

The next two articles, from Mr. Barker to the Hon. William M. Evarts, senator of the United States, and the resolution of the National Board of Trade, St. Louis session, 1871, for the first time point out a distinct advantage to Canada, one however which would not necessarily flow from Commercial Union, but must be the subject of distinct and special legislation, namely : the admission of Dominion-built ships and vessels to American registry, and the privileges of the coasting trade, — matters which generally come under the Merchant Seamen's Shipping Act ; that, however, is a matter of detail.

The next, the eighth, is Mr. Wiman's speech from the United States point of view before the New York Board of Trade. It is well worthy the most careful perusal ; more, it is worthy of the most careful consideration by every Canadian. Its salient points are given in full. He says :

Have you realized the magnitude of Canada ? Its area covers 3,500,000 square miles, while that of the United States covers only 3,036,000 square miles. Canada is equal in extent to nearly the whole continent of Europe. It will be said that this is largely made up of inhospitable and unproductive regions. But the modification of the climate, through the influence of large bodies of fresh water, is sufficient to remove from it the reproach of sterility ; till now its wheat-growing zone far exceeds that of the United States, and wheat was one of the most delicate of plants.

If between that great country, possessing many advantages which this country does not possess — if between these two great countries a complete commercial freedom should exist, is it not a question which should receive the most thorough and the most impartial consideration ? As a sign of the attention which the matter was receiving, the bill as introduced in Congress by the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, was referred to. That measure proposed a complete interchange between the United States and

Canada, of every product, whether natural or manufactured. It swept out of sight all custom houses, and if made effective would open up a new market among five millions of people for the United States. Without assuming any political entanglements, without undertaking any financial obligations, without adding a dollar to taxation, the operation of this proposal for free commercial relations would not only materially extend the consumption of the products of the United States, but would place within cheapened access numerous products of Canada which the people of the United States needed. They not only needed them, but they could nowhere else get them to such advantage.

Take for instance the fisheries of Canada, which are the largest, the richest, and the most accessible in the world. Twenty-five hundred miles of sea coast in the Atlantic alone, a distance almost equal to that from Cape Cod on the Atlantic to the remotest point on the Pacific — three thousand miles in the Pacific and inland seas — in all over five thousand five hundred miles of coast in a northern latitude, where the fish is at its finest, is as much a national possession of Canada as are the prairies of Illinois or the forests of Maine. Fish food from the Polar regions, brought to these coasts by Arctic currents, affords a sustenance for countless millions of fish, destined in turn for the sustenance of human life. It is no wonder that Canada holds firmly to her vast fishing interests. The advantage which she derives from the bait which lines her shores, indented by numerous bays, is a geographical one. When you recall the fact that twenty-five per cent of the cost of the ordinary fishing voyage is found in the bait, you will see how important an element it is. If this bait can be secured by dipping it, as it were, from the Canadian shores of the sea into carts and small boats, its possession is like the possession of seed corn or wheat in an agricultural community. To sell one's seed corn would be folly. To permit its sale to a competitor, without compensation or consideration, is to give up the advantages of geographical location and proprietary rights as distinctive as any other national right. This is not, however, the proper place to discuss this question. It is simply alluded to because it shows the advantages which would come to the United States if the entire fishing facilities of the vast coast line could be thrown open to her enterprise and industry. The harvests of the sea have been but skimmed. Properly cultivated as they would be with open markets in this vast country, and as a reward for American enterprise and the investment of capital and skill, the food products of the ocean could be quadrupled. The cost of sustenance of human life in all our large centers could thus be immensely decreased, and coupled with the vast productive agricultural forces on the ranches and prairies this element could be drawn upon for a large contribution towards the sustentation of human life at the cheapest possible rates.

But, aside from the fisheries of Canada, which are so rich and so vast, and the possibility of future development for the benefit of the United States, there are numerous other products which the United States might well avail themselves of. Take for instance the article of wheat, and recall the steady growth northward of its production. Within the memory of most middle-aged men, the Genesee Valley, in New York State, was the great wheat producing region. Rochester was called the Flour City because of its once famous mills, now idle. Then came Ohio, then Illinois and Iowa, but now in these later days the production of wheat for export and for the sustenance of the people is confined largely to the northern regions, such as Minnesota, Dakota, and even Montana. Has any one yet realized what this northern tendency means, and how far it will affect the great Canadian wheat producing regions? Why it is that in Manitoba and the Northwestern Territories wheat is produced to the greatest advantage is found in two great facts, the first of which is that there are two hours more of sunshine during the summer months, owing to their nearness to the Arctic circle, than in any other region in which wheat can be grown. These two hours add immensely to the productive power of the region. Again, the depth of frost is such that it never quite leaves the ground, but with the strength and the length of the sun's rays the exudation is constant, so that dry weather and drought lose half their terrors. With these and other advantages, recall the fact that there are yet three hundred and seventy-five millions of acres of agricultural lands to be brought into cultivation in the Canadian Northwest, and that the wheat zone of Canada covers no less a space than one million two hundred thousand square miles. If in this tendency northward, and all these climatic advantages, there is found an attraction in the wheat producing regions, surely, if the United States can enjoy therein a market for her agricultural implements, her boots and shoes, and all her other manufactures, and her natural products, without let or hindrance, or without cost, why should she not do so? The rapid settlement of the Northwestern States makes certain an equally rapid settlement of Northwestern Canada.

An outlet via the Hudson Bay route for the railway system, which in the last two years has been used as a supplement to the Canada Pacific railway, is almost a certainty. With Winnipeg as near to Liverpool as New York, with an Inter-State Commerce bill which in the United States disturbs and upsets and revolutionizes the charges for transportation, the Hudson Bay railway is more likely to be built than ever before. Why should not all this vast territory be made tributary to the growth and progress of the United States by breaking down all the barriers to commerce between them? But it is not in fish and wheat alone, or in the regions of trade which produce them to the greatest advantage, that

a temptation is offered to the trade and commerce of the United States.

In the single article of timber and lumber, this vast country would receive an advantage far greater than on almost any other article. In Canada, there are sixty different kinds of timber, and the forests of pine, of which there are nineteen varieties, possess for the United States an attraction of the greatest possible character. Think of the denuded forests of Maine and the Saginaw, and of the treeless prairie lands of the West, and the necessity and activity of building in the East, and then compare how inadequate is the supply of timber for the necessities of these localities. In British Columbia alone the lumber industries of that province will arise to immense importance. To have free access to the vast forests which Canada controls, and to have, without taxation or any barrier whatever, the best that the North American continent affords in the shape of woods, is to place within the grasp of the residents of the United States a facility and advantage of the greatest value. At present a twenty per cent duty on Canadian lumber just adds so much to the cost of the creation of homes. A freedom of commercial relations between the two countries would increase largely the possibility of every man owning his own vine-clad cottage, and changing from Communists and Anarchists men who were proud to own homes of their own. But aside from fisheries, grain, and timber, there are numerous other natural products which this country needs.

In the matter of Nova Scotia coals for the Eastern States, the advantages of the Eastern manufacturer are clear. Not only in Nova Scotia, but throughout the Northwest Territories there is a possibility of the widest development of the coal regions. In Saskatchewan, Athabasca and other points, there are workable seams of from four to ten feet in thickness of the best kind of coal, and in the upheavings of the Rocky Mountains the highest grades of anthracite are reached within the Canadian border. So far west as British Columbia, coal is now being shipped at the rate of three hundred thousand tons per annum to San Francisco, where it commands the highest price, notwithstanding a duty of twenty per cent against it. From ocean to ocean, within the Canadian border, the geological details show great riches in the coal-producing territory, which ought to be available to the United States by breaking down all commercial barriers between it and Canada. Not the least of the advantages which would result from a free commercial relation would be the development of Canadian phosphates, which of late years have attracted a good deal of attention. The production has increased from five thousand four hundred tons in 1877, to twenty-five thousand tons in 1885. There is nothing which the South so much needs as the fertilizing forces which Canadian phosphates, properly treated, would furnish. There are numerous other natural

products which it is needless to mention, but including copper and iron, which are available for development. Almost a continent of productive power, possessing more than the ordinary natural advantages, is available for American enterprise, American capital, and American trade, if but the magic touch of Freedom and a free market is afforded to it.

It may be urged that the advantages to the United States will not be so great from a complete freedom of commercial intercourse, as they will be to Canada. Well, we cannot tonight go into a question of book-keeping. It is sufficient to know that Canadians themselves do not think that the advantage would be on their side. They have some considerable development in manufactures, which not a few of them consider would be severely competed with by the skill, capital, and enterprise of competitors from the United States, if the local market were open to them. But these manufacturers, no doubt, would be willing to take their chances. With the frugality of their workmen, their industry, the advantage of natural resources, great water-powers, and other facilities, they would try to hold their own. But it would be an even race, a friendly competition, which the manufacturers of the United States are certainly not afraid to encounter, if their Canadian brethren across the border are willing to take the risk. There are many products there which might find a market here. It would be an advantage to the people if such could be the case. It would be an equal advantage to manufacturers here to have a market such as is being developed, and in the next fifty years will be developed, in the regions to the Northwest. It is true that complete commercial freedom between the United States and Canada would not be popular among English manufacturers. To tax goods of the mother country at a high rate, and yet let the products of the United States come in free, would seem a poor reward to the mother land for all the costliness, the anxiety, and the risk which she had hitherto encountered; but if a great advantage could be secured to her offspring by a commercial alliance such as is proposed, surely England will not exact so great a sacrifice as it would be to forego the offer.

No attempt has been made to curtail these passages; every word is effective. A Canadian must stand appalled at the magnitude of the heritage he is asked to give away; at the future he is asked to abandon; at the freedom of action he is asked to forego. The absolute owner of such wealth to assent to hold it at another's dictation!

In Mr. Wiman's glowing thoughts as the sun lingered on the walls of Jericho that the children of Israel might become a great people, so that beneficent luminary day by day stays his daily course to ripen the harvests of

Canada, and make her people great. Surely this greatness ought to be for her own people; but he points out that it should be for the advantage of the United States, and that to that end and for that purpose Canada should unselfishly close her gates to all the other nations of the earth!

Mr. Wiman's second letter is of equal importance, — but from a different standpoint. The first was to show to the United States the value and importance of Canada, and impress upon the American public the extent of the acquisition they would gain. The second, which is addressed to the Farmers' Convention at Toronto, Ontario, is intended to show the farmers the advantages they would gain, and to cheer them on in their efforts to attain Commercial Union. As a matter of argument, it is more remarkable for what it omits to state than what it does state. In no one single line does it point the attention of this important class of the Canadian people to what they would lose in their intercourse with other nations, — to the complications it would bring about in the relative positions of the provinces toward the Dominion as a whole, — to the necessity of immediate provision to meet existing financial demands, — to the loss of future revenue by the indirect taxation of customs, and the consequent necessity of direct taxation to carry on the provincial governments and expenditures, — to the absolute and utter inability in all time to come of Canada taking advantage of other markets than those of the United States, — to the utter abandonment of all control over their own country, and the development of its vast resources in the future, — to the fact that the proposition involves the ultimate absorption of Canada into the United States, and in the mean time her becoming for many years a mere outlying dependency of that country, without a voice in her councils, a vote in her assemblies, or an influence on her policy beyond that the pauper may have in seeking a pittance from his wealthy neighbor. In fact, the Ontario farmers are simply *told*, — not reasoned with, — "Accept Commercial Union with the United States, and you will find a heaven on earth."

Listen to what Mr. Wiman says :

The movement contemplated by your Institute toward improved drainage, the encouragement of breeding horses, and toward better fertilizers, is good and wise in its way. But if beside this a great and near-by market can be secured, if continuously better prices are possible, this and this alone will bring back prosperity to the Canadian farmer. It may well be asked, how can this great boon be achieved? I answer, it is within the grasp of Canada today. By a complete reciprocity with the United States, a market such as the world has never equaled is open to every Canadian farmer. A wealthy and extravagant people are at her very borders, and badly need her products. They are willing and ready to pay liberally for them, and to admit them free of duty. The only condition they exact is that their products should be admitted into Canada on the same terms. In other words, that there should be as complete an interchange of products between the United States and Canada as there is between Ontario and Quebec — as there is between New York and New Jersey.

A Reciprocity Treaty, such as existed from 1854 to 1867 (under which Canadian farmers prospered as they never prospered before or since), is an impossibility. Americans feel that it was one-sided and unfair to them ; and such a partial and temporary remedy is now clearly out of the question.

All the advantages of an open market with sixty millions of people are within their grasp. All the advantages of contiguity, of excellent means of communication, of extreme prosperity among liberal buyers, without the payment of duty, without the sacrifice of a single political principle—all this within a year is possible to the Canadian farmer, if he chooses to exert his influence on his representative in Parliament at Ottawa. It need not be a party question. It is better that it should not be. Farmers may differ about religious matters, or on politics, or on modes of cultivation, but there can be no difference in opinion as to the benefits of a free and open market with the most progressive and the wealthiest nation of the continent. There can be no difference of opinion as to the advantage resulting from an advance in prices of every bushel of barley, of every horse that is for sale over the border, for every lamb that bleats, for every chicken, or even for every dozen eggs that the farmer's wife gathers—and last year the United States received from Canada fourteen million dozen of eggs!

There are not a few who think that the present moment is the most important one for the future of Canada that has yet occurred in her history. A great opportunity exists for vastly improving her prospects by a commercial alliance with a neighboring nation. By this alliance, and still remaining a British colony, and working out in her own way the problem of self-government, she can be independent of all the evils that beset a republic, and yet, by this commercial bargain, our native country can have all the untold

advantages of vast markets ; share in the wealth of the most money-making and most progressive people in the world ; compete in manufactures at all points, with the advantages of great natural products, abundant water powers, and a frugal and industrious population. By this means, and by this alone, can the world be taught that Canada can hold her own in a free market with the products of her farms, of her fisheries, or of her factories : it remains with the farmers of Canada to see that this chance is afforded her.

All these are unquestionable advantages, but on what terms are they to be obtained, —that is the question, —and that is most carefully avoided. The intelligence of the Canadian farmer must be held by Mr. Wiman at a very low estimate. It will probably be found when the farmer speaks on this subject that it will require a little more than money to make him assent to the degradation of his country. It would have been well to have been told what evils beset a republic of which Canada might be independent, though she accepted this Union. On such important points the expounders of the proposition should be more explicit. It is not sufficient to say all these points are matters of detail which can be discussed hereafter ; for how can it be said a Union is to be beneficial when you know nothing of the details which are to constitute that Union? Every union is not necessarily beneficial ; its beneficial character must depend upon its details. The details here announced by the propounders are the phantom market and the unconditional surrender of all power to make any arrangement with any other country in the world relative to trade, commerce, or exchange, other than such as the United States may permit. These are not inducements to be offered to a free country.

Ancient history tells us that the "*detur pulchriori*" apple destroyed one of the finest nations of the world, — whose leading characters, both male and female, are to this day quoted as embodiments of the noblest virtues of life. It is left to modern statesmanship to suggest that Canada should barter freedom for an egg. She last year sold to the United States "fourteen million dozen of eggs" — 168,000,000. "What a country for hens Canada must be!" exclaimed a witty American

on reading this statement. "Yes, sage hens," replied his wittier friend, — "and all this without a Union." What is the use of Union if the liberal and wealthy buyers of the United States will take all you can produce, notwithstanding the duties? The fact is, the duties in the United States on Canadian goods do not affect the sales to that rich and liberal people if they want the article, but the duties on American goods coming into Canada do affect the sales in Canada, — and that is what some people in Canada want changed. What is now asked of those people is to show—"all round"—that the change will be beneficial to Canada.

Mr. Wiman's third letter is also to the same farmers' convention, and is intended to remove from the minds of the farmers the fear that such a measure could not be obtained from the United States, and to that end points out again the advantages the United States would derive from the Union, and the operation such advantages would have on the public mind in the United States as inducements to the Union.

He says :

That these conclusions are justified, it is only necessary to point out the fact that the introduction of the Butterworth bill has been almost universally commended. There is hardly a public man on either side of politics, who has been consulted, but has expressed an opinion favorable to it. It is true that some see difficulties in the way — some cannot believe that England will consent to permit Canada to admit free of duty the manufactures of the United States, while she exacts a duty on those of Great Britain. It is true, many fail to immediately apprehend how the details are to be worked out, how the tariff of the two countries is to be adjusted, and the combined revenues to be distributed. But where one is met who urges objections such as these, fifty are pronounced in favor of an extension of the commerce of the United States into a country larger than their own on the one hand ; and on the other hand equally in favor of having free access to the enormous resources of Canada, in her fisheries, minerals, timber, and agricultural products. These, it is argued, can all be made immensely contributory to the progress of the United States ; and as the public revenues now show a surplus of over one hundred millions of dollars per annum more than is needed for the expenses of the government and the extinguishment of the public debt, the proposition to abolish all the duties on Canadian products of all kinds finds exceeding favor, provided

a similar movement is simultaneously made in Canada. It is one of the modes by which the public revenues can be reduced without imperiling any distinctive interest. Indeed, in many minds, the very interests which a high tariff has stimulated are advanced by the possibility of opening up new markets on the one hand, and the bringing in raw material from new sources without duty on the other. As has already been said, the proposition for commercial union in the United States appeals with equal force to the protectionist and the free trader, for to the one it is a free transfer of products into a country already protected, while to the other it is an extension of commerce without burdening the product with taxation, and admitting free of duty the large contributions of raw material which Canada can make. Indeed the effect of an arrangement with Canada would probably be to lower the United States tariff, while calling for a slight advance of that of Canada, so as to attain a uniformity. The change in either need not be marked.

A very important consideration to be borne in mind is, that while no distinctive interest in the United States is threatened by a change so great, no distinctive political party is opposed to it. The contributions of Canada in her agricultural products would not adversely affect the farmer of the West, for both seek a European market for their surplus ; while the consumer in the Eastern manufacturing districts, and in the densely populated centers on the Atlantic coast, would benefit by the cheapened cost of living which, from their contiguity to the Canadian fisheries, Canadian collieries, and Canadian farms, would contribute to them if their products were worked to their fullest extent and admitted free. The impelling motive favorable to Commercial Union with Canada is, you will see, very strong, and that it is already commanding the favorable attention of the most influential and the most independent public men there is no doubt.

All this reasoning goes to show the importance of Canada to the United States, but it is the other side of the picture, the necessity or advantage of Commercial Union with the United States to Canada, — that the Canadian wishes to see. It seems to have been assumed throughout by these writers that Canada was panting to be absorbed, and that the reluctance was on the part of the United States to swallow. The proper conclusion at this present time is that the United States as a nation is utterly indifferent to the movement, and is sufficiently occupied and contented with her own affairs and prosperity not to trouble herself about it, — and that in Canada the majority of the peo-

ple have such confidence in their future, and are so well satisfied with their own quiet, steady progress and development, that they decidedly object to being absorbed.

It is possible that in portions of Maine and Massachusetts, as well as in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, there are sections whose commercial and material interests might be so vastly improved by such a Union, that they warmly espouse the movement; but those portions are so extremely limited, when contrasted with the territorial extent of either the United States or Canada, that their views could not be accepted as the expression of a national sentiment.

Attention must now be called pointedly to another observation of Mr. Wiman's. He says :

I now come to a motive that here helps forward the desire for Commercial Union, which needs to be handled very gingerly. This motive is to hope that, should the Canadians be brought into a closer commercial relation with the United States, it would in time be followed by a political alliance. It is the dream of some good people that the form of republican government should cover the continent; and it is to many a matter of real surprise that Canada has not long ago bid good-bye to Great Britain, and sought admission into the American Union. It is, however, proper to say that to the vast mass of Americans it is a matter of perfect indifference whether Canada is annexed or not; while there is a considerable section who would strongly oppose it, because of the serious political complications that would follow in view of party influences, and the uncertainties it would beget as to party triumphs for years to come. But Commercial Union, while it seems to be a step in the right direction for those who desire a political union, does not to others who are indifferent imply more than it really performs; while to the politician it threatens no disturbance in calculations and combinations. So that, vast as are the consequences that may flow from it commercially, its political significance is by no means certain, and it thus commends itself alike to all.

These observations of this strong advocate for Commercial Union show plainly that its tendency will be in the line of political annexation,—it might be called the "cloven foot." His conclusion, therefore, that "the strongest advocate of Commercial Union with the United States is, in the existing conditions of Canada, the strongest advocate for political union with Great Britain," is incon-

sistent with all his antecedent facts and reasonings. What are the existing conditions he has shown?—but on this point it is unnecessary to enlarge. Both political parties in Canada disavow any idea of annexation. The other articles in the collection simply reiterate the views before expressed. Mr. Dingley, Jr., member of Congress, observes that :

When this question of the reciprocal privileges of all the vessels of the United States and Canada in the ports of each country shall be settled, I shall for one, and in my judgment this country will, be ready at any time to give a candid consideration to any propositions looking to real reciprocal trade relations with Canada. By real reciprocal trade relations I mean such as will admit the manufactured products of this country into Canada free of duty, while retaining a duty on the manufactured products of Great Britain and other countries, in return for an admission of Canadian products into our country free of duty, while we retain duties as to similar articles imported from other countries. But such one-sided reciprocity as that provided by the treaty of 1854 we do not care to repeat."

Mr. Ritchie of Akron, Ohio, in his speech, says :—

In 1854 a treaty of reciprocity was made between the United States and Canada, which, by its terms, was to run for a period of ten years or longer, unless terminated by either party upon a year's notice being given. The articles embraced in the schedule attached to this treaty were the products of the farm, forest, mines, and the sea. The operation of this treaty greatly stimulated the trade of both countries, whose present volume is largely due to the impetus given at that time or during that period.

During four years of the operation of this treaty, while we were engaged in a great civil war, Canada to some extent afforded a place of refuge for certain parties in arms against the United States. The bitterness felt by many of the people of the United States against all countries not in sympathy with us during our struggle, was the real cause of our government availing itself of the terms of that treaty, and terminating it at the first day it was possible for her to do so. It was little more or less than a retaliatory measure on our part, and no fault of the favorable operations of this treaty toward the United States.

From the date that this treaty was terminated up to the present time, Canada has made constant efforts to have it renewed, either in whole or in part, and indeed has offered to greatly multiply the advantages which would accrue to the United States.

Thus for twenty-one years Canada has been asking us to renew our former friendly and reciprocal trade relations with her. To all this we have turned a deaf

ear, and in none of the provisions now before Congress providing for extended and free reciprocal trade relations with all other countries on this hemisphere is there a single provision made for those of Canada.

The Dominion of Canada has a larger area than the whole of the United States if we exclude Alaska, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and with no thought of magnifying the importance of our great neighbor of the north over those countries on the south, permit me to invite your attention to a few statistics, which show how intimately we are bound by great arteries of trade to the Dominion of Canada.

To make our figures intelligible and fully understood, I shall have to place in contrast our trade relations between the countries north and south of us, as shown by the statistics of those countries.

In 1885 the amount of goods imported into the Dominion of Canada from Great Britain and the United States were as follows: From Great Britain, \$43,418,000; from the United States, \$50,492,832. While during this same period the aggregate imports of all the Central and South American states were \$323,800,000, of which amount the United States contributed \$27,589,429, and to all the countries south of the Rio Grande we sold \$64,719,000, about 20 per cent more than was sold to our neighbor, Canada. Thus to all this vast territory on the south, containing a population of over 45,000,000, there was sold but about 20 per cent more than to the Dominion of Canada, containing a population of but 5,000,000 of people.

To illustrate further the relative importance of these commercial relations, the statistics show that the exports of Canada per capita were greater than those of the United States, and her per capita imports are also greater than our own. Her per capita railway mileage is about the same as that of the United States. Her growth of population from the date of our Declaration of Independence up to the present day has been equal to our own, ours at that date being about 3,000,000, and hers being less than 300,000.

The records of her criminal courts show that she has a smaller percentage of crime than we have. She is the only country in the world whose national debt is not a war debt, with the exception of two or three millions expended in putting down the recent Riel rebellion. The whole of her debt has been incurred in the development of her internal improvements. In addition to her line of railway extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, her government is subsidizing a fast line of steamships to ply between Halifax and Liverpool, and the imperial government has agreed to subsidize a line to run between Vancouver, Yokohama, Hong Kong, and Australia. A company has been organized to lay an ocean cable from Vancouver, via Sandwich Islands, to Yokohama, Hong Kong, and Australia. An Atlantic ocean cable is to be owned by the same company which owns the Pacific cables.

Thus her great railway, by means of the steamships

which will ply between Halifax and Liverpool in connection with it, and the Pacific line subsidized by the English government, which will also run in connection with it, will have both under its control. Its railways are reaching out for the carrying trade of the two hemispheres. Not only this, but the transcontinental telegraph system and both the Atlantic and Pacific cables, of which I have spoken, will be under the control and owned by her railways.

These are not visions of the future. Most of them are realities of today. Already we can step into the most luxurious car which runs on this continent at Vancouver, on the waters of the Pacific, and ride continuously in it for a distance of 3,700 miles until you reach Halifax on the Atlantic. This country has also a great inland water-way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence in the Atlantic to the head of Lake Superior, and all her own, except the locks at Sault Ste. Marie.

These great lines of commerce traverse broad stretches of our own country, will tap almost every important center of trade on our northern border, and are now stretching their arms across the State of Maine to the seaboard south to St. Paul, and the vast interests that center in these grand transcontinental lines that are knit together by them, invite to other fields of conquest this side of the great lakes, until Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Chicago, Buffalo, New York, and San Francisco pay tribute to these interests and share in their wonderful growth and development; and it may astonish some present to know that today the Dominion government has subsidized and is now subsidizing a railroad in connection with this vast system across the State of Maine, to shorten the route to the cities of the eastern seaboard.

Look for a moment to the unlimited resources of that country, with her great lakes and rivers, and forests; with her natural storehouses of gold and silver, of coal, iron, copper, and lead. Her pastoral and agricultural resources are unlimited, and 1,500 miles northwest of St. Paul we find actually the great wheat fields of this continent, and which, when fully developed, will not only equal but far surpass the great Odessa region in Russia, and 40,000 square miles of coal underlie this same territory.

This last closes the list of articles selected by Mr. Wiman. It is to be remembered these are gathered not by the opponents but by the advocates of the measure who urge its importance to Canada. Let the reader impartially determine after their perusal and from their perusal, which is to be the gainer by the measure, the United States or Canada. And above all things let that impartial reader understand that it is in a Canadian light he has been invited to consider the question, that its supporters have affirmed

that such a union would redound greatly to the pecuniary advantage of Canada, without in any way affecting her political affinities, her national aspirations, or her individual freedom of action as a distinct and separate country. Is it so?

It will be observed, first, that the proposition is not originated or sanctioned by the government of either the United States or Canada: secondly,—that its rejection by either country does not imply and is not an indication of the slightest ill feeling of the one towards the other; but on the contrary is consistent with the most perfect friendliness and good will.

Briefly summarized, the position stands as follows:—

First. Canada, by Commercial Union with the United States, is to gain a possible market for her produce and manufactures, under the disadvantage of a competition of 12 to 1, and a handicap in the burden of public taxation of 54 to 25 against her, with the assurance that if notwithstanding these disadvantages she is successful, and the Union worked unfairly towards the United States, it would be immediately determined by Congress. (Mr. Hitt, M. C. for Illinois.)

Under these circumstances it might well be called a “phantom market” instead of a possible market.

Second. In consideration of having such a market, Canada is to give up:—

1. The absolute and entire control of her customs and internal revenue for all time to come, and to accept such duties as would be in accord with the policy and interests of the United States only.

2. To have no voice, power, or influence in determining the nature of the subject or the extent of the imposition, or the object for which the public taxation of customs or inland revenue is to be raised.

3. To have no power to enter into any arrangements with England, France, Germany, or any other power whatever, that might be advantageous to Canada, if such arrangement in any way whatever involved a departure from the fiscal policy of the United States as to the customs or inland revenue.

4. To have no power whatever in the classification of customs duties or internal revenues to consider arrangements that might materially benefit Canada, though not necessary for the United States.

5. To lose all control of our foreign commerce and of our carrying trade, and to build up the great American ports of entry and departure on the Atlantic and Pacific, to the ruin of Montreal, Quebec, Saint John, and Halifax on the Atlantic, and the rising cities of British Columbia on the Pacific.

6. Practically to hand over the whole of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific as a field for the surplus productions of the United States, to the entire destruction of all internal Canadian industries.

7. To create most embarrassing complications between the separate provinces of the Dominion and the general government as to provincial subsidies and departures from the provisions of the constitutional act, the British North America Act, 1867.

8. To lose all control of the country as Canada, and to hand it over practically if not in name to the United States, to become an actual if not a nominal dependency of that country.

But there are other considerations than those above named, which must not be left untouched. The responsibility of action rests with Canada alone. To the United States such a union, though desirable, is not an essential. To the mass of her people it is a matter of indifference. Her prosperity is such, her treasury so filled with overflowing revenue, that all that Canada could at present bring would be of no material importance; but to some fiery, English-hating politicians in the United States the success of the movement would be a matter of exultation, because it would be regarded as a humiliation to England, and the certainty of the loss, in a few years, of her greatest colony; for no one can doubt that that must inevitably be the result. It would be an impossibility—not an improbability—that England could retain as a part of her empire a people that legislated directly against her interests, and taxed her productions, while at the same time admit-

ting free the productions of her greatest rival in trade, and doing all that was possible to advance that rival's interests to the detriment of her own. No true Canadian would hold so degraded a position or advance so dishonorable a proposition. If Canada wants to do that, let her openly separate from the empire. England would not lift a forcible hand to prevent it, if satisfied that Canada believed and declared it to be her interest to separate. There is no necessity to be deceitful,—the Americans themselves have a contempt for a deceitful people; their independence was openly and fairly won. It must be therefore clearly and distinctly understood that the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the measure of Commercial Union rests with Canada, and with Canada alone. England has nothing to do with it, and it will be found, when submitted to the people of Canada, if ever submitted, that it will be rejected by ninety-nine out of every hundred.

The reason assigned for refusing to consider a removal of the reciprocity treaty of 1854 with the United States, put forward by the advocates of Commercial Union in the United States, namely, that it worked unfairly towards the latter, and "gave to Canada a market for \$229,000,000 worth of their products, while they gave to the United States a free market for scarce half as much," as Mr. Hitt, member of Congress from Illinois, expressed it,—is not accurately correct. That treaty admitted free on both sides the products of the field, the forest, and the fisheries, and for the first six years worked to the entire satisfaction of both countries, and was mutually beneficial. In 1860 the American troubles between the North and South began, and for four years in succession the country's whole attention was turned to the war, entirely to the neglect of the commercial and productive interests of the country. Indeed it was fortunate at the time that such a treaty existed, by which the whole produce of Canada could be poured unrestrictedly into the United States, thereby enabling its producing population to fill the armies, instead of tilling the fields and raising horses and cattle. It is therefore not at all surprising that during

the twelve years of the treaty the total value of the Canadian products passed into the United States should largely exceed those of the United States into Canada, particularly as the values of the products themselves were exceptionally increased by the excessive demand in the United States, and the entire absence of local supply or competition.

The true reason for the termination of that treaty was the one bluntly assigned by Mr. S. I. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, in his speech already referred to, namely, that during the four years' struggle "Canada to some extent afforded a place of refuge for certain parties in arms against the United States. The bitterness felt by many of the people of the United States against all countries not in sympathy with us during our struggle was the real cause of our government availing itself of the terms of that treaty, and terminating it at the first day it was possible for her to do so. It was little more or less than a retaliatory measure on our part, and no fault of the favorable operations of this treaty toward the United States."

To this it may be added that that bitterness has been kept alive by the fact that fishermen of the United States, finding themselves deprived of the free fields and free fisheries they had for twelve years enjoyed under the treaty by the resumption of the "*status ante quo*" before the treaty,—on its determination by the act of their own government,—could not conceive it possible that Canada would stand upon her rights, and deprive them of their privileges. Every effort of Canada to renew the treaty on fair terms has been repulsed, and the question has drifted into the arena where nothing but the greatest forbearance and the highest sense of justice can ward off disastrous consequences.

One thing, however, is to be borne in mind,—such a treaty is not now of the vast importance to Canada that it was in 1854. The country then was but a congeries of disjointed provinces, separated by immense distances of unbroken forests, with little

knowledge of each other, with diverse interests, under diverse governments, with no power of combination, and very little credit or influence abroad. This is all changed, — Canada is now touched by one electric cord from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has opened for herself fields of labor which give her in the markets of the world a credit, a power, and an influence, which in 1854 were unknown. If it were a mere question

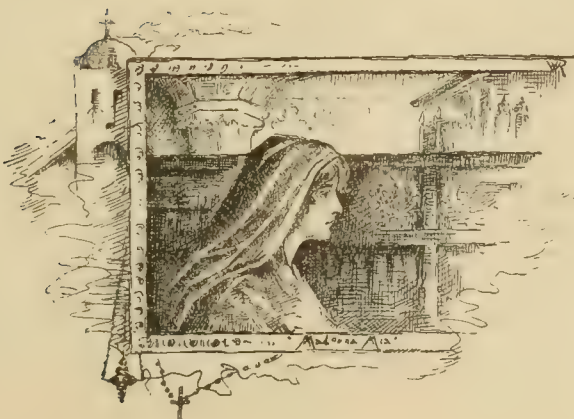
of the present day, the discussion might here be dropped; for no sensible man — be he American or Canadian — can for one moment believe that such a Union, on such conditions, could or would be accepted by Canada, assuming that Canada was to remain a distinct nationality. But the discussion has forced into view the future of Canada. — What will that be? "*Nullum numen abest, — si sit Prudentia.*"

John Hamilton Gray.

A CREED.

I WOULD not have the churchman's cowléd face,
 His prayer-compelling bell, his aves told;
 Nor eyes that watch the East for prophets old,
 Or seek the written scroll for promised grace.
 Enough to know each atom has its place,
 And in its destined course is onward rolled
 'Mid circling suns, and wonders manifold.
 Surely some spot is for our homeless race; —
 And yet if there is none, and none to hear
 Our plaint, it shall not change. Still when I lie
 In sleepless hours, and feel the stone that bars
 The tomb, — then oft the cricket's song full clear
 Is heard. Ah, who shall say? we may not die,
 But wake 'mid music of the morning stars.

G. Melville Upton.



MISS GREY.

THEY were sitting on the porch of the H—— Springs Hotel, in the Coast Range mountains of California. "They" meant some dozen or more persons. It is of no use to tell you who they all were, nor where they came from, for you will probably never hear of any of them again, except, perhaps, two or three. They were such a gathering as one would expect to see in a rather out-of-the-way, but very delightful, summer resort, such as H—— Springs.

Perhaps if we had been near enough to have seen the group at all, we should have noticed three figures more distinctly than the rest, simply because they came within the patch of moonlight that fell across the corner of the piazza. One, a girl, half reclining in a large wicker chair. The moonlight shone full on her face, which even uncharitable critics called tolerably near faultlessness. She was dressed in white, and had some sort of cloud-like affair draped on her head and shoulders. One hand rested on the arm of her chair; the other, lying on her lap, with the spray of jasmine it held, was only half disclosed, for there the moonlight abruptly ended. A man, rather tall, stood almost opposite to her, leaning lazily against a pillar, and looking down at her. The straw hat he wore shaded half his face, so that all we could have seen would have been a large mouth, surmounted by a brown mustache; and above that, a good-sized Roman nose. The mouth was smiling, however, and disclosed two rows of white, even teeth. Altogether, judging from as much of the face as we could have seen, it is probable we should have thought him quite a handsome fellow. Somebody addressed him as Miller later on. The third figure sat in the very center of the patch of moonlight, rocking slowly in one of those wretchedly uncomfortable little rocking-chairs that they always have on country hotel piazzas. The moonlight shone full on her face, too, but there was nothing remark-

ably attractive about it. She wore some kind of light dress, perhaps gray, and she had a dark worsted shawl wrapped around her shoulders. That was Miss Grey.

At the moment, there was a light talk going on between Mr. Miller and the pretty girl in white. Her name, by the way, was Miss Chester, and she was there with her mother and her married sister from San Francisco. Miss Grey was also from San Francisco; in fact, she taught school there. Occasionally Miss Grey was brought into the discussion, as one or the other appealed to her, to sustain this point or that. But for the most part, she sat silent, her gaze wandering mechanically from Mr. Miller to Miss Chester, then down past the other shadowy groups on the piazza, off to the hills and the mountains, which rose behind them, high and sharp in the moonlight; back to Miss Chester and Mr. Miller again. Whether her thoughts were dictated by her gaze, or her gaze by her thoughts, would be a rather difficult matter to decide, and quite unnecessary too, since they were undeniably connected in one way or the other. However it was, one thing was certain; that the thoughts had by far the hardest work, for they traveled over the invisible past and future, while the eyes looked only on the visible present.

To explain it briefly, and without any elegant substitutions, Miss Grey was simply mooning over the comparison between her own and these people's lives that she saw around her. Not that she was a person at all given to mooning. Not by any means. The leading characteristic of Miss Grey, so her friends said, was her strong common sense. There was "no silly sentimentality about her." She was "practical to the backbone." But, given a moonlight evening, with certain atmospheric and other attendant conditions, and even practical people may become sentimental. Besides, what do our friends, what do we ourselves, know of our

own natures, until developing circumstances show them to us?

This was Miss Grey's last evening at the Springs. That was the key-note to her sentimentality, perhaps. She thought of it as she sat there, rocking jerkily back and forth. She was sorry to go away. They had been such a pleasant party there together; so friendly and social; not a bit cliquish. She thought, with a smile, how everybody had been as pleasant and deferential to her as to Miss Chester, even. And not any more so to her than to shabby little Mrs. Jones, who was only a poor dressmaker, fagged out by the ceaseless stitch, stitch, until the doctor had told her that nothing could possibly patch up her worn-out little body unless it was absolute rest somewhere in the mountains. And so, after due deliberation, and much counting of costs, and hesitating through fear of losing a customer, perhaps, by such an unprecedented step as this taking a vacation, the little woman, before she had fairly settled all her doubts and difficulties, found herself one of a stageload of passengers that drove up triumphantly before the H—Springs Hotel one afternoon in June. *She* was going home the next day, too.

It would be quite different, after that. In the city, Miss Chester would be Miss Chester the rich capitalist's daughter; Mrs. Jones would be Mrs. Jones the dressmaker; and she, herself, would be Miss Grey the school-teacher; and each of the others would take his relative status in the social scale. Well, she didn't want the scale to be broken up, did she? she asked herself. She didn't want everybody in the world screaming at high C or growling at G. There must be D's and E's and F's and G's in between, majors and minors, sharps and flats. She recognized that very plainly. Her common sense had not deserted her.

What a manly man Mr. Miller was! How considerate for everybody! Mrs. Jones owed a good deal of her pleasure here at the Springs to him. Well, for that matter, so did everybody else. Miss Chester had confided to her privately, just a day or so ago, that she should have died of ennui if he hadn't been

here, and that she thought he was "awfully nice." Miss Grey wondered what he thought of her. He was very attentive, and there was no telling how it might end. They were to stay two weeks longer. (How much darker it was when the moon went under a cloud.) They would be a nice-looking couple. How pretty Miss Chester was! She looked very young, she wondered how old she was. And then there came like a shock to Miss Grey the thought of how old *she* was. Twenty-five!

When she was sixteen, she had looked on twenty-five as the age of all others to be the most dreaded. If not married at twenty-five, she was doomed irrevocably, she believed, to be an old maid. And an old maid school teacher! Could anything be worse? She could have laughed outright at the remembrance of the picture her youthful fancy drew. And behold, the years had run their course, and she was now what she had so dreaded to be then, an old maid school-teacher, twenty-five years old! She had not realized it until now. She was still as youthful in heart as she had been at sixteen, and yet nine years had rolled away. It is only by comparing ourselves with what we were ten years ago that we find that we are old. She had not realized before that she was any older than Miss Chester; but of course she must be. There was a very great difference, too, between herself, rocking primly with folded arms, with her plain gray dress and dark shawl, and Miss Chester, with her graceful air of repose. Mr. Miller had the full benefit of that difference, too, she thought bitterly.

And just then, suddenly, a wheezy voice from the farther end of the piazza broke in on her musings. It belonged to Colonel Brown, a stout, jolly old man, who always had a group around him, listening to the stories of the war. He was a prime favorite with the children, and even the grown folks had enjoyed many a frolic of which he had been the originator. They were therefore all attention when he called out abruptly from his shadowy corner:

"See here, good folks, as some members of this party are going home tomorrow, and

as the party will be considerably broken up thereby, I move that while we are all here together, we have some sort of a celebration; give the departing members a fitting send-off, as it were, *Ahem!*"—pausing a moment for breath.

"Now it's altogether too fine an evening to be spent indoors in a dance, and we exhausted all our fire crackers and ammunition on the Fourth, so there is nothing left us in that line; so what I was about to propose, if no one has anything better, is that we all join in a grand march from here to the Soda Springs, through the camp grounds, down by the creek, past the other springs, and back to the hotel again. Now, ladies and gentlemen, that's my proposition. If any one has a better one, or has any objection to this, please let me know it."

No one spoke.

"Then I suppose you are all in favor of it. Will all who are in favor of this proposition, please manifest it by rising."

There was a general uprising, and the Colonel, with a gratified chuckle, marched off with his best military step, directing the others to fall in line behind him.

"Single file, Colonel?" inquired Miss Chester archly.

"No, double. Miss Grey, will you do me the honor?" offering his arm with his very best bow.

Miss Grey smilingly accepted, and amid much chatter and laughter the whole party filed off the porch. The Colonel started "*Marching Through Georgia*" in his wheezy voice. Soon the whole line took it up, and the hills rang with the echoes of the stirring old song. They did not stop at that, but song after song followed, until the merry marchers, between singing and marching, were fairly out of breath, and glad to rest at the Dutchman's spring, the last one. Here, stooping down, Colonel Brown filled a large gourd to the brim with the bubbling water, and then holding it up he proposed a toast to: "*The Present Company*. May we never know any harder march than the one we have just passed through, and next year may we all gather again around the jovial Dutch-

man, to celebrate the anniversary of this night."

Thus spoke the stout Colonel, and with a most elaborate bow, presented the cup to Miss Grey.

"Am I expected to drink it all, Colonel?" she asked, making a wry face.

"If you are equal to it," he replied, laughing.

"Oh, yes. Make it a rule that each shall drink a heaping gourdful or else pay a forfeit," cried Miss Chester, clapping her hands.

"But who's to decide what the forfeit shall be, Miss Chester?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Why, whoever drinks a heaping gourdful," she returned, with a laugh. "Miss Grey has failed already."

"I'm afraid there will be no one to determine the forfeits, if that is to be the test, Miss Chester," said the Colonel, "but you must each drink to my toast, anyway," refilling the gourd and passing it to her.

What merriment there was, to be sure. The creek ran more slowly, and in fact almost stopped in its course, so astonished was it at the unwonted revelry, and the trees wagged their heads slowly and looked now down at the stream and now up at the moon to see what each thought of it. The moon alone looked coldly indifferent. Its range of vision enabled it to look at the same time on too many scenes of woe and misery, gayety and mirth, vice, virtue, death, life, for it to be in any way affected by the revelry of this merry party by the spring.

Our friends by the spring, however, bothered themselves little about the trees or the creek or the moon, but presently took up the counter march to the hotel, with songs and laughter, as before.

At the hotel piazza there was a pause, and then poor little Mrs. Jones began "*Home, Sweet Home*." Immediately everybody joined in, and—there was no audience, for the birds were all asleep, so who shall contradict if I say that it was sweeter than any other "*Home, Sweet Home*" ever sung? Then there was a chorus of goodnights, and the piazza was soon deserted. Who shall say that an hour after a gray-clad figure sat

at an upstairs window, gazing out upon the moonlit world beneath, nor that it sat there for two hours longer?

The next morning the stage came thundering down the hill and drew up before the hotel with a grand flourish. Miss Grey's trunk was strapped on, and presently Miss Grey herself came out, surrounded by a crowd of children, all clamorous to say goodby. Then there were all the older people to shake hands with, and her address to be given again to Miss Chester, who was coming to see her "dear little self," just as soon as she returned to the city. And finally, just as the driver was beginning to feel a little impatient, Mr. Miller handed her into the stage, where Mrs. Jones was already seated. The only other passenger was a very consumptive-looking man, muffled in a huge blanket shawl.

"Goodby," she said simply, giving him her hand.

"We have a prettier way of saying it in German," he answered, smiling. "*Auf Wiedersehen*,—until we meet again."

Then he lifted his hat, still smiling; the driver cracked his whip, the horses started, the folks on the porch shouted "Goodby," and waved their handkerchiefs, and as well as she could, through her veil and perhaps also her tears, Miss Grey took her last look at H— Springs.

"*Auf Wiedersehen*,—until we meet again." So he was German then. She never could tell, and the name, Miller, might be anything. "*Auf Wiedersehen*,—until we meet again." German was not such a harsh-sounding language after all. "*Auf Wiedersehen, Auf Wiedersehen.*"

"The city will seem more smoky and gloomy than ever, after this fresh mountain air, won't it?" said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh that told far more than the words—of the burden of care taken up again; of the secret worriment over doubts and difficulties in the way.

It broke in with a most jarring effect upon Miss Grey's meditations. She answered rather impatiently, "O, let us not think of that until we have to, Mrs. Jones. Let us

make the most of these mountains. We shall reach the city soon enough, and then there will be plenty of time to worry."

Thus admonished, Mrs. Jones leaned back in her corner and tried to distract herself by pitying the poor man opposite, and imagining that her lot was highly enviable compared with his.

Their long stage ride ended at Cloverdale. From there they took the steam cars, and before they were fairly tired of them, the bay came into sight, and there was the steamer at the landing, waiting to receive them.

There was the same heavy, black smoke, hanging like a pall over the city, as the boat steamed into the wharf. What a contrast to the scenes they had just left! Behind lay green fields, the mountains, and the songs of birds; before them lay this busy, smoky city, with its everlasting din, its jostling crowd, its toil, its struggle, its importunity.

At the wharf Miss Grey parted from Mrs. Jones, the little lady giving her repeated invitations to come and see her. "You know we are almost neighbors," she said, repeating her address, "so *do* run around *any* time. O, here's my car. Well, goodbye," now do come to see me soon."

Miss Grey smilingly promised that she would, and then they separated. How dusty everything looked, and how closely the houses were jammed together! Miss Grey had never noticed it so much before.

Her landlady was very glad to welcome her back again. The quiet school-teacher gave her less trouble than any other of her boarders, and so there was real welcome written on her tired face, as she ushered Miss Grey into her room, remarking as she did so, "I thought likely you'd be home today, and so I opened the blinds to let in the sun, and make it more cheerful like."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bowen; it was very thoughtful of you," glancing appreciatively around, and then going toward the window. "Everything looks very natural,"—with a smile.

"Yes, I suppose so." Mrs. Bowen followed her to the window and flickered off a speck of dust with the brush in her hand.

"That child died last week," nodding toward a row of flats just opposite.

"O, did it? Poor little thing! Then it's out of its misery."

"Yes. And the corner house is taken. The family moved in yesterday. That's all the news there is, I guess. I suppose you had a delightful time. H—— Springs is a lovely place, I've heard. But la me! I s'pose any place would be delightful, so it was *country*. Seems to me it would be almost *heavenly* to get a breath of fresh country air. I was a country girl, you know. You ought to be thankful that you're a school teacher instead of a boarding-house keeper, Miss Grey. Well, I must go and see how the dinner is getting on," and out she trotted, giving a final whisk to the bureau as she passed.

Miss Grey smiled as she recalled her thoughts of the night before, a trembling little smile, and there was a sigh close behind it.

And then she fell to thinking of the little child that had died. She would miss the little white, drawn face from the window opposite. It had come to be a part of her life almost, so accustomed had she grown to seeing the child's face, framed in by the bird-cage and the pot of geranium. And then it came back to her more forcibly than ever, how very monotonous her own life was, that the death of this little unknown child should afflict her so; that she should feel, somehow, such a sense of loss. The child was nothing to her; she did not even know its name, and yet—

Ah, there was the mother. She had something in her hand that she gave the bird—a lump of sugar, probably. The child used to do that. She wondered if the bird knew the difference. But no; it pecked at the sugar, and then hopped back on its perch; then down for another nibble, then back again, as if all its knowledge of this life was comprised in a lump of sugar and a swinging perch. Then the mother watered the geranium, picked off the dead leaves, and handled the flowers with a sort of caress. And Miss Grey, watching her, felt the tears welling up into her eyes so that she could not see, and as she

brushed them away the mother disappeared from the window. And then the fog, which had lain heavy and black over the hills, came rolling into the city, and enveloped the flats completely.

Miss Grey had not finished unpacking her trunk when the dinner bell rang. As she smoothed her hair before going down, she wondered rather wistfully what they were doing at H—— Springs at that moment. The rest of the boarders were all seated at the table when she went down. There was Miss Peters, who taught in the same school Miss Grey did. She had been up in Sonoma County during the vacation, but Miss Grey thought she could hardly have enjoyed her trip very much. At any rate, it had not smoothed the wrinkles from her brow, nor diminished the general air of forlornness that her countenance always wore. Poor Miss Peters! Her face had always worn that look from the time Miss Grey had first known her, nine years ago. Her whole face had a decided upward tendency, but every feature looked as if it were quarreling with every other feature. Her eyebrows were habitually elevated, which caused the deep furrows in her forehead, and gave her eyes a peculiar, strained appearance, as if they were perpetually trying to bring the refractory brows down to their proper position. The nose looked as if it were held there only by force of circumstances, and much against its own inclination, and in its efforts to keep strictly aloof from its neighbors, it had drawn a little to one side. It, too, followed the tendency of the whole face, and tilted slightly upward. Then the mouth had a grieved expression, as if it felt much abused by the evident contempt of it expressed by the nose. So that, taken as a whole, Miss Peters' face presented a rather comical and not at all pleasant appearance. However, "The outward form doth not bespeak the man," nor the woman either, and notwithstanding her homely face few people possessed a kinder heart than Miss Peters. The other boarders were a widow, "fat and forty," but not particularly fair; an elderly bachelor (a new arrival); a young harness-maker; and two other school

teachers, sisters, one young and very pretty, at whom the harness-maker cast many sly glances. Such was the goodly company that daily gathered round Mrs. Bowen's hospitable board; such were the associations of Miss Grey's home life.

They were quite a lively company on that particular day, relating various incidents of their trips, and comparing their experiences. Miss Grey waxed eloquent over H—— Springs, describing its beauties, and the delightful people she had met there; while Miss Peters was of the firm opinion that her friend's ranch in Sonoma County was all that was to be desired in the way of rural delights. The two sisters, who had been visiting a friend at Pescadero, expressed their decided preference for the coast, and the fat window closed the discussion by declaring that for her part San Rafael suited her exactly. There you had coast and mountain scenery combined, and besides, you could run over to the city whenever you wanted to. For her part, she never wanted to be very far away from the city. The country was well enough, but a very little of it satisfied her.

The elderly bachelor expressed his decided approval of her view of the matter. He never could see the sense of people leaving comfortable homes in the city and cramping themselves up in uncomfortable quarters in some overcrowded hotel in the country, for a month or more every summer, and then professing to get so much enjoyment out of it. Of course, he did not refer in any way to the present company; he had no doubt that they had enjoyed themselves extremely. But the principle held good, and for his part, give him the city, with an occasional outing across the bay, or to the beach, or somewhere in the suburbs, and he believed that exactly as much good might be accomplished as by this rushing off to the country every summer.

The harness-maker sighed, and said nothing. Evidently summer vacations were not included in his calendar.

That night Miss Grey finished unpacking her trunk. Down at the bottom, wrapped in tissue paper, lay a leaf from a sketch-book. She took it up, and unfolding the paper, stood

looking thoughtfully at the sketch. It was a scene on the creek at H—— Springs. On one side the trees leaned far across the stream, their low, thick-leaved branches casting deep shadows on it. On the other side great rocks projected into the water, and above and beyond them rose the hills and then the mountains. It was not remarkably well done, this sketch. An artist would have found flaws immediately. But Miss Grey was not thinking of the execution. In fact, she was not really looking at the sketch. Her mind had gone far beyond that, back to that exquisite day in June, when Mr. Miller, sketch book in hand, had come suddenly upon her as she sat on that great rock, half reading, half dreaming over a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems. He was looking for some good sketches, he said, and yes, that was the very place he had in mind, when he started out. He remembered it especially, from that sharp curve in the bank, yonder. Should he disturb her, if he remained? She had laughed at the question, and told him that she was not easily disturbed. Did she sketch? No? It was a pleasant pastime, and then if one traveled much, sketches were delightful reminiscences of places one visited.

She could remember, almost word for word, the conversation that followed. Not that there had been anything strikingly brilliant about it. Mr. Miller was not brilliant. He never surprised one by unexpected similes or odd flashes of wit. But he had read a great deal, traveled a great deal, and observed closely; and he had the rare faculty of knowing just how much to deduce from these three qualities to make him an agreeable entertainer. He had, besides, an appearance of being in earnest about whatever he said or did, which was in refreshing contrast to the "I mean it" of the mouth, contradicted by the "I do not mean it" of the eyes, the manner of most men toward women. Miss Grey had persuaded herself that it was because she had such a narrow circle of acquaintances among men that she found Mr. Miller so interesting; but Miss Chester had demolished that theory one day, when they went to walk together, by declaring that she

thought Mr. Miller was "awfully nice." "He was so interesting, and different from other men." If Miss Chester, with a host of admirers continually at her feet, found him "different from other men," surely she might be excused for admiring him.

So that evening Miss Grey stood there by the empty trunk, gazing down at the sketch in her hand, thinking, thinking, until suddenly there came a rap at the door, which startled her so that the paper slipped out of her hand to the floor. It was only Mrs. Bowen.

"I don't believe I put clean towels in your room today, so I thought I'd bring 'em up now," she said, as Miss Grey opened the door. "No, thank you, I won't come in. I see you're busy, and I should only interfere with your work. Goodnight."

"Goodnight," answered Miss Grey, as she closed the door. Then she wrapped the sketch again in the tissue paper, and laid it carefully away in a box where she kept old letters and various other papers, and then set busily to work arranging her disordered effects. That done, she went to bed, and in spite of her melancholy she slept soundly till morning, with never a dream to disturb her.

The next morning she and Miss Peters betook themselves religiously to church. A bystander would have smiled to see them emerge from the house, at the difference between the two — Miss Grey, with her trim, neat appearance, and Miss Peters, with her ill-hung dress and her queer looking bonnet. For Miss Peters' clothes, somehow, seemed as ill-assorted as her features.

II.

MONDAY morning found Miss Grey bright and early at school. There was so much work to be done, always, in "first days."

The room looked cheerless enough as she walked into it, with its rows of empty desks covered with dust, its blackboards, scrupulously clean, with the rubbers hung carefully on the hooks, and the pointers standing like dignified sentinels in each corner. Miss

Grey felt like saying "How do you do?" to them, they seemed so like old friends. She did nothing of the kind, however, but finding a dust brush, set to work dusting her desk; and then taking the books out of a little cabinet in the corner, arranged them on it, so that in a few moments the old table looked as natural as ever.

The janitress came in then, and set the clock to going, talking volubly all the time. Had Miss Grey enjoyed the vacation? Yes? Well, she was glad of it. Sure, it was more than she could say of herself. What with the rheumatiz, that was near crippling her up for good, and two of her children sick on her hands at the same time, she could n't say that she'd had much enjoyment out of it.

Miss Grey had hardly finished sympathizing with the luckless Mrs. Maloney when footsteps began to echo through the halls, which told the arrival of pupils and teachers. Now they came in groups, with lively chatter and glee, now singly, and with reluctant tread. They came at intervals, at first, and then, as they became more and more frequent, the old building seemed to arouse itself, and assume new life under the influence of the flitting forms and merry voices. The school-room soon lost its cheerless look, as levies of her last year's pupils came in and surrounded Miss Grey, all talking at once, lively, bright, and happy. And as one group dispersed in order to make room for another, and as Miss Grey looked at the bright faces and listened to the merry chatter, she herself the center of it all, she thought to herself that school-teaching was not so bad after all. And was not the teacher a veritable queen in her small dominion? She thought of Mrs. Jones, stitching away in her small back room, and of Mrs. Bowen, perspiring over a hot stove, and then smiled in thankful complacency at her own lot. Surely, she had much to be grateful for.

Then the teachers must all come in for a handshake and a pleasant greeting, and then — the business of the day began.

And presently the freshness of the morning was gone, and there remained the heated, drowsy afternoon to be got through with,

with its fuss and worry over missing reports, and a thousand and one other annoyances, and its restless children, impatient of the confinement, and aching to be out in the freedom and din of the busy street below. But "all things have an end," even first days at school; and so, about five o'clock, Miss Grey put on her hat and gloves, and started for home, thinking wearily that she would not be so averse to changing lots with Mrs. Jones, after all.

The rest of the week was even worse than that Monday. The reaction of coming back into the narrow limits of the school-room after the grand out door freedom they had enjoyed, told visibly on teacher and pupils; and to add to their discomfort, the weather was exceptionally warm. So that it was no wonder, perhaps, that on Friday afternoon Miss Grey reached home with throbbing temples, and in spite of the wisdom of her twenty-five years, indulged in the luxury of a good cry with all the abandon of a girl of sixteen.

She did not go down to dinner that night, declaring that her headache was too severe when Mrs. Bowen came trotting up to see what was the matter. That good lady then insisted upon bringing up a cup of tea and a piece of toast, answering her that that was the best thing for headache. And Miss Grey had barely time to bathe her eyes and smooth her disheveled hair, ere she was back again with the toast and tea, which she arranged with due precision on the small stand by the bed. To her great delight, Miss Grey drank the tea without any remonstrance; but she declined the toast.

"Now if I were you, my dear, I should go right to bed; for after all there's nothing in this world as good as sleep for headache—and other aches besides. And Mrs. Bowen's careworn face became a shade more anxious, if that were possible, as she spoke.

Miss Grey was not long in following her advice, and that the remedy proved effectual may be judged from the fact that she woke the next morning with scarcely a trace of headache except the natural soreness that always results. Indeed, she was so cheery

all day, and went about singing so blithely, that several times Mrs. Bowen stopped in her work below, thinking to herself that Miss Grey must be happy.

But the next day was Sunday, and in the quiet that reigns on that day Miss Grey had plenty of time for thought. She had returned from church in a very tranquil frame of mind; but at the dinner table something had been said that somehow jarred upon her, and afterwards, as she sat by the window in her own room, in spite of herself, her thoughts drifted back over her past life.

What a commonplace life it had been to be sure! Born in a little country town in New Hampshire, she has lost her father when she was eight years old, and her mother, a weak little woman at best, had followed him a year later, leaving her daughter to be adopted perforce by her brother, who had already a large family of his own. Her childhood and girlhood had not been particularly happy; there were no remarkably bright places scattered here and there along the path, as the woman looked back over it, to commemorate this or that joyful event. Neither could she, in truth, say that it had been especially unhappy. If she had missed the sweetest roses, so also she had been spared the sharper thorns.

She remembered how, just after she had graduated, there came to be great talk of California among the village folks. Several families decided to emigrate, and what with all the talk and the glorious vision of future independence held out to her, Janet became possessed of a desire to accompany them. There was little objection made to it by her uncle or aunt. Not that they were indifferent, but those who composed the party were all excellent people, known to the Adamses from childhood, and as Mrs. Adams philosophically observed, "As long as she had to make her own livin', if she could do better in California, she had a right to go there if she wanted to." The friends promised to "look after her," as if she were their own, and "if she got homesick or could n't get along she was always welcome to come back," her aunt said.

So Miss Grey had come to California. She had arrived in August, eight years ago. She made Miss Peters's acquaintance on the steamer coming out. In September they both obtained positions in the school where they now taught, and they had clung together ever since. The families that Miss Grey came out with had scattered to different parts of the State, and she rarely heard from them except occasionally, when some one of them came to the city and hunted her up. Meanwhile she had worked on and up in the school, had formed new friends, and had become so settled in her new associations that they seemed like old, and as if she had never been accustomed to any others.

That was her life, as Miss Grey looked back on that Sunday afternoon. Very prosaic and commonplace, it seemed to her.

And then, in the midst of her musings, there broke in the chiming of the church bells in various parts of the city. They arrested her thoughts, and she listened mechanically to the different peals, now close at hand, now faint in the distance; now nearer again, and now far off. And then there crept into her mind those last words of Mr. Miller's — "*Auf Wiedersehen*, — until we meet again." Hardly thinking what she did, whimsically she tried to fit them to the sound of the bells. It pleased her, repeating them over and over to the different tones, until at last they died away in a faint, far-off whisper, "Until—we—meet—again." And long afterward Miss Grey sat there in the gathering darkness, with the echo of that peal in her heart.

III.

ONE sunny afternoon in June, twenty years later, a number of people were assembled on the porch at H—— Springs, waiting the advent of the stage.

Out in the shady coolness of the "Lover's Retreat" a very pretty girl lounged idly in a hammock. In a rustic chair near her sat a stout middle-aged lady, listlessly turning the leaves of a magazine. The girl had evidently been reading, for an open book

lay face downward in her lap. Just then, however, she and her friend were engaged in conversation. Interesting, it must have been, for as we came upon them, the girl raised herself, and leaning over the side of the hammock looked eagerly at her companion, while she asked incredulously, "But did you never have a *love affair*, Miss Grey?"

"Never," returned the stout lady, quietly smiling. "A very pleasant friendship was the nearest approach I ever had to a love affair."

"But," persisted the girl, "might n't it have — that is — I beg your pardon," blushing and sinking back again into the hammock.

"You mean, might it not have developed into love?" inquired the lady quietly.

"That is what I meant to — that is, if you don't mind" — with a deprecating eagerness which Miss Grey evidently appreciated.

"No, I don't mind," — with that quiet smile of hers. "Yes, I think perhaps it might have, on my part," she went on thoughtfully; "but that would have been one of those one-sided love affairs that always end disastrously. It was much better that we never progressed further than friendship. Real friendship, especially between man and woman, is a very true and lasting blessing, Belle."

"Yes," said the girl dubiously. After a pause, during which she lay perfectly quiet staring up at the glimmers of blue sky that gleamed down at her through the rustling, leafy screen overhead — "I suppose he was a very superior sort of man, Miss Grey; very intellectual or — or scientific, or something of that sort; you would n't fall in love with just an ordinary man."

Miss Grey laughed then, a quiet, amused laugh, that just suited her face. "Really, my dear child, you are troubling yourself needlessly. In the first place, I did n't fall in love. I only answered your conjecture that there might have been a possibility of my doing so, if the intimacy had progressed far enough and the attendant circumstances had been favorable. It was only the barest possibility; and when you have lived long

enough in this world, you will know that we bother ourselves very little about *possibilities* in this life, the *probabilities* are what we have to deal with. No, he was not a superior man — at least, intellectually ; and I abhor a scientific man for a husband."

"O do you? I'm so glad!" and then they both laughed, the girl's voice ringing out clear and sweet above the other.

"That's rather hard on scientific men, isn't it? But then they are so *cranky*. Yes, I know it's slang. But they're always so awfully interested and wrapped up in one subject that they are a little bit crazy on it, I think, and crazy people are not pleasant."

"Not especially for husbands," returned Miss Grey dryly.

"And intellectual men are nearly as bad, don't you think? They are always so up in the clouds that you can never see quite clearly what they are at, you know; and you feel so very far off from them, such a mere speck, you know, bobbing and flying about, and trying to find some way to get out of the cloudy atmosphere they throw around you. I like very well to hear them talk to somebody that knows what they are talking about, but I don't want to join in the conversation."

"Intellect tempered with common sense, is a very desirable quality in a man," returned Miss Grey rather primly.

"Yes'm, I suppose you can understand, then," returned the girl submissively.

After another long pause, in which Miss Grey opened the magazine at a particular page and settled herself back to read, the girl proceeded, as if she had been discussing it in her own mind and had just arrived at a definite conclusion: "But if he was only an *ordinary* man, Miss Grey, I think it was better that you did n't marry him; because then you would have been his superior, you see. And I don't think a wife ought to be superior to her husband, do you?" — turning over on her elbow again, and looking at her.

Miss Grey smiled over her magazine. "No," she answered briefly.

The girl sank back again. Then suddenly she raised herself to a sitting posture. "But I can't imagine you being anybody else but

Miss Grey," she cried vigorously. "You are so strong and self-reliant. Such a *whole* woman, papa called you once. You are an individuality, and I could n't bear to think of your being merged into any one else's life. I love you, Miss Grey," she cried, springing out of the hammock and running to her. "You are the best woman I ever knew — except mamma," she added, as she bent over and kissed her. "You are too good for any man."

"Thank you, my dear," returned Miss Grey gently. "You far overrate me, I assure you."

"Not a bit of it!" cried the girl, "Does n't every body adore you?"

"Not that I know of," Miss Grey said, with her quiet laugh. "I have a vague recollection of two or three hundred school children, who look upon me as the author of all their woes, and — why, can that be the stage?" — as a distant rumble broke on their ears. "Is it so late as that?"

"Why, it must be," cried Belle Miller. "Papa will be on it, too; I must go to meet him. Are you coming too? O no; you want to read your magazine. Poor woman! I have kept you from it all the afternoon. I have n't more than begun my book either." And snatching up her hat, she rushed off to the hotel. But Miss Grey did not read the magazine after she left.

"You are the best woman I ever knew — except mamma." The girl did not know what a sting lay in the words. She did not know what a train of bitter reflections they wakened in Miss Grey's mind.

But she did not have long to indulge them; for presently a troop of children came racing into the Retreat, shouting and laughing in childish abandon. Some of them were new arrivals, and their friends were showing the delightful resources of the Springs. The new comers immediately took possession of the several hammocks, and were each given a "good swing." It was impossible to cherish bitter thoughts in the presence of so much glee; also it was just as impossible to read; and so, bestowing on them a friendly glance, Miss Grey closed her

magazine and betook herself to the hotel, where in the midst of a very cheerful company she forgot all about her little touch of the blues.

But that night as she sat alone in her room, after the merriment of the evening was over, that sentence returned to her: "You are the best woman I ever knew — except mamma." It was exactly such a night as that one twenty years ago which had wrapped them about in its soft beauty. The moon shone full in at the window, adding a more silvery tinge to her gray hair, and making hobgoblin effects of her shadow on the wall behind her.

It had brought Miss Grey to another milestone on her journey; she had passed the first on that other night twenty years ago.

Just as she had halted then and looked back over the twenty-five years of her life, she stopped again, and viewed the twenty years that lay between that night and this.

The little trivial things came up with just the same distinctness as the greater ones. She remembered how she had stood there at her window the day she returned from the Springs, when Mrs. Bowen told her of the little child's death across the way, and had watched the mother as she fed the canary and watered the pot of geraniums. She remembered how the fog had come in, settling blacker and blacker down on the hills and bringing a chilly wind with it; a chill which she felt even in the house.

Then there came up the recollection of a night some years later, when as she sat looking over some examination papers, Miss Peters had entered, and with as nearly a happy look as her contradictory face would express had confided the news of her engagement to her former friend in Sonoma County. His wife had died two years before, leaving a family of five children who, as Miss Peters expressed it, "needed looking after." She had been engaged three months, but would not be married until the June vacation.

She remembered how, after Miss Peters had left, she had gone on resolutely correcting the papers until the last one was disposed of;

how as she rose to put them away her eyes had fallen on that box which contained the precious, often looked-at sketch. She had taken it out together with a bunch of withered wild roses that belonged with it, — and then she smiled, as she remembered the flood of tears and sobs that had followed. There had been so few times in her life that she had cried! Miss Grey could have counted them all. She remembered how after the storm of tears had subsided, there had come the thought of the words, "*Auf Wiedersehen*, — until we meet again." Mechanically she had repeated them over and over, and then had written them just over the initials on the sketch — "*Auf Wiedersehen*." The words had comforted her, she remembered, and she had gone to sleep with them ringing in her mind.

That was fifteen years ago. Miss Grey smiled at this past self of hers at thirty. Then she went on with her review of the next ten years. First came Miss Peters's marriage, which had taken place very quietly in Mrs. Bowen's front parlor, Miss Peters remarking rather pathetically that that had been her home for so many years that she would rather the marriage should take place there. Then there followed her own promotion in school, until she finally attained the principalship, which she had held ever since. Between these two, however, had come the death of Mrs. Jones, the little dressmaker.

Miss Grey remembered how, as she looked down on the peaceful face, lying so calm and still, all the tired wrinkles and careworn puckers smoothed out, she had wondered within herself what it was, this mystery they called death. Was it really a looking on the Master's face that imparted that smoothed, restful look to the dead face in the coffin? Had the spirit already received the greetings of loved ones on the other shore? She remembered that as these thoughts passed through her mind, she had half envied the dead woman her peace. But she had gone out from the peace of the death chamber into the struggle and worry again, into the dull routine, the weary discipline of her school work.

And then, going on into the succeeding years of her life, Miss Grey smiled again ; this time the smile of real pleasure and satisfaction over good deeds well done. She knew as she sat there alone in the moonlight that many children helped over rough places and encouraged to higher efforts by her ready hand and sympathetic words, would "rise up and call her blessed." She knew especially of one, the sweet notes of whose voice had thrilled many a heart, whose music might have remained forever unheard had it not been for her. That was the great joy of her life — she knew it—that young life so bright, so full of promise, that turned to her almost as a second mother, with all its joys and fears, its half formed aspirations, its rainbow tinted hopes.

There were other pleasures, too, to look back upon. There were many good men and women who were proud to call her friend, in whose homes she was always a welcome guest. She knew, too, that her judgment was respected in regard to school affairs, and that more weight was attached to her advice than was usually accorded to a woman's counsels. She knew that among her friends she was regarded as "the right woman in the right place." She had been repeatedly told by women who gathered their own children around them at the family hearthstone at night, that she was so eminently fitted for her position.

"You are so strong and self-reliant," one lady had said to her, as she sat undressing her baby one evening. "You seem just *made* to be the head of some large institution ; to think, and plan, and work for *hundreds* instead of units. Your mind runs in a higher groove than we common folks aspire to." And then she laughed, as she hugged her child closer. Miss Grey, watching her as she cooed and crowed over her baby, knew perfectly well that that woman would no more exchange places with her than she would allow the child to be torn from her arms and nourished and cherished by strangers.

And communing with herself in the moonlight she realized more keenly than ever,

that in spite of the opinions of her friends, in spite of her apparent perfect development, her life was yet lacking in one very essential thing. She knew that love had never entered into, and smoothed, and rounded out her whole nature. She knew that if the lines of her destiny had been moved only a hair's breadth, her life might have resulted so differently. She knew of possibilities in herself that might have developed into realities so sweet, so beautiful, that looking at them in fancy, Miss Grey could almost have wept over the waste that lay in their stead.

But she did not quarrel with her destiny nor with herself. Her excellent common sense stood her in good stead again. Sentimentality found no resting-place in her strong nature. And so, though she paused there a moment at that milestone in her way, to rest and look back over the road she had traversed, it was what any traveler might do. And if she sighed a little over some of the rough parts of the way, if she clung with a somewhat tenacious fondness to the withered roses, from which all the thorns were plucked, it was what any heart might do. She knew that on the other side the road stretched forward again to endless distances ; — that in a moment she should be out upon it, to struggle over the rough places and to pluck the flowers along the pleasant paths ; but — just a moment to sit there in the shadow of the milestone ; to breathe the fragrance of the faded flowers ; to quaff a cool draught from the Spring of Memory !

The moon dipped nearer and nearer to the mountains ; finally rested just an instant on the crest, as if loth to leave this scene of almost perfect peace, and then, still as if with a lingering desire to remain, sank slowly out of sight on the other side. Miss Grey watched the last golden tip disappear, and then rose quietly and prepared to go to bed. The milestone had been passed. She knew that the moon was shining on the other side of the mountains, fully as bright and beautiful as a moment ago it had shone on this. A few days afterward she left H—— Springs, and went back again to her accustomed place in the city.

IV.

A CLIPPING from the daily papers:

GREY. — In this city, Feb. 11, Janet Grey, a native of New Hampshire, aged 50 years, 7 mos., and 3 days. New Hampshire papers please copy.

V.

A YEAR later. Scene — A little mountain village not far from San José. An old paper mill on the banks of the creek. Some children playing in a pile of rubbish near the mill.

Suddenly one spies a bit of clean white paper under some rags. She clutches it, and waves it exultingly before her companions. "See, see! Such nice white paper! I'm going to keep it to mark on when we play school. Such nice paper! So smooth and stiff! I can make a book out of it. See!"

"No, I want it. You just give it to me, Nell," cries a boy, running toward her.

"No, I won't neither. I found it first, Ted Brown."

"I don't care. Gimme a piece of it then. It's big enough."

"I won't."

"You will too."

The boy makes a grab for it, and in the struggle the paper is torn in two.

"O see! There's a picture on the other side," cried a bigger girl coming toward them. "Put it together, and let's see what 't is."

Curiosity got the better of anger in the two other children, and they fitted the pieces together as well as they could.

"Why, it's a creek just like ours; see!" cried the older girl. "May be 't is ours. Them trees bendin' over there and that rock looks somethin' like up by the springs there."

"Yes, only the rock's bigger," said the boy. "What's them letters there?" he went on, pointing to one corner.

The big girl examined them closely. "O-n-f. — No, I guess it's an A. A — O, that other letter's a u. A-u-f — That don't spell nothin'."

"Well, go on to the rest of it. Maybe it does all together," cried the boy impatiently. "Well —"

"A-u-f-W-i-e-d-e-r-s-e-h-e-n. My! what a long name!"

"It's some place in Europe, I guess," said the boy.

"Now, just see what you've done, Ted Brown!" suddenly cried the little Nell furiously. "Tore that nice picture in two. I could've hung it up in my play-house, and now look at it!"

"Well, it can be fixed," returned the boy doggedly.

"How?" queried the girls in a breath.

"Just put the pieces together again, the way you've got 'em now, and then paste a bit of paper on the back there, where the crack comes. Let it get dry, and the picture will be as good as new."

"O, that will be splendid, 'cause it's a nice picture, and then we'll hang it up in our play-house," cried the delighted Nell.

"All right. Come ahead; I can make splendid paste," said Ted, leading the way, and anxious to redeem himself.

They went down the road a little way, to where a log thrown across the stream formed a bridge. The boy dashed across in the reckless style peculiar to small boys, the older girl followed more sedately, and lastly came Nell, holding the precious pieces.

Suddenly, when just half way across — how did it happen? — the small paper slipped from her grasp and fell silently into the creek.

"Oh! Oh! It's gone, it's gone," screamed Nell, stopping short and leaning perilously over to watch it.

"What's gone?" cried the older girl, turning round.

"The little piece," screamed the agonized Nell. "The one with the name on. See, there it goes. O, what 'll I do?"

"Tumble in yourself if you don't look out," returned the other, coming toward her. "Here, take my hand." She led her on to *terra firma*; and as they turned back they saw the paper carried far down the stream by the swift eddies of the mill wheel.

"That's just like a girl," cried Ted, contemptuously, miffed at not having a chance to exercise his skill on the paste. But the older girl was more soothing.

"I would n't feel so bad over it," she said,

"'s long as 't was the *little* piece. Nearly all the picture part is here, and we can trim the edges off smooth, and nobody 'll know the difference. Here's the trees bendin' over, and part of the rock—the prettiest part, too."

"That's so," said Nell, somewhat consoled. "And besides,"—eagerly, as a happy thought struck her—"This 'll just about fit in that old frame mamma gave me the other day. Don't you know, we never could find nothin'

to put in it? This will just about fit. The whole of it would 'a' been too big."

"Whoop! That's so," cried Ted delightedly. "Come ahead and let's try it." And in high glee, they rushed on 'up the hill, out of sight. And presently there was nothing to be heard save the whirr of the mill wheel in the water, with now and then a faint "Gee! Haw!" from some farmer plowing in the distance, or the few sharp, clear notes of some bird in its flight.

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

THE Japanese have an interesting tradition of the creation:—

"In the beginning all things were in chaos. Heaven and earth were not separated. The world floated in the cosmic mass like a fish in the water, or the yolk in an egg. The ethereal matter sublimed and formed the heavens, while the residuum formed the present earth, from the mold of which a germ sprouted and became a self-animate being, from which sprang all the gods.

"On the floating bridge of heaven appeared a man and woman of celestial origin. The male plunged his jeweled spear into the unstable waters beneath them, and withdrawing it, the trickling drops formed an island upon which they descended.

"The creative pair, or divine man and woman, designing to make this island a pillar for a continent, separated, the male to the left the female to the right, to make a journey around the island. When they met the woman spake first, saying, 'How joyful to meet a lovely man!'

"The man, offended that the first use of the tongue had been by a woman, demanded that the journey be repeated, after which *he* cried out exultingly, 'How joyful to meet a lovely woman!'

"Thus ensued the proper subjection; and this, according to the ancient lore of Japan,

was the origin of the human race and the art of love."¹

This island, with seven other large and many thousand small ones, became the "Everlasting Great Japan." As it was created first, it is, without doubt, the holy land, the land of the gods. All other countries were formed at a later date, and although also created by the gods, were not made by the divine man and woman. The traditions of other lands in regard to the creation are fabulous and incorrect, as they are so far from the sources of truth where these events occurred.

The first offspring of this remarkable pair was a daughter, who shone so beautifully and so lighted the heaven and the earth that she was named the "Heaven-illuminating Goddess." Her father therefore translated her to heaven, giving her the ethereal realm to reign over. At this time the floating bridge between earth and heaven had not been removed, so that the goddess easily mounted to her kingdom. The second child was also a daughter,—the "Goddess of the Moon."

The third was a son, but he was not well formed. When he was three years old, as he was yet unable to stand alone, his parents made an ark of camphor-wood and sent him to sea as "God of the Sea and Storms."

¹Translated from the *Nakatomi no harai* and *Nihon-ji*, by Professor Griffiths.

Of the next son great hopes were entertained for the earth, but he grew up turbulent and destructive, fit only to rule over the kingdoms of darkness. Then all the gods—eight hundred thousand in number—became incensed, and insisted that a *woman* should rule over them. They accordingly decoyed the sun-goddess to return, and peace and order were thereupon restored.¹

Educated Japanese women take much pride in the fact that nine of the sovereigns of Japan have been women; that the chief deity in their mythology is a woman, and that the keeper of the "divine regalia" is a virgin priestess. They say the women of the early centuries had great mental and physical vigor, and filled offices of public trust with dignity and honor; they were splendid types in physique, strong in battle, and great in benignant rule.

Of these, the most renowned example is the empress Jingu, who was remarkable not only for strength and beauty, but for valorous deeds, astute intellect, and devoted piety. To her belongs the glory of the first conquest of Corea, whence came civilization, religion, and literature to Japan. The emperor had marched at the head of his army in the year 193, to conquer a rebellion in the province of Kiushiu. The empress embarked from a seaport in Echizen, and met the emperor at Shimmenoséki, of modern indemnity fame. Here the gods spake to Jingu, and asked why they were so anxious to conquer this rebellion at Kumaso, when there was a much larger, richer country to be had for the taking, "as sweet and lovely as the face of a fair virgin, rich in gold and silver, and every treasure." "Worship me," said the god, "and I will give you Corea without bloodshed."

When this was repeated to the emperor, he doubted, and said, "Is there a country in the sky? I see no land, but only water."

Then the gods, answering through Jingu, replied, "If you believe only your doubts, then you blaspheme, and your wife shall conquer the country."

Still doubting, he advanced upon the reb-

els, by whom he was routed, and soon after he sickened and died.

Then the brave Jingu, longing for conquest, prepared to invade Corea. Calling her ministers, generals, and captains, to collect troops and build ships, she said:

"The safety or destruction of our country depends upon this enterprise. I intrust the details to you. It will be your fault if they are not carried out. I am a woman and young, but shall undertake this gallant enterprise trusting to the gods and to my troops. We shall acquire a wealthy country. The glory is yours if we succeed; if we fail, the guilt and disgrace be mine."

With great enthusiasm her captains promised their support, though the enterprise was a colossal one. Then Jingu issued the following orders:

"No loot.

"Despise neither a few enemies nor many.

"Give mercy to those who yield, but none to the stubborn.

"Rewards shall be given to the faithful, but punishment to deserters."

Then the gods sang softly over her head: "The spirit of peace shall guide and protect your life. The spirit of war shall go before and lead your ships."

The devoted empress returned thanks, but on the eve of embarking made a discovery that threatened ruin to the expedition. In dismay she again invoked the aid of the gods, who allowed her to triumph over her difficulties, by giving her a stone to place in her girdle, which should delay her *accouchement* till her return from Corea.

This dauntless woman had only an indistinct idea of the situation of Corea. Her pilots had neither chart nor compass, allowing themselves to be guided by the sun and stars, and the gods. But winds and waves proved favorable, and the gods watched over the fleet, and landed it safely in splendid pomp of mingled sunlight and glittering pageantry of war.

The astonished Coreans advanced to meet them with white flags, offering their treasures, and exclaiming, "We never knew there was any country outside of this! Have our

¹Mikado's Empire.

gods forsaken us?" They took an oath to be tributary and loyal to Japan, made an offering of eighty ships laden with gold, silver, and precious stuffs, and eighty men of noble families to be held as hostages; and pledged that "rivers should flow backward, and stones leap up to the stars, ere their word should be broken."

So it came to pass that Jingu's victory was as complete as it was bloodless, and she and the son who was born after her return are yet worshiped in many temples, and their aid invoked in all martial exploits.

The Japanese have great pride in this valiant woman, and to this day one of the favorite subjects depicted on silk and canvas is an ancient minister of state holding Jingu's infant son, the mother standing by in martial dress.

During the next century, as the immediate result of this heroic conquest, many arts and sciences were introduced from Corea, which were as the affluence of ancient Greece to Europe. From thence came physicians, astronomers, mathematicians, skilled artisans, scholars, teachers; the art of writing and a written language; the introduction of horses, the mulberry plant, and the silkworm. But that which left the most vital impress, fastening itself to the nation's life with the tenacity of the barnacle to the ship, was the Buddhist religion. Henceforth there was an aggressive faith, with doctrines, moral codes, temples, priesthood, to supplant mythological and fetich worship. All this is ascribed to the Empress Jingu, who is referred to as the "warrior woman," with enthusiastic admiration.

Among the heroines whose names are renowned in Japanese classics, whose memory Japan still delights to honor, as marking a distinct historical era, no name has become more classical than Tokiwa, the beloved concubine of Yoshitomo. Artists never tire of picturing her flight after the assassination of her lord, during the memorable fight with the Taira, in 1159.

Tokiwa was the daughter of a peasant, possessed of wonderful beauty, and was the object of Yoshitomo's tenderest affection.

During his flight from his enemies, Yoshitomo was killed in a bath-room by hired assassins. Tokiwa fled, hoping to preserve the heirs of the Minamoto line. It was winter, and her path lay through regions of snow, far from the populous cities and orange groves of her birth. With swelling heart of grief and fear, she carried her baby upon her breast, and urged two little sons at her feet, one led by her hand, and the other manfully bearing his father's sword, not knowing where to go or how to subsist. Thus she wandered on, trembling at every sound, and fearing every face, knowing well the plot to exterminate the Minamoto family root and branch.

Meanwhile the minister of state, who was the leader of the Taira class, conceived a plan by which these children would inevitably fall into his hands—a plan as cruel as it was certain. In Japan, filial obligation is paramount to every other. Taking advantage of this sentiment, the unprincipled minister seized Tokiwa's mother, knowing that the law of a daughter's duty would triumph over a mother's love and fear for her offspring, and bring Tokiwa to Kioto.

Half frozen and starved, the heroic woman was met by a Taira soldier, who pitying her condition provided her food and shelter, and then communicated the news of her mother's capture. Then began the wild struggle between her filial duty, and love for her dead lord and for their children and name. To enter the capital would release her mother, but destroy her babes.

Wit sharpened by love taught her to risk all, trusting to her great beauty to melt Kiyomori's heart. So she suddenly appeared before him, sheltering her three boys with her arms. The pathos of this act, together with her wonderful beauty, completely melted her persecutor. He instantly offered to release her mother and spare her children, if she would give herself to him. At first she indignantly refused, but finally with floods of tears consented to the conditions, if he would give her a written pledge to save her boys.

The Court insisted that the young Minomotos should be destroyed. But the face of their beautiful mother prevailed. That

babe on Tokiwa's breast became the famous Yoshitsuné — a name that kindles the wildest enthusiasm in the young Japanese today. Son of the dauntless Tokiwa, he yet lives, the Bayard of Japan.¹

But the records teem with instances not only of woman's valor, but also of her fortitude under suffering, and of her greatness in the hour of persecution or death, and in all those trials of filial devotion and conjugal affection, made more strenuous by national customs and beliefs. And not only does classic history immortalize the great women of old; the annals of the seventeenth century are red with the blood of women, whose faces gleamed amid the flames as did the martyrs of England; of women stretched upon the cross they worshiped, transfixed with spears, dashed from precipices, or pushed into open graves, with close-shut lips and eyes lit with a sublime faith.

The memory of the heroic women of Japan is kept green in those exquisite works of art with which that nation delights the civilized world, pictured on screen, cup, memorial stone, curtain, and wall; in school and college by quotation, inscription, recitation, and song.

The Japanese woman has also a place all her own in the world of letters. Her importance as a factor in this realm is thus described by Professor Griffis:

"Among the anomalies with which Japan has delighted the world is woman's achievements in this domain. It was woman's genius, not man's, that made the Japanese a literary language. Moses established the Hebrew, Alfred the Saxon, and Luther the German tongue, in permanent forms; but in Japan the mobile forms of speech crystallized into perennial beauty under the touch of woman's hand."

During the early centuries after a written language was introduced by the Coreans, the spoken and written language were identical, but in time the native scholars cultivated a pedantic style and usurped the privilege of

forming a literature in the Chinese language solely. Even conversation became so impregnated with Chinese words and phrases as to be nearly unintelligible to the masses. Thus the pure native tongue was in danger of being lost outright, but for the fact that the women of the empire disliked the Chinese language and seldom used it. To them it was left to form a pure literature in the Japanese vernacular, and right nobly have they performed their task. "No parallel is to be found in the history of European letters to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature was the work of woman."²

Hence, "If we would find the fountains of the musical and beautiful language of Japan, we must seek them in the hearts and hear them flow from the lips of the mothers of the Island Empire."

The traveler in Japan is surprised at the superiority of woman's position over that which exists in other Asiatic nations. Through the prevailing superstitions of the East, she is denied a soul and made a scapegoat for the sins of mankind; yet the gentler teachings of the Indian sage have crept in, and under their influence a fairer condition is presented to view than can be found in China or any other Eastern land.

While abject obedience is inculcated upon a woman, her feet are not bound, and she is left as free to walk, or visit, or travel, as are the women of America. Thus, greater self-respect is induced, with a dignity of bearing unknown elsewhere in the East. For ages, the girls in families of rank and wealth have been educated by private tutors. Now, a gigantic system of public education has been established, in which both sexes participate.

Each household contains a voluminous book, relative to the conduct of life, called "Woman's Great Learning," which treats of the "Moral Duties of Woman," founded on the classics, and "Household Instruction," with regard to dress, house-furnishing, etiquette, reception of guests, and all the interests of life. Bound in with this curious medley

¹ A more complete account of these historic women can be found in "The Mikado's Empire," by Professor Griffis.

² W. G. Aston.

are also the "Lady's Letter Writer," "Stories of Model Women," a collection of a hundred poems from as many authors, which are learned and repeated in the household with passionate fondness; astronomical and almanac lore; mythology; rules for agreement between husband and wife; in short, for the ordering of the whole conduct of life, as far as regards the ornament of action and the obligations of woman's sex. This book is read and studied until it is learned by heart by every respectable family in Japan, and is in fact to the Japanese woman what the Bible is in certain homes where it is the first, last, and only book. The women of the samurai class read the standard histories, and the classics are taught in all the schools of the empire, so that the daughters of Japan are well versed in the traditionary historic and heroic lore of their own land. The fruits of this training are manifest in the fact that Japanese women are unequalled in virtues of heroic emulation, in love of beauty, and grace of etiquette. In the proprieties of life they are peers of the ladies in any land. In habits of order, neatness and household adornment, as prescribed by their own standard, they cannot be outdone. Judged by the same rule in those qualities and characteristics which shine with such lustrous beauty in the mothers of other nations, they are as rich in tenderness and patience, and exalted in sacrifice and devotion.

With untiring submission the Japanese woman fulfills the laws of her being as taught by the dogmas of her creed in subjection to man. During childhood the law requires implicit obedience to her father, after marriage to her husband, and in case of his death, to her eldest son. From this seed of unvarying submission sprang a deadly nightshade of rank and towering proportions, poisoning the nation's life; a wrong only modified under the laws of the new realm, whereby a vast army of unfortunates have been released. Ten years since a profound student¹ of Japanese character, teacher in the Imperial University of Tokio, emphatically said:

"The Japanese maiden, as pure as the

purest Christian virgin, will at the command of her father enter the Yoshiwara tomorrow, and not a murmur escapes her lips as she thus filially obeys. To a life she loathes, to premature old age and an early grave, she goes patiently. The staple of a thousand novels, plays, and pictures in Japan is written in the life of a girl of gentle manners and tender heart, who hates her life and would gladly destroy it, but refrains because her purchase-money has enabled her father to pay his debts, and she is bound not to injure herself . . . because fulfilling all righteousness as summed up in filial piety."

The evils in the position of woman in Japan are traceable to Buddhism, which denies her a soul or immortality, except through the ebb and flow of ages of transmigration, when she may possibly be reborn as a man. It also teaches that she is but an impediment in the path of manhood to all worthy action and living. But in spite of these thralls, her charms and virtues cause her to wield a most effective influence in many cases, and win the day by might of love. The large influx of foreigners also exerts a powerful influence in her behalf, for the Japanese are great copyists. Many of the leaders in the new movements which have swept over the empire, have released themselves from the shackles of ancient usage, freely bestowing that honor and courtesy on their wives which they have witnessed so loyally given by Western nations.

A Japanese is allowed but one *legal* wife, but the possession of two or more for justifiable reasons is winked at. If childless, the wife sometimes urges her husband to take another to preserve the family name. However, the number of plural marriages is extremely small. Divorce is allowed, if a wife is disobedient or talks too much.

There are two distinct types of physiognomy strongly indicated among Japanese women. The higher classes possess clearly cut features, fine long oval face, deep sunken sockets, oblique eyes, with long, drooping lids, and high arched eyebrows, lofty, narrow forehead, small red lips, pointed chin, slender bust, and very small hands and feet. Among

¹ W. E. Griffis.

the agricultural people and laboring class are seen the round, flattened face, level eyes, and expanded nose.

The ladies are noticeable for taste in dress, and when occasion demands are attired in elegant and splendid costumes. The grotesque pictures of Japanese dress give no proper conception of the grace and richness of the costumes worn by the women of rank and wealth. Long trailing robes of exquisitely embroidered silks, chiefly of white, crimson, or ashen hues, open bodice, crossed and filled in with soft, rich laces, luxuriant hair flowing over the shoulders, bound in one beautiful tress, or formed into elegant and indescribable coiffure upon the head—each indicating age and condition, whether maiden, wife, or widow—with picturesque fan, and flowing open sleeve, punctilious etiquette and charming manners, is the picture we beheld in many an ex-daimio's home, and among the women of the samurai class.

The educational forces introduced into Japan since the empire has opened to the world are a potent influence in overcoming the wrongs and ills of Japanese women. The present emperor and empress have the sagacity to perceive that the nation in embryo is in the homes, and that what these are, the nation will become; therefore they have set themselves to reform this root. They are do-

ing much to lift the women of their country to the level of citizenship by forming a new and better code of marriage laws, and enforcing a system of education for girls as well as boys. The leading men of the rising generation, possessed of foreign education, imbued with Western ideas and wholly fascinated by them, are emancipated from the old systems of Asiatic despotism, and seek wives as helpmeets in the battle waged between superstition and progress; for intellectual companions and heartsome friends in that broader life to which they aspire.

"They hold the dead Past, for the seed it bore at death."

The example of such, and the precepts of a band of devoted teachers from Europe and America, are proving mighty factors to exalt the Japanese home, lifting wives, mothers, and daughters to that plane of life and hope which gladden their more favored sisters. Of the Japanese woman it may be emphatically said—

"The Future, the great Future, she has faced today :
The darkness lies behind her ; her path is toward the sun.

But the glorious day she looks for is long upon its way.
And a great work yet undone !"

In that future, the dawn of which has even now tinted the eastern sky, lies redemption for the women of Japan.

Helen H. S. Thompson.

THE CAGED LINNET.

GRAY warbler, all unrest !

Scanning the heavens through thy gilded wires !
Sweet orphan, but a day thy parent's breast
Enwrapped thee ere she died. What transport fires
Thy thrilling lay, oft hushed, to oft repeat
In pensive tenderness, "So sweet! So sweet" ?

How canst thou know the wild, glad consciousness
Of freedom to the free, the pinion's strength
Against the ether, or the pulsing stress
Of life in every vein? And yet—and yet—
When high on ivied post thy cage is set,
I see thee plume thy wing its feathered length,

And tilt, and poise for flight ;
And some ecstatic instinct swells thy throat,
Of azure vistas tuneful with the note
Of summer's myriads, of freshening breeze
Within the gold-lit dusk of apricot trees,
Of gossamery dawn, and purple night.

Oh ! when upon the tendril near thy sill
That wild free linnet swung, and thou didst list,
And list, and drink the rapture of his trill,
Did some gay dream of viny swings, and shade
Sun-flecked, and green half-lights of leafy glade,
Fill thee with vague regret for something missed ?

I read thee, sweet ; the song that over-wells
Thy tremulous throat so dreamily and low,
Is not remembrance of that long ago
One happy day thou knew'st thy mother's wing,
And heardst her mate above his nestlings sing
Men better with his scarlet bosom's swells :

From out the mother's heart through brooding days
Thy frail, sky-tinted shell absorbed the bliss
Of sunny hills, and woody depths, and ways
Of fern-hid, willowed creeks ; until of this,
And warmth, and love, and song, thou camest to greet
Us with thy blest reminder, "Sweet ! So sweet !"

Caged Soul, alert with subtle fire and worn
With power restrained, and fancies burning pure,
Let out the ineffable melody that was thine
Ere thou wast Earth's ; voice thou thy dreams divine,
Till the celestial echoes shall endure
In all men's minds, of their forgotten bourne.

Virginia Peyton.



THE PENNINGTON FEUD.

THE Pennington blood was of the very bluest. A knight of that name, after aiding William of Normandy to conquer England, had received large estates from his sovereign and had founded a family, the leadership of which had descended in direct line from father to son, generation after generation.

One Sir William Pennington had left the shores of England when this country was yet in its infancy. He did not come over in the Mayflower — though there would doubtless have been room for him — but very soon after. Why he left his fine inheritance no one could tell, though rumors were plenty. But whatever the reason, the fact was undeniable that he resigned his title and his claims to his estates, for himself and all his heirs forever after, and sailed away to the wilds of America. "And that," Miss Pennington would sigh, "is why we are here."

Miss Pennington and Miss Penelope Pennington were the last of the direct line. For the first time since the Norman Duke had stood sponsor for a certain little bit of humanity, there was no William Pennington. Miss Penelope mourned bitterly that Matilda was not William since she had the brains of a man, "and a peruke would have been so becoming." Miss Matilda took the leadership in all matters domestic or otherwise. Not that Miss Penelope lacked strength of mind — no Pennington was ever failing in that direction — but as her sister was two years older, half an inch taller, and ought to have been of the masculine gender, it appeared the proper thing that she should rule.

It seems natural to describe these sisters together, for save that slight difference in height, there was little whereby to distinguish one from the other. They arrayed their slender figures after the manner of their loyal tory ancestresses, in full gowns with pointed bodices. They wore their hair high and powdered, and there was always the little patch of black court-plaster on the left cheek. They

had the true Pennington nose — that penetrating aquiline — and slender blue-veined hands. Though neither of them could boast beauty, still Miss Penelope often thought with great satisfaction as she looked in the mirror, "We do show our blood."

Fate in placing them in a small New England village had not otherwise ill-treated them. Sir William had prospered in his new environment, and left behind him a fine old house, built after the manner of his English home, with stately oaken staircase, deep window seats, and generous fire-places. The Revolution passed by and left it still standing, though its contents were almost entirely demolished. Later the house was repaired and refurnished as nearly as possible in the original style, and so it remained to the time of which I write.

The march of village improvement had taken away most of the ground belonging to the property, so that now the house stood close on the street. But behind it was a charming old garden, where the ladies took their afternoon tea in the summer days, when the sun had taken himself around the corner of the house and long shadows fell across the little lawn.

Occasionally the rector and his wife were bidden to a formal dinner, but beyond this few ever saw the inside of the quaint mansion where these two ladies kept up the state befitting the Penningtons. What! invite the man of whom they bought their butter and eggs to dine with them? Perish the thought! No feelings were hurt by this neglect; the Pennington ladies were regarded with kindly amusement by their fellow-townsmen, who looked upon their ceremonies as little vagaries that harmed no one. So whenever the well-known carriage, which had served the family ever since the war of 1812, rumbled through the one central street of Topsham, there were always respectful greetings and pleasant looks for the occupants, the ladies

of the "*manner* house," as it was slyly called; and Miss Pennington, as she folded her shawl after one of these airings, would remark, giving it a satisfied shake, "Penelope, I do think we are somewhat appreciated here."

So their placid life went on from year to year. It was monotonous, but it was dignified, and they were content.

It was a bleak day in November, and Baker, a demure maiden of fifteen years, had just removed the tea-tray and brought in candles. The rain was falling outside, and the ladies both felt decidedly at a loss for occupation with which to beguile the two hours before their seven o'clock dinner. Their embroidery frames stood waiting, but they had devoted themselves to the stitch, stitch, stitching all the afternoon; so they turned away from this stately employment, and while Miss Matilda stirred the fire, Miss Penelope wandered up and down the hall, pausing before the portraits of their noble ancestors. Strange as it may seem, considering the number of times this ceremony had been performed, she made a discovery on this occasion.

"Matilda, come here!" she suddenly exclaimed in an agitated manner. Miss Pennington, with wild thoughts of the discovery of a secret chamber or something equally startling, gave the fire one final poke and hurried to her sister. Miss Penelope was standing still before the portrait of Sir William Pennington, and tragically pointing her candle at it. As Miss Pennington appeared in the doorway, she cried out "*Matilda, he has not the Pennington hand!*"

Now Miss Matilda was immediately angry at having been startled out of her usual calm for so slight a cause, and without ceremony replied, "How silly of you, Penelope! Of course he has the Pennington hand!" and forthwith turned on her heel and was about to return to the parlor.

Miss Penelope, being so much in earnest, was offended at this summary disposing of the subject and said quickly, though with great dignity, "Matilda, I am not wont to speak without reflection, you well know; and I repeat that Sir William has *not* the Pennington hand."

Miss Pennington at this stepped to her sister's side and looked at the member in question. The hand rested lightly on a table just as it had done for the past century. Could Penelope be right, or was it simply the shadow cast by her candle that made the hand, which should be so slender with tapering fingers, suddenly look fat and stunted? Of course it was the shadow, and the elder sister after a protracted look said decidedly, "I am surprised at you, Penelope, bringing up such unpleasant doubts with so little reason. It is unworthy of a Pennington!"

"And I am surprised at *you*, Matilda, that you should be so prejudiced and so determinedly blind as to declare with your eyes on that picture that that hand is a Pennington hand!"

"And so it is!"

"It is not!"

The sisters stood and glared at each other for a moment. Miss Matilda was the first to recover speech, and spoke with awful slowness:

"Penelope Pennington, do you realize that you have the same as declared that I have told a lie?"

Miss Penelope here lost her head completely. "And so you have!" she replied, unconsciously imitating her sister's tone of a moment ago.

This was too much, and Miss Matilda's voice was full of suppressed passion as she said: "No Pennington has ever before stooped to such an imputation. I decline to have any more communication with you till you apologize for this insult."

"And I," returned Miss Penelope, appearing to grow several inches taller as she spoke, "refuse to live any longer with one who considers me an unworthy member of the family." With this, she retired to her own apartment, and her example was immediately followed by Miss Pennington.

When Baker came to announce dinner, she found the drawing-room deserted. In much wonderment she ascended the stairs, and in still greater wonderment descended them—neither of the ladies cared to dine. Each spent the evening in solitary reflection; and the result of such reflection was this:—

Miss Matilda felt that her position was perfectly just and right. Perhaps she had been a little hasty in calling Penelope "silly"; — she would be willing to admit that after an apology had been made — but an apology there must be. Miss Penelope, on her part, was prepared to go to the full extent of her words. If Matilda would retract her aspersions, she might allow that she had been a little too positive — but a retraction there must be, ere she would yield one inch.

Before sleeping, she composed a letter, which Baker was directed to hand to Miss Pennington early the next morning. That lady's breath was almost taken away when she had digested the contents. Miss Penelope, after saying that to her the breach seemed irreparable, proposed that she should remove to the west side of the house with her personal belongings. In order that Miss Pennington might not have the pain of meeting the one "unworthy of the family name," she was requested to remain in her own apartment while the changes were being made.

Miss Pennington straightened herself both physically and mentally — she had relaxed a little during the hours of the night — and instead of any form of retraction sent back the answer, "Miss Penelope Pennington's proposition is entirely satisfactory to Miss Pennington, who will remain in her room as suggested."

Dire was the dismay in the domestic department when the new order of things was announced. But even Stephens, the old housekeeper, dared not hazard a query as to the reason for the change. Miss Penelope's aspect was far too forbidding for that. She gave her orders with sharp decision, and by night the rooms so rarely used heretofore were ready for occupancy.

When Miss Matilda descended to breakfast on the following morning, the first thing that attracted her notice was that the portrait concerning which the disastrous dispute had arisen was entirely shrouded from view by a thick piece of dark cloth. A grim smile parted her lips, but she made no comment. In the breakfast room, the table was laid for

one. In the parlor, her embroidery frame stood alone, for the first time in her remembrance. As she ate her solitary repast, she could not forbear saying to her maid, "Baker, who waits upon Miss Penelope Pennington?"

"My sister, please ma'am, and very glad she is of the place."

And so the two ladies took up their divided lives. Questions which would arise were settled entirely by correspondence, as on the following occasion: One morning, about a week after that dreadful day, Miss Penelope started to go up to her own room, when just as her foot touched the first stair, she was thrown into utter consternation by the sight of her sister calmly beginning the descent. For one wild moment she hesitated, then feeling it would never do to retreat, she moved on, the personification of frigidity. Slowly they approached and passed each other, without a word or a look, but when Miss Penelope gained her own sanctum she found herself trembling from head to foot. "What shall we do?" she said aloud. "This is terrible!"

Miss Pennington in her parlor was, at the same time, saying to herself that such an encounter must never take place again. On this occasion she took the initiative, and shortly afterwards the little maid knocked at Miss Penelope's door with the following communication:

"Miss Pennington, feeling that her nerves cannot again endure the strain so lately put upon them, would suggest that on three days of the week, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and also during the first half of Sunday, Miss Penelope Pennington should use the front hall and stairway, and that on the other three days of the week, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and during the latter half of Sunday, she should use the rear hall and stairway, Miss Pennington reversing the order."

Miss Penelope agreed at once, and so after this they never met in the house. Gradually a complete system of avoidance was arranged. On the days that Miss Pennington used the rear staircase she used the carriage, and on the days she used the front staircase she did not use the carriage and did occupy the garden; Miss Penelope *vice versa*.

Of course such a state of affairs in a house where there had always been the most perfect harmony could not fail to awaken great interest and curiosity in the community. For a time the breach between the sisters escaped discovery; then certain strange circumstances were noticed: only one Miss Pennington appeared at a time in the carriage; they never came together to church; and finally Baker confided to her friend the grocer that one of the pictures in the hall was covered. Then speculation ran riot. Village people are always ready for a sensation, and this was made all the more interesting from the fact that not a single person beside the two concerned had the slightest idea what the trouble was about. Numberless theories were advanced. Even the rector indulged in one, and decided that it was his duty to make a pastoral call and confirm it.

As usual he was ushered into the room on the left of the hall. He asked for the ladies giving each name distinctly. Baker without any remark disappeared, and the good rector began to think it was all a mistake — with it must be confessed a feeling almost like disappointment. Though why should not a rector enjoy a mystery as well as any other man?

At last Miss Pennington entered alone. She led the conversation in her usual high-bred way, inquired for Mrs. Brown, for the poor in the parish, discussed the degeneracy of the times and the decline of the gospel, with never a word of her sister.

At a pause in the conversation, her visitor felt that it would be eminently proper to enquire for the absent lady. "Shall I not have the pleasure of seeing Miss Penelope Pennington today?" he asked politely.

His hostess immediately rang the bell. "Baker, ask Miss Penelope Pennington if she can receive Mr. Brown this afternoon."

"Miss Pennington," said the rector, rising to his feet in his excitement, "must I understand from this that you and your sister are living in enmity?"

"Mr. Brown," said the lady, drawing herself up with great dignity, "I respect you very highly, but I must beg you to remember

that the Penningtons have never held themselves accountable to any one for their conduct under any circumstances."

And this was all the explanation the poor man ever received, for he decided while crossing the hall that it would be unwise to broach the subject to Miss Penelope.

Years passed away. The Pennington feud was an accepted fact, and might have continued to this day — but something happened.

One day Miss Penelope received a letter which read as follows:

"MISS PENELOPE PENNINGTON,

"*Dear Madam:*

"Being very anxious for certain information, which Mamma tells me you will surely possess, I take the liberty of addressing you. Would you be so kind as to tell me in what part of Essex County, England, Pennington Hall is situated? I am hoping to visit England before many months, and am very desirous of seeing the old family home.

"I write to you instead of to Miss Pennington, as I have the honor of signing myself.

"PENELOPE PENNINGTON RATHBONE."

"Dear me, how lacking her mother must be," was Miss Penelope's just comment, "not to know where Pennington Hall is! But then one could not expect much from that branch. The daughter, however, seems to have quite the proper spirit, and I shall be glad to answer her question."

She sat down before her davenport, it being her practice to reply at once on the receipt of a letter. Her correspondence had never been so extensive that she had found any difficulty in adhering to her rule. In fact she so seldom received a letter, it was with great enjoyment that she considered this one. The last sentence pleased her. She hoped her namesake was a credit to the family — how she should like to see her! Had she the Pennington nose and hand! Hardly probable in so distant a branch.

Suddenly the idea entered her mind, "*Why should I not ask her to visit me?*" The mere thought caused her to lean back in her chair in a tremor of excitement.

It was years since a visitor had slept in the house. What would Matilda say! At this reflection Miss Penelope straightened her-

self in her chair, raising her powdered head haughtily. Of course Matilda would have nothing to say about it. And then a feeling of wicked pleasure came to her as she thought of actually having a guest, of whom Matilda should know nothing till she was really in the house !

The idea, once admitted, grew more agreeable every moment. Of what incalculable benefit it would be to this young girl to reside for a time in a house so full of noble associations ! And how fitting, that before her pilgrimage to Pennington Manor she should be instructed in the past history of the family !

And so it was that instead of a simple note of response, Miss Penelope sent a kindly, if formal, invitation to her namesake to spend the month of June in Topsham.

Great was that young lady's astonishment when she received this expression of hospitality from one who had never appeared to desire any intercourse with her distant connections. Her first impulse was to decline this tardy recognition ; but the natural love of youth for change and a new experience conquered her pride. Accordingly, early in the first week of June Miss Matilda received a shock. She was sitting by the window, languidly drawing her needle in and out of her embroidery, when the familiar rumble of the family coach attracted her attention.

Timothy was driving at his best speed, and drew up before the door in a style worthy of the vehicle's palmiest days. Behind him rattled the village expressman, who deposited a trunk at the exclusive mansion with a great deal of noisy satisfaction. Yes, a trunk ! Miss Matilda adjusted her eye-glass before she would be convinced. Then to her farther amazement she beheld emerging from the depths of the carriage a young lady of slender, graceful figure, who looked eagerly at the house just in time to meet a retreating glance from the eye-glass.

When Miss Matilda looked again, maiden, baggage, and Timothy had disappeared around the corner of the house. Miss Penelope had debated for some time whether she should choose her carriage day or her front hall day for the arrival of her guest.

She decided on the former, for in spite of the embarrassment of receiving a visitor in the rear hall, that was preferable to being guilty of such a breach of hospitality as allowing her to use a public conveyance.

Miss Matilda felt very much injured as she sat down to her solitary cup of tea. "So out of place for Penelope to bring into the house a young girl, who would doubtless go rushing about keeping everything in a state of commotion." And then she sighed ; somehow she felt lonely that evening, and visions of Penelope sitting opposite the pretty face of which she had caught a glimpse, would arise before her.

Meanwhile her sister was immensely pleased with herself and pleased with her guest. As the time had approached for the arrival of her namesake, she had begun to feel much inward trepidation. She remembered that on the one or two rare occasions during her girlhood when she had visited a friend, something had been done for her entertainment ; perhaps this young lady would expect something of the kind. In spite of the elevating influences that would surround her under that roof, would she be discontented without the companionship of those her own age ? Then appeared to Miss Penelope's mental eye a picture of her quiet room filled with girls, giggling and chattering after the modern fashion ; she herself seated at the little table dispensing tea in her precious china cups, with the aid of the unattached young curate — the only eligible man in Topsham. Here she shivered ; a realizing sense of what would follow such a letting down of the barriers came over her, and shutting her lips tightly together, with an unwritten vow that such an idea should never find lodgment in her brain, she said aloud, "No ! never such a concession as that !"

She spoke with such energy that Baker, who was brushing the hearth, looked up at her mistress in astonishment to catch an expression on her face "as if she had seen a specter, sure !" she afterward confided to Stephens.

But Miss Penelope's misgivings were all laid at rest when, having expressed a hope

that her guest would not find it dull, she received the answer, "Miss Penelope, don't try to entertain me, please! I want to do just what you do, and imagine that I have lived here ever since the house was built."

"That, my dear, is just the feeling I should desire you to have, and I am glad to see that you are so sensible for one of your years."

This made Pennie open her eyes. She had not thought of being sensible, but of carrying out a romantic fancy she had long cherished of living as a girl of a century ago would have done. Now that she was in Tospham she felt that the time had come. This kinswoman, with her antique costume and formal ways, was in perfect harmony with her ideas. The feud with its elaborate code of laws was delightful, and seemed to her the most interesting piece of absurdity of which she had ever heard. Miss Penelope did not tell her what caused the breach, and of course she could not ask. She nearly disgraced herself several times by straying into the garden, or starting down the front staircase on the wrong day. She laughed to herself at the guilty feeling that came over her when she made such mistakes, it was all so ridiculous.

Pennie was just the one to enjoy the life she led for the next few weeks. The formal atmosphere of the house did not depress her as it would have depressed many girls. The eldest daughter in a large family, she had found little time to indulge her fancies; here in the quaint old house she followed her own sweet will.

She studied the portraits by the hour, and masqueraded as an antique to her heart's content. Miss Penelope was won completely by the readiness with which she listened to her treasured stories, and her willing belief in all the traditions of the past. The young girl's smiling ways brightened the whole atmosphere, and by the time the visit was half over, her hostess had begun to dread her departure.

Miss Penelope was sitting after dinner by the open window, while Pennie, in the dimness of the unlighted room, was singing softly

to herself. Suddenly Miss Penelope started to her feet and sniffed the air.

"Penelope Rathbone, I smell a cigar!"

"O, Cousin Penelope, you must be mistaken!"

Miss Penelope did not reply, she was peering intently out of the window. "Yes," she declared excitedly, "there is a man in our garden. O, where is Timothy?"

Pennie slipped to her and looked out likewise. There, sure enough, was a man, a young man too, sauntering leisurely about, smoking the while as if he felt quite at home.

"How dare Stephens allow it! Such a thing has never before happened in my recollection."

"But it's a gentleman, Cousin Penelope, not one of Stephen's friends."

"My dear child! I certainly should be able to tell a gentleman—the idea, he is actually picking a rose!"

"Why of course!" said Pennie with sudden conviction. "He is visiting Miss Pennington."

"Matilda have a visitor! Preposterous."

However she sat down to think it over. "No," she said decidedly after a moment, "that is out of the question. Ring, please, I will have this explained,"

"Harriet"—waving her hand toward the window as the maid appeared—"what does this mean?"

Harriet, concluding that she was desired to look out of the window, did so.

"O, him, Miss Penelope? That's Miss Pennington's young man!"

"Girl," responded her mistress with awful severity, "do you realize what you are saying?"

Pennie retreated to the farther side of the room, brimming over with laughter, while Harriet, innocent of having said anything unusual, went on to explain.

"Why Ma'am, he came here this afternoon, and his bag, Ma'am, and he's in the south room, and his name, Ma'am—"

"There, that will do, Harriet; you may retire," interrupted Miss Pennington, disdaining to receive further information from a servant.

There was dead silence for a time, until Pennie recovered herself sufficiently to ask if she should not light the candles.

"Little did I think," began Miss Penelope, without heeding the question, "that Matilda would ever descend to such indignity."

She paused, as if expecting a reply, so Pennie ventured: "Is this gentleman some one to whom you object?"

"Object!—But then you are too young and unsuspicious to understand it. Take a book, my dear, and let us compose our feelings."

Pennie complied, and read aloud for some time, though she felt that her hostess was not giving very close attention to the subject of the article. Indeed she was not; her mind was filled with such a storm of emotion that she made no attempt to follow the voice of the reader. Miss Matilda would have been fully satisfied could she have known how disastrously her sister's peace of mind was upset.

Miss Penelope had the idea that a young man, unless a curate, was an evil invention. Of course this one put an end to all the freedom of her visitor's movements. Then probably he would fall in love with her in the dreadful modern way! This reflection caused her to say—so unexpectedly that Pennie's book fell from her hand—"Of course you cannot go out of these rooms while Miss Pennington persists in keeping that man here."

"But, Cousin Penelope," remonstrated the young lady, dismayed at this announcement, "I should die to be shut up in the house in summer, and he may stay as long as I shall."

"Suppose you should meet him in the garden?"

"Well," said Pennie, gravely, "I could shut my eyes and run."

"O, my dear!" Such levity seemed entirely out of place.

"Or," continued Pennie, "if he should speak to me, I could wave my hand with a menacing gesture, and look at him in such a stony way that he would immediately retire."

"I am disappointed in you, Penelope. This flippant manner of talking about young

men is, I know, the way of the age, but I hoped you were above it. My honored father was in the habit of saying that no young girl should ever speak to a gentleman outside of her own immediate connection until he had asked permission of her father to address her. That is the way I was brought up."

"Dear me, was n't it dreadfully embarrassing to have a young man propose to you the first time he spoke to you?"

"Well, really," said Miss Penelope with some hesitation, "I don't know that I remember ever having such an experience. Probably I did, but it was so long ago I have forgotten."

"Yes, of course," said Pennie soberly. "But I must confess—though I suppose I shall sink still lower in your estimation—that I think it is much nicer now-a-days."

"We will discuss the subject tomorrow," returned Miss Penelope, rather weakly. She did not feel equal to instructing her young kinswoman in the proprieties that evening.

The next morning as Pennie was coming down stairs, she paused on the first landing to look at the picture of her great-great-grand-aunt. She had concluded that she resembled this ancestress, and on this occasion had arrayed herself in a duplicate costume. In her short-waisted gown, with her brown hair piled high on her head and supported by a huge back comb, she was a living copy of the portrait, and her satisfaction was great as she leaned against the banister, looking with bright eyes into the impassive face above her. She was wondering if Miss Penelope would see the likeness, when a door opened at her side and out stepped a young man—"that man."

She stood speechless for a moment, the color flying into her cheeks, then gasped forth, "Why, it's Wednesday!"

This statement was not contradicted by the intruder, much taken by surprise at the charming vision before him. He recovered himself speedily, however, and glancing up at the picture before which they stood, asked "How does the world look to you after your long absence?" Pennie seemed to forget that she

was to wave her hand menacingly if she was accosted, and falling into the spirit of the thing answered,

"Everything looks very natural about the house, except — pardon me — yourself."

"O, I am too modern am I? Well to tell the truth, I do feel a little bit out of place here, myself." Then, insinuatingly, "I am ashamed to say that I have forgotten your name, familiar as I am with all my great-aunts and grandmothers."

"Ah!" she said demurely, shaking her head in horror, "the present generation is very heedless of the past. My name is inscribed on the family tree where all may see it."

"I shall certainly refresh my mind," he said, disappointed, "though I don't like to wait so long before knowing how to address you."

"It is of no consequence," — beginning to realize that it was time to retreat, — "for you will never see me again."

With that she started down the stairs, but he not willing to end the play here followed. "Surely you will need some refreshment after your long fast. I know Miss Pennington would be delighted to receive her distinguished ancestress at breakfast."

An irrepressible laugh broke from Pennie's lips at this assertion, but she only looked back at him with a shake of the head, and disappeared behind an unfeeling door.

As the young man sipped his fragrant coffee soon after, he remarked in a conversational way to his hostess, "Miss Pennington, have you not a sister? I have always heard of the *Misses* Pennington."

Miss Matilda's lips compressed in a manner very unpromising to a searcher after family history. "My father had two daughters," she answered stiffly.

"And one died?" he persevered.

"O, no."

There was a pause. The gentleman looked furtively at the lady seated at the head of the table and decided to risk one more question.

"Is your sister very much younger than yourself?"

"Miss Penelope Pennington is two years,

one month, and six days younger than myself." This in a tone that would have quelled the most pertinacious inquirer.

The young man immediately dropped the subject so evidently unpleasant to his hostess, and turned the conversation in another direction, whereupon Miss Pennington became most affable.

By and by he thought it safe to say, "I met a young lady in the hall —"

He got no farther, for Miss Matilda interrupted him in a tone of dismay, "Dear me! it's Wednesday."

"Just what *she* said," was his mental comment. Aloud he said nothing, only looked at her with sympathetic interrogative, anticipating now the explanation he so much desired.

Miss Pennington hesitated; she had not yet decided just how much of the family feud she would disclose to this kinsman who had so unexpectedly descended upon her. She really wanted time for reflection; hence her short answer heretofore.

For the first time in her life she had acted on impulse. The two weeks that passed so quickly on the other side of the house, to her had seemed interminable. Her solitary life had satisfied her, knowing that Penelope also lived alone; but when her sister brought into the house a young girl whom she appeared to find so companionable, (Miss Matilda had seen them more than once walking in the garden, the girl laughing and talking, and Penelope actually smiling back,) her feeling of displeasure was so aggravated that she felt she must do something to punish her sister. The sounds of reading, of singing, or of talking which she caught in passing through the hall annoyed her exceedingly. How dared Penelope, the author of their trouble, to be enjoying herself?

She was indulging in such thoughts the afternoon before, when a card was brought to her. "Richard Whately Pennington," she read. — "What can the Major's son want of me?"

A slight color rose in her cheeks. She was evidently somewhat agitated, for she forgot to have Baker announce her; so when she en-

tered the parlor the stranger was standing before the window looking down the street, his back to her. She coughed slightly, and the young man turned quickly to meet a state-ly reception from Miss Pennington, now thoroughly herself again. His bow was all that could be desired, she noticed, and when after the preliminary civilities she invited him to be seated, it was very graciously, — his appearance pleased her.

"I called, Miss Pennington, on a matter of business very important to myself," he began frankly. "This is my only excuse for invading your seclusion."

"Major Pennington's son need not apologize for his presence in this house. I knew your father years ago, and for his sake you are welcome."

"Thank you, madame," — marveling greatly at this pleasant reception from one of the "Gorgons," as our two sisters were known among some of the remote branches, — "and will you continue your kindness by giving me all the information you can about my father's half-uncle George Pennington? I will tell *you* that if he left no direct heirs I shall come into a property which is going to be very valuable one of these days."

"Ah, indeed! Then it will give me great pleasure to assist you to a realization of your hopes. I will look through the family records, for though I might feel confidence in my own remembrance of the past, your lawyers might prefer documentary evidence."

If the young man had only known it, Miss Pennington had never before been quite so gracious to any one. Long ago she had *almost* persuaded herself that it would not seriously lower her dignity to marry the father of this young man. Even if she had never regretted her decision, it is not surprising that the sight of this son, so marvelously like his handsome father, caused a tender feeling to steal into her heart, which evinced itself by an invitation to the young man to transfer his baggage from the village inn to her house.

He at first demurred, really not being desirous of so restricting his liberty; but when he found that Miss Pennington's family pride would suffer if a scion of the name

should sleep at the public house, he politely yielded.

It cannot be claimed that tender memories had alone been sufficient to lead Miss Matilda to receive this stranger so hospitably. A vague idea that through him she might punish Penelope had been present in her mind as she gave her invitation. Just how it was to be managed she had not yet decided, and so it was that she desired time to plan her course of action before her guest should discover that there was any one else in the house. And now had come this unfortunate encounter, and he was looking into her face, awaiting the explanation of that absurd exclamation. She plunged in, determined to give only bare facts at present.

"Miss Penelope Pennington occupies the other side of the house, and there is no intercourse between us. The young lady you met in the hall is a distant connection of the family, who is visiting her. I should have explained to you last night that I do not use the front hall Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; then this unpleasant experience would not have occurred."

Richard tried to say some words expressive of sympathy. He was rather at a loss as to what tactics he should follow, and so stumbled about confusedly in his remarks.

Miss Matilda came to his relief. "Of course, I should never wish to use the front stair-case on my sister's days, lest I should meet her; but I see no reason on reflection why you should be debarred the privilege, provided you have no objection to meeting strangers."

Miss Matilda was already constructing a note in her mind, which should carry consternation into Penelope's camp. She was really going beyond her rights, but she knew that Penelope would be too proud to admit that the presence of a young man in the house gave her any uneasiness.

A little later, Miss Penelope was reading: "Miss Pennington would prefer to give her guest the constant use of the front hall, if it will not annoy Miss Penelope Pennington. Miss Penelope Pennington will please consult her feelings alone in the matter."

Wrath and dismay filled the reader's mind, and she broke forth : "Unprincipled, is the only word which will express Matilda Pennington's course at this juncture !" Then turning tragically to Pennie — "Does she desire to drive you from under this roof ?"

"Don't be distressed for me, Cousin Penelope. I can easily avoid the gentleman, and I don't suppose he would ever remember which day was which, even if he were told."

"Very likely his intellect would not be equal to such an undertaking," — the sarcasm was intense in Miss Pennington's voice, — "but it is my sister's want of principle that is so painful to my feelings. Let it pass, however ; she shall never know how deeply he has disturbed me."

She took up her pen ; then a sudden thought made her turn again to her namesake. "If you should be so unfortunate as to meet this young man, I think you will know how to bear yourself in a manner befitting — but my dear, how flushed your cheeks are ; you are not feverish, are you ?"

"O, no indeed, dear Cousin Penelope, my face is always burning, and it is so disagreeable," answered Pennie, with a dreadful feeling of wrong-doing.

Miss Penelope's thoughts were for a moment diverted from their serious channel. "Well," she said complacently, "it is a family characteristic. I remember my father's sister telling how, when Lady Wilhelmina was presented at Court, her Sovereign graciously said to her, "We should know you a Pennington, Madame, by the heraldry of your cheek."

She fell into a reverie on past grandeur ; but Pennie — who had made up her mind to confess — brought her back to the present most unexpectedly by saying, "I met the gentleman in the hall this morning."

"Already !" gasped Miss Penelope — then severely, "I cannot understand how a gentleman and a Pennington — for he is a Pennington — can be willing to so intrude."

"But he is n't to blame !"

"No, no, probably not. I can hardly believe that a son of Major Pennington"

(Miss Penelope did not say how she had discovered this) "would so fail in good breeding."

She turned again to her desk, and in a few moments dispatched her reply to the other side of the house :

"The movements of Miss Pennington's guest are not of the slightest moment to Miss Penelope Pennington."

So Richard came and went through the hall at his own pleasure, and he alone knew why so many daily trips were necessary.

* * * * *

It was the last night of Pennie's stay at Topsham, and a moonbeam straying into the vine covered arbor discovered there a maiden seated by the little table, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes on the ground, a dejected droop to her whole figure.

Some one paused before the entrance and exclaimed anxiously, "What has happened ?"

Pennie raised her head with a start of surprise. "You ?" she said tragically.

"Yes. Why not ?"

A pale, remorseful face was turned toward him. "O, Mr. Pennington, it's wrong, absolutely wrong for us to meet in the way we have !"

"How can you regulate chance, Miss Rathbone ?" he interrupted laughingly, much relieved that nothing worse than this was troubling her.

"Chance ! Of course it's not chance, and I don't know what I have been thinking about to allow it. How I have deceived Miss Penelope. O, I despise myself !"

"But you are not bound by this feud," he expostulated.

"Don't say that again," she cried impatiently. "I've listened to it too many times already. Wasn't I bound as Miss Penelope's guest not to do anything she would not like ? My senses have returned rather late, but at least I can tell her everything before I go, though she will never want to see me again."

"O, it isn't so bad as that ! She is so fond of you, she'll forgive you at once."

"Indeed she won't ; she will be dreadfully shocked and disappointed in me. But even if she should, I can never forgive myself. I

shall always hate to think of this visit" — mournfully — "and it began so well."

Richard hardly knew what to make of this outburst, and grew grave himself. After a moment's hesitation he said slowly:

"Then you are sorry you ever met me?"

"No, I don't say that," she answered truthfully; but I don't see how I *could* have enjoyed what was so underhanded."

This did not seem to afflict the young man; on the contrary he looked very much pleased.

"Thank you for saying that; it gives me a little hope."

"Of what?" she asked abstractedly.

"Hope that you have grown to like me a little, Penelope. I care more for that than for anything else in the world."

Pennie started from her seat, her face crimsoning with sudden and overwhelming consciousness. He came nearer.

"Don't say anything yet; let me make my confession. You could not help meeting me, there is not the slightest reason for you to reproach yourself. I could see that I distressed you by appearing so often, and I ought to have kept away; but you see I could n't help making as many 'chances' as possible, because —"

"Don't, don't say any more. I must go."

"No!" he said authoritatively, and standing in front of her. "You must let me finish now. I did not mean to say anything yet — but I can't bear to see you so unhappy over my sins. Won't you forgive me? For I love you with my whole heart."

He paused, but no response came. This outcome of her self-accusations was so totally unexpected it deprived Pennie of all power of speech for the moment. She sank back into her chair and strove to regain her mental balance. Suddenly she broke forth despairingly. "O, don't you see how much worse this makes it all!"

"No, I don't," he answered bluntly, startled by this unpromising remark. "That is, unless you are going to tell me that you don't care anything about me."

"I wish I could!" burst impulsively from the girl's lips.

"Pennie!" cried Richard starting forward with outstretched hands.

"No, no!" — waving him back — "that was not what I meant to say."

"How can you be so tantalizing!"

"But really" — she hesitated, then began again. "You have only known me two weeks, and we've quarreled most of the time at that. So how can I believe what you say?"

"What if I should tell you that I fell in love with you that first day on the stairs?"

"Then I should *know* that you are joking."

"Joking! Can you look me in the face and repeat that?"

Evidently she did not wish to try, and he said appealingly, "Don't put me off any longer."

"I don't know what to say," she said seriously. "It's so sudden."

"O, I realize that. All I ask you to say now is that you like me — don't you?" persuasively.

"Yes," she said at last, not looking at him, "a little."

This did not seem to satisfy her lover so fully as he expected. "Ah, can't you go a little further and say that you *love* me."

"Well, — with a lovely blush and lifting her eyes to his just for an instant — "perhaps I do."

Then without giving him time to reply, she stepped out into the moonlight.

And this was the sight that met Miss Pennington's startled eyes a moment later: her recreant guest standing in front of the arbor and with him a white-robed girlish figure, whose hands were tightly clasped in his.

Miss Pennington, rendered watchful by previous observations, had not failed to see when Richard went out into the garden. His ready acceptance of an invitation to prolong his visit a little, even after the papers that assured his cause were in his possession, had set her to thinking. Her scheme of disturbing Penelope had been thoroughly successful, but she now began to realize that there was some influence in the air which she did not understand, and that her control of the situation was perhaps not quite so secure as

she had imagined. This uncomfortable suspicion gave her such uneasiness that on this evening she felt it her duty to ascertain Richard's whereabouts, after some time had elapsed with no sign of his return from "a smoke."

She accordingly stepped out from the low window, her head erect, stately disapproval in every movement. As she turned the corner of the house, the shock she received was overwhelming, and trembling in every limb she paused behind a tree to await developments.

What was it she heard? "My sweetheart!" in fervent tones from her guest; and then from her sister's guest, "I suppose a great-great-grand-mother ought to care for her grandson."

This was somewhat unintelligible to the third person present, but the next remark was not. The girl went on with an acutal laugh.

"What a dreadful creature Miss Pennington would think me if she could see us now."

"You're very right!" was on that lady's lips, but she remembered just in time that she was not included in the conversation. She glanced about in alarm, fearing that she had really given utterance to her thought, and almost sank to the ground on beholding the form of her sister stationed behind another tree just opposite her.

The recognition was mutual and equally unpleasant. Miss Penelope, however, was sustained by the knowledge that it was *her* garden day, and drew herself up, every fold of her voluminous gown rustling with hostility, while the horrified and bewildered expression of her face changed to so haughty a look, that any one but a Pennington would have been crushed immediately. But Miss Matilda was equal to it—she had not the slightest intention of retreating—and returned the gaze with as much stony severity as if Penelope were the trespasser instead of herself. So they stood till a remark from the foreground broke the spell, when both bent eagerly forward to listen; love-making was too new a sight to be neglected by either.

Richard was saying, "Tell me now that

you forgive me for so disturbing your peace of mind."

"No," responded Pennie, "I don't think I can do that till after I have confessed to Miss Penelope. O, how I dread it! Just think, neither of them has the slightest suspicion!"

Involuntarily the listeners glanced at each other, and—yes, both were smiling! They immediately turned away in confusion.

"Don't think of them just now," was Richard's answer, "but tell me"—

"I've told you too much already," declared Pennie. "Do you know what may happen at any moment?"

"Yes, this," said her lover, audaciously taking his first kiss.

Pennie's exclamation at this reply to her question covered an insuppressible groan from Miss Penelope, who, with eyes dilated with the most intense astonishment, was gazing so fixedly at the pair before her that it seemed as if they must become conscious of her presence. She took one step forward, then looked waveringly by at Miss Matilda, who though pale with horror, quelled her sister's impulse to interfere with a decided shake of the head: she had no desire to be discovered.

The conversation became a little indistinct for the moment, but later Pennie was heard to say, "I love Miss Penelope, I do indeed, and now she will despise me. How can I ever tell her!"

"It's my place to do that," said her lover decidedly. "I'm ready to shoulder the blame, every bit of it." Then with sudden inspiration, "The sooner it's over with the better, I think, don't you? Supposing you take me to her now."

The ambushade began to grow uneasy. "O, no," faltered Pennie; then after a moment's reflection—"Yes, it is the best way," and she started forward, all her color gone on the instant.

"Not just yet," said Richard. "We shan't be alone again for a long time, and before you go won't you of your own accord tell me that you do really love me, and that nothing on this earth shall ever part us?"

His voice was so full of feeling that Pen-

nie, after one glance into his earnest eyes, held out her hand, saying simply while her voice quivered, "I do love you, and shall never, never change."

Miss Pennington here could not restrain another look at Penelope, who, her Pennington stiffness entirely melted, was openly wiping her eyes. Miss Matilda to her great surprise found her own growing dim. It was evidently time to retreat, and turning she started for the house.

Miss Penelope, without realizing in her agitation what she was doing, followed after around the house and into the hall. There they both stopped and looked at each other again, Miss Penelope being so thoroughly upset that she exclaimed helplessly, "What can be done!"

Then remembering herself, she tried to stiffen. "I beg your pardon, this—ah—these young people made me forget—" and she turned toward her own room.

"What perhaps it were better to forget altogether," said Miss Matilda, almost as much to her own surprise as to her sister's.

"Penelope turned — "Do I hear aright?"
"You do."

"Matilda, I apologize for my intemperate speech."

"Penelope, say no more. I too was to blame."

Miss Penelope clasped the hand held out to her; then moved by a resistless impulse she walked deliberately up to the shrouded picture and uncovered the noble features of Sir William Pennington. That gentleman gazed straight before him, apparently unmoved by the emotion of the two descendants who stood looking reverently into his face. After some moments of contemplation, Miss Matilda said,

"Penelope, I think he has not quite the Pennington hand."

"On reëxamination," returned Miss Penelope, "I am of the opinion that he has the Pennington hand."

Solemnly the sisters exchanged the kiss of peace, and as the sound of approaching footsteps caused them to turn toward the door, Miss Penelope said,

"O, Matilda, you will be such a support at this trying time."

With this expression of renewed allegiance, the Pennington Feud was at an end.

Leigh Webster.

INDIAN WAR PAPERS. — X. — RESULTS OF THE PIUTE AND BANNOCK WAR.

ALL the Indians that had been connected with this war from the various tribes, — Umatillas, Piutes, Bannocks, Weisers, and Klamaths, were as far as possible gathered in as prisoners. The main portion of them after considerable correspondence with General McDowell were sent to Camp Harney. They came there particularly from Boise City and the Malheur reservation, and some fifty or more were brought up under escort from Fort Bidwell, Cal., to the same post.

It appears also that many of the friendly Piutes, disturbed in all their usual operations and hindered by the war from gathering food, went to Fort McDermit entreating the garrison for supplies. One band of the latter,

viz., that of Leggins, made its way to Camp Harney, and was counted, perhaps improperly, among the prisoners of war.

I never knew why Leggins and his band were joined to the prisoners. From information that was brought me, however, I came at the time to the conclusion that he played both ways, and I believe that some of his people were among the hostiles. It is a fact whether we like it or not, that many prominent Indians are very friendly after a war, and would have us believe that their sympathies had been with the whites all the while, when the reverse was actually the case.

I think myself that if all the facts were known, at the beginning of the Piute and

Bannock conflict nearly all the Piute Indians, except old Winnemucca and his immediate family, sympathized with the Bannocks when they began the struggle.

After the war, as for a time it was under advisement to send the Indians back to the Malheur agency, Leggins said: "Rhinehart is there yet, we ought not to go there while he is there, for we shall die with hunger. We all know how we suffered while we were there."

It is evident from this that he, Egan, and Oytes, were in full sympathy as to the cause of the outbreak of the Piutes, viz., the placing of Agent Rhinehart over them, and his manner of conducting the affairs of the agency.

Looking over a letter of the Department of the Interior of Oct. 24th, 1878, I notice that General McDowell recommended, first, that in conformity with the suggestion of the General of the Army, from ten to fifteen of the leaders, those known to have been prominent in the recent hostilities, be sent to the Indian Territory; second, that the remainder of those who were on the Malheur reservation, be sent to the Lemhi reservation; and third, that provision be made for the small bands under Winnemucca, Ocheho, Natchez, and others who are off the Malheur reservation, by setting off small and separate reservations for them and breaking up the Malheur reservation and the post of Camp Harney."

The first and third propositions were approved by the Hon. Carl Schurz, then Secretary, but he said of the second proposition, the information is not sufficient to enable him at present to form a definite opinion as to the capability and adaptability of the Lemhi reservation for the accommodation of the remainder of Indians on the Malheur reservation; and the future permanent location of these Indians will be hereafter determined."

The Indian prisoners, who were waiting in great anxiety to know what would be done with them, as I have said, had an intimation through Sarah Winnemucca, their interpreter, that they would go back to the

Malheur for the winter. She says that she was told to go to Camp McDermitt and bring all her people to Camp Harney; that she then made the journey in six days, and that it was due to this visit that Leggins and his band came to Harney. How instructions to this effect could ever have been issued I am unable to learn, but think that the officer temporarily commanding Camp Harney interpreted his orders, which were "to gather in all the prisoners," as meaning that he should bring together all the Piutes that he could find. But fortunately for the peace of the camp, the subsequent recommendations of General McDowell, which were not adopted at Washington, that they should all go to the Lemhi reservation, did not reach them.

Correspondence with Washington created an unhappy delay. At last, on the 15th of November, Mr. E. A. Hoyt, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, recommended "the necessary orders to be issued to General Howard to select from the prisoners in his charge the ringleaders engaged in the recent hostilities, and hold them until such time as the necessary arrangements can be made for their permanent disposition, and to deliver all others who are known to have been engaged in hostilities to the United States Agent Wilbur of the Yakima agency."

Mr. Schurz, the Secretary, approved this paper the 21st of November, and the General of the Army on the 27th of November, 1878, started his instructions to General Howard to carry out the suggestion and recommendations of the Interior Department and conduct the prisoners intended for the Yakima agency under guard.

The next day, the 28th of November, the substance of the orders was telegraphed to me at Vancouver Barracks. It was, as we have seen, to remove the Bannock and Piute prisoners then under guard at Fort Harney a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles to the Yakima reservation, or what is more frequently called the Simcoe agency. I was further instructed to select a few of the worst, and detain them at some post as prisoners in confinement.

In the region of Fort Harney the severe

winter had already set in, and in fact the entire route was through a cold, bleak and snowy country, and the prisoners would be obliged to cross the Columbia River and two ranges of mountains on the way. Before the receipt of the order there had been an unaccountable stampede among them at Fort Harney, and several had escaped. Great effort was made by the troops to overtake them and they were finally re-captured at places hundreds of miles away, — a part of them near Fort Bidwell, Cal., and the remainder near the Klamath agency. Those retaken at Klamath were sent to me at Vancouver, and several besides, chosen at Fort Harney, were brought to the same place, and while waiting for their final disposition I had them kept at Vancouver Barracks, and there constantly employed at some garrison work which they were capable of performing. Two or three of these so-called "hard cases" managed to escape after a time, but the remainder staid with apparent willingness, behaved as well as men could, and labored diligently, doing whatever was required of them. I may say here that in process of time they were finally sent, upon my recommendation, to their people at the Yakima agency.

My report of the removal of the main body of the prisoners is brief and reads as follows: —

"The removal of some six hundred prisoners, men, women and children, over the mountain roads in winter, from Harney to Simcoe, was a difficult and trying operation, and very costly. Captain William H. Winters of the 1st Calvary, who had charge of the work, exercised the greatest care. By short marches and the use of abundant transportation, he succeeded in taking them through, with an escort of two companies of cavalry, with but small loss of life, — two adults who were already ill and three children perishing on the journey. He made the transfer to Agent Wilbur at Fort Simcoe February 10th, 1879."

I notice that Mrs. Hopkins (Sarah Winnemucca) gives in her book quite a detailed account of this removal, and regards it from beginning to end as a great outrage, indicat-

ing heartlessness and inhumanity on the part of all concerned in causing it. The pictures are graphic. When she first heard the news she says: —

"It was just a little before Christmas. My people were given only one week to get ready in. I said: 'What! In this cold winter, and in all this snow, and my people have so many little children? Why, they will all die. Oh! what can the President be thinking about? Oh! tell me, what is he? Is he man, or beast? Yes, he must be a beast; if he has no feeling for my people, surely he ought to have some for the soldiers.

. No human being would do such a thing as that, send people across a fearful mountain in mid-winter."

She then gives an account of separating those who were regarded as the worst. They were Oytes, Bannock Joe, and nine others. Poor Sarah had been sent down to the Indian camp to select these men, and she did it by telling them that the commanding officer wanted to see them, and then started, with Oytes ahead, to lead them to his office.

"We had to go right by the guard-house. Just as we got near it the soldier on guard came out and headed us off and took the men and put them in the guard-house. After they were put in there the soldiers told me to tell them they must not try to get away, or they would be shot."

After this when the news came to the Indian camp — "O, how sad they were. Women cried and blamed their husbands for going with the Bannocks; but Leggings and his band were told they were not going with the prisoners of war.

"One afternoon Mattie and I were sent out to get five women who got away during the night; an officer was sent with us. We were riding very fast, and my sister Mattie's horse jumped on one side and threw her off and hurt her. The blood ran out of her mouth and I thought she would die right off; but poor dear, she went on, for an ambulance was at our command."

It will be remembered that Mattie, wife of Lee Winnemucca, had accompanied us, aiding Sarah as a scout and interpreter during the

entire campaign. I never knew a better behaved or more worthy young person. This fall was the injury that finally caused her death. At last the Indians were in readiness for the severe trial. Citizens of the country who had wagons and teams were hired to use them in the transportation of the prisoners and all their belongings. As the escort and wagons, fifty in number, drew out, the column presented the appearance of one of our war trains with the intervals greater or less, according to the strength of the team; the train covered at no time less than a mile of the wagon road.

In three days careful Captain Winters had brought them safely as far as Cañon City, and then went into camp. Here he received a dispatch to send back for Leggins's band, which he had left behind at Fort Harney. Here too a brother of the old and much beloved agent with his wife and children came to see the Indians. I think some of the words of Sarah Winnemucca truthfully portray the feelings of the Indians, who certainly were hardly more than children themselves; for example:

"My people threw their arms around him and his wife crying, 'O, our father and mother, if you had staid with us we would not suffer this!'

"Poor Mrs. Parish could not stop her tears at seeing the people who once loved her, the children whom she had taught, — yes, the savage children who once called her their white lily mother, the children who used to bring her wild flowers with happy faces, now ragged, no clothes whatever."

She represents them as beseeching these good people, Mr. and Mrs. Parish, thus: "Oh! good father and mother, talk for us! Don't let them take us away; take us back to our home!"

The wagons were made as comfortable as possible and tents were there in plenty. Generally they had wood enough for fires, but during the two days' delay the cold was very severe and it snowed most of the time. Leggins and his people had now come up. By some carelessness an old Indian was left back in a wagon; probably the wagon had

met with some accident; in the morning it was found by the citizen owner, but the old Indian was frozen to death. The citizen put his body out of the wagon into the snow. Sarah thought this "the most fearful thing I ever saw in my life."

Chief Leggins was angry with her, holding her responsible for his detention. Her heart was nearly broken because neither Leggins nor Lee Winnemucca would speak to her. Here is another picture of that journey.

"We traveled all day. It snowed all day long. We camped, and that night a woman became a mother; and during the night the baby died, and was put under the snow. The next morning the mother was put into the wagon; she was almost dead when we went into camp. That night she too was gone, and left on the roadside, her poor body not even covered with the snow."

During the five subsequent days in spite of all the care that could be exercised three more children perished with the cold. Sarah says mournfully, "All the time my poor little Mattie was dying little by little."

I remember to have gone up the Columbia and out on the Cañon City road for several miles to meet Captain Winters and his command. I came upon them just as they were going into camp, and I thought that no father could take more pains for the care and comfort of his children than did the noble captain. He had enough wagons and other conveniences, but he was not always able to procure good and sufficient wood for the fires, and the weather was bitterly cold. The soldiers were so well clad that they did not suffer much, but the Indians, particularly the women and children, after a summer of war were in a state of destitution. The army had no clothing except blankets to issue them.

It was not long after passing the Columbia before this strange column reached the Yakima plain and went into camp, perhaps twenty miles from the home of the agent. While they were there another Piute died. Sarah says: "But O, thanks be to the good Father in the spirit land, he was buried as if he were a man."

At the end of about ten or twelve days the Indians were transferred to the care of the venerable Indian agent, who has usually been called "Father Wilbur." Our friend Mrs. Hopkins had become so embittered by what she calls "the hardships of her people," that she retained and exhibited a good deal of this feeling towards the new friends that she met. For example, she says:

"They did not come because they loved us, or because they were Christians; no, — they were just like all civilized people; they came to take us up there [to the agency] because they were to be paid for it. . . .

"You know what kind of a shed you make for your stock in winter time. It [the shed for the people] was of that kind. O, how we did suffer with cold! There was no wood, and the snow was waist deep, and many died off just as cattle or horses do after traveling so long in the cold."

But I will not follow these Indians any farther. They remained, the most of them, through one season, working very hard to clear up some new land and to make themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. They did not affiliate, however, with the so-called civilized Indians; they did not understand the taking of land in severalty; and they were always discontented

because they were in their own country. Where an ordinary white man would have built him a cabin, fenced in and cultivated a piece of land, — for the land was rich and productive, — the Indian made very little headway. When they worked together there was considerable progress, but nowhere else. The interpreters quarreled with the agent, who doubtless did all he could, or all that he thought it his duty to do. There was at that time a constant pressure behind him from Washington to make all Indians self-supporting, — to make them work for food, for clothing, and other supplies. So we may not wonder that these people cried out even about this agent, "Another Rhinehart! don't you see he is the same?"

And Sarah herself denounces not only the agent and other employes but all the civilized Indians on the Yakima reservation. Soon

after this trial near Fort Simcoe, Sarah came to me at Vancouver and I gave her letters to Washington, to allow her to plead the cause of her people in person.

Now in closing this chapter will not the friends of humanity say, "Are not the pictures that you have given us sad enough, and do they not show how cruel the whites have been to the Indians?" Yes, if we take only their point of view, but those who have followed this campaign from the beginning to the close will find no army officers cruel toward the Indians. The Indians first believed one of their old tooats, who told them that there was to be a resurrection of Indians, — that that time had now come. The Piutes took advantage of a grievance; viz, the relief of a good agent and the putting in of one whom they claimed to be bad. They appealed to arms and believed for a time that they were strong enough when all combined to defeat the white troops and destroy all the white people in their region of country. The combination ran through various tribes situated hundreds of miles apart.

The outbreak was met promptly by the troops. The Indians were defeated in battle, broken up into small parties, pursued relentlessly until captured or driven far beyond the field of operations. The prisoners were gathered together at Fort Harney and Vancouver Barracks, and the whole case at once submitted to the War Department for instructions. After careful consideration it was determined to send these prisoners to the Yakima reservation where civilization had already made great progress, and where there was abundance of the best soil for their cultivation.

They were ordered to be transported, clothed as well as the army could do it, and fed. It would have been simply to reward misconduct to have given back to them the reservation which they forfeited when they went to war.

Any hardships that occurred were merely incidental to the circumstances. Fort Harney, in the midst of the mountains, was not prepared to keep them through the winter, and it appeared necessary to the authorities

to send them at once. Extraordinary expense was incurred for their protection and comfort. The extreme destitution of the women and children was due to the rigors of war, — a war which every soldier would if in his power gladly have prevented. I believe that the Piutes, had they heartily accepted the situation at Yakima, cultivated their lands, built houses and fences, and remained there as the Simcoe Indians have done, would have been prosperous and happy to-day. But perhaps in the nature of things, as it would first require a revolution in the hearts of these people to bring it about, such desirable results could not be expected. Permit me to close this account and this series of papers on the Piute and Bannock War with a copy of a letter that I gave Sarah Winnemucca on her departure for Washington.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASH. TER.,

November 7, 1879.

To General E. Whittlesey,
Indian Commissioner's Rooms,
Washington, D. C.:

DEAR GENERAL: — Please do what you can to assist Sarah Winnemucca to have a fair interview with Mr. Stickney, and also with the Commisisoner of Indian Affairs, should her peoplesend herto Washington. She was of the greatest assistance to us during the campaign of 1878, and has since been working hard for her people. They are on the Yakima Reservation partly, — partly on the Warm Spring Reservation, and the remainder in Nevada, near Fort McDermit.

Sarah isgoing now to see the chief, her father, and then may go on to Washington with some propositions. Mr. Wilbur, the Yakima Indian Agent, thinks Sarah is now a Christian, and wishes me to assist her to prosecute her journey to Nevada, which I have gladly done. Of course she knows but little of city life, and your advice and kindness will be invaluable to her. Very truly yours,

O. O. HOWARD,

Brig. Gen'l U. S. A., Columbia Dep't.

O. O. Howard.

THE POOL.

Now it is night. Tree-surrounded,
Mirrored is naught in the pool but the image of one faint star.
Wrestling and groaning, the trees
Clasp their strong arms round each other calling for help from afar.

Lost winds among them are wandering,
Chiding, bewailing, entreating; then rushing into the night,
Dashing the leaves from the branches,
Hurling the bat from his pathway, chasing the owl in his flight.

See, all have sunk into silence!
Hark, how the dry twigs are crackling: forth from his lair comes a beast;
Down by the pool he has bent him.
Dances the star in its bosom, stirred by jaws red from the feast.

Cooled is his fever. Majestic,
Stalks he away thro' the gloom. Silent yet all things that are,
For it is night. Tree-surrounded,
Mirrored is naught in the pool but the image of one faint star.

Noel Denis.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS LOE.

[THE story of Loe as here told is founded on certain facts connected with the second and last visit of Captain Cook, the discoverer of the Hawaiian Islands, to those shores. The adventures of Loe and her lover Kanui are a favorite theme with some of the old native story tellers, by one of whom the present writer was furnished with the outline of the following little romance. The manners and customs alluded to have for the most part fallen into disuse in these modern days, though there are those still living on the islands who remember when they were part of the everyday life of the people.

The death of Captain Cook occurred, as near as can be ascertained, as described. The only liberty that has been taken with the history of that event is the bringing of it and the escape of Loe into the same period of time.]

IN the time of the great chief Kalanipuu, who reigned over the island of Hawaii, in the family of one of those who, because they formed the princely body-guard of the king, were called his "*Iwi-Kua-Moo*," or "backbone," there was born a daughter, whom they called Loe for a famous ancestress of many generations before.

When Loe had grown to young womanhood she was very beautiful. She was tall and slender, and as fair as the inner bark of the *hau* tree, from which is made the delicate white *kapa* or bark cloth. Her cheeks were soft and blushing as the morning light on the snows of lofty Mauna Kea. Her lips were as red and moist as the tender fleshy petals of bruised *ilima* flowers. Her teeth were as white as the milky kernel of the cocoanut. Her eyes were bright and sparkling as those of the keen-sighted duck called *koloa*. Her hands and feet, which her old nurse tended most carefully, were small and plump, indicating her high rank. Her shoulders sloped as gracefully as the edge of a cocoanut-leaf

fan, and her limbs were round and dimpled as the body of the fish called *muku-moi*.

From early childhood Loe had been betrothed to Kanui, a distant relative, the son of a chief of equal rank with her father; and these two had grown up together, loving each other dearly, and happy in the thought that one day they would be united to each other.

Kanui was one of the most accomplished young men of the day. He was skilled in the art of sliding down steep, grassy slopes on slender sleds, in rolling the smooth disc of the *mai-ka* stone, in the style of boxing called *moko-moko*, and in many other athletic games. He was, too, one of the most expert riders on the *papa-hee-nalu*, or surf-board. Loe was also very skillful in this pastime, and many a time had they raced together on the same wave, and after landing, in returning to the breakers Loe would ride on her board, Kanui swimming and guiding it and his own out to sea again.

Nor was Kanui ignorant of other gentler arts, being a proficient in the use of the nose-flute, the *hano-ihu*, and the simple stringed instruments, the *ukeke* and *uli-uli*.

When the young people would form parties to ramble in the forests together, Kanui was always the most active in gathering the *mai-li*, — the odorous-leaved smilax of the islands, — the delicate fern fronds used in making wreaths, the spice-scented *awa-puhi*, and the crimson blossoms of the *ohia* tree. He would climb the tallest trees for the flowers of clambering vines, or steep cliffs for the rare *iwa-iwa*, the maiden-hair fern of Hawaii. With these they would weave lovely *leis*, or garlands, for the young girls, amongst whom Loe was the gayest and the most beautiful.

And now the time was close at hand when, at the next great *kapu*, or sacred feast, Kanui and Loe would be united with all due solemnity by the great *kahuna*, or priest of the king, — when a wonderful thing happened!

A small floating island, whose trees

dropped and renewed their strange foliage daily, entered Kealakeakua Bay, on whose shores was the village where the young betrothed pair lived. This curious thing was crowded with strange beings with thin white faces. They had loose skins, (their clothing,) like those of the snake-gods of the natives' mythological ancestors. Their language sounded harsh and strange to the Hawaiians, and at times they blew fire and smoke from their mouths!

To the simple-minded natives it was clear that this was the magic *kane-huna-moku*, or three-cornered raft, bringing back their beloved *Lono-i-ka-makahiki*, or "Lono," as he was commonly called, who their legends said had set sail many centuries before on his triangular raft in search of other lands, telling his people that he would return as a god. Now they believed he had come back, and he was received with divine honors.

The venerable King Ka-lani-opuu, surrounded by his highest chiefs and priests, had taken tribute to one he acknowledged to be greater than himself. The best to eat, to drink, and to wear, had been given with willing hands, and upon the shoulders of the great Lono himself (Captain Cook) had been placed one of the sacred — almost priceless — feather cloaks only worn by Hawaiian kings. Nothing was considered too good to be offered to those who they thought were the deified spirits of former chiefs and kings revisiting Hawaii as a special favor, and to keep the word of the great Lono.

Not only did the white strangers take the offerings of food and ornaments that were made to them, but they also demanded that wives should be given them from the fairest of the women of the land. Cheerfully were their requests acceded to, the simple natives considering it a high honor that their daughters should be affianced to the demi-gods of the floating island.

Amongst those chosen by the visitors was Loe. But though the one who had asked that she might be given to him was evidently high in authority amongst the strangers, yet Loe heard with terror and aversion of his preference, and begged and prayed that she

might not be sent away from her friends and kindred.

Kanui, too, protested. He could not bear that his lovely Loe should be given to another, be he human or divine. But the command of the king had gone forth and his words could not be allowed to "drop on the grass," and her father, too, was determined that she should be given to this stranger whom he looked upon as a demi-god. And so the day was fixed when she should go with the one she hated and feared to the floating island.

From the time when this was determined upon, the young girl was tabu; — that is, set apart, sacred, not to be approached (her mother being dead) by any one but her nurse and a few of her girl playmates. A small hut was arranged for her use, and before it was set by the great priest the mystic white flag that warned the people that all within and about the hut was "forbidden" to all but the few mentioned.

When Loe found herself alone with her nurse, she gave way to her grief, lamenting her fate in the poetic language of her people:

"Alas, my friend! my love and I are parted!

"I am torn from him as the pearl shell is torn from the rock where it has grown.

"I stretch out my arms to him as the tendrils of the *convolvulus* reach out to cling to the tree;

"But, ah! I cannot reach nor clasp him!

"My embrace meets but the dark, cold air!

"I feel no more his tender, eager touch;

"I hear no more his low, loving voice;

"Ah me! no more am I only thine, Kanui!"

The old nurse tried to soothe the grief of the young girl. She hated and feared the white strangers, for they had taken her only daughter from her, and she had sickened and died on the floating island, and now the bereaved mother felt that she could not see Loe too meet with such a fate. So while she knelt by her foster-child and caressed her fondly, she whispered:

"Let not Loe despair. If she be brave she need not go to the floating island. Hush!" she added as Loe started at her words, "lie still while I *lomi* your weary limbs," (that is press and knead the tired mus-

cles, an ancient Hawaiian practice, something like the modern "massage" treatment). "I will tell you what you must do if you would be Kanui's bride. Often when we have been bathing, or gathering the crisp green *linu* off the big black rocks in the bay have I praised you for your skill in swimming and diving. I never thought, when I taught you to dart through the water like the swift albicore, or plunge beneath the wave like the diver-bird, that you would have to do both — as you must now — to escape what is worse than death to you, and from which I alone can save you."

Loe listened with trembling eagerness to all the old woman had to tell her of her plan, and when she had finished did not hesitate, but gladly undertook to do all she was told.

The next day was passed in preparations for her approaching departure to the floating island. Being somewhat encouraged by the hope of escape her nurse's plan had awakened, Loe was able to meet her young friends with more cheerfulness than before.

At an early hour she was called to the entrance of her hut to see her father. The strict tabu did not permit even him to venture within the space guarded by the white flag, but from a little distance he looked at his child and was gratified at her apparent reconciliation to her fate. As became his rank he was accompanied by an attendant, who at the sight of the young princess crouched on the ground and burst into a sonorous *mele*, or song, in her praise.

"Fair is the daughter of the great *iwi-kau-moo* of our king.

"Sweet is she as the wild rose blooming on the highlands of Wai-mea.

"Great shall the name of Loe be in the songs of the land.

"She has snared the heart of the white god with her flowing locks,

"As the god Maui snared the sun in his net on the mountain Hale-a-ka-la.

"She shall be the mother of demi-gods,

"Her sons shall govern Hawaii-nei!"

Loe's nurse, while the visitors were present, echoed the praises of her visitors; but as soon as she was alone with her again, she told her she had seen Kanui, and had in-

structed him in the part he was to play to secure the escape of his young bride.

Soon after, Loe's girl companions met in the hut and then sought with her a favorite pool of clear water near the beach to bathe.

They then returned to the hut and amused themselves in decorating her and the little thatched hut with garlands of brilliant flowers. Upon the floor were spread soft golden-hued mats braided from the long narrow leaves of the pandanus. Filmy, snow-white *kapa* was draped about the entrance and along the sides of the little hut until it was transformed into a dainty bower, cool, fragrant, and musical with the songs of the light-hearted girls.

Then the grand old king sent to them choice food, prepared for himself, and of this the merry maidens made a feast. There was the delicately flavored *ama-ama* and *moi*, — choicest of all fish, — wrapped in the glossy leaves of the *ki* plant. With this came the crisply broiled tentacles of the *hee*, or squid, and roasted sea-urchins, which the natives esteem such delicacies. In highly polished bowls of dark red wood, and in others made of plates of tortoise-shell, was served to them the rich pink-hued *poi*, made from the *kalo-alii*, or chief's *taro*. Mixed with this in a sort of pudding was the grated meat of young, sweet cocoanuts. In other dishes of hard wood were piles of *opaes*, or shrimps, embedded in edible sea-weed. To give zest to the food there were small shells filled with crystals of clear rock salt and the spicy roasted kernels of the *ku-kui* or candlenut tree. There were bunches of golden bananas, and piles of juicy, crimson *lehua* apples, tart, fragrant *lii-lü-koas* and guavas, besides other things that by special permission of the *kahuna-ana-na* (the priest of prayer) the young girls were allowed to enjoy on this occasion, though ordinarily all the articles of food mentioned were strictly tabu to females.

While this feasting and merriment, in which Loe unwillingly joined, was going on, Kanui, in furtherance of the plan of the nurse, and in accordance with the customs of his people in time of great grief, announced his determination to withdraw himself to one

of the many caves in the mountain side, there to remain until his grief for the loss of his loved Loe had grown less violent. Now those caves were believed to be the haunts of evil spirits, and it was with great anxiety and fear that the friends of Kanui heard of his determination. But the father of Loe advised them to let the young man go. "If," he said, "he stays here he may in his madness do something to the godlike strangers that will cause them to send their lightnings and their thunderbolts to destroy us. If, however, he is away when Loe goes to the floating island, he can do no harm; and soon he will get over his foolish rage and come back to his home in peace."

The priest too, wishing to avoid any outbreak on the part of Kanui, assured his friends that the young man would be protected from all harm by the influence of the powerful charm he would surround him with; and so Kanui was allowed to go to the retreat he had chosen. His old mother told him she would leave food every day for him on a flat rock near the cave, — not daring to venture nearer for fear of the evil spirits, who would surely destroy a woman in spite of all the charms of the priest.

The next day a boat from the floating island touched the shore and in it was the one Loe dreaded so much. He was met at the beach by a number of the chiefs, and soon after Loe's father advanced leading his daughter by the hand.

Slowly the maiden moved forward, her head drooping upon her beautiful bosom, which was bathed by her fast falling tears. As she neared the boat a wild *mele* was chanted by those who surrounded her, and amidst this song of congratulation and praise the subdued wail of her old nurse was scarcely heard.

When she had taken her seat in the stern of the boat rich gifts were placed at her feet. There were rolls of fine *kapa*, *leis*, or necklaces, wristlets and anklets of the minute golden feathers of the *o-o*, (the emblems of chieftains' blood,) and armlets of the polished jet-like shells of the *ku-kui* nuts. There was placed so as to shade her head one of

the *kahilis*, or feather plumes, which indicated her high rank, and then the boat left the strand.

As it receded from the shore, and the sound of mingled rejoicing and wailing grew fainter, Loe, unmindful of the softly spoken words of the officer by her side, kept her gaze strained landward. Through her tears she could see her people still waving their *Aloha*, their farewell to her. Beyond them was the group of thatched huts, half hid amongst cocoanut-palms, where her youth had been passed so happily. In the distance rose the majestic mountain, in whose forests she had so often roamed with Kanui.

But soon a projecting point shut out these familiar sights and the boat sped on, — its course, to reach the anchorage of the vessel, — being close along the front of a flat stretch of black lava rock, against which the surf beat with a sullen roar. To pass this the boat was steered for nearly a mile just outside the breakers; and as it rose on the surface of a long swell, Loe sprang to her feet and at once — like a flash — plunged beneath the wave!

A shout from the man who was steering, a short, quick command from the officer, and the boat was stopped in its course while the crew peered anxiously over the side. But the moment the boat lost its headway the smooth, rapidly moving swell carried it dangerously near the breakers, and it was only by immediately bending to the oars again and pulling vigorously seaward that it escaped being swamped — which on that iron-bound shore meant death to all the crew.

The moment, however, they were out of immediate danger, all watched closely for some sign of the lost girl. But they watched in vain. Along the whole line of coast the swell was breaking in snowy foam on the hard black rocks. Nothing human could live in that mad turmoil of water, and at length the officer gave the command to pull for the ship.

Strict orders were given, too, that nothing should be said of the disappearance of Loe, who they were sure was drowned, and whose body would undoubtedly be devoured by the

sharks that thronged in the bay. As long as it was supposed by her friends that she was on the "floating island," they would rest contented, but if it was suspected by them that any harm had come to her, they would be revenged upon the strangers even if they *were* demi-gods.

But Loe was not drowned, nor eaten by the sharks. She had kept in mind the careful directions given her by her nurse, and chosen exactly the right time and place for her bold plunge. As she disappeared beneath the wave and swam still deeper down, she felt herself borne swiftly forward. In a moment more she saw the black wall of lava rock before her—the next instant she would be crushed.

But no,—swiftly the wave of water bore her on, and with the speed of light she was carried through a kind of tunnel, and the next instant rose to the surface to find herself battling in a whirl of water as it spread itself over the floor of a low gloomy cave. Behind her came with a rush and roar another volume of water, and she had to exert all her address as a swimmer to reach that part of the sloping floor not yet deeply submerged. Then, resting on a block of lava, and tossing back her glossy hair from her face, she looked about her.

The cave—a mere "bubble" in the heavy basalt, formed when, countless ages before, some great river of molten lava had there reached the sea—was illuminated only by the pale greenish light transmitted through the incoming water. By it Loe could see that the arched roof of her strange shelter was but a little above her reach when she stood upright, and that it ran back like a tunnel, growing narrower and darker until its further recesses were lost in gloom.

The entrance to the cave was directly opposite where she sat, and through this submarine opening there poured every moment a heavy torrent of water. Watching its inflow Loe soon saw, to her alarm, that each wave spread wider and wider over the floor of the cave. The tide, she then knew, must be rising. Even now the rock on which she sat was being submerged, and a thrill of horror

seized her at the thought that perhaps the rising waters would ere long fill the whole cave.

There was no hope of her being able to force her way out through the opening against the strong current; and even if she could, she would be sure to be dashed to death against the jagged rocks outside.

Her only hope, then, was to get as far back in the cave as possible, and as she proceeded to do so, she noticed that the floor of the tunnel-like continuation sloped upward gradually, and might possibly rise to a level above that of the advancing tide. She was sure, too, that her nurse would not have directed her to seek refuge in this strange place had she not been confident that the young girl would be safe there; and what animated and encouraged her more than anything else was the belief she cherished that in some way or another her beloved Kanui would be the one to rescue her.

Animated by these thoughts, the brave girl crept slowly further and further into the deepening gloom of the narrowing tunnel. In doing so she disturbed many of the ill-looking black crabs,—the "rats" of the sea,—which abound on that coast. They are armed with heavy claws, and by their numbers and voracity are to be dreaded in such situations as this that Loe was placed in. As long as she kept moving she knew that the ugly creatures would rush frightened to their holes; but did she sink down from fatigue and fright, or should sleep overpower her, she knew they would swarm in myriads about her and fairly devour her alive.

She had armed herself with a piece of jagged lava, and with it had now and then crushed one of the crabs, which had not darted away as quickly as the rest. When she flung one of these behind her she saw as its mangled body sank in the shallow water that it was pounced upon by dozens of others, who fought over its torn carcass. Even as she looked she saw the long, whip-like arm of a squid—or octopus—glide amongst the struggling crabs and clasp one in its folds and drag it down into the hole where the rest of the creature was hid.

Trembling with fear lest she should feel one of those cold, snake-like arms, furnished with a double row of suckers, wind itself about her limbs, she moved forward as rapidly as possible until she had reached a spot to which the water had not yet risen. Here she paused for a moment to rest ; but soon she knew by feeling the cold tide rippling about her feet, that she was not yet safe from its encroachment. The space she was in was very narrow, and more than once she had bruised her delicate limbs against the almost unseen rocks ; but still she felt she must go on.

Further and further Loe crept back into the dark, slimy tunnel, until just as she reached a point where there seemed hardly room for her to pass, the passage widened and grew higher. After a few more cautious steps she found that she could stand upright, and the ground under her feet was not so rough, but seemed to be covered with a coarse sand which was quite dry. In the dim, unearthly light she could not see the walls of the cave, but she was satisfied that it was of considerable extent.

But all about her it was so intensely dark that her heart was filled with a vague terror. The silence was only broken by a hoarse, muffled roaring, which she knew must be caused by the surf breaking on the rocky barrier outside, and a long-drawn sighing sound as the water passed in and out of the entrance to the cave. There seemed to be no other opening besides that from the sea, and she began to wonder how Kanui could find her there, and if he did, how they were to escape. It was cold, too, in that deep cavern. She wanted to call out in the faint hope that she might be heard, but terror had made her dumb ; and so she remained crouched upon the rough black sand almost overcome by despair.

Suddenly, amidst the boom of the surf and the sighing of the incoming swell, she heard a sound as of the rattling of loose stone. She listened intently, and again heard the peculiar sound. With startled eyes she gazed in the direction whence it came, and fancied she saw a faint gleam of daylight at the back of the cavern.

Trembling with fear and hope she rose to her feet and eagerly gazed and listened. The sound of loose rocks disturbed grew plainer, and the gleam of light stronger. She could half distinguish some moving object, and then the light was suddenly obscured.

The next moment it shone out stronger, and in the luminous circle she could see a figure approaching. For a moment she stood paralyzed with fear ; and then she heard her name pronounced in tones of the wildest joy, and felt the strong arms of Kanui clasp her as she sank on his heaving breast.

"Kanui !" she murmured as she clung to him fondly, "Kanui — my own love ! Is it indeed you ? have you come to me at last ?" and the loving girl, forgetting everything save that she was safe in the arms of him she loved, shed tears of sweet relief, while he soothed her with tender words.

When both were calmer he told her how her old nurse had revealed to him the existence of an inland entrance to the cave, which had been in past generations the place of hiding of the bones of the chiefs of Loe's own family. In accordance with immemorial custom the men of the nurse's family had been the custodians of those remains, the secret of this resting place being transmitted from father to son, and known but to them. She, being the only child of her father, and the last living representative of his family, had been entrusted with the secret of the two entrances to the long disused cave, and had kept inviolate this knowledge until now, when to save the honor, perhaps the life, of Loe — whom she worshiped — and to have her revenge upon those who had taken away *her* daughter, (and whom she, like many others, had begun to suspect were more human than divine,) she had told Loe how to gain entrance from the sea, and Kanui from the land. It was to a cave near this land entrance that Kanui had retreated, and during the two days he had been there he had found the narrow opening through which he had now come.

Then, in the dim light from the sea on the one side and that from the irregular shaft that led to the open air on the other, the two talked of their future plans.

Kanui told the yet trembling girl that for a day or two she must remain hidden. As soon as he knew that the way was clear they would fly together to the city of refuge, high up on the mountain side, where they could claim and would receive the protection of the priests who lived there, and who were bound to receive and shelter all who came to them for safety from pursuing enemies. Not even the great king, Ka-lani-opuu himself, would dare to touch them while within the walls of the sacred city, and as it was said that the floating island was to leave the bay in a few days, Kanui was sure that in a short time he would be permitted to return with Loe to his own hut in peace.

It was with an intense feeling of relief that Loe heard that she would not have to remain in the cold gloomy cave where she and Kanui then were. Aside from the dread she had of its darkness and chill silence, she was horrified to find that she had violated the strict tabu by which, if any female was known to have entered one of these sacred burial places, she was put to death. But now Kanui assisted her through the narrow opening, and she found a resting place at the back of the upper cave where she could not be seen from outside, where Kanui kept watch during the night, which soon came on.

Kanui's mother came at day-break next morning to the flat rock near the cave and left him a bundle of food. In answer to her earnest entreaties he came out to her, and she, after crying and wailing over him, as is the fashion of fond, foolish Hawaiian mothers, told him that there was great trouble (*pilikia*) with the people from the floating island. That they had had a fierce quarrel with the king and chiefs, and that nothing but the belief of the natives in the divinity of the strangers prevented their being attacked by the exasperated Hawaiians. She warned her son that there might be fighting yet, and reminded him that he, a young warrior, who might hope to be chosen by and by as one of the body-guard of the great king would forever disgrace himself if he was absent ("wailing like a woman for his lost love") while his comrades were bravely avenging the

insults that had been heaped upon them and their gods.

Kanui told his mother that, in consequence of the news she had brought him, he would return to his village that day, and sending her, away rejoined Loe. To her he related all that his mother had told him, and his promise to join his friends in the village. His doing so would prevent his going with Loe to the city of refuge, neither could she go with him to their old home. But he promised to send to her the old nurse who, at nightfall, would hasten with her to the sacred city, and there remain until the floating island had left the bay. Loe consented to this plan all the more readily as she could not bear the thought that Kanui should run the risk of being disgraced as a young warrior by remaining with her, and so, after showing the young girl how she could securely hide herself until she heard the signal agreed upon from her nurse, he bade her farewell and hastened to the village.

When he arrived there he found active preparations going on among the warriors to resist if they could certain demands that had been made by some in authority among the white strangers. He was warmly welcomed by his friends, and when he drew near the group of warriors, who were in earnest consultation, he could see that they were gratified to find that he had laid aside his private griefs to take his place among those who were determined to resist the insolent demands of the white strangers.

But nothing was decided upon when the warning was given that boats were coming from the floating island, and the chiefs, warriors, and common people crowded to the usual landing place. As the boats drew near it was whispered from one to another that the great Lono himself (Captain Cook) was in the leading boat, and so great was the veneration in which they still held *him* that the common people drew back, and but few of the higher chiefs with their attendants remained near to greet the great navigator.

As soon as he had landed, however, these gathered about him and through an interpreter the two parties began an animated dis-

cussion over some points of difference. From being animated the natives became excited as one of their number recounted how the white strangers had cut down and carried off, for firewood, the sacred idols surrounding their *paa*, or house of the gods, and how they, — the king, the chiefs, and the people, — had been oppressed by the demands of those whom they had delighted in honoring, until their voluntary offerings had come to be looked upon as tributes they owed, and had been repaid by insults and even blows.

As their complaints grew more violent the excited natives crowded in closer to the strangers and arms began to be brandished. Then — no one knew just how it happened — the Captain was seen to push back violently one or two of those nearest him. There was a rush, a warning cry from the officers, a yell from the savages, and as the Captain turned to give an order one of them plunged a long knife into his back. He fell, and as he fell he groaned. At once a wild cry went up from the natives: "He is wounded; he is not immortal! He groans; he is not Lono!" And then, in spite of the fire from the dreadmuskets of the marines, they surrounded the fallen man and quickly dispatched him.

In the midst of this wild scene Kanui had noted that one of the officers in the second boat was the one who had carried off Loe. He kept his burning gaze fastened on him, and during the *mêlée* over the body of the Captain he launched his long spear full at his hated foe. But as the boat rocked on the waves the weapon missed its mark, and grievously wounded one of the marines who was in the act of firing. Kanui's spear was followed by many others, which compelled the boats to push off from the land, leaving the body of the Captain in the hands of the savages.

In the intense excitement into which the natives had been thrown by the tragic events of the day, and in the confusion consequent upon the care of the dead and wounded, of which there was quite a number, it was easy for the nurse, to whom Kanui had hastily given his orders, to slip away unperceived at nightfall and hasten to the cave. Here she found Loe in an agony of apprehension, for

she had heard the firing and shouts but did not dare look out to see what was going on. Assuring her of the safety of Kanui and her father the old nurse hurried the young girl away, promising to tell her all that had occurred when they were once safe in the city of refuge.

Long and tedious was the path over the wild mountain, and worn and tired were the two when at last in the gray dawn they passed under the white tabu flag that hung at the low, open portals of the entrance to the silent sacred city, the ruins of the massive encircling walls of which, — built of huge blocks of uncut stone, — remain yet, exciting the astonishment and admiration of all who visit the spot at the skill shown and labor expended by that primitive people in their construction. In one of the low thatched huts within the enclosure they found one of the few priests in attendance, and by him were given food to satisfy their hunger, and mats on which to rest. Their story was soon told to the *kahuna* in charge of the enclosure, and as he recognized Loe and knew that she was the daughter of a powerful chief, the two were treated with more consideration than was usually shown towards women.

News had reached the city of refuge of the killing of him they had been accustomed to look upon as their ancient god Lono, and though now his death by the hand of a common mortal had undeceived them in regard to his divine origin, yet he was still a "high chief," and his remains were treated with the respect due his exalted rank. A number of the priests of the sacred city were summoned to the sea beach, to assist in preparing the body for burial according to Hawaiian custom. In doing this the bones were divested of flesh and then carefully wrapped in numerous bandages, and finally in one bundle. This was then, at the request of those in command on the floating island, given to them, and not long after the white strangers sailed away to their own land beyond the seas.

It was not until after they had gone that any attention was paid to the fact of Loe's having escaped from them, and of her presence in the city of refuge. But now that the

excitement attending the departure of the floating island had subsided, Kanui, — whose bravery in driving off the boats from the shore had been highly praised, — appeared before the king and high priest, and demanded that Loe be given to him as his bride.

His demand would have been granted at once by the king, who had already made him one of his body-guard, but the high priest interposed :

“ Loe has entered the resting-place of the bones of chiefs. She has broken the tabu, and our laws say that the woman who does that must die.”

A low groan broke from those assembled about the king. They knew the dread power of the *kahuna ana-na*, who, they believed, could cause the death of any of them simply by his prayers to the gods ; and as they all loved the fair Loe, and admired the valor of Kanui, they shuddered at the fate that seemed to hang over the girl.

But even as they gazed at each other in doubt and fear, an unheard of interruption took place. The old nurse forced her way into the circle, and casting herself at the feet of the king, exclaimed : —

“ On *me* let the vengeance of the gods fall ! I am the one who told Loe how to enter the burial cave. She knew not where she was going, — did not know where her feet stepped. She only knew that she would escape from the cruel white stranger. *I* am the only one who has broken the tabu, — in telling Loe where to go. I am alone in the world ! My daughter, my only child, mourned her young life away on the accursed floating island, and her body was cast into the sea by the white strangers. On *me* — on *me* let the punishment fall. I go to join my child !” she exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet and rushed wildly away. “ My child — my child !” she screamed as she flew over the sandy beach and out on to the projecting stretch of black rocks, wildly chanting : —

“ The sea has you in its cold embrace, my child. I will tear you from it, — I will clasp you once more to my breast ! I come to you as you toss on the white waves ! My child, my child !” and the poor crazed mother leaped into the boiling surge, from which she never re-appeared.

As the grief-stricken woman rushed away to her death there was silence amongst the chiefs and priests. All heads were bowed as the wild song of the crazed being grew fainter in the distance. No one ventured to stop or check her in her mad flight, for they believed her to be influenced by the gods in what she did. Finally the silence was broken by the deep voice of the *kahuna ana-na*.

“ She has been taken by the gods.

They have accepted her as a sacrifice for the broken tabu.

Their anger is buried with her in the waves, and her death releases Loe.”

Shouts of joy rose from the assembled people. Swift runners flew to carry the glad tidings to the sacred city, but they were all outstripped by Kanui, to whose fleet feet Love lent wings, and it was from his lips that Loe heard of her release. The tender-hearted girl wept at hearing of the death of her fond old nurse, but soon she was called upon to take her place in the glad throng of rejoicing friends who had hastened to escort her to her home, and she did so smilingly.

Amidst songs and shouts of joy and the waving of bright colored *kapas*, loaded with fragrant wreaths, shaded by long branches of the palm, and borne on a rude palanquin twisted of blossoming boughs, Loe was carried into the presence of the king, who sat in state surrounded by his noble body-guard. And then, while she knelt before the great high priest, the sacred oil was poured upon her head, her hand was placed in that of Kanui kneeling by her side, the solemn blessing of the gods was invoked, and she and her beloved were made one.

F. L. Clarke.

THE RABBI'S VERSION.

Now on Moriah's height the wood was laid,
And Abraham had lifted up his blade
To slay his son.

But Isaac cried, "Bethink
Thee, father. If it chance that I do shrink
In fear of death, thy knife will miss its aim,
And mar, not kill. Thou knowest it is shame
Unto the altar of the Lord to bring
A sacrifice of any blemished thing ;
So bind my hands and feet that I may be
Immovable."

And Abram heard his plea,
And trembling, laid aside the knife, and found
The sacrificial thongs, and with them bound
Both Isaac's feet.

While this was wrought, the son
Said, "Father, when Jehovah's will is done,
And I am dead, wilt thou not let the fire
Consume my body, till upon this pyre
My ashes lie? And these wilt thou not take
And place within a coffer, for my sake,
And keep it evermore within our tent?"
And Abram, lower yet with sorrow bent
Than age, made answer, broken with his woe,
"Yea, Isaac, — yea, my son, — it shall be so."

Then bound he both the hands, and Isaac said,
"When thou shalt tell my mother I am dead,
How wilt thou comfort her?"

But, reverently,
His father's faith gave answer: "Shall not He,
Who ere thou camest comforted our souls,
Still comfort us when thou art gone?"

The rolls
Of thongs were bound, and Abram looked his last
Upon his son ; but Isaac's eyes gazed past
His father's face, even upward through the clouds.
And lo ! he saw in vision that in crowds
The angels gathered, weeping, round the throne.
They wept for him. And, joining in their moan,
Came fiery cherubim that cried, "Undone !
Undone ! Woe, woe ! He slays his promised son !"

And angel tears fell down on Isaac's face.
But Abram saw them not ; since, for a space,
He bowed his head and prayed for strength.

Once more

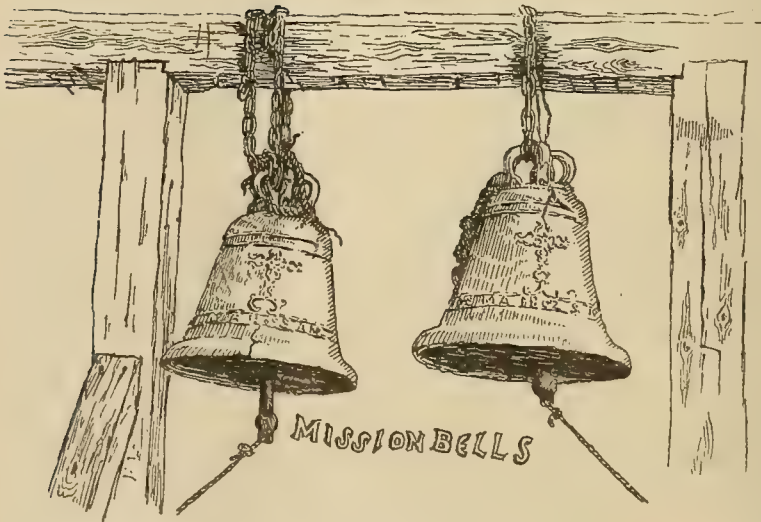
He aimed his knife.

And lo ! from heaven's door
Was heard the voice that cried, "Lay not thine hand
Upon the lad !" O, merciful command !
And lo ! the thicket's prickly arms contained
The beast that was to die.

The daylight waned,
And from the mountain of the Lord they two
Went home rejoicing.

Yet the son's face grew
Like one who grieves. This happened on this wise :
The tears which fell that day from angel eyes
Left upon Isaac's countenance their trace,
And made him, ever after, sad of face.

Mary E. Bamford.



FROM AN OLD DAY-BOOK.

ANYTHING new in regard to the early history of this State is always gladly received, and it should be the duty of all true Californians to do what they can to preserve all the little side scenes of the great drama that was played here during the exciting years of the forties and fifties. Perhaps the future will produce a man energetic enough to gather them together into an interesting and valuable book.

The writer has lately come into the possession of a book that may add a little to the already large accumulation of data for the early history of this State. Among the books of the late Captain E. H. Von Pfister, — a pioneer of 1846 — was an old day book, which was highly prized by the Captain. He used to pat it affectionately and say in his trembling old voice, "*There* is something none of them can show."

The book contained an account of a business conducted by him at Benicia during part of the years 1847 and 1848, and is especially valuable for the fact that it contains the names of men who were the founders of this old town, and were of that class of pioneers to whom California owes most; law-abiding, God-fearing men, who left cultivated homes and cast their lot in the far West among wild beasts and wilder men. Certainly too much cannot be said in their praise, and anything that tends to perpetuate their names ought to be carefully preserved.

The leaves of the book are yellow with age, water-stained, and when opened give out a musty odor. The ink is somewhat faded, but the writing is still perfectly legible. The fifty-three closely written pages contain the account of the business from November 5th, 1847, to May 18th, 1848.

The writer has before him a long letter written to him by Captain Von Pfister about two years ago in regard to his early life, and also the "History of Solano County," from both of which he will occasionally quote, in

order that some of the things recorded in the book may be better understood. It is remarkable how the old book and the published history corroborate each other.

It is evident that when the owner began the business he did not have the book, for on the top of the first page is written "Benicia City, November 10th, 1847," while the first date on the margin of the page is "November 5th." It would seem that he got the book five days after he commenced business, and this I think can be explained by the following entry on the 10th, farther down on the page, "Articles sold while in Y. B. [Yerba Buena, *i. e.*, San Francisco] amounting to \$37." No doubt it was while in Yerba Buena that he bought the book. In regard to the book I quote the following from his letter: "I came to Benicia in 1846 and began the business of Merchandising. I have now in my possession the books which I then kept, and which bear the accounts of men who traded with me and who afterwards became noted characters in the advanced stages of California's civilization."

Farther on in regard to Benicia he says, "Benicia was then a very small factor of a town, but I thought it was destined to be the chief city on the Coast, and so thought all at that time." It will be remembered that at that time all the ships with goods for the interior part of the State came there, and the Pacific Mail Company had their headquarters at Benicia. Their old wharf still stands and is used as a warehouse. It may be of interest to note that Captain Von Pfister recorded the first deed ever drawn up in Solano County, which in his own words was "the giving over of the town-site of Benicia by General Vallejo to Thomas O. Larkin and Doctor Robert Semple," — two men whose names appear quite frequently in the old book.

In fact, in regard to the latter, the record of the book is fairly the story of his life.

How true an account it contains of him we shall see as we proceed. The Doctor came to this State about the same year as Von Pfister, and has rightly been called the "Father of Benicia."

The first account recorded in the book, as I said before, was on the 5th of November and is as follows: "Samuel Smith, Dr. to one Dress coat, \$11.50, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb arrowroot, 50 cents." This will no doubt surprise the reader, but if he will not be too impatient he will find that the "dress coats," of which twelve were sold, had a mighty part to play. The sale of arrowroot was enormous; it must have been used for food by the early Beniciaites.

The price paid for things was not unreasonable, but this may be explained by the fact that Benicia was close to Yerba Buena and the cost of bringing goods from there small. Moreover the Captain had a boat of his own, so the cost of his freight was nothing, and he could afford to sell cheap.

On the 10th of November appears the following: "Sold Francisco Juarez two strings of beads, \$6." The beads were evidently to make glad the heart of some Spanish girl. The item of beads and that of red silk handkerchiefs occur quite frequently, and records the taste of the Spaniards and Indians who were the Captain's chief customers.

The next account, on November 11th, is somewhat different, "Edward T. Bale Dr. to Brandy, \$10, Wine \$5." It is a strange fact that throughout the entire book there is not an account of a drop of whisky, as we now know the drink, being sold. The nearest to it is under the date of February 7th, 1848, when the following entry is made: "Bought of Captain W. D. Phelps 1 bbl Aguardiente, \$45." Aguardiente is still in use among the Spaniards, and is a great deal stronger than what we call whisky. All the liquor that was drank was brandy and wine, and large quantities of both were sold, for which thirteen cents a glass and one dollar and a half a bottle was charged.

In connection with the above account, the rest of the articles purchased from Captain Phelps were "8 vests, \$47, and 51 yards

velvet (red), \$25.50." He was evidently captain of one of the ships that had come up the straits, for in the next account he is charged with "26 hides, \$39." I find very few places in the books where cash was paid for articles, but in almost every case an exchange was made, and hides seem to have been the circulating medium at a market value of \$1.25 apiece. When the merchant had obtained a sufficient number, he in turn traded them off to the captains of ships, either for money or goods.

But returning again to the beginning of the book, we find the following entry made on the 27th of November. "Benj. Farbush Dr. to Sundries as per book of red cover; wine and cigars, \$87," and going on still farther we find Benj. Farbush charged with the following articles under date of the 30th of the same month, "1 Bot. Wine \$1.50, 1 Bot. Brandy \$1.50, 1 Bot. Wine \$1.50, 3 glasses \$.75, 1 Bunch Cigars, 50 cents, 1 Bot. Brandy \$1.50, 1 Box Matches, 13 cents, 1 Bot. Brandy \$1.50, 1 Bot. Brandy \$1.50, 1 Bot. Wine, \$1.50." The most prominent article in this account is liquor, and Mr. Farbush either must have been a saloon-keeper or a very hard drinker; however he had enough for a while, for his name does not appear again till the 14th of December, when the following appears: "Benj. Farbush, 1 Sheath Knife \$1.50; 1-2 lb. Tobacco, \$1.00; 1 Bunch Cigars, 50 cents; 1 Bot. Wine \$1.50; 1 Black Handkerchief \$1.25." With this outfit he evidently left the country; for his name does not appear again.

With a few hints from the History of Solano County I have been enabled to unravel a very pretty little story from among the accounts of the old day-book. In twelve different accounts, beginning on the 5th of November and ending on the 16th of December, I find different persons charged with "dress coats." What use could those rough men have for dress coats? is the question that the reader will first ask himself. We shall soon see.

On the 28th of November appears for the first time the name of Doctor Robert Semple. On this date he bought, "Thread, 50

cts.; Broom, \$1.00" From this time on his name appears every few items, and it will be noticed that his purchases are entirely different from those of the rest of the traders. I find him charged with "Tacks," "Brooms," "Tape," "Screws," "Nails," "Ribbon," "Looking-glasses," "Blacking and Blacking-brush," "Soap," and many other things that no one else ever bought. On December 1st he is charged with "1 Thimble, 50 cts."; on the 2d, "1 Coffee Mill, \$1.50; 1/2 doz. Tea Spoons, \$4"; and on the same date, "C. S. Hand, Dr. to 1 dress Coat, \$15." On the 4th Dr. Semple bought fifty cents worth of soap, — one of the most uncalled-for articles kept by the pioneer storekeeper. On the 5th the Doctor bought "1 paper Pins, 25 cts." On the 9th he is charged with "6 lbs. Rope, \$1.50; 1 Bottle Wine, \$1.50." This is the first wine the Doctor is charged with, and on the 12th he is credited with "1 Hide, \$1.50." His name does not appear again until the 16th, when the following entry will explain all: "Doctor Robert Semple, Wine for Wedding, \$40; Freight on 3,000 feet lumber, \$30."

The following from the History will further explain it:

"About Christmas, 1847, Major Cooper's eldest daughter, Miss Frances Cooper, was married to Doctor Robert Semple, Ex-Governor L. W. Boggs of Sonoma officiating. The Governor made the journey from Sonoma expressly to perform the ceremony. As this was the first marriage ever celebrated in the place, the boys determined to honor it with all the *éclat* possible. They found in Captain Von Pfister's stock of goods a lot of white linen pants and a dozen blue dress coats with brass buttons and the most approved swallow-tail cut. In these they arrayed themselves and proceeded to the house of the bride."

I find no mention in the old account book of the pants, — probably the Captain threw them in with the coats.

The next article charged to the Doctor will provoke a smile, "Dr. R. Semple, 2 lbs Epsom Salts, \$1." The cake and wine apparently had a bad effect on him. After this

the Doctor bought, "Silk, \$37." His name still continues through the book, but all his other purchases are household articles such as "Flour," "Salt," "Pepper," etc.

The sales on the 24th and 25th of December, contrary to what one would expect, are small; Christmas to the early pioneers was the same as any other day, and although it is not to be supposed that it did not have its effect on them, yet they had too many other things to occupy their time and attention to allow them to give it more than a thought.

The name of Thomas O. Larkin occurs almost as often as that of Doctor Semple, but nothing of interest can be gathered from his purchases.

On the 3rd of February, 1848, a change of writing occurs, and the following from Captain Von Pfister's letter will explain it: "During the month of February in the year 1848 I made my first visit to Sutter's Fort, which you know is on the American River near the present site of Sacramento. . . . After making the visit I returned to Benicia and continued to conduct my business until after the discovery of gold, when I resolved to remove my stock of goods to Coloma, which I did, entering into partnership with Sam Brannan."

The old writing again appears on the 18th of the same month and continues to the close, or when he left Benicia for Coloma.

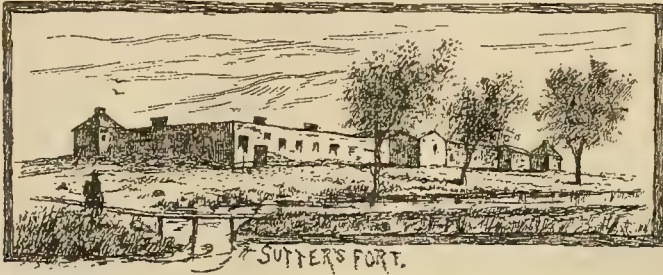
The largest account transacted was on the 20th of February. The amount of the bill was \$162.37, and was bought by "Jesus Molin," a name that occurs several times in the book.

The last page of the book is written in a hurried hand and is very hard to read. Many of the accounts are only half written out. For example, the last account in the book, on the 18th of May, reads as follows: "C. Ward, Dr. two," — no figure, or anything to show what the "two" stands for. Perhaps visions of wealth and gold dust danced before the eyes of the Captain, and he thought they were to be realized when the gold fields of Coloma were reached. How far he came from realizing those visions would be out of place to tell here.

I do not think I can better end this article than by quoting the words that appear on the last page of the old book, written in a feeble hand. They were written on the 18th of July, 1877, when old age had broken

down the once hardy man. They are as follows: "In the event of any accident to the undersigned, E. H. Von Pfister, I hereby transfer this book to D. N. Boulding; July 18th, 1877. E. H. VON PFISTER."

Jesse Poundstone.



LIFE'S MOMENT.

FROM birth till noontime on our separate ways
 We went, each knowing naught of each, until
 Upon a river's wall our pathways met,
 Where gazing soul-bound on the amber flood
 That drained the red life of the dying sun,
 We paused to breathe the vastness of the scene.
 Far off the city's spires shot silver points
 Above the purpling shadows of the hills;
 Behind us rose the forest dark and dumb
 Beneath night's sable mantle. On the west,
 Across a jasper sea, a new moon's shadowy sail
 Dipped lightly to the breath of languorous winds.
 The sun's last brand broke into starry lights
 Of such unearthly radiance that my soul
 Forgot its clay and stood alone with God.
 Trembling you touched my hand, and drew my eyes
 To meet your own,—and lo! the crowding years
 Rolled backward like a scroll;—there stood revealed
 The blessed visions of the long ago,
 Come all too late for you and me to share.

"The river knows its bounds. Forever on
 Between its mighty walls it seeks the sea.
 Within the deep-cut channels of our lives
 The same resistless force bears us along
 Our devious ways. The end is near!
 We, too, shall find the sea."

The light went out
 And in the dark our hands unloosed their clasp.

Ninetta Eames.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.¹

By this title Mr. Adams means the escape of the people of the colony from the social, political, and religious theocratic rule of the Puritan ministers. This authority of theirs was implicitly in the original scheme of the establishment of the colony; it was maintained from the first settlement in 1639 until the final overthrow of its political part; which overthrow was in consequence of the dissolution of the Company of Massachusetts Bay in 1684 by proceedings under a *quo memento* and afterwards a *scire facias*, begun under Charles II., while no place for such authority was left under the provincial charter granted by William and Mary in 1692.

The book is a terribly severe indictment of the ministers of the Bay colony, not of Plymouth colony, nor of any other colony, nor of New England. And whatever excuses might be urged in mitigation of judgment, the charges are substantially maintained. If there are any grounds for passing any such sentence in any case in history, the Puritan ministers were responsible for persecutions, punishments, and executions as iniquitous and abominable, as truly conspiracies against free thought and free speech, occasionally even as much tortures and murders under mere forms of law, as any charge against the Roman Inquisition.

Such Puritan ministers of today as the Reverend Henry M. Dexter of the Boston *Congregationalist* and others like-minded, consider Mr. Adams a false accuser of the brethren, and justify the ministers and condemn their victims in the matters charged. They will accordingly go down to posterity in the company of their clients.

In reading or judging this book, a distinction should be remembered to which we have alluded above, which is no doubt familiar

enough to historical students, and to New Englanders, which may be overlooked or forgotten by some. It is, between the personal and collective characters of the Massachusetts Bay settlers who were "Puritans," and the settlers of the older colony of Plymouth, who were not. As in the case of New Haven, which was at first an independent colony and afterwards became a part of Connecticut, so Plymouth was first a wholly separate jurisdiction, until made part of Massachusetts by the provincial charter of 1692. It would be a very thorough and in some respects an important historical error and injustice to apply to the Plymouth or any other colony the opinions and conclusions of Mr. Adams's book about the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Plymouth was settled in 1621 by the little company who came in the Mayflower, and who are known to fame as the Pilgrim Fathers. They were not Puritans; their characters and their policy were in important particulars entirely opposite to those of the Puritans, whose settlement in Massachusetts began eight years later in 1629. Plymouth was tolerant and benevolent; Massachusetts was persecuting and unforgiving.

The very foundation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony seems to have been a pious fraud. The intending settlers bought in England from the so-called "Council of Plymouth" in Devon, the charter which this latter body had procured, incorporating it as a trading company. This charter named its possessors "The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." This was a name such as had been given before to trading companies — to the Russian Company in 1554, to the Turkey Company in 1581, to the East India Company in 1600 — and it gave them rights and privileges such as had been given to those companies. These were business rights and privileges; and there went with them such limited powers of legislation, administration, and

¹The Emancipation of Massachusetts. By Brooks Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

jurisdiction as these other business companies had — such as the Drapers' Company of London had. No grant of sovereignty, and none of independent political power was given. Over and over the charter carefully stipulates that all regulations made and proceedings had must be such as are not repugnant to the laws of England; and it makes the matter absolutely certain by specifying in so many words that no powers are to be exercised except "according to the course of other corporations in this our realm of England."

Now what they did was to take this charter of a business corporation, which gave them no powers except such as might be exercised in the city of London, to go away with it into a wilderness three thousand miles off across the ocean, and there to establish an independent sovereign state which coined money, issued process, and inflicted penalties for utterance of religious opinions. If the Puritans could lawfully have done these things in London, they could in Massachusetts; not otherwise. The fact is, that they not only violated but defied the laws of England and the royal authority; they violated not only the rights of the mother country and human law, but the rights of humanity and the laws of God.

The question at once comes up, How was it that they could do this so long? The answer is, It was because under Charles I. they were very obscure; under the Commonwealth their theocratic notions and practices were not so openly defiant of those prevailing at home; but under Charles II. their obstinate and illegal acts at last drew the attention of the English administration; the home government took action, though with much deliberateness; and the unlawful fabric fell to pieces by due judgment of the Court of Chancery, without even such show of defence as might serve to indicate a consciousness of right.

The chief chapters of the record of achievements by which these reverend ministers of God's holy word sought to establish the reign of the Prince of Peace were their proceedings against the Antinomians, the Anabap-

tists, the Quakers, and the alleged witches; but along with these proceedings and of like color ran the whole current of the ordinary jurisprudence and administration of the colony. These acts were all done under a semblance of forms of law; but as a matter of fact the whole government was simply the action of the ministers so far as they saw fit to have it so, and at their absolute discretion.

We cannot give even an outline of the serried array of facts and references with which Mr. Adams substantiates every assertion he makes; nor can we follow at all his very interesting and original tracing of the influences of the same old theocratic or Puritan spirit in Massachusetts politics even down to and past the Revolution. If his language glows with indignation at the wrongs he narrates, and with pleasure at the occasional mortifying stumbles and ultimate downfall of this caricature of an Old Testament theocracy, — so it should.

We shall only select three brief examples of Mr. Adams's treatment of his subjects. The first is a sketch of John Endicott, which reminds us of a portrait by Hawthorne, though drawn with less subtlety of line, and with broader strokes:

"No figure in our early history looms out of the past like Endicott's. The harsh face still looks down from under the black skull cap, the gray mustache and pointed beard showing the determined mouth, but throwing into relief the lines of the massive jaw. He is almost heroic in his ferocious bigotry and daring — a perfect champion of the church.

"The grim Puritan soldier is almost visible, as standing at the head of his men, he tears the red cross from the flag and defies the power of England, as in that tremendous moment when the people were hanging breathless on the fate of Christison, when insurrection seemed bursting out beneath his feet, and his judges shrunk apart before the peril, we yet hear the savage old man furiously strike the table, and thanking God that he at least dares to do his duty, we see him rise alone before that threatening multitude to condemn the heretic to death."

As an example of his historical exposi-

tion, take his account of the way in which the Quakers were dealt with. He quotes the contemporary denunciations of the Puritan ministers: The Rev. John Wilson said that "he would carry fire in one hand and fagots in the other, to burn all the Quakers in the world." Rev. John Higginson denounced the "inner light" as "a stinking vapour from hell." The Rev. John Norton said "the justice of God is the devil's armor,"—which of course proved that no such justice should be served out to Quakers: and Endicott told the first of them who came, "Take heed you break not our ecclesiastical laws, for then ye are sure to stretch by a halter." He then illustrates the thorough coherence of the Puritan men of God to the quality of Christianity thus set forth, by a series of plain narratives of trials, imprisonments, scourgings, banishments, tortures, hangings. And then, with quiet but cutting sarcasm, and without invectives or epithets, he states that never the less the clerical historians of the Puritan commonwealth, from the Mathers down to the Rev. Henry M. Dexter, have actually maintained that these victims, scourged and hanged, persecuted the Puritans who scourged and hanged them; and he quotes the words in which Dr. Dexter says so. Again: he quotes another assertion of Dr. Dexter's, viz, that the Quaker of the Puritan persecutions was "a coarse, blustering, conceited, disagreeable, impudent fanatic,"—this being, by the way, pretty much what the Church of England men considered the Puritans. And then, with hardly a hint of the blow that he is striking, he administers a stinging rebuke of this statement by quoting a letter from five Quakers in prison to the magistrates who sentenced them; a letter which I am sorry not to have room to quote, but whose calm, dignified, and solemn appeal to human and divine law, and whose peaceful expression of consciousness of undeserved abuse, and of absolute resignation and absolute resolution, belongs to a height of Christian attainment that their Puritan enemies never dreamed of, and evidently could not understand. For intolerant as they were, it is only utter inca-

capacity to understand the spirit of the Quakers which can explain why the Quaker utterances were so surprisingly exasperating to the authorities.

A single habit of Mr. Adams a little interferes with the unity of impression otherwise made by this strong book. This is the taking a fresh start every now and then at the beginning of a chapter with a philosophical generalization or statement of principle from afar off, and coming back into the main current of discourse along a kind of contributory curve. It is as if he stopped to refresh himself with a drink of principle or theory, as a traveler drinks at a wayside spring; or perhaps more like that recent invention of a cannon whose projectile was to receive reinforcements of impetus from collateral charges of powder in little chambers along the bore, which charges were to explode as the ball went past them and accelerate it. Such, for instance, is the proposition which begins Chapter II.: "Habit may be defined with enough accuracy for ordinary purposes as the result of reflex action, etc."; and that which begins Chapter V.: "The lower the organism, the less would seem to be the capacity for physical adaptation to changed conditions of life; the star-fish dies in the aquarium, the dog has wandered throughout the world with his master," etc. Now this last proposition will not wash, for the elephant has not wandered throughout the world; and moreover, it would make out the dog equal to his master.

Again, he begins Chapter VIII. by saying, "As the waking of the human mind is mechanical, the quality of its actions must largely depend upon the training it receives." Now the first statement is ambiguous, and ought not to be assumed; and whether it is true or not, the second statement, which is true, does not follow from it. Even if correct in themselves, these processes are logically and rhetorically out of place, and tend to weaken confidence in the main train of reasoning to which they are annexed. If they were picked up in a bunch by themselves on the top of a mountain, the discoverer would never dream that they came out of a histori-

cal work. They are, however, purely surplusage and have no bearing whatever on the real argument.

But this is a small matter. Mr. Adams has contributed a new and fresh chapter to American history, and one which must not be overlooked by students who would understand the spirit and foundation of that New England polity and theology which have left so many and so deep traces upon American

models of government and of religious doctrine. And it is written in a style so bright and strong, with such clearness and outspoken freedom, such sincerity and enthusiasm, and such pictorial and dramatic vigor, that it is not merely interesting but exciting. The printing and manufacture of the book are tasteful and accurate, and the good index is proof that the author acknowledges a duty to the public which too many entirely neglect.

F. B. Perkins.

ETC.

IN commenting on matters of public interest, the OVERLAND has always avoided as far as possible reference to the *persons* involved in any controversy. There lies before us now the record of a controversy of great significance to the schools of San Francisco, which cannot be spoken of except as a personal matter: for one party to it has been composed of a single man. Moreover, we can scarcely think it possible that our readers have gained any connected idea of either the points at issue or the actual occurrences, from the occasional reports in the daily papers. We believe the following to be a correct outline of the facts:

SOON after his election, in November, 1886, the present superintendent of schools appointed as his deputy Mr. H. W. Philbrook, a young lawyer who had formerly been a teacher in the Boys' High School, and for several years a member of the Board of Examination, and had continued to take a good deal of interest in school matters. The superintendent and his deputy were of different political party from the majority of the Board of Education, and to a certain extent from each other, as Mr. Philbrook had been active in one of the non-partisan movements of that year. This political difference, however, seems to have played no part in what followed; and as Mr. Philbrook was perfectly outspoken in his views about school government, it is fair to presume that the superintendent appointed him with full knowledge of these, and was himself in general accord with them. About the time of his appointment, Mr. Philbrook was one of a number of men and women who addressed the educational committee of the Board of Freeholders, and he then expounded with entire frankness the same views he has since expressed. It is essential to any fair and colorless statement of the facts to add that Mr. Philbrook had been known on all sides as a good citizen and honorable man—in

no sense a "school politician," although one of the few good citizens who attend caucuses and nominating conventions. His record and personal standing were such as unquestionably to constitute a presumption, in any difficulty in which he might be involved, in favor of his sincerity and disinterestedness, which it would require evidence to the contrary to overset.

It is the regular duty of the deputy superintendent of schools to present to the superintendent an annual report of the condition of the schools, with recommendations for their improvement. This it is customary to publish with the superintendent's annual report. On September 17th, 1887, the deputy superintendent presented his report. It was not published with the superintendent's report, but appears to have been submitted to the school directors: for (we depend upon the newspaper reports of the meetings of the board) they at once expressed the opinion that Mr. Philbrook had deliberately placed himself in an attitude of hostility to the board, had insulted the management of the department, and had properly laid himself liable to removal from his position. The deputy superintendent, however, is not under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education, but responsible only to the superintendent. The suggestion was made (we still depend on the newspaper reports) that his resignation be indirectly compelled by withholding his salary; but this was not done. A good deal of clashing took place at the meetings, in which Mr. Philbrook, so far at least as any active backing was concerned, stood alone against the denunciation of the board. The only full newspaper reports of the meetings printed were in agreement with the position of the board, and described the deputy superintendent's attitude as entirely ineffective and ridiculous. About the end of November, also, certain rumors discreditable to Mr. Philbrook's official honesty appeared in the same paper, but were not followed up.

Immediately thereafter, Mr. Philbrook himself printed the suppressed report, stating in a preface that he did so on account of these rumors. Its publication caused increased antagonism between him and the board, and in January the superintendent requested his resignation, without assigning a specific reason. Mr. Philbrook refused to resign unless he were given specific reasons in writing; and on January 9th was dismissed without any statement of cause. Both he and members of the school board said to an interviewer the next day that the dismissal was on account of the report, and that the directors had urged it upon the superintendent. We believe the foregoing will be accepted as a bald and literal narration of the external facts of the matter, as drawn from sources perfectly open to every one. The significance thereof, every one will see, depends upon the contents of the suppressed report. These are not easily accessible to every one, for we believe no newspaper has given even a summary of them, and a pamphlet report, printed privately, cannot at best reach the public very generally. It is therefore essential to any understanding of the episode that we give a summary of the contents of this pamphlet, and this we can do most fairly by extracts. The whole would occupy about fourteen pages of the *OVERLAND* in the present type; but we can give its leading points *verbatim*, except for omissions, the longer of which are indicated, and all of which are purely for the sake of condensation, and affect no essential of meaning or even of spirit.

AFTER a brief summary of the attendance upon the schools during the year, the report premises that "we all agree in the wish" to maintain and improve the schools, and that a necessary step to this is to recognize "in what their excellence essentially consists," what constitutes their defects, and the causes of these defects, and the way to remove them. Hence this report. It proceeds:

"So far as my observation has gone, I have found that a school consists essentially of pupils and teachers, and of nothing else, and that the essential work of a school is that of the pupils in pursuing their studies, and that of the teacher in teaching. Everything else about a school seems to consist merely in conveniences and conditions constituting the environment in which the pupils and the teachers carry on this work. But mere conveniences, desirable as they are, are of secondary importance. There have been admirable schools without conveniences—in garrets, in barns, even with no better inclosure than a hedge. There have been wretched schools amid all the conveniences. . . . The element preëminently necessary to make a good school seems to be a good teacher. . . . It is a mere truism to any intelligent person who tests it by his own school experience. . . . President Garfield, when he said: 'Give me a log cabin with one room in it, and a bench with Mark Hopkins on one end of it and me on the other, and that would be a college good

enough for me," declared the same thing. . . . And of all the excellent teachers in these schools, as indeed of all excellent teachers I have ever known, I have noticed that they are well educated and understand thoroughly the subjects they teach; that they have the knack of teaching; and that they are persons of integrity of character. And there seems to be nothing else at all comparable with these qualities, and nothing else—except pupils—really necessary to constitute an excellent teacher. Generally throughout the schools the methods of teaching followed by such teachers are of infinite difference and variety, the best teachers continually varying their methods, as the occasion and the individuality of the pupil seem to require. This, too, I have always noticed of the best teachers everywhere. . . . The knack of teaching seems also to improve with the general power of the entire intellect. Nor do the best teachers in these schools pretend that there is anything mysterious or occult in their methods of teaching, nor have I ever known the best teachers to do so anywhere. All there really seems to be about it is that they are well educated, have aptitude for teaching, have integrity of character, and that they allow their pupils to develop and make them learn."

"And in these schools, as indeed in all schools I have ever known, I have observed that the one essential convenience on which the best teaching depends is an environment of freedom for the teacher. . . . Teachers can be and ought to be held responsible for results; they must be given safety and freedom in their choice of methods

"There are other conveniences highly desirable for these schools. A very important one is a course of study. Good school buildings and furniture are also very desirable; but these are of less importance, and their deficiencies being continually before the eyes of all, do not so much require special mention. . . . Where a school is so large as to need the services of more than one teacher, then it is a most necessary convenience to put into the hands of one person such incidental functions of the teacher as concern the entire group of classes or the entire school. . . . The principal or, as he is called by law, the 'principal teacher,' to whom these incidental functions are assigned, is therefore by no means the superior of the other teachers."

"Along with the very great confidence in the public schools of San Francisco there exists, as is well known, a very general impression that they are not doing what can fairly be, and ought to be, required of them. The impression, too, is very general that their shortcomings are somehow due to wrong administration by the school officers. . . . Indeed the very fact of having been a school director seems growing to be, if unexplained, rather a circumstance against a man. . . . According to my observation, both these popular impressions are well founded. Ideas of a sort quite different from those hereinbefore set forth have beset the officials to whose care these

schools are committed. . . . For carrying on these schools there is annually collected from the taxpayers and annually disbursed a school fund of nearly a million dollars. . . . Partly, no doubt, from this, partly, no doubt, from vanity, the desire to be seen and heard, there have come forward, as the public school funds have grown, many aggressive persons—most of them of very inferior education—loudly and persistently, and with mutual encouragement, proclaiming that there is something to be done about a *public* school different from and greatly superior to teaching. These people have almost invariably been public school teachers, and still act as such when they can find nothing that pays better. But to indicate their superiority to mere teachers, they call themselves ‘educators.’ These ‘educators’ have seized upon the common axioms of method and management always spontaneously recognized in every good school, and have set them forth as constituting a newly discovered mystery, calling for the high profession of ‘educator.’ And these people claim that the real essence of their mystery cannot be embodied in language, but requires their personal presence and authority about the schools. . . . And there has been and is being more extensively built up over the public schools a complicated and cumbersome system, furnishing high salaried positions for the ‘educators.’ And this leaves so much the less money with which, by good salaries, to attract the best teachers. It also leaves so much the less money with which to maintain the higher schools. But the ‘educators’ must also have something to do—something with a large look about it. They therefore go about the schools interfering with the teaching—coercing the teachers into some set method of teaching—stopping the teachers in their work, and ‘exemplifying before their classes the best methods of teaching.’ It is very easy for any aggressive person, familiar with the ways of a school and backed by authority, to show off for a short time, before a class composed of school children, very speciously in methods of teaching, and especially so when no responsibility is incurred. . . . It is very natural, too, for the pupils to infer from this display that their teacher is somehow an inferior being, but what valuable incentive this gives them in their studies I have not yet been able to discover.”

“As the influence of the ‘educators’ has increased the demand for the best teachers has steadily fallen off. The ‘educator’ does not like the presence of a great teacher. . . . And among the school officials the idea prevails that anybody who by any possibility can get a teacher’s certificate is good enough to serve as teacher—that the remedy for poor schools is to increase the number and the salaries of the ‘educators.’”

“With the ‘educator’ fear has come in, and is even spoken of with approval as a state of mind to be desired in the teacher. . . . Very generally among the teachers, the constrained manner, the

anxiety to find out what your opinions are before expressing theirs, and then either silence or the expression of only concurring ones in return, the effort to create an immediately favorable impression by show, . . . these and many similar indications are noticeable when in the presence of the school official, and especially in that of the ‘educator.’ All this may be as incense to the nostrils of the ‘educator,’ but to me it is painful.

“One of the practices tending to introduce the spirit of subordinates is that of the enforced transfer of teachers. Outright dismissal, or the threat of it, was the practice formerly more *en règle*; but that has fallen into disuse since the decision of the Superior Court that the dismissal of a teacher without cause and maliciously carries with it personal liability in damages for so doing. . . . A teacher, when once transferred to a school or class which can be discontinued by consolidation, can then be lawfully dismissed by consolidation of the class or the school, even by a consolidation merely temporary. This enforced transfer now seems to be employed as a means of punishing even the best teachers for ‘insubordination,’ or having an ‘insubordinate spirit,’ offenses so vague that they readily include every free expression of facts or opinions hostile to the system of the ‘educator.’ . . . A very inferior teacher remains in a school until complaints become so urgent that she can be retained there no longer. She is then transferred to another school in a distant part of the city. And so on, again and again. There are many such teachers in these schools. This business of transfer keeps them there.

“In the Boys’ High School there are a few teachers set above the others in rank and pay and styled ‘heads of departments.’ And while this report is being written, it has been determined to establish similar ‘heads of departments’ in the Girls’ High School, the only reason I have heard assigned being ‘because an army has lieutenants.’ . . . But the work of teachers is in no respect like that of privates in an army. . . . There is nothing for the ‘heads of departments’ in the high schools to do except to teach their classes just as they would if they were only plain, common teachers. They cannot interfere with the teaching of their associates without doing mischief. A teacher who cannot take his or her class through its properly allotted part of the course of study is not fit for the position of teacher. . . . The principal of each high school is really the ‘principal teacher’ of that school, and neither high school is so large but that the principal should be amply sufficient to perform the duties of his position.”

“This tendency to degrade the position of teacher is nowhere more evident than in the network of rules for the government of teachers. . . . The excellence of private schools and private instruction of all grades the world over depends upon the excellence of the teachers. Why should it be different in the public schools? In private schools and private instruction

the world over, freedom in methods is always essential to excellence in the teacher. Why should it be different in the public schools? In private schools and private instruction everywhere the remedy for an incompetent teacher is dismissal and selection of a better, and there no one would ever think of making an incompetent teacher a good one merely by inspecting him or stampeding him. Why should it be different in the public schools? Is this city, this State, and this nation so destitute of capable, honorable, and educated men and women as to make it impossible to get such as teachers in these schools? — that it is really necessary to ‘inspect’ and terrorize the teachers of these schools into the attitude of cringing subordinates?”

“A very necessary convenience in a large school or group of schools, and one which the Board of Education is by law specially charged with providing, is a definite course of study. It has always seemed to me that in preparing a course of study, teachers and others who have much observed the progress of children and youth as students can be very advantageously consulted in determining the order in which the subjects shall be introduced and the time to be devoted to each subject. It has also seemed to me that those best fitted to select the subject-matter of a course of study are—not teachers, nor yet even ‘educators,’—but well educated people of mature age who have had considerable opportunity for observation and thought, and yet have been brought much into close contact with the various activities of grown men and women—indeed, just such people as those of whom the Board of Education ought to consist.

“Very generally courses of study so selected and prepared have recognized that one of the main purposes to be subserved by a school is that of a mental gymnasium. The brain is not considered a mere tool-chest to be filled with useful implements, nor a mere calculating machine for the counting-room, any more than is a human being a mere mechanism for manufacturing bread and butter and clothing, or for coining money; but the brain is considered as an organ which grows, and develops, and improves in quality in ways very similar to those in which the muscular system does. And indeed, as every well informed person knows, study, and even hard study, so long as it is carried on without worry and with proper care for rest and physical exercise, is a pursuit most highly conducive to health—strengthens and improves the quality of the brain—and by this influence upon the brain, the greatest of the nerve centers, it strengthens and improves the entire nervous system, which, after all, is the controlling part of the being. And do we not see all over the world that the health of brain-workers is good, and that in their families longevity is great and increasing? . . . And, pray, why should a child have his head crammed as soon as possible with methods of business, and then be hurried off to work? Why should a child not be allowed to grow, and be helped to

grow as fully as possible, mentally and physically, until he or she reaches maturity? In raising horses the greatest care is taken to allow them to grow and to help them grow until maturity, and a valuable horse would not be put to work until he has his growth. Is a human being less valuable than a horse? Such courses of study very generally recognize, too, that it is best for the pupil to understand and comprehend as fully as possible such studies as he pursues—that, for instance, mathematics in all its branches is a subject far more for the reason than for the memory—and that, as it is best for the human being to be superior to the particular business or profession in which he may engage, therefore the study of the subjects of the course should not be bound down to so narrow a scope as that of mere drills on points most likely to be immediately used in business. In fine, such courses of study generally assume that neither the pupils nor the teachers of the schools are imbeciles, or unusually weak-minded, or mere pawns on a chess-board, but that they are about such as average Americans are generally supposed to be.

“But the ‘practical educators’ under whose counsels the last year’s course of study of these schools was framed, were shackled by no such ideas. That course of study proposed to take no risk whatever with the teachers, but throughout assumed them, principals as well the rest, to be consummate block-heads, and therefore laid down for them in plain, easy words, with strict injunctions to obedience, the fullest details of the manner in which to do this, that, and the other, which any teacher fit to be tolerated as such for a week understands too well even to discuss. . . . As for the pupils, the course of study proposed to take the very minimum of risk with them, but assumed all those in the primary and grammar grades to have been foreordained as mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, and clearly showed its suspicion that those in the high schools were no better. As an instance, in arithmetic throughout the course the greatest stress was laid upon drills in the rapid addition of columns of numbers by units, by tens, and by hundreds, because, forsooth, accountants are very expert in that; and on the ground that in business computations concrete numbers are very commonly used, the teachers were forbidden to allow their pupils to use any number without designating it, both in writing and in speaking, as so many cows or horses or pounds of tobacco or other material, as if it were the policy to eradicate from the minds of the pupils all power of abstract computation or thought. There were good features in the course of study; but throughout no importance was attached to the growth or cultivation of the mind, or to the value of study or the love of study. The schools were treated rather as dispensaries of information assumed to be of most immediate utility in business, . . . the main purpose apparently being to fit the pupils for positions as subordinate clerks or employees—to provide capitalists with trained servants.

"There is a notion entertained by many, that a very serious fault of the schools, particularly the high schools, has been over-education. Mr. T. W. Higginson, in a recent article, speaks of this notion as 'the myth of the idle graduate,' and as but another instance of the truth of Goethe's saying that it is only needful to repeat a thing often enough and everybody will end by believing it. Mr. Higginson points out that of all who have advocated this notion, no one has offered to support it by any show of comparative statistics, and that so far as statistics bearing upon the subject have been collected, they very strongly tend to show its fallacy. . . . But it is easy to see how this notion has gained credence. Among the people who have lost their grip and have become more or less a burden to the world, we here and there see a graduate of the most advanced schools; for after all education only improves, and cannot entirely take the place of the precaution of being born with a good physical and mental constitution. But we expect so much of the graduates of the higher schools that those who disappoint us attract our attention far more than the fact, equally manifest, that the great body of highly educated graduates are in every field of work or business people greatly superior even in practical usefulness. We also notice now and then a bad man named Smith, but the Smiths are generally very excellent people. We don't jump to the conclusion that the name Smith has a vicious influence on its wearer; and this, no doubt, partly because there seems no mystery about the name Smith, and partly because we have no occasion to be jealous of the Smiths. But the uneducated or poorly educated does see the advantage of higher education, and yet the nature of the advantage is something to which he is blind. His lack of training induces him to generalize hastily. Prominent to his notice are the instances which most cause remark. Moreover the higher education is not the article he has to sell. Especially if he aspires to be an 'educator,' it is only human nature for him to depreciate the higher education. Such people have been among the loudest to charge our high schools with not being practical.

"A few years ago the high schools of San Francisco would have compared favorably with any in the United States. The Boys' High School was indeed famous all over the United States for the scholarship of its graduates. The graduates of both the high schools themselves seem to be the best refutation of the cry that the high schools are not practical. . . . It seems to me that all those men very clearly show in their standing in the business or professions in which they are engaged, and in their personal bearing, marks of the great value of higher education. I have also been informed by what seemed to me good authority, that the best business men of this city very generally preferred to employ in their business young men just graduated from that school, though untrained in the methods of business, rather

than graduates of business colleges. But during the last three or four years the 'educators' preached loudly and persistently to pupils and parents, and especially to the Board of Education, that the high schools were not practical, and that the pupils there were being shamefully treated in the way of education. The Boys' High School was particularly condemned. Its very existence was threatened. For a time a business school, under a separate head, was set up in it. In many ways a hostile feeling was manifested toward it by the school officials. In the Girls' High School the course of study was cut down. Coincidentally with this cry that the high schools were not practical, the scholarship in both schools very greatly deteriorated. And, whatever was the cause or combination of causes, the Boys' High School was certainly in a most unsatisfactory condition at the beginning of the last school year. Since that time it has, I believe, been steadily recovering. . . . There is no doubt that some supervision of schools is proper and even necessary. There can be no doubt that certain tendencies exist to which a demand for more practical subjects in the course of study is a valuable corrective. But the 'educators' have indulged in these things too freely."

"The chief cause of the shortcomings of the public schools is in my opinion that they have been strangled by that Old Man of the Sea, the 'educator.' . . . There have been times when the public schools of San Francisco were proud to have anybody look at them, and yet the teachers were free in their methods, and no cry was heard that they needed to be 'more thoroughly inspected.' In those days there existed a policy of seeking the very best teachers. If it became known that there was in the city and unemployed in the public schools a superior teacher, school directors would seek an interview, and unsolicited offer a position in these schools. If any one questions this, let him inquire of those most familiar with the history of the public schools of San Francisco. But for several years teachers have not been sought at all. . . . The position of teacher has been and is being, by the theories of self-styled 'educators,' so belittled and degraded as to deprive good teachers of the freedom necessary to the proper performance of their duties, and to make it seem unimportant to select or retain the best teachers. . . . Look through the late school reports and you will see there, along with this demand for 'more thorough inspection' of the teachers, the doctrine that incompetent teachers can be made competent — and that this is to be done by having all the teachers put into leading-strings, and by having all the details of their methods prescribed to them — in short, by having all the teachers 'more thoroughly inspected.' . . . You will find the doctrine declared that no person who is not a 'practical educator' is fit to make out a course of study. . . . And, pray, who is the 'practical educator and natural psychologist?' Would it not be well to invite the gentleman

to show his credentials! Has any Seybert Commission ever inspected *him*?"

"The best of men, when dealing with the public schools, have been impressed with this claim. . . . Having little leisure for observation or thought, they have accepted the doctrine that public school management is a profound mystery understood only by the noisy 'educator,' and that it is not important who is teacher, the great things being system and a net-work of rules of method, and 'more thorough inspection' of the teachers, things all of which, as it happens, only these noisy 'educators' have to sell. School directors have practically abdicated their functions to such ideas as these."

"Is there, then, in the management of the public schools any mystery so abstruse as not to be understood as readily and fully by ordinarily intelligent and fairly educated American men and women as by any body else? . . . How about building or repairing the school houses? No one questions the ability of average citizens to manage that. How about the hiring of janitors, mechanics, and laborers? There seems nothing abstruse about that. How about making the course of study? That has been considered. How about selecting the right persons as teachers? . . . Scholarship, good breeding, integrity, and force of character are things which average American citizens can detect about as well as any body, and when a young man or woman has these, he or she is about as safe a person to give a trial as anybody. There, too, are the normal school graduates. What are they for but to show what they can do as teachers? . . . And when teachers are chosen and are at work, what more is to be done? This is where, we are told, the mystery of public school management holds its court. But that point has already been considered. Teachers need, at the very least, to be let alone, to be left free in the details of their work, and to be judged by the results they accomplish. Now, is it not easy enough to let teachers alone? Does it need any specialist to manage that?"

"The 'educators,' however, claim to refute all this by pointing out that other large cities of the United States have complicated public school systems, in which the teachers are lowest in rank and are bound about with rules, and inspected, and directed, and kept in strict subordination by corps of high-salaried officials. It may be conceded that other large cities of the United States do at least show a strong tendency toward just such systems. There are also large public school funds in all those cities. 'Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' There are boodle aldermen, too, in some of those cities; and in all of them, along with their growth, so many and so serious corruptions have grown up that it has become one of the gravest problems of the people of the United States how to govern their large cities."

"All these conclusions are set forth very clearly in

those laws which every officer is, before taking office, required to solemnly pledge himself to support. By these laws the management of the public schools of San Francisco is vested in a Board of Education consisting of twelve school directors. . . . But the Board of Education is not authorized to employ any person higher in rank or authority than the teacher, or any person to stand around and watch over incompetent teachers for the purpose of keeping them in their positions. . . . There are also a superintendent of schools and a deputy superintendent of schools. . . . It is noticeable that these officers have no authority to dictate to the teachers the manner of performing their duties, but only 'to counsel *with* and advise the teachers,' to act as the executive of the school laws, rules, and regulations, to observe, and to report and recommend. . . . The functions assumed by the school officers, and particularly by the Board of Education and its members, have, however, come to be very considerably in excess of what is laid down in the law. . . . Various causes have led to this. One of these is the characteristic of human nature expressed in the old maxim that every court will, if allowed to do so, extend its own jurisdiction—a characteristic none the less likely to be manifested where there is administrative authority which deals mainly with school children and their teachers, and when nearly all those teachers are of the gentler sex. Another is that the best teachers are generally unassuming persons, while the aggressive 'educator' at once assails each new set of school directors, and sets them in pursuit of his doctrines. San Francisco does not so much need a better school law as to have the law now existing better obeyed. . . . Such a change might be effected by extending the term of office of the school directors to four or even to six years, thus giving them better opportunity to become acquainted with the duties of the office. Half or a third of their number might be elected every two years, that, by the choice of a smaller number at each election, public attention might be more concentrated and thereby have more influence in obtaining the election of the best persons. Some provision ought also to be introduced to bring about more prompt and sure payment of the teachers' salaries. The evils of political corruption are easily understood, and therefore easily removed, whenever their removal is really desired."

"And it is hereby recommended for all school officers, and particularly for the Board of Education:

"1. That they do everything possible to provide for the public schools of San Francisco the very best teachers that can be had; that wherever a vacancy occurs, or an additional school or class is established, the very best teacher that can possibly be had, be placed.

"2. That they furnish for these schools, as fully as possible, conveniences for the best teaching; and that the very first of these conveniences shall be an environment of freedom, safety, and respect for the

teachers. That teachers unworthy such a convenience be—in some decent manner—replaced by those who are worthy of it. And,

"3. That, beside the two things above recommended, they do nothing at all."

It should perhaps be explained that several persons are employed by the school department under the title of "inspectors." Of their quality and conduct the OVERLAND has no direct knowledge. It will be evident with this word of explanation, that it is against this institution and against the school directors only as upholding it, that the report above summarized is directed. From the results of the presentation of the report it is however evident that the directors accept the inspectors' case against Mr. Philbrook as their own. As we write, the Superior Court has rendered a decision confirming one of Mr. Philbrook's positions, and denying the Board of Education the power of arbitrary transfer in the case of Miss Kennedy. We understand that the board will appeal the case.

Good Omens.

To ———.

EIGHT lucky omens¹ cheer the Hindu's day
Whom fortune loves : a cow with brindled hide,
A sleeping pool, the sun, a man whose pride
Is in his wealth, a prince, a fakir gray,
One giving rice with generous hand away ;
And crowning all, dark-haired and shining-eyed,
A beauteous woman. Joy shall seek his side
With happiness and peace. His foot shall stray
In pleasant paths. To me it is no task
To trust completely in this Orient creed ;
For I have partly tried and found it true.
Nay, not eight omens ; only one I ask.
The last alone can make me glad indeed : —
My happy days are when I meet with you.

Charles S. Greene.

¹ See Edwin Arnold's "India Revisited."

The A. B. C. F. M. Imperium in Imperio.

EDITOR OVERLAND: The two main points in my communication in the December OVERLAND are uncontradicted in Doctor Holbrook's reply. These points are:—

First. That the American Board has set up a censorship of its own, in disparagement of the Congregational system.

Second. That its missionaries are to be allowed less liberty of thought than ministers who stay at home.

The argument of Doctor Holbrook virtually concedes these points, but tries to show that the emergency was such as to justify these stringent and un-Congregational measures. The brilliant rhetoric of Doctor Storrs cannot hide these main points. The

question is, Does the emergency call for this "new departure" on the part of the Board? Doctor Storrs's opinion is entitled to respectful consideration; but it is the opinion of one man, who has not yet proved himself wiser than his predecessor, Doctor Mark Hopkins. Doctor Holbrook tries to draw the authority of Doctor Hopkins over to the ultra-conservative side. He cannot have that name. Doctor Hopkins distinctly proposed in the case of Congregational candidates, that theological questions should be referred to ordaining Councils. This is precisely what the minority asked for and were denied at Springfield. If Doctor Hopkins declared that he would not vote for a candidate who "held the doctrine in question" as a cardinal doctrine, to put it foremost in preaching, that was no more than was said, by Professor Fisher and others of the minority. Doctor Holbrook might as well claim Professor Fisher as Doctor Hopkins.

But Doctor N. G. Clark is timidly claimed, also, for the Alden policy. He "is reported to have said that he would not favor such an appointment." The same remark applies as in the respect of Doctor Hopkins. But let us see how Doctor Clark really feels about the action of the Board at Springfield. In a letter to the *Christian Union*, deprecating the withholding of contributions, he says: "I can sympathize with the sense of injustice that rankles in many a heart that has hitherto been loyal to the cause." "The strange misapprehensions of good men, which were not to be cleared up at Springfield by the calm, judicial statements of George P. Fisher, or by the eloquence of George Leon Walker, will not always continue." Again he says, "As Foreign Secretary, I have never asked a mission or a missionary for an opinion on issues here." It is easy to see what Doctor Clark thinks of the Board's new departure.

Would Doctor Holbrook like names from headquarters as to the liberty to be allowed to foreign missionaries? Here is what was said years ago in a report signed by Rufus Anderson, David Greene, Selah B. Treat, and approved by a former Prudential Committee: "Men must be free and feel that they are free. Of all gospel ministers the missionary among the heathen most needs to have his mind and spirit erect, and to feel that all good men are his brethren. This is necessary to the unity, peace, order, and efficiency of every mission. The law of liberty is an all-pervading law in Christ's kingdom."

In the interest of truth and fair dealing, of fair dealing for the sake of truth, I am willing to stand with Mark Hopkins and Selah B. Treat, and with the able minority who were overborne at Springfield by prejudice and "strange misapprehensions."

I should hardly have troubled the readers of the OVERLAND with this rejoinder, except for the sake of saying an additional word to some well-meaning champions of so-called orthodoxy. There is a lesson

for them in the unhappy attitude taken by the Board. In all seriousness they need to be told that they are in danger of doing irreparable mischief to the cause they love best. The Christian young men of our day are many of them seeking relief from the older construction of church creeds. There is a general ferment of religious thought : religious young men share the inquiring spirit of the time. If they are manly thinkers, they cannot choke inquiry, nor run blindly in the old paths. One of the things hard to be accepted, though formerly unquestioned, is the dogma of eternal suffering as a punishment for all the unenlightened heathen. From the days of John Foster many devout Christians have stood aghast at this sweeping, tremendous doom. Few hold the belief now to the same extreme. Some find relief in one possibility, some in another. "Additional immortality" is the relieving hypothesis of some English divines ; and among British Congregationalists Doctor R. W. Dale is in good fellowship. Most of the "majority" doctors at Springfield find relief in supposing that a moral readiness to receive Christ is accounted to many heathen for righteousness, though they never hear of him in this world. This is a "larger hope" than was deemed permissible when the American Board was founded. Now comes another hypothesis, coupled with the name of our oldest theological seminary, of a possible probation hereafter for such as never have the evangel here. It is not held as a dogma. It is only a hope to fall back upon when one is staggered at the old, relentless belief. It is possible to give such an hypothesis an unwarranted prominence. But so far as appears, the candidates rejected by Doctor Alden are not at all "cranks" ; they really come under Doctor Storrs's specification of those who "leave the whole momentous matter in the hands of Him who, as Judge of all the earth, will do right in wisdom and love." Such, Doctor Storrs' says, may be commissioned by the Board. They do not preach this hypothesis as a cardinal doctrine, nor as a doctrine at all. They did not flaunt it in the face of the Prudential committee. But when Doctor Alden applied his corkscrew, viz, an extra article of his creed, (and one rejected by the national creed commission), then he found in them this form of the

larger hope. It lay quiet in their hearts, but it was *their* refuge from conclusions that appalled them.

The injustice of the majority was in insisting that this was a bold and defiant doctrine, recklessly perverse of the gospel of Christ. Over and over again men with this latent hope had been installed in prominent pastorates at home, because it was found that they were devoted and efficient workers in the Master's vineyard. In Christian spirit they suffer nothing in comparison with the most "orthodox." That they *are* orthodox, who will take it on himself to deny, fresh from re-reading Matthew xxv.?

The suspicious, unsympathetic, denunciatory policy of the hyper-orthodox has much to answer for in repelling honest-minded men from church fellowship. It has kept promising church members out of the gospel ministry. And those who enter the ministry are now, it seems, to be told that they are fit only for certain forms of ministerial service. "Stand by, for I am holier than thou."

It is all a mistake to try to put fetters on our young preachers at home or abroad. If they are to be worth anything to the church, if they are to be equipped for the great battle with materialism and skepticism, they "must be free." They must be not merely allowed, but encouraged, to think for themselves. If any go plainly out of evangelical bounds, of course they part company with their brethren ; but within those bounds it is folly to reject or to brand them. "In essentials, unity ; in non-essentials, liberty ; in all things, charity."

Christian tolerance is one of the needs of the time ; the wisdom to see who is, and who is not, heartily on the side of Christian truth and imbued with Christian love. Few of the minority at Springfield indorsed the so-called Andover hypothesis. The writer of this protest does not indorse it : but he believes, with that minority, that it is unjust and suicidal to set up a spiritual *imperium in imperio* to tie the hands and padlock the lips of those who go forth in Christ's name to win the nations to Him.

"Master, we saw one casting out demons in thy name ; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. But Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not : for he that is not against you is for you."

Martin Kellogg.

BERKELEY, January, 1888.

BOOK REVIEWS.

An Old Friesic Grammar.¹

Germanicus (B. C. 13) found a tribe, called by the Romans *Frisii*, dwelling on the northwest coast of Germany between the Rhine and the Ems. Near them

¹A Grammar of the Old Friesic Language. By Adley H. Cummins, A. M. Second Edition, with Reading-book, Glossary, etc. London : Trübner & Co. 1887.

were the Batavi, Bructeri, and Chauci : north of them were the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons. This tribe, conquered by Germanicus rebelled successfully A. D. 28 ; and although ultimately subdued, was ever restless under the Roman sway, which in the fall of the Empire left these "wild beggars of the sea" practically independent. Like other ocean roamers, they

had their share in the Saxon conquest of Britain; and there are in the vulgar dialect of certain portions of England traces of Frisian speech. In the seventh century, the Frisians came into hostility with the Franks; and after long warfare of wavering success, Charlemagne subdued them and gave them a system of law (*Lex Frisonum*).

When the empire of Charlemagne was parceled among his successors after Fontenay, Frisia was partitioned between Lewis the German and Charles the Bald. Subsequently it was overrun by the Normans; but when they abandoned their conquest, Frisia fell into fragments of states which afforded a great degree of freedom to the subjects. Local systems of laws grew up in the several districts; and these codes, together with some fragments of Christian instructions, are practically all the monuments left of Old Friesic, a tongue that reached its highest development in Chaucer's day.

Friesic, like Anglo-Saxon, is a twig of the Low German stock. There is a modern Friesic spoken in the peninsula surrounded by the Zuyder Zee, and there are Friesic dialects in use in the islands of Föhr, Sylt, Amrum, Wangerog, and Heligoland. Necessarily, where the Friesic speech is merely a vernacular, liable to corrupt importations from kindred *patois*, it suffers material changes. There can no longer be said to be a Friesic literary language. And what we may adopt as a language for grammatical purposes can be but one of many dialects, just as Tuscan is the type of Italian. Max Müller says: "What is, therefore, generally called the Frisian language, and described as such in Frisian grammars, is in reality but one* out of many dialects, though no doubt the most important."

To appreciate fully the wealth and force of our English tongue, it would seem only logical to go back to the history of each particular language that entered into the mixture. There was a time when the scholar was interested only in the Latin element, as it appeared in direct draughts from the Roman classics, or at second-hand from the French. But not so very long ago it occurred to the masters of English instruction that some attention was due to the Anglo-Saxon side of our mother tongue. The influence of Anglo-Saxon study began to show itself in current speech as well in a new vigor as in a return to apt words that threatened to become obsolete. The same arguments in favor of Anglo-Saxon study will apply (possibly with less force) to the study of Friesic, albeit the literature that serves as a *menstruum* for the conveying of the desired knowledge, consisting as it does of rude expositions of half savage law, may not be very inviting to a mere sentimental student.

The first edition of the present work was published in 1881, and was reviewed in the *Californian* for July of that year. It was very favorably received by the English critics, (See *Notes and Queries* for July 16, 1881,) and obtained warm American commendation from what we may regard as our then highest authority, the poet Longfellow. The work as it was originally issued was but a skeleton as compared with the present, which has been expanded and enlarged upon in many interesting points; and for the better aiding of the student, has been provided with reading lessons and glossary.

Anglo-Saxon has of late years been the subject of great philological interest in both England and Germany; while the Friesic tongue, of almost equal interest, has suffered neglect. For Mr. Cummins's work it may be claimed that, apart from certain comparative grammars, it is the only guide to a knowledge of Friesic, and in fact that it is the only *complete* Friesic grammar in any language.

Two Books about Authors.¹

Two books of biographical sketches of authors are in hand, both of them by writers whose names are guarantees that, if the work is a kind of hack work—as all such writing must be,—it is hack work of the better sort. Mrs. Bolton has attempted the more difficult task, for her scheme requires an account of the author's work, and some attempt to characterize it. Since she begins with the great gods of our literary pantheon, and uses up her stock of encomium on them, she is somewhat embarrassed, on reaching the lesser names beyond, lest she should seem to damn with faint praise. In the endeavor to avoid this her work is a succession of such unmixed eulogy that it cloyes the reader's taste if taken continuously.

Mr. Rideing escaped this difficulty because his work treats only of the boyhood of his authors. This enables him to fill his space with amusing incidents rather than with eulogy, and makes his work far more likely to be successful with the young people, for whom both books are intended. Both of them will prove inspiring reading to the boy or girl that hopes some day to become an author: for they prove again what has been proved so many times in American life and yet cannot be proved too often, that no circumstances, however adverse, can prevent an ambitious, industrious, and talented lad from making his way to the upper walks of any profession he may choose.

¹ Famous American Authors. By Sarah K. Bolton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1887.

The Boyhood of Living Authors. By William H. Rideing. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1887.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. (SECOND SERIES.)—MARCH, 1888.—No. 63.

A STORY OF CHANCES.

"CARAMBA!" exclaimed Mateo Fernandez the *aguador*, "*Que burro maldito!* Am I to run my soul into sin a dozen times a day, and every day in the week for thee?" and with no gentle hands he caught by mane and tail the stumbling donkey, laden with great jars of pure water, and set it—staggering with the shock of the stumble, and force of its recovery—again on its feet; releasing it with a sounding thwack, and as it followed, somewhat dazed, the jog trot of its mate, apostrophizing in no choice terms the faults and vices of the whole asinine race, at last continuing:

"Was there ever such luck as mine? There is a burro that I bought for three dollars—a ruinous price, but he was extolled to the skies, and warranted to bring me a fortune—and what happens? *Valgame Dios*, in all the time I have had him he has done nothing but dance for the Devil, who made him. The Señor Contador himself could not sum up how many *cantarros* of pure water he has spilt for me, and it is not for everyone that they can be refilled at the public fountain in the square of the city, but I must needs trudge back to the spring on the mountain. There is Doña Luyita, for example, turning the jars over before my eyes, and declaring it mud that lay at the bottom, though I swore it was only the honey and

balm that makes the spring of the Bufo the sweetest in all Mexico. 'Honey and balm!' cried she in a rage. 'Ay! and this too, then, may be *medios* and *cuartillos*, for you will get no other from me'; and she threw me a handful of rubbish instead of the money I should have had. Then coming up from the town today what should the clumsy brute do but tumble headlong and smash my largest *ollas* upon the very spot where he would have come to grief but for my quickness just now. I am beginning to feel as light as a *pelota* thrown from hand to hand, with constant bounding and springing. At this rate when am I to get the money to buy Catarina the string of corals I promised her, much less to pay the priest and the Alcade, who must both have a hand in the marriage. My faith! girls it seems were not so particular when my mother spoke a word in the church, and followed my father to the *choya* on the hillside, and they were a peaceful couple—many a fandango was danced when the *duros* were plenty, and he never beat her on a feast day, except he should chance to have found the mescal strong enough to mislead him. *Mi madre!* ay she was a treasure of gold, and took the bad with the good as contentedly as though the Pope himself and the Señor Presidente and all his ministers had tied her and her *viejo* together."

When Mateo's reflections had reached this point, the narrow *vereda* or bridle path by which he was making the descent of the bare precipitous mountain that overlooked the city and supplied the choicest drinking water for its wealthy inhabitants, made a sudden curve around a certain outcropping of rocks, whence he could see directly beneath him the straggling highroad that from the mines in the hills led to the town, which lay ensconced in a valley, the flat roofs of the houses and the cross-crowned towers of its churches gleaming in the vivid pureness of the summer sunshine. As Mateo stood on the bluff, every object within his range of vision seemed projected into the immediate foreground, so absolutely clear was the atmosphere, and a subdued murmur of voices reached him from the highway, where groups of villagers were collected near the church of San Federico. They were composed chiefly of laughing yet shamefaced maidens and young wives, for San Federico was ever pitiful in all domestic concerns, and at his shrine prayers for a speedy and fortunate marriage, or for the blessings of offspring for those already contracted, seldom went unanswered.

Mateo Fernandez, like many a wiser man, was more apt to discern things at a distance than those immediately at hand, and it is not strange that aided by the purity of the atmosphere he should recognize among the devotees that tantalizing and exacting Catarina, whose promised corals were put in jeopardy by the evil doings of the perverse and clumsy donkey, the cause of his master's impatience and ill humor; for when one longs to be married, and is frightfully uncertain of the constancy of one's lady love, while the where-withal to buy presents and pay the priest has to go in replacing broken water jars and feeding the *padrino*, who is wasting time most unaccountably in arranging the match, it is clearly a case for aggravation, and to an *aguador* debarred from supplying his customers from the convenient public fountain is a sufficient excuse for a little recrimination of the saints, — his patron in particular, who certainly seemed deaf to his adjurations.

Mateo, who was a brawny fellow, with a sullen and tanned face, and with a copper-colored breast and sinewy arms bared to the elements, would perhaps have smiled in spite of his ill humor at the sight of Catarina had she been alone. Indeed he had begun to regret, in the chance of meeting her, that though this was Sunday he was still in his workday clothes, — a linen shirt, which long ago had been whole and clean, loose leather pantaloons open from the knee over coarse drawers, which touched his sandals as he walked, and over his shoulders the sleeveless square of leather, and the pad upon which on occasion he carried his heavy *cantarros*.

Catarina he could see had on her brightest skirt of red and white bayeta, with a line of green silk a quarter of a yard in depth gathered into the waist band. A shining reboso, which glistened purple or yellow as she moved, covered her head and shoulders — and Mateo thought with a little shiver of jealousy how well she must look in it, for she was not with the other women as she should have been, but quite on the other side of the road talking to a *barataro*, or miner, who sat on the hillside, a sorry sight in his torn sombrero and scanty cotton clothing stained and yellow with clay, his *jorongo* at his feet, made up into a bundle, which he presently opened.

Mateo knew it contained the miner's share of the *busca* or find of the preceding week. He was late, but he was evidently taking it into the city in the hope of selling it to some worker on ores, as he came from mass.

"Pancho must have had his usual luck," thought Mateo, grimly. "It must be a poor lot if he has not been able to sell it at some *hacienda de beneficio* as he has come down to the city. Bah! it must be a worthless fellow, in truth, who needs fear Pancho Gil"; and he trudged on sturdily, for his two donkeys, perhaps inspired by the sight of Catarina, who in a gentle or coquettish mood had more than once given them a wisp of green barley, cantered down the slope at a pace which, while it endangered the water jars, soon brought them to the main road, where,

in a cloud of dust raised by the feet of horses, mules, and donkeys laden with country produce, as well as by those of plodding humanity, Catarina still continued to delay and belate the unwary Pancho.

Both looked up with some confusion, though they laughed, as Mateo stopped before them. "*Buenos dios!*" he said. "Hast thou made thy fortune already, Panchito, that thou art able to let the market hours go by, and thy rich *busca* still unsold?" and he pointed with a sour yet sarcastic smile at the little heap of stones on the *porongo*.

"*Anda, Mateo!*" what matters it whether I am early or late?" said the *baraturo* gloomily. "Not a stroke of luck have I had since I met the *mujer triste* in the lower levels, a year ago. There's not an ounce of silver in all that pile, as you know well, and there's not a *haciendero* in all the town will give three medios for the whole lot."

Now although Pancho was in such a depressed mood, and sighed like a furnace, Mateo noticed that Catarina seemed more interested in him than she had ever been in himself in his gayest moments. This was surely woman's perversity, for Pancho Gil was a mere boy with a face like a girl's, from which the big black eyes looked at you sometimes dancing with laughter, and sometimes, as now, swimming in womanish tears; he never had anything but ill luck, as he said, in his life, since he and his father had met the *mujer triste*. That ghostly weeping woman always foretold disaster, and on that occasion presaged the death of the father and the doom of Pancho to be the sole support of an ailing mother and five or six sisters, some too young, others too proud to work.

Catarina had shrunk from the gaze of Mateo as if caught in a crime. She was only one of the *plebe*, yet it was a breach of etiquette that she should be standing alone talking to her old playfellow on the roadside. She turned away, yet was too defiant to flee, and in her embarrassment began to turn over the glittering fragments of the *busca* with the toe of her holiday slipper.

Mateo's eyes followed the movement, and presently he started, biting his lips to keep back the exclamation that sprang to them.

Vaya! Here was an image of wood to be jealous of! His head must be a gourd — or as empty. Why, there was a great mass of native silver shining under Catarina's toe, and he who possessed had never noticed it! The luck is for him who will seize it. Although Mateo was but a water carrier, he had not lived among the mines all his life for nothing. He knew silver in the rock when he saw it, as well as Catarina would know honey in the comb. *Gracias à Dios*, he was not a violent man, and one might as well avenge one's jealousy by gain as by blood. Mateo carried a knife in his belt like his fellows, but, truth to tell, he had often thought if he drew a man's blood with it, it would spoil the edge for his *tortillas* and *tasajo* ever after; and here with a little diplomacy was better than *tasajo* within his reach. The means to buy the corals for Catarina, to pay the priest, and best of all to trick the boy, who with his soft gaze was taking the very heart out of the bosom of the woman he designed for his own, and who, urged by her parents and friends, had half consented to marry him.

Mateo ground his teeth together, yet he smiled. "Chut! Chut!" cried he with an affectation of good humor. "Thou art in a sorry plight, Panchito. When ill fortune would take thee by both hands, there is nothing to do but put one behind thee, — spirit or devil will give it a grasp, I warrant thee. And thou hast tried to sell thy *busca*, eh! Ah, the señors are too sharp with thee, — they know thee to be but a boy; but it is not even the wisest that would shake his head at Mateo. Ah, they know me for an honest man who knows affairs. Hand me here thy *piedritas*, and look you drive my *burritos* into the city, and leave the *cantarros* at the house of Don Gumisindo Galvez, and I will cheat fortune for thee."

Catarina stared at this sudden kindness, but started violently as Pancho, unmoved, began to gather the ends of the blanket leisurely together. "*Dios te acompañe!*" he

said lightly, as Mateo took the burden into his hands with ill concealed eagerness.

"I will meet thee here in an hour," he said hurriedly; "and if I have not sold thy *busca* for a good price call me a vain boaster, a false friend if thou wilt. And thou, Catarina, go to thy home; even at the church of San Federico a maiden may not linger after her prayers are ended."

Catarina responded with a shrug of the shoulders and an angry glint of her dark eyes; but Mateo saw neither, so anxious was he to be gone. The two donkeys had wandered off to the roadside, and stood with their heads down, vainly seeking a blade of grass in the dust and eyeing his retreat with an air of lazy indifference — not more complete than that of Pancho, into whose mobile face crept however an expression of perfect satisfaction, strangely at variance with the words:

"*Que sin vergüenza!* He would rob his own mother. Saw you not, Catarina, it was the stone my father gave me for luck, that caught his eye. All these months I have kept it, and my fortune has grown worse and worse, and when I saw the *busca* of this week was so poor, I thrust it in among the lot, and swore it should go to the first who offered. None threw a second look but Mateo; I kept my vow. Well, it has left me as poor in money as ever, but rich in that it has left thee with me. But that Mateo was eager to secure the prize, he would have hurried thee away, and I should never have had the chance to tell thee again that I love thee."

"And for that thou wouldst barter all thou hadst?" asked the girl brokenly. "O Pancho, thy sacrifice shall not be for nothing: I swear to thee I love thee, as I hate and despise that false Mateo."

Pancho sprang to his feet with a cry of delight, for never before had he heard such words from the lips of his wilful innamorata. For those and such as followed he felt well content to lose his only wealth, give his rival a fancied triumph, and even drive the donkeys to the city; though to work for the detested *aguador* was perhaps the most objectionable of all.

Catarina went her way first, — she dared not brave scandal by walking at his side; but he could see her tripping on before, and sometimes she would half turn and give him a little reassuring nod, which seemed to say, "I love thee, and I shall never marry the *aguador*." That was sufficient to fill him with ecstasy, for though he had not a *tlaco* he had hope, to which he had been so long a stranger that it lay in his bosom like a heavenly dove. It seemed to him something tangible, which could never again escape him.

He went into the town. People stared at him to see him driving the donkeys of the *aguador*. Some jested him on his new calling; but at the great house when he spilt the water in carrying it in, they scolded him for a careless fellow, and he went out abashed; and seeing in the crowds in the streets no glimpse of Catarina, seemed to have lost his lode star, and to be plunged in darkest night.

Dejectedly he passed through the streets and along the dusty highway. It was past noon when he reached the church, and two hours past that when he said for the thousandth time, "I am the fool of all fools. Though Catarina loves me, the *aguador* will marry her; he has sold my luck stone for a score of *duros* and even now the *padrino*, with the presents in his hand, is making terms with Señor Andres, her father." And he tore his hair in a frenzy of despair, until a sudden qualm caused him involuntarily to tighten his belt, and he remembered that he had not tasted food that day, and in spite of his love-lorn condition was very hungry.

He glanced around him: not even a *tuna* on the clumps of cacti on every hand; not a human being in sight, and even had there been, Pancho would have remembered his Spanish blood and been ashamed to beg. There were the donkeys, but he could not eat donkeys. No, but they suggested a resource. He would drive them up to the spring, fill the *cantarros* with water, drive them down to the town, and earn a medio by selling it.

It was much work for little gain, and he sighed, for though a man may be too proud

to beg, he may not love labor. However, there was no help for it. One may better work than be hungry, especially when one imagines one's rival at ease and prosperous through one's own folly. "*Vamos, ye others!*" cried Pancho to the donkeys, and unwillingly enough all three began the ascent of the mountain.

Meanwhile Mateo's delay was not unpremeditated, for he had gone his way with the luck stone jubilant, thinking how he would sell it, buy the corals, send them by the *padrino* to Señor Andres, and have the matter of the betrothal settled at once, while he drank a *copa* in the *Tienda del Sol*, laughing in his sleeve at his rival whom he had left in a fool's paradise, but in truth become but a poverty stricken keeper of *burros*.

The first part of his programme was to take his prize to a certain Señor Don Alfonso Carassa, who besides owning large reduction works, and buying freely any ores likely to yield a fair percentage of silver, had a fancy for collecting rare specimens, for which he would often pay sums far exceeding their actual value for the pleasure of seeing them in his cabinet.

Now the *aguador* and Don Alfonso had more than once had differences of opinion as to the quantity and quality of the water Mateo served at his door, and the last time they had met Don Alfonso had called the carrier anything but the honest man he claimed to be. However, secure in the charm of the luck stone, Mateo chose a propitious moment, when the *haciendero* was just leaving the table where a feast day dinner had been served, and leaving the despised *busca* hidden under a *nopal* at the door of the hacienda, took the lump of native silver in his hand and humbly craved admission.

He had reckoned well. At the first sight of it, Don Anselmo's eyes glistened. He even lost his usual caution. "How much, *hombre*? How much?" he cried as he pounced upon it like an eagle on his prey. But no sooner had he turned it over, and in one searching survey scrutinized its every angle, than his admiration, which never grew less, was supplemented by rage.

"*Picaro! sin vergüenza!*" he cried. "Thou rascal without shame, wouldst thou first rob me and then cheat me? This is the very stone I dug with my own hands from the '*Tesoro Secreto*' more than a year ago, — I would know it out of a thousand by this line of ruby that runs through it, and this streak of black quartz; who ever saw such a combination before? I but laid it down for a moment while I washed my hands, — why, *ladron*, thou wert the very rascal who poured the water for me, — and it disappeared as by magic. And now thou hast the impudence to offer to sell it to me!"

Don Alfonso was purple with rage. In vain the trembling *aguador* strove to speak; and while he was shaking beneath the storm of abuse poured on his devoted head, a company of soldiers, driving before them a score or more unwilling recruits, came up to the hacienda gates, and with delighted curiosity stopped to hear the dispute. The officer in charge leaned from his saddle to address Don Alfonso by name, and inquire the cause of his excitement.

"Cause! cause enough *por Dios!*" cried Don Alfonso. "Here is a fellow who a year ago stole from me a specimen of native silver I would not have taken ten *onzas* of gold for, and who today offers it to me for sale, as who should say 'Thou art a fool, and blind'! *Maldicion*, he shall pass a month in the *carcel* for this, or I am not an *alcalde*; and —"

"Too fast, too fast!" cried the soldier laughing, as deaf as his friend however to the remonstrances of Mateo; "I want a dozen men still to make up my number, — the fellows have been as shy as birds to-day. This is luck to catch a *lepero* in trouble. Fall in, my man, better a musket in the hand than a manacle on the ankle, and a place in the ranks than in the prison gang. Fall in then, — see to him there. *Adios*, Don Alfonso, and thanks. *Adelante!*"

And so by the most unexpected evil fortune Mateo the water-carrier had been seized upon as an idle vagabond, and forced into the ranks of the *pronunciados*, and doubtless that pauper Pancho would drive his donkeys and a thriving trade, and as an apparently

indispensable adjunct to society escape conscription, wheedle the father, and marry Catarina!

Mateo groaned in spirit and in action as he was hurried along. They circled the Bufo on his way to quarters. His late fellow workers were leisurely driving their laden animals down to the city. *Maria Sanctisima*, there were his own ascending! Yes that *palo del Diablo*, Pancho, was driving them. It was a momentary consolation to have ocular proof that his rival was at least not with Catarina.

Eh, what was that? the *burro maldito* had fallen again. He measured the distance with his eye — yes, it was at the old spot. *Caramba!* with what force the animal had fallen forward upon its head and shoulders! Through the clear air he could see it perfectly as it went rolling down the hill. His unwelcome comrades saw it as plainly as he, and roared with laughter; but for that he fancied he could have heard the crashing of the *cantarros*.

Just then there was a turn in the road. The last glimpse that the unlucky Mateo had of the well known path, Pancho was standing gazing at the spot where the donkey had fallen, pressing his hands to his head like a man bereft of his senses, while the hapless animal, struggling and braying, was rolling helplessly down the hill amid the ruins of panniers and *cantarros*, a bewildering spectacle to his despairing master, who could only say again and again: "In the name of all the saints, what was that *boboso* Pancho standing in the middle of the road looking like a madman for, leaving my best donkey to be smashed to atoms with the *cantarros*?"

A question which he had ample time to discuss in all its bearings. For it happened that upon that very night an unexpected advance of government troops drove the *pronunciados* to the fastnesses of the mountains; and in a succession of adventures which well nigh drove the memory of his old peaceful pursuits, petty trickeries, and sly peccadillos from his mind, two years passed by before he again saw the Bufo, and with a sigh crossed himself before the church

where he had so lightly parted from Catarina.

As for the *burros*, — when he climbed up the old *vereda* to the spring, the *aguadors*, after they had recognized him with shouts of wonder and noisy congratulations of doubtful sincerity, advised him to look for them at the *hacienda de beneficio* of *La Caida Bendito*, — "The Blessed Fall." He did not know where it was until they explained that it was where the ruins of El Mal Aguero — the Bad Omen — had been.

Thither he went. Yes, the *burros* were safe, and living still. Don Pancho would see him. *Maria Sanctisima!* when he took off his old *kepi* and lifted his eyes to salute humbly the owner of that modest but flourishing hacienda, they fell upon a well known face. Yes, no clothes however much those of a gentleman could disguise him, — he recognized in an instant in Don Pancho the simple Pancho Gil he had so deftly tricked to his own undoing.

Don Pancho had nothing to explain. As for Doña Catarina, when she came in with pearls on her neck, where his wildest dream had been to place a string of red corals, he would not have dared to ask her a single question to remind her that they had ever been aught than the *lepero* and Señora they were that day.

Mateo pensively drove his donkeys away — there was more money in his pouch, too, than would have replaced a thousand *cantarros* — and began again his old career of *aguador*; but first in the twilight he sought the exact spot where his donkey had been wont to trip. It did not do so that day. That place was as even and level as a gaming table, — no jagged stone, no straggling mesquite root there; yet Mateo knew it well, and though he loved work no better than another, he set himself to dig manfully.

Within an hour he knew why Pancho had gazed upon that spot in delirium. A few half rotten beams and some spadefuls of earth had covered a small, deep hole, cut in a ledge of rock, and containing ten dingy jars, slender but high, and, mockery of mockeries, — empty. To the distracted Mateo,

frantic at the remembrance of his obtuseness in the past, yet an authority on the dates and speculations as to the strange hiding places that the Spaniards exiled years before at the *Independencia* had chosen, it required no second glance to give assurance that this had been a treasure vault. Pancho, instead of rushing with angry care to the fallen donkey, as he again and again had himself done, had looked for the cause of his stumbling, — and thus, on the verge of starvation, having thrown away the so-called luck stone, which might have proved his bane, had chanced upon the means to gain both love and wealth.

Those were not propitious times for accusing men of wealth and in favor with the existing powers. Mateo cursed his luck, but kept his own counsel. He had no mind to be laughed at, and make a powerful enemy besides; — and it can be said that by this wise course he kept a fine larder and a generous

purse open to him. Though Mateo was an *aguador* still, and Pancho and Catarina were called Señor and Señora, all had reason to be content, — Mateo perhaps the most of all, for what can be merrier than to have one's needs and little luxuries supplied without a throe of responsibility or care?

"*Dios mio!*" he says now, — he is growing an old man, and will perhaps yield his place to a younger soon, — "Why should I break my head thinking about anything? The maize is growing for me, and my *pulque* is brewing"; so he allows his donkeys to browse on the hillside, and he lies in the sun and sleeps; and sometimes Doña Catarina passing by averts her gaze from Don Pancho, and curls her lip. It must be a thorn on her pleasant path to think that but for the chances she might have been crouching at the side of the *aguador*, and that — Don Pancho knows it!

Louise Palmer Heaven.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

THROUGHOUT the length of mythologic lore
 What metamorphosis so strange as death's?
 The wonder-working, omnipresent death,
 Ghost, goblin, demon, angel all in one,
 Who rules the life of earth, and air, and sea;
 That terrible magician, at whose touch
 This wonderful and fearful frame's transformed
 To certain sums of liquids, solids, gases.

Behold the soul! so busy with life today;
 She wills to work, to play, to love, to hate, —
 Is acting, thinking, speaking, hoping, fearing, —
 So rich with life. Then comes the thief in the night,
 Death, — and alas for the poor robbed soul on the morrow!
 With senses stolen, all life's treasures gone,
 Now is she as a lamp blown out and broken;
 A yesterday, whereof the past is made;
 A fallen rain-drop merged; a broken wave;
 A precious gem dissolved and dissipated.

Hunter MacCulloch.



RAISING THE "EARL OF DALHOUSIE."

On the 9th of May, 1885, the British ship "Earl of Dalhousie," a four-masted, full-rigged steel vessel of seventeen hundred tons register, while being towed down the bay without any ballast, in charge of the tug "Relief," in a very strong northwest breeze, was struck by a heavy squall as the tug was off on one bow. She turned and sunk in fifty-four feet of water.

As she went over, her top masts were broken into short pieces, down to the lower masts. The broken ends of these bedded themselves in the mud about fourteen feet, and the ship lay on the bottom with her starboard rail buried in the mud about six feet and the upper side of the foretop just level with the mud. As she sunk bow first, the fore end bedded deep in the mud so that the bowsprit at the knightheads was only three feet above the mud. The forecastle door on the lower side was level with the mud, and it rushed in and filled the forecastle level with the door.

The Union Iron Works took the contract for raising the vessel on the 16th of May.

Placing on record the results and value of devices used to accomplish the raising of the sunken ship is the only part taken by the

writer in that event. The pluck and energy of the contractors, the skill, patience, and ingenuity of James Dickie, the surprising accuracy and efficiency of the work performed by the divers, contending against a strong tide in fifty-four feet of muddy water, resulted in rescuing the "Earl of Dalhousie" from an unpleasant predicament.

The first operation was to survey the vessel. She was found about one third of a mile from the nearest wharf, and lying in a very strong tideway, at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the tide.

The intention was to float the vessel by closing all the openings on the port side down to the level of the hatches, and forcing the water out down to the level of the upper side of the hatches, by pumping compressed air into the hold, and to keep her on her side by having tackles on the masts sufficient to keep them up and braces to prevent their coming up too far, which would allow the air to escape at the open hatches.

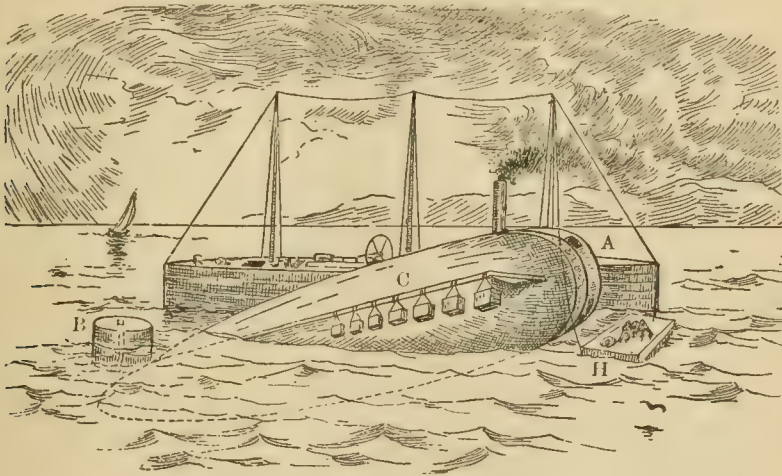
To do this it was necessary to get a barge large enough to hold all the necessary machinery and stable enough to stand the strain of the tackles on the ship's masts. A barge was obtained, built of iron, two hun-

dred and sixty feet long, thirty-five feet beam, and drawing six feet of water, into which were placed three masts eighty feet long, exactly opposite fore, main, and mizzen masts of the sunken ship. To these masts were attached tackles capable of lifting twenty tons each, which were operated by steam winches placed on the deck of the barge. In the hold of the iron hull amidships were placed the air compressor and pumps. The air compressor had a capacity of one thousand cubic feet of air at fifteen pounds pressure per minute. The pumps were a pair of cen-

about thirty minutes on account of the strong tide.

All being made fast the divers were put to work, stopping up all the openings and securing the air connection to the hull, which was done at one of the air ports.

The first attempt at raising was made the first of June. The air pumps were started up early in the morning, and the quantity of air bubbles in various places indicated the leaks. After pumping for about two hours and forty minutes a commotion in the water took place, and the stern of the ship appeared,



trifugals, capable of discharging ten thousand gallons per minute.

The next step was to secure this large barge at an angle with the tide. This was done by two large timbers seventy-five feet long, one end of each fastened to the sunken ship and the other end fastened to the barge.

This served to keep the barge at the proper distance from the sunken ship, and diagonal chains were fastened to ship and barge to keep the barge from ranging with the tide.

During the time this barge was being fitted, a small steamer was engaged to strip the vessel of all the broken masts and yards, which were taken off and sent on shore. The ends of guy timbers and mooring chains were fastened and their ends buoyed, all ready to be taken on board the large barge, which had to be secured and fastened at slack water in

rising about two feet six inches suddenly. After the pumping had been kept up for about three hours longer, the vessel's stern being then about eight feet above water, it was found that owing to the expansion of the air the leaks equaled the capacity of the pumps and were so numerous that the attempt was abandoned for that day in order to find and stop the leaks.

All that could be found were closed; and another attempt to raise the vessel was made about the sixth of June. Again the stern appeared above the water—this time in about two hours and twenty minutes—and kept rising until it was above the water about thirteen feet. But now a new set of leaks were discovered. It became apparent, also, that the bow was sinking lower into the mud as the stern rose. A hole (see cut No. 2,

A) was cut in the after part of the poop to enable the sails to be taken out of the sail room. Through this hole the captain entered, eager to secure the silver dining service, an heirloom from the "auld countrie," and succeeded in obtaining it, and placing it on the diver's float (H, cut No. 2), but a wave caused by a passing steamer washed it into the bay, — where it now remains. The mate seized this opportunity to rescue the sextant, and came out smiling with the box, but his joy also turned to disgust when he opened it, for the sextant had tumbled out in the cabin and gone to the bottom again with the ship. The crushing of the captain's boat by a tug resulted in fixing the captain's title as the "unlucky." After the sails had been removed and the hole closed up the ship was allowed to sink; and a tank capable of lifting forty tons was attached to the bowsprit. (See B, cut No. 2.)

On the attempt June 14th the stern came up in the usual time and way to about fourteen feet above water, and the leaks once more proved equal to the capacity of the air compressor, the bow still did not lift from the mud, and again we let her sink.

The idea of floating the vessel into shallow water on her broad side was now abandoned, and it was decided to stop up all the holes, and pump the vessel out and complete the raising at one operation.

The following is a list of the holes closed up :

1 to 28. Fourteen air ports on each side. The upper ones were closed by cast iron covers, with rubber joints put on outside with a single bolt. The divers closed the lower ones by going inside and screwing them up, except one, which had to be closed from the outside by digging down in the mud.

29 and 30. The fore and main masts being of steel and hollow were closed by going into the hold and fastening up the end alongside of the keelson.

31 and 32. The mizzen and jigger masts were stopped outside, as it was impossible to get down to their heels.

33 — 36. Four holes in the transom were plugged.

37. The lazarette hatch about two feet six inches square was closed. It was under the cabin stair, which it took one diver six days to split out so as to get at the hatch.

38 and 39. Two large ventilators in front of the poop through the cabin. These were tightened by a pad in the hold, secured by a long bolt reaching up through the poop and screwed on top.

40. The jigger hatch, six feet by seven feet six inches, was closed by a hatch put on in one piece jointed with a canvas pad, and fastened with hook bolts under the combing and screwed up on top.

41. The ventilator hatch through the after house, six feet by three feet two inches, was closed by a hatch made in two pieces, fastened by hook bolts screwed up on the outside, and made tight with a canvas pad.

42 — 45. The ventilator sills in front of the poop were made tight by covers bolted on rubber joints.

46. The oval manhole to the water tanks, ten inches by sixteen inches, was made tight with wood cover and canvas pad, fastened with one toggle screw bolt.

47. The mizzen hatch, sixteen feet by nine feet, was covered with wood, made in two pieces and secured to place by hook bolts, tightened with a canvas pad. Owing to the size of this hatch a strong stanchion was placed from the center of it, down to the keelson to take the pressure of the water.

48 and 49. The ship's pumps were examined and plugged, for fear of lower valves being open.

The cover to the ventilator through the middle house, seven feet by three feet four inches, was made of wood in two pieces, with canvas pad fastened with hook bolts, and screwed up outside.

51. The cover to the main hatch, sixteen by nine feet, was made of wood in two pieces, with canvas pad fastened with hook bolts, with a center stanchion down to keelson. In the forward half of this were placed the pump pipes, which were ten inches diameter. These were extended to the ceiling between decks. The idea of putting the ends of the suction between decks instead of in the

lower hold was to pump the water out between the decks and have the water in the lower hold to right the ship. In the after half of this hatch was placed a hinged door, so arranged that when the air compressor was in operation, should the quantity of air be greater than the capacity of the pumps, no pressure could come on hull; this worked automatically.

52. The ventilator through forward house, seven feet by three feet four inches, was covered with wood in two pieces, with canvas pad fastened with hook bolts screwed up outside.

53. The forward hatch, six feet by six feet, was covered with wood, with canvas pad secured with hook bolts screwed up outside.

54 and 55. Two ventilators, twelve inches diameter, reaching from the hold to the top of the forecastle deck. These were closed by wood with canvas pad inside of the main deck, fastened by a long screw bolt passing to the top of the forecastle and screwed up.

56—59. The ventilator bits were made water tight by covers with rubber joint.

60. The oval manhole, fourteen inches by eleven inches, to the chain lockers was closed with a wooden cover and canvas pad secured by a toggle bolt.

61 and 62. Anchor chains passing through deck. These were plugged and canvas coats put around the chains.

63. The hatch to the fore peak, two feet six inches by three feet six inches, was closed with a wood cover and canvas pad secured with hook bolts screwed up outside.

All these holes were closed and made absolutely water tight. Every hole was discovered except two. One of these two was a one and one-half pipe scupper in the cabin, and the other was one of the wedges in the jigger mast. These were not found until after the vessel was raised.

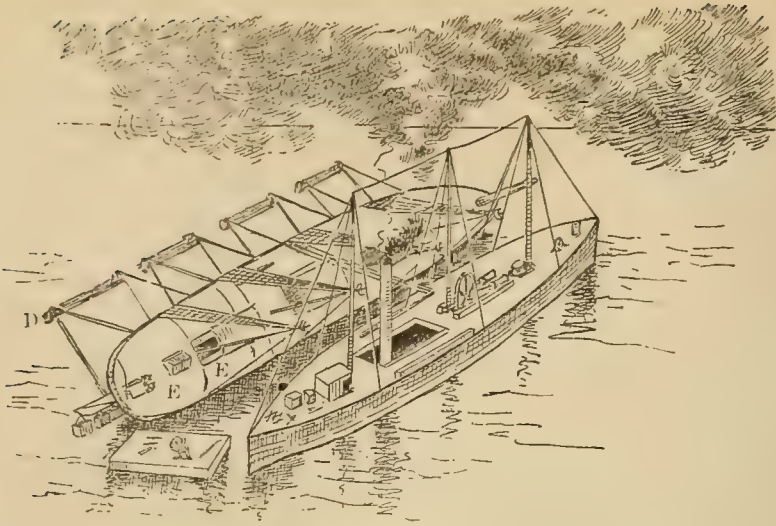
The holes thus closed, pump connections were once more made, and the barge was then moved over to the other side. It was expected that as the vessel came up she would gradually right herself. We did not know how much mud was inside the vessel and inside the bulwarks.

All was ready for a trial, early on the morning of the 4th of July. A fourth time the "Earl of Dalhousie" came up in about the usual time; and this time she kept coming until the stern was about twenty feet above the water, and the bow on the mud. At this point the pump stopped working, through air getting into the pipe and destroying the suction; and this attempt also had to be abandoned as a failure.

The next device was to put a pump on the suction pipes so as to exhaust the air and keep a vacuum of from fourteen to eighteen inches; and in addition to the tank on the bowsprit to bolt pig iron on the keel. (C, cut No. 2.) This being ready, on the 12th the fifth attempt was made. This time, in addition to the iron on the keel, two pile pulling machines were set to lifting on the masts, as it had been noticed that the ship inclined to turn bottom up as she rose because of the mud on the inside of the guards, amounting to about three hundred tons.

In about the usual time the stern came up as before; and as the vessel rose, pig iron was clamped on the keel until seventy-five tons were there, which was all that we could get on. The pumping was continued until the stern post at the lower part of the rudder was twenty-one feet above the water. Now at last the bow began to lift, and it was beginning to look like a success, — when one of the tackles on the pile pullers gave way. The time wasted in getting fast again strained the pump suction until it too gave way, and the pumps stopped.

A spare pump capable of throwing seven hundred and fifty gallons per minute had been provided, and this was put to work by dropping the end of the hose into one of the side lights, but this pump could not keep up with the leaks. However, the ship was now afloat for the first time; and tow boats were brought and she was towed in towards the shore into shallow water. It was very difficult to keep the suction of the pumps from breaking while this was done, owing to the distance the ship had to move; for she had to rise forty feet perpendicularly, and to turn over at the same time.



Preparations for another trial were made by moving the barge around to the opposite side, so that the ship would shorten the suction, and fastening the tackles to the masts of the ship and to the masts on the barge. The suction was moved lower down on the barge, and taken straight from the vessel's hatch, and all the pipes were kept under water to save leakage. There were four lines of eight-inch suction pipes, each one hundred and ten feet long, which were very difficult to look after.

Before starting, all that was left of the broken masts and rigging, which seemed to prevent her from righting, was cleared away; and on the 26th of July the sixth attempt was made. Up came the "Earl of Dalhousie" as before; except that this time the stern did not come so high before the bow lifted, as the water was not so deep. It now appeared to be simply a question of pumping. But when she had got up quite a distance, the pumps refused to work. The suction had become defective from so many strains and hard work. There was nothing to be done but to let her go to the bottom again.

Leaving her there, we took out all the suction and had them thoroughly repaired and put in first-class shape. On the 2d of August all was ready for the seventh attempt.

As six times before, the commotion in the

water soon took place, the stern appeared, and the ship slowly rose. Our pumps worked splendidly and took nearly all the water out between decks. So high at last was "The Earl of Dalhousie" floating that the keel, all fore and aft, was thirteen feet above water; and it was time to try to roll her over.

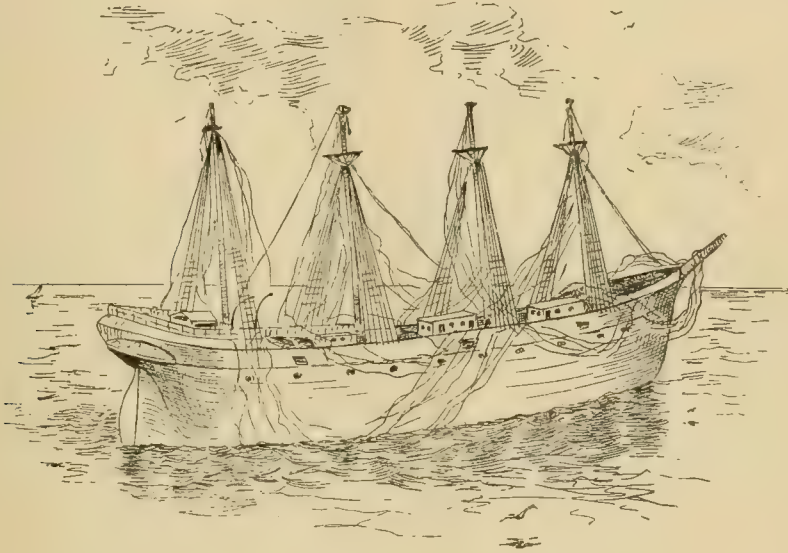
But all that could be done with about eighteen tons strain on each of three masts and the seventy-five tons of iron on the keel was to roll her up till water was level with the center of the masts. So she was towed towards the shore and allowed to sink where her side would be about four feet out of water at high tide, although still on her broadside. Here one hundred tons of old railroad iron were placed eighteen feet out from the keel on struts, the lower end of which rested on the side of the keel, while the upper end was secured by a wire rope leading over the rail. (D, cut No. 3.) All the time that we were putting on this iron the ship kept rolling in the mud giving every indication that she was nearly ready to come up for good.

All being ready, at four o'clock on the morning of the 8th of August the final start was made. From the first there was every indication that this eighth attempt would be crowned with success. We managed to get

the mast heads high enough to come on top of the barge, and blocked them up there until the vessel was pumped out dry. Then the rail began to appear. The mud, which accumulated at E E, cut No. 3, was shoveled off; and as it was removed, and ballast put in the high side, the vessel slowly righted, and soon was towed alongside of the wharf, her appearance being indicated by cut No. 4, — and the difficult problem of lifting and

turning over a steel ship with three hundred tons of mud, on her bulwarks was successfully accomplished after eighty-two days of incessant labor continued day and night. Her rigging, deck, and hull were covered with a growth of marine moss two inches long, and presented a weird, uncanny appearance. She has since made two successful trips to Europe, and is now in the North Pacific loading coal for this port.

Irving M. Scott.



AFTER YEARS.

UPON the hills the wakened vine
 Grows green again thro' wind and shine,
 As when its shadowed freshness filled
 The sacred places, many-hilled,
 Of far-off Lebanon, — there seen
 Of old, the cedarn heights between.
 Still buried hopes of those old days
 Come back, and music of their ways;
 And now that skies are blue again,
 Some face is pressed against the pane;
 Some heart is longing still to say:
 "Arise, my love, and come away."

G. Melville Upton.

K. G. C. — A TALE OF FORT ALCATRAZ.

As the report of the sunrise gun at Alcatraz echoes and reverberates among the hills bordering the bay, or crosses the water and strikes upon the ear of the busy citizen of San Francisco, few there are who stop to think of the miniature world within itself from whence that sound originates. Habit has perhaps with most of these made the sound no longer even noticed. And yet this small community of men and women continues, neither in nor of the city, but so near it that the noisy hum of its streets, the clanging bells and screeching steam whistles, are audible there, though so softened that the drowsy effect is no longer one of discord; a place where the drama of life is enacted, and the panorama moves steadily forward. Strange happenings have combined with the quiet routine of daily life on this island to make its history. An evidence of one of these still remains, though the facts relating to it are rapidly fading into tradition. This is the story.

I.

HENRY DILLON was proud of the stock from which he had sprung, though like many of his class he would have been unable to tell exactly why. He knew that his grandfather had owned the plantation upon which he had himself first seen the light; and that he had also owned a great many negroes, some of whom had come down in the family to his own time; he also knew that his father, a gentleman of the old school, had succeeded to the estate when he was born. More than this he did not know, and had never taken the trouble to inquire; it was quite sufficient to know that the Dillons had an undisputed recognition among the first families. Like every true Virginian, he believed — as some English writer has in substance expressed it — that the traditional cavalier and British nobleman flourished in a hazy and pictur-

esque fashion somewhere at the root of the family tree. Though he was but the fourth generation of his race that could be identified in his native State, there might still be depended upon in the far away background of the Southern fancy, a gentleman mounted on a prancing charger, with ruffled lace and streaming feather, who had founded the American branch of the family in the early days of the Old Dominion.

While Henry was yet a boy he knew that fortune had ceased to smile on the family; the ancestral acres did not yield as formerly; some of the negroes had sickened and died; others had been spirited away by the Abolitionists, through the underground railroad, at that time secretly but actively at work, its headquarters on the Western Reserve of Ohio. The pressure on the available resources had already become apparent in a way that was humiliating, and the hereditary pride of the Dillons was sorely tried.

On arriving at his majority he found himself but indifferently prepared for an independent struggle in life, though he had been educated at an institution of considerable note; but at which a defense of the divine right of slavery had been apparently one of the most important objects in view. It was also true he had attained a knowledge of the law, by a desultory course of study in the office of a friend and neighbor, the circuit judge, by whom he had also been a little later admitted to the bar. All this had however been accomplished during those intervals of time which were spared from the more congenial occupation of riding about the country on his black mare, and visiting the adjacent towns and plantations. The law course had been more with the idea of being fitted to enter political life and become a gentleman who might creditably represent the family name than for the practical purpose of entering upon the profession seriously, as a means of livelihood.

But he was an earnest, clear-headed young fellow, and but for the prejudices that had come to him naturally, he might still have been fairly able to enter the lists with young men that had been differently bred, unaided in the general competition for a place and recognition in life. His natural ability was of no mean order, and his latent energy was quite sufficient, though it had as yet lacked a field for its development and operation.

Such an apparently purposeless life soon became unsatisfactory and irksome to young Dillon, who was conscious of greater possibilities. To remain at home with his younger brother and sister, and perhaps share with both the steadily decreasing revenue to be derived from the plantation, was not a cheerful prospect. Like the ancient worthy who had brought his name to the colony two centuries earlier, his eyes were turned to the west, that point towards which restless man has been constantly moving since civilization began, with the hope of finding room.

The discovery of gold in California about this time was something that seemed to have been brought about by a kind Providence as his especial opportunity. Reports of the fabulous wealth of the mines had reached Virginia, where as elsewhere the gold fever was at its height. Among the young men in his county the excitement was great, and a large number made early preparations to seek their fortunes in the gold-fields.

The early overland migration to the Pacific Coast was a memorable one, which has left its permanent mark on our new civilization; the influence of whose character and the impetus of whose energy will reach to generations yet unborn. By the operation of natural selection, sturdy, active, pushing, and energetic men from all parts of the Union directed their steps toward the setting sun, and that *terra incognita* from which California has evolved. Independence, Missouri, was one of the principal outfitting points for the overland migration, from which point came a living stream of eager, anxious humanity, beginning with the earliest sign of spring, and continuing so late that the snows of the

Sierras blocked its final passage and cut off its rear guard, leaving it snow-bound at the eastern base of the mountains, to live as best it might until the opening of another season.

With one of the first of these companies was found young Dillon, as one of a small band of young adventurers that had started from Virginia together. Their possessions consisted of the covered wagon containing a supply of food and clothing sufficient to enable them to reach the mines, the usual camp equipage and mining tools, and an array of guns, pistols, and bowie knives sufficient to have armed a troop of Texas rangers or Mosby's guerillas. To the wagon were hitched four yokes of patient, mild eyed oxen, whichever and anon cast furtive glances toward the impatient driver, who disregarding the pitiless rays of the sun on the Laramie plains, strove to urge them to a brisker pace, while they would seem to say, "Kind master, do not strike us; but then if you must you may."

This weary pilgrimage across the continent has been often described, and will not be repeated here. In this case, though it was replete with incidents of danger and privation, attacks by Indians, and the danger of perishing for the want of water in crossing the immense—then almost unknown—waste of alkali desert, it is enough to record that the party finally crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains and reached California safely, where at Sonora in the Southern mines the little band of immigrants separated.

There were few of the pioneers who did not, for a time at least, try their fortunes with the pick and shovel, and Dillon was no exception to this rule. His mining days were however not of long duration, and they were without unusual interest; though this experience helped him to acquire a knowledge of men and developed a feeling of self-reliance that were afterward useful. Three years later found him located at Los Angeles, engaged in the practice of law; a portion of his time while in the mines having been devoted to a careful review of his early studies.

Careful and painstaking in what he really attempted, he soon succeeded in establishing

himself, and had formed a partnership with a young lawyer from a Northern State, a few years his senior, whom he had first met in the mines. The Northerner, with the advantage of some practical experience in the profession and a more systematic early training, had been of assistance to Dillon while engaged in the review of his law studies; and the association and friendship thus begun had afterwards led to the partnership between the two at Los Angeles. Beside this, Dillon had secured a foothold with the dominant political party, an important step on the road to a successful career in public life.

At the age of about twenty-seven, Dillon was prepossessing if not handsome, though slightly angular, tall, and thin. His head was finely shaped, and covered with dark brown hair which he wore long, after the fashion of the time and his class; his face was cleanly shaved, excepting the heavy dark moustache which concealed the upper lip and was allowed to droop over the mouth. A wide-brimmed soft hat partially hid the white forehead, which was high and intellectual; and there was a kindly though dignified expression in his quiet gray eyes, which indicated goodwill to his fellows, and had done much to increase his popularity among men, irrespective of section or political party. He was habitually clad in black, a tightly fitting frock coat buttoned over the chest. His language retained the provincialisms of the South, so familiar but indescribable. Dillon was in fact — in appearance at least — a conventional type of the Pacific Coast "Chivalry" of *ante bellum* days; one which, once frequently met, passed away with the war of the rebellion and the coming of the railroad.

II.

SOCIETY at that time can hardly be said to have existed; that is in the sense in which the word is now understood. California was mainly a community of men. Wives were scarce, and daughters still more unusual. Nobody knew "who was who," and but few cared. If Jones — who was of a good family at home — chose to marry the servant girl

whose fresh appearance had caught his susceptible fancy at his boarding place, or to contract a worse marriage, whose business was it? The disadvantages originating in matrimonial alliances such as these did not appear until later. Social pressure had not reached the point which was to cause those natural barriers separating individuals into classes. Many factors, and money, have since combined to do this, and we have still a social condition within which the lines of demarkation are only evolving.

Although society in general was in the chaotic state indicated, there was yet a rigid, now almost forgotten, element, in its day a very important one, that of the native Californian or old Spanish families. Dillon's early life and previous associations had afforded but little opportunity for female society, and it was from within the pale of this exclusive caste that he was destined first to become conscious of the influence of the gentler sex. His law practice — now rapidly increasing — was the occasion of frequent professional trips through the southern portions of the State; especially so as this practice was largely with the litigation that had grown out of the old system of Mexican land grants. This brought him into direct contact with the native Californians, and his firm having been the means of adjusting several vexed questions of this kind to their satisfaction, great confidence was secured by the young lawyers at Los Angeles, which led to a large business of this nature, not alone with the Californians, but also with Americans who had become interested in the endless complications that had their origin in this troublesome system. While engaged in this way, it had repeatedly been Dillon's fortune to accept the hospitality of the San Pablo ranch.

This place was then owned by one of the most aristocratic of these old families, on the father's side of pure Castilian blood, which had the generation before emigrated directly from old Spain, and become possessed of one of the immense grants from the Mexican government. Don José had fought valiantly against the Americans when they came

as the invaders of California, but unlike most of his race, at the close of hostilities he had accepted the new conditions with all they implied, and was thenceforth a loyal citizen of the United States. Indignant and resentful, as he had at first felt, he had grown to like the Americans; and though none the less proud of his own purity of blood, he made no secret of a wish that his children might grow up under the modified influences, the advantages of which he had quickly observed. It was not so with the Doña, his wife, whose Mexican blood continued to transmit the bitter prejudices of her people, which, however, were seldom manifested openly, owing to the stronger influence of the hospitable Don. It was here that Dillon found himself always a more than welcome guest.

The Señorita Matilda was the only daughter. In her the traditional type of the Spanish maiden was intensified. The admixture of the darker blood of the mother had served only to heighten a dazzling brilliancy of complexion, the delicate blush of which was incomparable. Her regular features and the hereditary grace of her slight, dainty figure had lost nothing in transmission from her Castilian ancestors, and contributed to a general effect that has often proved irresistible to men of a wider and more varied experience with womankind than was Dillon. At the early dawn of womanhood as she was, the demure, half-inviting, half-retreating coyness, the wealth of midnight hair,—which, contrary to custom, was permitted to fall gracefully behind the shapely head and neck,—with eyes whose liquid depths seemed unfathomable, were too powerful a magnet for Dillon's nature to withstand. He was bewildered, and led a willing captive by the despotism of his senses.

So complete was the spell this vision of loveliness had produced, that he did not seek or miss those graces of mind or character that he had heretofore held vaguely in thought as inseparable from his ideal woman. He was content to exist in the roseate halo that to him seemed to surround her presence.

His suit was a successful one; the consent of the father was obtained,—indeed, the Don's approval and gratification at the proposed marriage of his daughter with the eligible young American was unconcealed; and the day for the ceremony was appointed.

III.

ABOUT this time Dillon and his partner were retained by some Sacramento parties representing a large land interest covered by a grant, a suit concerning which was to be brought before the supreme court of the State. Much to Dillon's annoyance, he found himself unavoidably associated in this case with a lawyer who came down from Sacramento, and whose name was Seymour. The influence of some friend had secured the retention of Seymour and his undesirable association with the Los Angeles lawyers, doubtless with the purpose that he might share in the reputation that it was expected would be gained by the successful termination of a case of so much importance.

Seymour was an Irishman — a Trinity man — of the English-Irish type. He knew little of the law, as he frankly admitted; he had been an officer in the British army, and had spent some years in that service in various remote parts of Her Majesty's possessions. Tiring of a military life at a foreign station, he had resigned and turned up in California, where he had quite recently been admitted to the bar; and this was the first case in which he had been employed. He was about thirty years of age, a dashing, showy man, after the Charles O'Malley model, with a ready tongue and fund of anecdote, which with complete assurance were made to take the place of some of the more solid qualities. Two men could not well have been more differently constituted than were he and Dillon whose dignified reserve and earnestness of purpose were marked traits.

While the lawsuit was in preparation, Seymour had accompanied Dillon over the boundaries of the contested land grant, a portion of which was adjacent to San Pablo, and it was thus that Seymour also first became a

guest at the ranch, where he met the Señorita Matilda, and where too he soon became a frequent visitor.

The young girl's education had been obtained at the convent at San José, from which she had recently returned. Heretofore she had seen few young men, those the sons of the neighboring families, whose practice it had frequently been to dash in and out of the large courtyard at the ranch, mounted on fiery mustangs, their heads covered by broad sombreros ornamented with wide bands of silver and gold embroidery, their legs encased in slashed leather trousers supported at the waist by a bright sash of crimson silk, while from their heels dangled and clanked immense Mexican spurs with jingling pendants. It was thus the young Californians endeavored to pay court, and so had hoped to find favor in the eyes of the fair one, the fame of whose beauty had extended far; but each in succession had as signally failed. Toward Dillon she had been attracted because he was different from any young man she had ever before met; perhaps, too, the paternal influence had been exerted in his behalf—though it was quite as certain the Doña had no wish for an American son-in-law.

But now the bluff, blonde, and handsome Seymour, with his glib tongue and military style, was a new sensation, quite in contrast with the modest demeanor and undemonstrative habit of the man she was to marry. Seymour was quick to see this, and his vanity was immensely flattered; there was too a romantic flavor about it all which was very enticing. Possibly the unwritten law to which men hold each other accountable concerning their mutual relations with individuals of the opposite sex, might have prevented Seymour from a deliberate attempt to supplant the affections of Dillon; but the marked encouragement he found was too strong a temptation, and he lost no opportunity of finding her presence.

The changed relations did not immediately dawn upon the consciousness of the unsuspecting Dillon, whose confidence was destined to a rude awakening. It was after he had

made a flying business trip to the San Gabriel Mission on the afternoon of one Sunday when he and Seymour had been invited to dine at San Pablo, that a discovery was forced upon him which opened his eyes, and changed his entire plans for the future.

Riding slowly up the long avenue leading to the house, on his return near the close of the day, his attention was arrested by the sound of voices issuing from a clump of live oaks at the roadside. The trunks of these trees had been overgrown by vines, which had formed a natural arbor,—a romantic retreat, where he had been wont to stray in company with his betrothed. This place was known as the *Casa Vista*, as from it the house was first brought into view. At this point the road turned; near it a rippling stream from the neighboring foothills tumbled over the rocks, making just sufficient noise to deaden the sound of his horse's feet as he approached. His mind occupied with pleasant thoughts of her who was always first there, he had scarcely heeded the low sound of voices, and he might have passed on but that his horse, with equine curiosity, wheeled sharply out of the road and stopped directly opposite the clump of trees, as suddenly discovering the occupants of the place. Here a sight met the astonished gaze of the lover that for an instant caused him to doubt the evidence of his senses. On a rustic seat which had been improvised with the limbs of a fallen tree sat Seymour, at his side the maiden who was Dillon's promised bride. One of Seymour's arms encircled the slender waist, and a tiny hand rested unresistingly in his.

Painfully but quickly was Dillon able to comprehend a degree of perfidy that woman is sometimes capable of; that intimacy which should have been his alone, as an accepted lover, he now saw as freely enjoyed by another, hitherto an unsuspected rival. The señorita, in dismay, would gladly have extricated herself, but it was useless; Seymour would not release her. It seemed to suit his purpose to announce in this way a stronger claim, and he continued to look unflinchingly into the wrathful eyes of the angry man before him.

"You shall answer to me for this!" said Dillon, when he had so far regained his composure as to be willing to trust his voice, but without deigning to glance toward the false beautiful girl — now more beautiful than ever in her distress.

"As you wish," replied Seymour, still without changing his position.

Dillon wheeled his horse about, and rode rapidly away toward Los Angeles.

IV.

AT sunrise on the crisp bright morning of a December in Southern California, these two men met, perhaps to take each other's lives. The preliminaries for this meeting had been arranged by "friends" — such as never were wanting in those days — in accordance with the requirements of "the code."

About ten miles above Old San Pedro lies a long strip of ocean beach, where the huge rollers break at unceasing intervals along the sandy shore, the solemn stillness between each returning wave there unbroken by the voice or sound of man. The face of nature was as yet undisturbed, though the point has since become known as the "Salt Works." This was the spot that had been selected; here were these two men to fight.

The first bright streaks of dawn on the horizon had found both the principals and seconds already on the ground; also a surgeon who had been summoned from the military barracks at San Diego. The latter was present not only in his professional capacity, but also as a disinterested witness to the hostile meeting.

As the morning sun appeared above the east of the mountains the principals faced each other. "One, — two, — three," were slowly but distinctly pronounced; then the word "*Fire!*" The report of two pistols followed instantly, and both men fell; each having the "satisfaction" of witnessing what at first appeared to be the fatal wound he had inflicted on his adversary.

But it was not to be so. A merciful power which sometimes interferes in the affairs of men had willed it otherwise, and the taking

of a human life was not to be recorded to blacken the soul and haunt the memory of either, in the years that were to follow in the lives of these two men, neither of whom was bad. An examination indicated the character of the wounds of both. Seymour had been shot through the fleshy part of the thigh, the bone suffering a slight fracture. With Dillon the bullet had been nearer fatal; it had passed through his right side cutting one of the ribs.

The surgeon was soon able to put both men in condition to be moved in the carriages, and they left the "field of honor." But the facts that had brought them there remained unaltered.

Dillon was confined to his bed in his bachelor rooms at Los Angeles but a short time, and was soon about as usual though looking paler. When he first appeared, he found he had risen perceptibly in the estimation of a community where public sentiment continued to regard deeds like this as deeds of heroism; and though it had been his wish that the matter should be kept quiet, it was not possible. It was known and discussed in every saloon and public place in town by the time the day had fairly opened, and the morning "nips" had begun at the various bars, on the day of the duel.

To the Virginian, however, the sense of mortification was intense; and when congratulated by numerous friends he wished himself far away. He was only reminded that he had been the dupe of a heartless girl; his manhood had been trifled with, his love had been cast aside to suit the whim and caprice of the false creature who could not appreciate it; and he had been supplanted by a rival his own inferior in every sense. He was humiliated and his self-love was wounded.

At first he determined to leave Los Angeles, but the better counsel of his friend and partner prevailed, and he soon again found his mind fully occupied with matters pertaining to his profession, which left him little leisure for reflection. He discovered, too, that he was sufficiently a philosopher to view the matter from a common-sense standpoint. Many men have passed through similar expe-

riences, and why not he? was the question he asked mentally. He had made a lucky escape, retained his personal liberty and so forth, which a man does not always appreciate; besides it was better to have learned the truth before it was too late. It was thus he reasoned, rather than wasting time in idle regrets or morbid sentimentalism. Of course his visits at the ranch ceased, and though for a time he missed the genial society of the hospitable Don, his was an active, busy life, the affairs of which continued to pass on undisturbed by the brief period of romance that had for a time entered into it.

The association of Seymour as one of the attorneys in the land grant suit was terminated. During the winter the suit itself was brought to a successful close. Soon after this Seymour and the beautiful Californian were married, — though contrary to the paternal wish. They passed out of the range of Dillon's observation, and were soon dropped from his thoughts. If recollected occasionally, it was with no lingering regret; and he congratulated himself upon having learned a lesson.

The years continued to pass; each adding to the influential standing of Dillon in the community where he lived, and as well with his political party elsewhere, by which he was regarded as an available man who might soon represent California in the councils of the nation at Washington. It was so situated that the beginning of the war of the rebellion found him.

V.

WHEN the war came, the Union and Secession sentiments of the people of California were quite nearly balanced. But with the prestige acquired by an unbroken Southern political rule, the impetus and strength that came to the cause of the Confederacy from the attitude of the administration at Washington, the long possession of all the political offices of the government by Southern men, the domination of the military forces by Southern officers, California and the Pacific Coast stood upon the brink of a civil war, the horrors

of which once precipitated would, from the absolute isolation of the State, have exceeded those experienced in any of the border States. The formation of the Union party which later controlled affairs was by no means an immediate occurrence, but was more a process of evolution gaining strength as events took place at the East. Prominent and influential citizens in the early days of the war hesitated, who later on were strong in the Union cause. Comparatively few people in California at that time fully realized the critical period over which they were enabled finally to pass in safety; nor have they yet learned to give credit for this safe deliverance where that credit is due.

The fact is too well established to require more than a reminder that there early existed a conspiracy for the seizure of Alcatraz Island, Fort Point, Benicia Arsenal, and the minor defenses in and about the harbor of San Francisco. Thus to secure a key to the interior with all its resources would be in effect possession of the State, for lesser details would have remained to be carried into effect with little difficulty. The Panama steamers were to be seized and transformed into hostile cruisers. Some wished to raise again the bear flag and declare a Pacific republic, only that it might finally become an important part of the Confederacy itself. That so much of the army as was stationed on the Pacific Coast was under the command of an officer of Southern birth and sympathies, whose sentiments were clearly appreciated, was a guarantee that the policy of the military forces would be confined to a defensive one.

The early appearance of a Union general who had been selected by the war department and secretly dispatched to California, nipped the plans of the Secessionists in the bud; but during all the years of the rebellion they did not cease to hope that California and its gold might be secured to the Confederacy. The Pacific Coast once in the hands of the Confederates, with its metal fields as sinews of war, that credit which England waited so eagerly to give would have been assured. That gold which maintained the Union soldiers in the field would have been

the strength of the Confederacy instead ; and who can say the war would not have terminated differently ?

It was long before there was a perfect adjustment of the political lines from which those of society were also mainly determined. In the sparsely settled sections of the interior, many who had been friends and neighbors watched each other suspiciously. In the cities, men, and not unfrequently even women, denounced and insulted each other personally. The press was especially violent ; while events at the East were watched with an anxiety and eagerness that was significant. It was certain that had the Confederates met with a series of victories, the standard of rebellion would have been raised, and California would have been in the midst of a civil strife ; to what extent it might have been carried can now be only a matter of conjecture.

Most of the regular army was ordered East, and nearly sixteen thousand Union volunteers were raised in California, beside others in Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory. But the authorities at Washington dared not remove a single regiment of these to the scene of hostilities in the Atlantic States. To preserve peace on the Pacific Coast was admitted to be of vital significance. The services of these Union soldiers can never be over-appreciated. To their never ceasing vigilance California was indebted for that period of peace and remarkable prosperity that it enjoyed during those years, notwithstanding the constant anxiety and apprehension that was experienced by those who were best informed.

In spite of the apparent security that existed, both elements were constantly on the alert and active. The Union League held its secret meetings all over the State, with its grips, pass-words, and alarm signals. At these meetings the names of all known or suspected sympathizers with secession were reported "for observation," and thereafter kept under careful surveillance, so that no prominent individual of this class could make an important move that did not become at once known. At such points as there seemed

cause for apprehension, the ubiquitous Union soldier would appear upon the scene as if by magic. Frequently the disaffected localities would awake in the morning to find a troop of Union cavalry encamped in their midst, although people had gone to bed with the belief that the detested blue coats were far away.

The Secessionists were not less active, though necessarily more careful and secret in their movements. The "K. G. C.," or "Knights of the Golden Circle," was a powerful secret organization which numbered many thousand, all of whom were sworn to the Southern cause, and were constantly at work by methods that quiet citizens would have been surprised and alarmed to know. The leaders of this order were in regular communication with the Confederate chiefs at Richmond ; the organization itself was said to be in a thorough state of discipline, and had its ramifications in the most remote and unexpected places. It only waited a favorable opportunity to proclaim itself openly, when it was believed thousands of unorganized Southerners would have flocked to the standard of disunion.

Plans were again made to seize the fortifications in San Francisco harbor, and blow up the arsenal at Benicia, after first obtaining possession of the arms and ordnance stores ; which plans failed through the vigilance of the troops. To watch and guard against the conspirators was not an idle task, and those whose duty it was could tell of many plans that were frustrated while still in their incipency. The streets of San Francisco and Sacramento bore a martial appearance. A provost guard was constantly on duty in San Francisco ; its headquarters near the foot of Market street. At Camp Union, a few miles from the center of Sacramento, a very considerable body of troops was stationed during all the years of the war. The celerity with which detachments were dispatched to remote points was remarkable.

Prominent secessionists were never lost sight of ; nor were those localities where that element was considered strong. Los Angeles was thought to be one of the most dangerous

of these, and at Drum Barracks, twenty miles distant, was also stationed a body of soldiers.

As the war progressed, arrests were occasionally made by the provost marshals for "disloyalty." None but influential men were however retained, — though smaller lights sometimes sought this distinction. Those whom it was thought advisable to hold were usually sent to Fort Alcatraz as political prisoners.

From the beginning of the war the attention of the Union people and of the authorities of the government had been directed toward Dillon at Los Angeles. It was pretty well known that he was a leader in the secret Secession organization, though a conservative one; and it was believed that he maintained frequent communication with members of the Confederate cabinet by means of an irregular but secret and constant system of messengers, who crossed the Rio Grande going into and coming out of Texas. Subsequent disclosures contained in the *Rebellion Record* publications which are now being made by the war department, have proved what was then believed, that in the event of a final rally in California, Dillon would have taken the field with a commission of high military rank in the service of the Confederacy.

That he was not early arrested was probably owing to the fact that he had many warm personal friends who were stanch Union men, — not the least of whom was his law partner. He had, too, acted with great circumspection, carefully avoiding any public expression of opinion, which, as he well knew, would have been to no purpose other than to attract undesirable attention to himself, and thus to jeopardize the plans he had hoped the opportune time might come for carrying into vigorous execution. But letters from his sister, which continued to reach him at intervals, and by which he learned of the desolation that had been brought to his old home in Virginia, served to arouse a feeling of bitter animosity toward the North. So that after the news of a Union defeat, and at a time when the cause itself seemed to have met with reverses, which for a brief interval cheered the Southerners

in California, Dillon so far forgot his usual caution as to commit himself in a manner that led to his arrest. In a speech in front of the *Bella Union* at Los Angeles, he had expressed sentiments denunciatory of the government, and his words were immediately reported to San Francisco. Extracts from the speech were copied into nearly every loyal newspaper in the State; and his arrest and confinement as a political prisoner at Alcatraz soon followed.

VI.

THE appearance of Dillon at Alcatraz was the occasion of considerable interest in the small community on the island; especially in the little circle of officers and officers' families who were then there. Other political prisoners had from time to time been sent to the island, though they had not been long retained; none however had been especially interesting in any way, and their coming and going had been scarcely commented on. With Dillon it was quite a different affair, for his reputation — through the newspapers and other sources — had long preceded him.

He had come over from the city under charge of the provost marshal on the little steamboat "*Saucelito*," which furnished the island with its daily supply of fresh water from the main land, and then made irregular afternoon trips to the city for freight, returning to Alcatraz on such occasions usually after nightfall; and consequently it was not generally known until the day following that he had arrived. He had been placed in one of the casemates under charge of a sentinel until guard-mounting next morning, at which time he was conducted to the adjutant's office, where he found the commanding officer awaiting his arrival.

The brave old soldier who had been selected to command the important post of Fort Alcatraz at this critical period was an old army officer, a veteran of the Mexican war. He had also gained a reputation as an Indian fighter during the early troubles on this coast in California and Oregon, where he had been stationed after the close of hos-

tilities in Mexico. Finally he had resigned his commission and engaged in a quartz mining enterprise in one of the northern counties, by which he had realized a moderate fortune, which was rapidly increasing at the outbreak of the war. Through a sense of patriotic duty, especially because he had been educated at the expense of the government, he had placed his own affairs in the hands of an agent, and reëntered a military life by accepting a commission in the California Volunteers. He hoped that his experience and knowledge might be valuable to the Union cause in California, which he, with the keen perception developed by his military ideas and habits of thought, saw was to be an important feature of the war, — though as he well knew it promised little of what is known as glory.

He was a strict disciplinarian, though with a natural disposition as gentle as a child's. His devotion to duty was unceasing, and he realized the importance of the post that had been entrusted to his command, and that the defenses of San Francisco harbor, of which Alcatraz was the chief, were of the utmost consequence. But with all his soldierly qualities, he was a singularly modest and retiring man; one who, perhaps from a natural diffidence, saw very little socially of those under his command. If a criticism had been passed upon him, it might have been said that he was too trusting in his nature — a seeming anomaly, yet not an unusual trait of character with old officers. Having once placed confidence in a subordinate, it would have required something more than ordinary indications to have aroused his suspicion as to anything that affected his integrity.

On the particular November morning with which we are now concerned, the Colonel had come to the office somewhat earlier than usual, for the purpose of giving Dillon's case the necessary attention, and was — as we have already seen — awaiting the arrival of the prisoner, when he made his appearance at the door under charge of a non-commissioned officer of the guard. Courteously, but without waste of time or words, he re-

quested Dillon to follow him into a private room used exclusively by the commanding officer, the door of which opened from the adjutant's office; and motioning to him to be seated, he said to him briefly:

"Mr. Dillon, I am aware of the cause of your having been sent here as a prisoner, and yesterday received from the general commanding instructions in your case. With your offense or the causes that brought you here I have nothing to do; I am only concerned in that you are securely held as a prisoner until such a time as higher authority may direct otherwise. Also that the information which you may unavoidably be able to obtain from day to day, as to the character, location, and strength of the guns on the island, or any other information that would be of value to an attacking force, is not secretly communicated by you to the enemies of the United States either in the city or elsewhere. In short, you are not to be permitted to communicate with or to see such persons. You will be allowed to send and receive such letters only as pertain to your personal affairs; these to go through my hands open, and to be inspected and read by me, so far as seems advisable. Although I have no previous acquaintance with you, I am quite familiar with your standing and reputation, and have reason to believe you to be a gentleman; as such I am willing to assume the responsibility of accepting your parole, or word of honor, that you will not under any circumstances violate any of the conditions that have been indicated — either in spirit or in fact — or attempt to escape from the island. If you wish to accept these conditions you will be at liberty to go about the island without a guard; though all those who have been previously sent here for political offenses have been kept under a sentinel in the casemates. Do you prefer to do this?"

Dillon had not expected to receive such favorable consideration. He had frequently read in such of the California papers as were hostile to the government, of the tyrannical manner in which political prisoners were treated at Alcatraz. He therefore replied without hesitation:

"Yes, sir ; I will gladly accept the conditions that you mention ; and will promise that during my stay — which I believe will be a short one — I will not abuse the unexpected confidence you have seen fit to place in me."

"Very well," replied the colonel. "I will make you acquainted with Captain Seymour, whose duty it is, as next in rank to myself and as executive officer, to superintend the affairs of all who are sent him for confinement." He touched a call bell, and an orderly opened the door.

"Give my compliments to Captain Sey-

mour, and tell him I wish to see him," he said to the orderly.

Dillon remained seated ; although he had heard the name of the officer mentioned, he had attached no significance to it, and the somewhat awkward suspense that followed was natural.

The person who soon appeared in the uniform of a captain he recognized as no other than his former antagonist in the duel on the ocean beach so many years ago, whom he had not seen since they had both fallen on that memorable morning.

F. K. Upham.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SHAKSPERE'S SONNETS.

EVERYBODY reads Shakspeare's plays, but very few are familiar with his sonnets. The old fashioned diction and the odd, obsolete words might have excused this neglect ten years ago, but today the admirable notes of Dowden and Rolfe open the door for everybody to study them, and whoever has the courage to penetrate their mysteries will find a strange fascination in them. The wonderful beauty of illustration and the compact, condensed expression of thought remind the reader at times of Shakspeare's best plays, while the gusts of intense personal feeling that sweep across some of these poems make him feel very near the heart of the great poet, adding to the mystery that clouds their real meaning, and investing them with a personal interest that challenges us to an eager search for their true interpretation.

Are they really a chapter from his own life, and do they tell us a part of that experience which found utterance in the despair of a Hamlet and the passion of a Lear? Suppose that in the process of repairing Crosby House in London or the old Henley Street homestead in Stratford, a workman should chance upon a bundle of old letters in some dusty recess, giving a picture of Shakspeare's life in London from his own pen, what a

thrill of eager surprise would move the world of letters! How the news would be telegraphed around the globe. With what interest should we watch the deciphering of the crabbed, faded characters that opened to us the heart of the great poet! Such a series of pictures, I believe, we have in the sonnets, where we see reflected the moods of his inner life. Love, jealousy, disappointment, despair, and again the peaceful happiness of renewed affection, flit in succession across the magic mirror as we turn the pages of this wonderful book. "With this same key Shakspeare unlocked his heart."

A singular mystery shrouds the London life of this greatest of modern poets. The era in which he lived abounded in copious writers ; a flood of light is thrown upon it by abundant records of every kind. This man moved freely among the men of his day ; his poems went through many editions ; his plays were popular, his friends were numerous, some of them among the highest in the land, — and yet his twenty-five years in London are almost a blank mystery to us. Everything that could throw light upon this period has been examined — the contemporaneous writers have been sifted for any allusion to his name, the local records have been

searched, and the end of it all is, the personal relations of his London life are a sealed book.

He comes to London about 1586, a country boy, barely twenty-two years old, already loaded down for the race in life with a wife and three infant children, — but without profession or means of support, for his father is a bankrupt. He plunges into the labyrinth of London life and is lost to sight. In 1592 a gleam of light crosses his path : the six years in London have won him a place and he is already, at twenty-eight years of age, sufficiently known as a playwright and actor to excite the envy of his disappointed rivals and the respect of admiring friends ; and we read with pleasure Chettle's praise of his civil demeanor, his excellence in his profession, his grace in writing, his uprightness of dealing, and his good name among people "of worship," that is, of gentle blood.

After this we lose all track again and get no further light on his personal life in London, unless what we may draw from his works. The records give a meager catalogue of dry bones. He acted upon the stage, and he patched up old plays for the company to which he belonged. He published in 1593-4 two poems which pleased the current taste and went through several editions. He acquired an interest in his dramatic company and wrote for its use the grand series of his plays, which were probably withheld from publication as far as possible that the company might have the sole use of them on the stage.

He was a prudent business man, prospered in the world enough to buy a homestead in Stratford in 1597, when only thirty-three years old, and by 1599 had acquired a valuable interest in the Blackfriars' theatre. During his remaining life at London he accumulated considerable means, which were mainly invested at his old home. Exactly when he retired to Stratford is uncertain, probably by 1610. This barren list contains about all we know of the London life of Shakspeare, — nothing of his friends, of his social life, of his personal habits, nothing whatever of the experience which led him to

explore regions of human nature which no other man has ever dared to describe. Can we glean anything more than this from his plays ?

If we can ascertain with reasonable certainty their chronological order, a careful examination of them in this view will give some clue to the growth of his genius and some hint of the nature of his personal experience. True poetry must flow from the heart ; in all highest works of the imagination which deal with the emotions and the passions that sway the lives of men and women, only the genuine has true power. The man must have felt it ; the story must be written in his own blood.

The general order of the plays is now pretty well agreed upon. First come the light comedies of incident, with few well-defined characters ; such as *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *Comedy of Errors*, or plays of pure fancy like *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or lyric drama, such as *Romeo and Juliet*, full of pretty conceits and amorous passions.

Apparently tiring of this gay pageant he turns to English history, and clothes with life the grand series of national heroes that adorn his historical plays.

Life now runs smoother and freer with Shakspeare and blossoms into his best comedies, *Much Ado*, *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It*. After this group the shadow of the coming storm begins to darken the landscape and the next plays, though we call them comedies are grave and somber in tone, heralding the solemn march of tragedy. All's Well that Ends Well and *Measure for Measure* deal with the trials and sorrows of life, while *Troilus and Cressida* is absolutely repulsive in its distrust of humanity.

At last the storm fairly breaks upon us with a constantly darkening cloud of ingratitude and crime. *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* are followed in rapid succession by *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, where men that should have been heroes are hurled to the depths of despair and crime by their own folly and the ingratitude of those in whom they placed the most trust. Then come *Antony*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, men of heroic stature broken

down and ruined by their own follies rather than the faults of others.

At this point a marvelous change comes over the scene. The storm passes by, the sky clears up, and the sun breaks through the clouds bathing the landscape in a pastoral beauty.

The five remaining plays, which some think were written at Stratford, are neither tragedies nor comedies and are often called romances — sometimes the Plays of Reconciliation. In these Shakspeare seems to have become reconciled to life, and looks upon it with much kinder feelings. In all of them families broken asunder are reunited, friends long separated are reconciled, and a spirit of forgiveness breathes through them all. Posthumus sounds their key-note in his reply to Iachimo when the latter confesses his villainy, — worse than that of Iago, because it lacked the motive:

“Kneel not to me,
The power that I have on you is to spare you,
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live
And deal with others better.”

What fate would Shakspeare have visited on such a wretch five years earlier, when he drew the picture of Iago? Prospero in the same tone of forgiveness refuses to wreak his vengeance on his enemies: —

“Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance.”

In this happy spirit of reconciliation and peace Shakspeare closes his volume.

Now I am sure he gave us his own experience in all the deeper motives of his plays. While I would not identify him with any one character, I believe the atmosphere of each group of plays expresses a mood of experience through which he had passed. In this conviction I read the story of his London life thus: — The current ran smoothly for many years; it was full, free and happy. Then came some blow that shook his faith in humanity. Perhaps the first hint of the change is in the melancholy Jaques with his sentimental misanthropy. This mood deepened rapidly as the emptiness of human life

forced itself upon him; the hollowness of men's professions, their ingratitude, and faithlessness darkened his meditations.

But he never sank into utter despair, like Othello, nor into the blank, rayless night of unfaith, like Timon. His soul was too great for that; his faith and hope triumphed over his sorrows. He felt it was better to love than to hate, to forgive than to brood over his wrongs, and he came out of his bitter experience a wiser and a better man, serene and peaceful. A new heaven had opened before him, and the earth was transfigured by its light with a brighter beauty than it had worn before his trials. In this peaceful mood his life ended.

It is true that Halliwell-Phillips, and other matter-of-fact Shakspeare scholars laugh at this and call it the Shakspeare “mythus,” a creature of the imagination, without solid existence. But to me it is very real, and the testimony of the plays to the struggles of his inward life is as sure and unerring as the witness of the records to his outward prosperity.

The sonnets give some confirmation of this idea, for they tell a very similar story, — not that they run parallel in time with that great wave of feeling pictured in the tragedies, for they belong to an earlier period of his life, but they record a similar experience which must have left its mark on his soul. Let us now turn to an examination of these remarkable poems with a special view to tracing in them the personality of Shakspeare.

The little volume contains one hundred and fifty-four sonnets which were first printed in 1609, piratically without much doubt; but they had been mentioned eleven years earlier in 1598, by Francis Meres, as “Shakspeare's sugred sonnets among his private friends,” and in 1599 two of them had found their way into print. This is all that is known of their origin. I am satisfied for various reasons, but especially from a careful comparison with the plays, that they were written between 1593 and 1597; but the majority of writers on Shakspeare are in favor of a later date.

As to the meaning of these poems, there is a great diversity of opinion. They appear

on the surface to be addressed to two different persons, Nos. 1. — CXXVI. to a young nobleman, Shakspeare's friend and patron, and the remainder to a woman. But many writers regard these apparent personalities as merely a veil to conceal an allegorical or hermetic meaning; they have thus been made to sing the praises of dramatic art, of eternal beauty, of ideal manhood, of Queen Elizabeth, of the Catholic Church, and many other fantastic notions have been found in them, — or put there. Some have thought they were mere exercises of the poet's fancy; and others that they were written for the use of his friends, possibly for hire.

But the most natural explanation is that they were the simple outflow of his feelings, addressed in the first series to his young friend and patron, for whom he seems to have felt the warmest regard, — while the second series expresses his relations to his mistress; and I believe that but for the stain these last are thought to cast upon Shakspeare's morals, there would be no question as to their real meaning; they are so overflowing with warm human feeling, — no allegory, no exercise of pure fancy, no poetry written for hire, could be so full of throbbing life.

Assuming the sonnets to be genuine and properly arranged, a real-mirror of Shakspeare's experience, the story they tell is this:

In the first flush of assured success, with the hot blood of youth boiling in his veins, and thrown by his profession in closest personal contact with the riotous life of the London stage at that period of loose morals, Shakspeare fell under the influence of a woman who threw a strange spell over him. Of dark complexion, with black eyes, she was not handsome, but her presence fascinated him, and he yielded to her charms though he knew it was a double crime, for she was the wife of another man.

About the same period he formed a friendship for a handsome, gifted young nobleman, whom he calls Will, — who returned his regard, and became his patron, though much younger than Shakspeare. The dark woman at last met Will, and perhaps thinking a handsome young nobleman a better prize than a

poor play-actor, set her net for him, and soon snared the victim. This double treachery cut Shakspeare to the quick, and you may trace the growth of his sorrow from a bare suspicion to the full assurance of the bitter truth, resulting in his separation from his friend. Later on the breach between them was healed; the woman disappeared from the scene, or at least from the sonnets, and Shakspeare was very happy in a renewal of his love for Will, which ripened into the most intense personal affection possible between man and man. But as his friend reached maturity, he formed new acquaintances and neglected Shakspeare, which again caused him great grief.

Another poet came upon the scene sharing Will's regard and bounty, which filled Shakspeare with jealousy and produced estrangement between the friends. Then came explanations and a partial reconciliation. In the midst of these changes the sonnets tell of journeys, — two at least in number, — by which the friends were separated, and Shakspeare mourned his bereavement during the absences. And so various alternations followed in the course of their love, as Shakspeare always called it. Sometimes the stream ran smooth and then again it was turbulent and broken, till at last chastened by life's trials they joined hands in an everlasting friendship and Shakspeare says —

No, let me be obsequious [devoted] in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mixed with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

CXXV.

With this argument as an introduction, we will run rapidly through the volume, letting Shakspeare tell his own story as far as possible. The book opens with seventeen sonnets addressed to a youth just coming to manhood — in terms of extreme personal compliment, urging him to marry and perpetuate his name.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory.

1.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white,
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee
 hence.

XII.

After these follow nine sonnets praising his friend's beauty in language which in these less passionate days would seem extravagant in a correspondence between two men.

For example, in number xx. :

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.

At this point a shade of melancholy, perhaps suspicion, or even jealousy, begins to mingle with the sonnets, hinting that some other writer less sincere was trying to supplant him in his friend's regard. Thus in xxiii. he excuses his failure to make more open declaration of his love, saying his heart was overcharged, its utterance was choked.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast.

XXIII.

In reading these poems we are surprised, almost shocked, at the extravagant praise of this young man's beauty and the ardent phrases of Shakspeare's affection. He calls

him "my love," "dear boy," "lord of my love," "my master-mistress," "my beloved," "my rose," "dear-heart," "next my heaven the best," — terms, most of which we feel today are sacred to the passion of man for woman. "The true motto for the first group of Shakspeare's sonnets," says Furnivall, "is to be seen in David's words, 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been to me : Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.'" Shakspeare lived in an age when men's passions ran higher than today, and were expressed with more freedom. The same Italian fashion that brought in the sonnet brought this style of expression, which seems to us so excessive. "It was then not uncommon," says Dyce, "for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants us in terming them 'amatory.'" In confirmation of this odd use of endearing epithets, turn to what old Menenius says of Coriolanus, "I know the general is my lover," and still stronger when Portia says of Antonio he is "the bosom-lover of my lord," or the language of Aufidius's servant describing the reception his master gave to Coriolanus, "Our general makes a mistress of him."

The next group, from xxvii. to xxxii., written in absence, are tinged with sadness and run upon grave themes. In xxix. he bewails his lot in life, lamenting his "outcast state." His vocation of actor was held in great contempt, and undoubtedly separated him from public intimacy with his friend of gentle blood.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXIX.

Who was the man whose "sweet love" could lift Shakspeare to heaven's gate, and inspire him to sing such songs of love?

Can our language furnish any tribute of affection more graceful than this?

The closing poem of this group, xxxii., is written in great depression, as if Shakspeare felt that he had a rival whose poems eclipsed his own, and who bade fair to overtop him in his friend's esteem.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage ;
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

xxxii.

These lines refer to his poems, including his sonnets probably, and not to his plays. The dramas were in the nature of professional work, written for actual presentation on the stage and not for glory ; but the poems he regarded as the basis of his literary fame and of his patron's regard. Such was certainly his feeling at this early period of his life, whatever may have been his later sentiments. Fleay says, "Poems were fit work for a prince, but plays were only congruous with strolling vagabondism," and so Halliwell-Phillips remarks, "Works of a strictly poetical character were held in far higher esteem than dramatic compositions." "The contemporaries of Shakspeare allude more than once to the two poems as being his most important works and as those on which his literary distinction chiefly rested."

This sonnet conveys the impression that he was made unhappy by the jealous fancy that his poetical rivals, the "happier men" of his own day, in the progress of the times would excel his own "poor rude lines," and displace him from his friend's regard.

At this point let us leave the sonnets written to his young patron and take up the second series, from cxxvi. to cliv., addressed to the dark woman ; most of which are parallel, in order of time, with xxx. to xlii. She was not beautiful and he admits it while he confesses her power, for there was a witchery in her black eyes he could not resist.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain ;
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face.

cxxvii.

Such a pair of "mourning eyes" might well prove dangerous, but she re-inforced their power, by throwing the spell of music over him too, as she played on the virginal, the piano of Elizabeth's day.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

cxxviii.

No harmony his mistress drew from the virginal certainly could equal the exquisite music of these words.

But he soon becomes aware that the dark woman is laying snares for his young friend, and suspects he too may have fallen a victim to her charms.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still ;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worse spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Woing his purity with her foul pride.

cxl.

At this point we will leave the sonnets to his mistress, and turn back to the first series, where we find a kindred group begins at xxxiii. Shakspeare has sustained a wrong at the hands of his friend.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIII.

His friend offers some apology, which Shakspeare says "heals the wound but cures not the disgrace."

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace ;
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss ;
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross,
Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXIV.

Still it is better we should be separated, said Shakspeare in sonnet xxxvi. I cannot help loving you, but the disgrace is such and so publicly known that it is better you should not honor me with any marks of your good will,—we must separate. Sonnet xl. confesses the cause of the breach between the friends: the dark woman had tempted Will, who had fallen a victim to her charms. It was a double treachery and a double bereavement.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.

XL.

The dark woman now disappears from the sonnets, and I believe she ceased to cast her baleful spell over Shakspeare's life. There has been much speculation as to who the woman was that could so entrance this prince of poets, but there is no clue to her identity. Perhaps the black-eyed Rosaline of "Love's Labor's Lost" is an early likeness of her, and possibly the faithless Cleopatra, "that serpent of old Nile . . . with Phœbus's amorous pinches black," is a later sketch from memory. If so, we have her portrait without her name. In all the witchery she cast over him Shakspeare knew she was false to him as well as false to her duty, and when in excuse for her shortcomings she reminded him of his lapses from duty, he answered :

O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine.

CXLII.

In leaving this chapter of the sonnets let us not pass harsh judgment upon Shakspeare's lapse from duty, but remember that the times were wild, the morals of England were loose and ungoverned, his fellows in his profession with whom he was necessarily on terms of intimacy were generally profligate in morals and dissipated in habits, and he himself in the very flush of early manhood. The calm deep wisdom of later years was not yet his ; as Dowden says, he could understand Romeo, but he could not have conceived of Prospero. Still it is characteristic of the manliness and honesty of his soul that he never fooled himself with justifying his sin. He deplores the "mad fever" which his mistress's eyes kindled in his blood, but he never defends his own conduct. And if I read aright some of the later sonnets, he outlived this madness and looked back on the spells the siren had cast over him, with a shudder of aversion.

Losing sight of the dark woman we turn again to the story of his relations to his young friend. With XLIII. begins another group. Shakspeare is away on a journey and much depressed. In XLVI. he has received Will's picture, which gives him great comfort in his

absence, but an increasing sadness comes over the lines. At times there is a relief from it, and then it wells out again with renewed force, — love with increasing jealousy, as though Will, as he grew older, was slipping farther and farther from his grasp.

Then he weeps to think that his friend's beauty must fade; that he must live in such a wicked world; and in a strain that reminds us of Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," he bewails the heartlessness and degeneracy of the times, deploring that Will's name had been tarnished by public scandal. In this sad frame LXXI. and LXXII. look forward to death, and he hopes his friend will forget him, as he was unworthy to be remembered.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXI.

Sonnet LXXII. continues the same strain and expresses in remarkable language his dislike for his dramatic works:

My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you!
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth.

This must refer to his plays. Sonnet LXXIII. is full of tender feeling. In it Shakspeare is still haunted with the thought of approaching death:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

This mention of himself as in the decline of years when he could hardly have been much over thirty-five is very singular. In LXII. he says:

My glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopped with tann'd antiquity,

and LXXI. which we just read, seems to expect that the "surly, sullen bell" will soon "give warning to the world that he has fled." These and other similar passages have caused much discussion, and are appealed to as proving that Shakspeare could not be speaking in his own name in these sonnets. But in CXXXVIII. addressed to his mistress and published in 1599, he laments that his "days are past the best" though he was only in his thirty-fifth year, and in *Romeo and Juliet* Lady Capulet, only twenty-eight years old, says:

This sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my *old age* to a sepulchre.

Thus also Robert Greene in his *Farewell to Folly* when only thirty years old, says age is approaching. As already stated men lived faster in those days, and grew old much earlier. Besides Shakspeare is here comparing himself involuntarily with a man much younger than himself, and ten years from twenty-five to thirty-five cover a wider gap than twenty will later in life. But the more I read this group of sonnets, the more I feel Shakspeare at this time must have been in feeble health and anticipated the near approach of death, which probably contributed to his despondency.

At LXXVIII. he begins to complain that other poets have usurped his place, especially some one man of great learning and grace of diction, of whom he writes thus in LXXX., which is particularly interesting as giving us a glimpse of the modest estimate Shakspeare placed on his poems; though I do not suppose this sonnet has any reference to his plays.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wrack'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride.

Then if he thrive and I be cast away,

The worst was this, — my love was my decay.

The favors received by his rival continue to cause him great anxiety and depression of spirits; and he contrasts his own "tonguetied muse" with the "golden quill" and "precious phrase" of the other poet.

A singular distrust of his own powers wells up to the surface of the sonnets whenever he comes into competition with the poets of his own day. This is based seemingly upon his own lack of early opportunity and early education; a fear that his "poor, rude lines" may be "outstripped" in his friends' favor by "ranks of better equipage." His own early equipment for literary life had been very limited, while his poetical rivals, both sonneteers and dramatists, were armed with the discipline of a university education, Daniel, Drayton, Chapman, and Davies having been educated at Oxford, Greene and Marlow at Cambridge. Hence Shakspeare speaks of his own "poor rude lines," "untutored lines," "unpolished lines," and contrasts himself with the "bettering of the time," "better equipage," and the "height of happier men."

And when he meets his mysterious rival of the later sonnets, the same discouraging thought rises to his mind as he contrasts his own "rude ignorance" with "the learned's wing," the "precious phrase by all the muses filed," speaks of his rival's "arts" and "graces" and superior "style," calls himself an "unlettered clerk" as contrasted with "that able spirit," with his "polished form of well refined pen," and satirically alludes to the "strained touches rhetoric can give," in comparison with his own "true plain words."

The fault of interpretation has been that the sonnets have been placed too late in Shakspeare's life, when these differences had vanished. In his early days he felt keenly his deficiencies, but in his later life this want had disappeared; and such a tone of self-distrust as pervades the sonnets, honest enough and natural enough in the beginning of his career, would have been a piece of affectation, unworthy of Shakspeare a few years later, when experience had stored his mind and refined his powers, and when the

success of both poems and dramas justified Meres (1598) in placing him in the front rank of English poets.

Returning to the sonnets, listen to the singular description of his rival in LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:

But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine.

There is a buccaneer flavor about the first couplet that takes us back to the age which rang with the exploits of Raleigh, Drake, and Hawkins. It would seem that so definite a description as he gives here of his rival could be easily identified, but the scholars are still at odds as to who it was. Dowden inclines to the opinion it was Chapman, the translator of Homer.

Shakspeare now falls into the deepest despondency and resolves that he will never see his friend again, though still protesting the most ardent love. While in this fever of jealousy, other hard trials seem to have fallen upon him and he utters this cry of despair.

Then hate me when thou wilt — if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XC.

After some more alternations of hope and depression Shakspeare becomes so deeply discouraged by his friend's neglect that he ceases to write sonnets.

From the warnings the poems give of public scandal connected with his friend's name we may infer he was drinking deep of the riotous gayety of London life, as was perhaps natural to a rich and handsome young nobleman of that day.

A break of a year and a half now ensues in the continuity of the sonnets, apparently an entire suspension of intercourse between the friends. When the curtain rises again the rival has disappeared and Shakspeare is once more in peace and harmony with his friend, and breaks out into this vigorous protest of his desolation when separated from Will.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
What old December's bareness everywhere !
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease :
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
near.

XCVII.

Then he chides his Muse for her long silence :

Where art thou Muse that thou forget'st so long,
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent.

C.

We may reasonably suppose the "time so idly spent" on "worthless song" and "base subjects" was devoted to the production of his plays, probably about the time of Shylock and Portia, or perhaps Jack Falstaff and Hotspur.

That Shakspeare should speak of his plays with aversion will not seem so remarkable if we remember first, these sonnets were written prior to 1597, before the creation of his best tragedies ; moreover, at that time the playwright was usually an actor also ; he belonged to the company he wrote for, and Shakspeare as we well know acted in his own

plays, while both professions were regarded with great contempt. "In his day to become an actor was to cast social ambition aside, and to tread self esteem under foot," says Richard Grant White. The playwrights of his time were generally men of low, dissolute habits, most of whom came to miserable ends. Under these circumstances it is not strange that Shakspeare regarded his plays, certainly at this early period of his life, simply as the tools with which he earned his bread in a hateful profession, a calling which branded him as an outcast from the society he longed to enter.

It is often inferred that he was indifferent to his plays because he never published them ; but we should bear in mind that they were written for his dramatic troupe to act and not for us to read. He owned an interest in one of the leading companies in London, with which he acted and for which he wrote plays ; and by publication his company would have lost the exclusive use of them. Therefore no complete edition of his plays was issued till 1623, seven years after his death ; while on the other hand his poems were published by himself with great care and with formal introductions, the *Venus* in 1593 and the *Lucrece* in 1594.

Bearing all this in mind, read again xxix. already quoted, where he laments his "outcast state" and speaks of himself as

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope
With what I most enjoy contented least ;

and LXXII. where he says, "I am shamed by that which I bring forth," and the lines already quoted from c. addressed to his Muse,

Spendst thou thy fury on some worthless song
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent.

From all this we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that the connection of his name with his plays brought him no satisfaction at the time the sonnets were written.

Returning to our story, he excuses his long silence spent on such "worthless song" and "base subjects" in the following lovely sonnet :

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;

I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days ;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night ;
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CII.

After singing over with ever varying form
the same old refrain of Will's beauty and
truth, he looks back with a sigh over his own
past life :

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd.

CXI.

After this his distrust and jealousy disappear and the course of his love runs smoothly
through the remaining sonnets. In CXVI. he
praises the eternal quality of true love, his
faith in the "marriage of true minds," with
an earnestness that no poet has ever equalled :

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

As he looks back at his experience he shudders
at what he has been through, and draws
new comfort because his love has been rebuilt
stronger than before.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeckes fowl as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win !
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever !
O benefit of ill ! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better ;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXIX.

Again and again he repeats in various
forms his remorse at his own lack of fidelity
and his earnest assurance that no change in
life can ever affect their relations. And at
last he closes by warning his friend that kind
as Nature had been to him, she must at last
surrender him to the great conqueror, Death,
— and with this solemn thought the poems
close.

The sonnets are a record of temptation
and trial, a great spirit struggling through
sin and suffering into peace, through distrust
and suspicion, through the trials of jealousy
and wounded feelings, into reconciliation and
love. Shakspeare's soul was too great to
have settled into sensual enjoyment as the
end of life, or to stop on the way towards
something better and rest contented in mis-
anthropy and cynicism. The sweep of his
vision was too wide to be satisfied with
these. Through repentance, forgiveness, and
reconciliation he attained a peace and hap-
piness which nothing else could have given
him. The story is very similar to that which is
drawn from the plays, but the closing scenes
of the sonnets lack one element which gives
a calmer beauty to the later plays,—the pres-
ence of domestic happiness. In every one of
the later plays called "romances," and these
are necessary to complete the picture of his
life, the unity of a broken family is restored,
domestic sorrows are healed, jealousy is
rooted out, and the family is brought
together in happiness and harmony. In
each of these plays the central attraction is
a lovely girl, just budding into womanhood,
round whose fortunes the story revolves.

Marina, Perdita, Imogen, Miranda, — what grace and beauty they express. In two of these dramas, *Pericles* and *Winter's Tale*, a wife and mother is restored from the dead to the arms of a happy husband and children; while in that part of *Henry VIII.* which is generally believed to be almost the last work of Shakspeare's pen, the chief interest gathers about the dying queen forgiving the king from whom she had suffered so much wrong, and blessing him with her last breath.

"Tell him, in death I blessed him, for so I will."

In 1609 Shakspeare is thought to have returned to Stratford to rejoin his family, from whom he had been separated for so many years. His daughters were then in the bloom of early womanhood, and his wife was still living. It is grateful to me to believe that the "well contented spirit" of the later plays was the reflection of his own heart in his Stratford home. There he had found a peace that the brilliant society of London and the plaudits of popular favor had never brought him.

And now as we leave him at rest under

his own roof-tree, does the story thus outlined grate harshly on our feelings? Does this admission of his transgressions cloud our ideal of Shakspeare? Such transcendent genius as his must always move in the presence of great danger, from the very fullness of its powers and strength of its emotions.

His strength's abundance weakens his own heart.

It is not given to such men to tread the safe and beaten ways of common life. They are driven by their passions into the wilderness of temptation. Their paths lie along giddy heights and across deep gulfs of despair. Some drop by the wayside and perish. Shakspeare was saved by his generous trust in human goodness and that love which

Is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark.

Under its guidance he came out of the storm and bitter experience of life reconciled to the world; a renewed faith in men and women brightened the close of his life, and shed peace and contentment on his own heart.

•
Horace Davis.

MERCY.

I.

SMYRNA — the Smyrna where Mercy was married — was in no wise of the old world. And why this little American village should possess so oriental a name, can only be conjectured in recalling to mind the pretty large group in the same State, similarly designated: Damascus, Ilium, Palmyra, Carthage, Corinth, Ephesus, and a few more. The inference is plain enough. The founders of these very prosaic modern towns must either have been absurdly devoted to classical geography, or had few resources in modern nomenclature.

And the church that Mercy entered a demure maiden and left a "blushing bride," had just as few of old-world suggestions

about it. No "dim, religious light" filtered through stained windows. No vaulted dome echoed back the voice of the preacher as he uttered the solemn words that bound her to the country youth at her side. Uncompromising, rectangular windows let in the full glare of the July sun upon the little group before the stiff pulpit, as they bent their heads under the blessing of their pastor.

It was all in excellent keeping, — the windows, the bare white walls, and flat ceiling, from whose center hung the "chandelier" that possessed the peculiarity of sometimes dropping kerosene tears on worshipers in its vicinity; the square pews, high and dark with occupants mostly bearing the ineffaceable impress of hard toil; and the principal actors themselves, in the familiar wedding drama.

The preacher had once been a man of considerable classical ambitions; but he had now so many years, to use his own favorite, though hardly original expression, "gone in and out before his people," that these, with other enthusiasms of that early period, had well nigh vanished; and in his daily life and common speech he had almost become one with his very unclassical parishioners. But even now, once in his closed study, away from all companions but those who looked down at him from his well filled shelves, and never intruded themselves on him except when he sought their mines of wisdom, then he was a different man. As, indeed, he was when elevated on his pulpit throne of a Sunday morning. Then he went back to the thoughts and feelings of his glowing, earnest youth, when he had burned to educate the whole world mentally as well as spiritually.

Today, however, as he stood there only under the shadow of that pulpit, giving Levi Morse and Mercy, his newly made wife, the practical charge he always felt bound to add to the marriage service, he uttered it in the same unvarnished speech they would use in their homely life together.

Had his lot been cast in more stimulating surroundings, this country minister, poor as the proverbial "church mouse," and unknown beyond his narrow parish, might have vied with many a distinguished contemporary, and have surrounded himself with all the delights that a competence brings.

Or it may be a certain undefined weakness of character, visible only to a keen observer of life at the rarest intervals, would always have prevented what the world calls "success." However that may be, we cannot tell; and really, dear patient reader, I have not drawn you into these pages for the sake of entering into a discussion of the character and career of a country parson who wore very faded, shabby clothes, and I am afraid, from long companionship with average Americans, sometimes talked a trifle through the nose. So whatever the *might have beens* were with the Reverend Matthew Morrow, the *it was* could very easily be seen. He was evidently quite content with his life

of straitened means, and his plain surroundings. He loved the sitters in his ugly old church quite as well as if they had been of the more cultured class and in different environment. This was before "culture" and "æstheticism" had penetrated these dark regions; though to be sure a faint glimmering of them was beginning to be visible in Smyrna, and was dimly reflected in the church across the green, many of whose worshipers sometimes made metropolitan visits returning thence always full of suggestions of more modern and improved styles in sanctuaries and their belongings.

But in thus recalling the parson I am quite neglecting the couple he had united; though on consideration I almost feel afraid to introduce them, they are such a very ordinary pair of country people. However, they possess one interesting characteristic,—youth, which we all lose so alarmingly early as to prize and admire it the more in others. But beyond that, what can I say for them, to interest you in their behalf? Let me, at the very outset, inform you that they do not at all appear as should the hero and heroine of fiction. So if you are looking for witty conversations and great deeds, I advise you at once to drop this narration of an episode in the life of a simple farm-bred girl, whom I shall neither excuse when she errs, nor praise when she does well.

With this much of depreciation on my part, let me continue with my tale, first telling you something of the youth who has just taken to himself a wife. He was a heavily built, sunburned young fellow, who as I remember him possessed but one beauty. He had a candid open eye, of the real unmistakable blue so seldom seen out of painted portraits; but even that was quite disregarded when one observed the abnormally large and unmistakably ugly head, covered with straight flaxen hair.

And this same great cranium had very nearly proved his undoing some years ago. While he was still a little boy, it was so unusual in size that friends of the family predicted all sorts of accomplishments for its possessor; and this in spite of the fact that

he had as yet shown no symptoms of precocity. Some even went so far as to warn the fond parents of the danger of unduly stimulating to early scholastic exertion so enormous, and therefore naturally so easily overstrained, a cerebrum. And such cautions seemed to carry the most weight from the fact of the occasional severe headaches of which he had complained from early childhood; headaches very hard to be accounted for in an otherwise fine, robust constitution. As he grew older, the good honest folks failed not to bear well all these things in mind, while an ambitious project for their Levi began to be frequently discussed in that busy household. And redoubled was the toil given to farm and dairy, with no less an end in view than of by and by sending the promised prodigy to college. To college first and the divinity school afterward, please God, should he go.

And every Sabbath day his good father, when not struggling against the drowsiness that will sometimes afflict even pious souls who, after six days of active toil, sit quite at rest on the seventh in the peaceful sanctuary, would build the very most unsubstantial of air-castles, which always assumed pulpit shape, and had one tenant, — his big-brained son. To Jared Morse, the sight of his Levi once bending over the good book, either leading the congregation in fervent prayer, or expounding in measured, flowing terms that volume's inspired teachings, would be indeed heaven here below.

So when the time for the college venture came at last, after mother had stitched and stitched to make decent the student's wardrobe, and father had scrimped and scrimped toward the student's expenses, there was not a little pride and rejoicing in the Morse farmhouse, moistened by the same gentle, happy tears that are wont to flow at wedding festivals. And all the other boys rejoiced unselfishly in their paragon brother's privileges. They, for whom no education had ever been named other than that gained from three months each year at the "district school," felt not in the least envious or unhappy, but were radiant with delight that

their yeoman household should so far be honored as to possess one member of such promise. They never reflected that their rough hands were daily growing the more heavy that his smooth ones might become the smoother; that their already curving shoulders were bending the faster that his might become the more erect in the easy life of a student. The future glories of broadcloth and pulpit should make up for all this.

But alas! all the self-denial of that unsel-fish family was of no avail. Their Levi would never approach nearer a pulpit than the foot of it.

He duly went to the temple of classical learning nearest his own home, and passed through his entrance examinations with a tolerable amount of success. Not so, however, his introduction to the daily life of a collegian. The fame of his cerebral development had preceded him, and placed an even keener weapon than usual in the hands of the gay students, who essayed their accustomed amount of "fun" upon the new-comer. And this weapon was so powerfully and unceasingly wielded upon their victim, that all too soon the poor wretch was worsted completely. Beginning by comparing him with great men both of ancient and modern times whose heads have been remarkable in size, they would go on wondering after each bashful, awkward appearance in class-room or chapel, where the phenomenon was going to show up, or how long it must be ere they would have to bow before the genius manifest among them. The poor fellow, though awkward and green enough now among his peers, had been used in his family circle, where he *could* have no peer, to being placed upon a pinnacle for the domestic admiration; so he was quite unprepared for all this badinage, — which hurts the very young to an extent their elders never can understand. He struggled in his untrained fashion to maintain his ground, but finally gave up completely, and in his miserable panic fled from the scene of his torments.

No amount of persuasion from his weeping mother and all but weeping father could

induce him to return. Bitter indeed was the grief of these parents at the frustration of their long cherished wishes ; but they were not a great while in reconciling themselves to the inevitable. Soon they were able to see Levi sheepishly accompanying his stalwart brothers to their daily work without following him, the one with the sighs and the other with the tears that his first efforts in that direction had not failed to meet. And by and by they told each other sadly that perhaps the Lord had taken that way to humble their overweening pride in their own flesh and blood.

And when in a few years he shyly courted the daughter of a widow a few miles away, he was encouraged by them to bring her home, to supply the daughter's place never yet filled in their matrimonial life. Had their early plans for Levi been accomplished, they would doubtless have looked higher for him ; but as it was they found Mercy Bonney on the whole a suitable match. To be sure, she had been unduly petted by a foolish old mother, who to her other follies had added a want of thrift. And the farm which in the course of nature would one day be Mercy's, was still encumbered with a heavy mortgage, now of some years' standing. But, in the main, to marry Mercy Bonney was "doing as well as could be expected," and certainly she was a "pretty, good little girl enough," every one said who knew her.

Whether she proved herself better or worse than "might have been expected," the course of this little narrative will show.

Contrary to Smyrna custom, the marriage was celebrated in church—and simply as a measure of economy. In the midst of the heavy midsummer work, it would be a "sin and shame" to send the horses to the village on a week-day, to fetch the parson for the ceremony. But on the Sabbath, of course neither horses nor men could go afield, and could—and must—go to church ; so why not have the business done up quickly and without any fuss, after the long morning service ?

And thus it happened that the simple, farm-bred girl was married publicly, and with quite as great a number of witnesses as if she had

been a young person of fashion in a crowded town. And perhaps this little rustic, in her white lawn gown and rough straw bonnet with its bridal ribbons, felt quite as much the responsibilities of her future wedded life as would that same "society girl," coming to the altar amid all the correct surroundings.

The ceremony over, the congregation quickly dispersed, and the newly united pair accompanied the rest of the Morse family, as they clambered into the high three-seated wagon, which, unlike most of the appurtenances of the farm, had a larger duty to perform on Sunday than on any other day of the week. And so they jolted silently home, to begin the new life.

II.

MONTHS passed, and these young folks got on with each other pretty much as most newly wedded people do, before each has learned the other's little peculiarities and an avoidance of collision with them. Perhaps outwardly they did even better than most, for the very reason that in time proved a source of secret vexation to the wife. For Levi, after the downfall of his early hopes and ambitions, had settled back into a conviction that his daily life was never to be altered, and that he must make the best of it, or as he expressed it "take things as he found them." So, dull fellow as he was, he supposed his wife would do likewise. Little knew he of women, and young women especially. A wife to him—a wife such as *he* ought to have—always, in his slow imagination, took the very practical likeness of his placid, sensible mother, who never except in the one notable instance that had regarded himself so nearly, had wasted either enthusiasm or regard over the unattainable. Now Mercy was, as you may suppose, of a somewhat different pattern, full of a young girl's natural hopes and dreams, which had been considerably emphasized and quickened by the reading of the dozen or so love stories that had fallen within her reach. You may be sure she found no more such in the house of the practical Morse family.

And she began to wonder wistfully within

herself why Levi "noticed things" so little; why, for instance, no matter how neatly and carefully she was dressed, he never seemed to see any difference in her. It was all one to him, apparently, whether she appeared before him after his day's toil about the farm in a fresh dainty calico, with spotless collar and cuffs, or remained in the perforce somewhat rumpled attire of the morning, in which she had helped in all the household drudgery.

Not even on the Saturday — farmers' holiday, except in busiest seasons — when they went to the village to barter farm produce for shop-goods, did he ever observe the extra coquettish touches she had given to her always careful toilet. She said to herself sometimes, "I might as well be a squaw in a blanket, for all Levi cares how I look!" But nevertheless, she just as carefully folded away her few bright ribbons, to be worn again on a similar occasion. She liked, as she remembered the young women in the streets and stores, to think she was not so far behind them in the matter of taste and style in dress. The unerring testimony of her looking-glass assured her she was quite abreast of them as far as natural attractions went.

In course of time her little ornaments began to look unmistakably old, as well as her few and simple gowns. And worse than that, no suggestion of a need for new ones came from her too phlegmatic husband. She, poor soul, the only child of the weak, improvident widow, did not reflect that, like most small farmers' sons, he had really nothing of his own, — that he was quite dependent upon the will of his parents in money matters. They, for their part, needed so little for which cash must be given in return, that they never dreamed of the yearnings of little Mercy in her weekly visits to Smyrna shops, where everything, from the fresh gloves hung so provokingly near her own dingy ones to the ribbons, and collars, and belts, and the hundred and one objects that so strongly appeal to a girl's desire to render herself attractive, found her quite without the ability to gratify any such ambition.

All her fond mother's past efforts to give

her child pleasure in these ways only made her miss it more keenly now. And she could not help, at times, a feeling of sullen resentment toward the stolid youth who had taken her to his home of common toil, and had never shown her in any of the little ways she expected that he appreciated the part she played in it. She had looked for a sweet sympathy and good fellowship such as had been depicted in her favorite novels, and had been so disappointed at the entire want of it, that her married life came to seem a very flat sordid affair indeed. One hero in particular, who had a delicate way of pinning a bank note on his wife's toilet cushion before he set out for his day's labor, had greatly captivated her, and the more that the same exemplary Benedict never failed on his return at night to compliment the wife on her dainty appearance; adding to the sweet words many and tender lover's caresses.

You see she was not at all a well balanced young person. She should, to be the heroine of a popular tale, have risen above all such trifling surroundings, and lived in a higher and purer atmosphere of noble resolve and lofty endeavor. But I have promised to make no excuses for her, so I shall proceed and boldly unfold her further folly, trusting that you may kindly bear in mind the fact that my pen is only dealing with very commonplace people indeed.

If Levi had but once asked her if all were well — if she were quite content in her new life, in many respects so much harder than the one she had left — she would probably have immediately bared her foolish, aching heart to him, and thereby have amazed him exceedingly. But as the time went on, and he showed so little interest in her state of mind, she learned after a fashion to accept her daily life as it came. Her mother-in-law was always cheerful and kind, but like all the rest *never noticed*; and as for her own mother, this young thing, though yet so undisciplined and foolish, had still enough of the real wife instinct to try to keep these annoyances from her.

So the daily toil of two summers had passed, with the weary days of one winter

between, — slow, dragging days, filled up by the never-ceasing round of helping to prepare breakfast, dinner, and tea; and then with the patchwork and the rag-carpet making of the farm's leisure hours to vary the awful monotony, when Mercy's mother suddenly died, leaving the much-mortgaged farm to her daughter. And after the first great grief was over, Mercy, to tell the truth, hailed her removal to her early home as an escape from bondage; beginning her life there with a lighter heart than had beaten in her breast for months.

And through this very change her husband came to know something of what he would else probably not have learned in years, if ever.

III.

THEY were jogging along the dusty road one Saturday, on their return from market in Smyrna, — now quite alone, and in the old buggy that had belonged to the departed widow, — when Levi suddenly said, after regarding his wife for some time, "Why, Mercy, I declare for it! You look brighter, somehow, than for ever so long, in spite of your mother's death. Do you know, you've looked sort of down for a while, now I come to think of it? What's been the matter?"

And he flicked the bay mare with a motion slow as all his movements were, and quietly waited for a reply. He supposed his wife would complain of some slight physical ailment, too trifling to be mentioned, but which now that it was apparently over, might not unprofitably be discussed without risk of undue complaining, — a weakness the more to be dreaded and avoided among the really Spartan-like farmers.

But no reply coming, and no sound being heard but the steady jog-trot of the old mare, he turned again to Mercy, and saw her do a most extraordinary thing, — saw her suddenly burst into a torrent of rushing tears! He had seen her weep over her mother's body before it was forever laid away from her, and he had respected that natural and most correct demonstration of feeling; but

now that that was all over, what was there to weep for? She had had her cry out then, — why repeat it? But perhaps, after all, he immediately reflected, this might be only an indication of the weakness she was still somewhat suffering from, and which she would no doubt soon disclose to him. Often people who had been ailing some time wept easily. So he let her cry on unchecked, and presently her sobs grew shorter and softer, and she stammered out between them, "Levi, I did n't mean to cry, but oh! you don't know, — you don't know!"

"What don't I know? If it's anything I ought to know, do tell me, Mercy!" he said in as gentle a tone as possible, thinking all the while of her probable indisposition. He even went so far as to actually pat her flaming cheeks, while he let the reins drop unheeded from his hands. Mercy sighed, but did not respond to the caress. She however gained courage to meet his appeal, but in a very disjointed and, it must be confessed rather unsatisfactory fashion. "O Levi, I suppose you don't think I've had anything to bear since I married you!"

The look of utter amazement in Levi's face brought the retreating flush anew into hers, but she continued, in a choking voice:

"You have n't even cared what I did, or what I thought, or even how I looked! If I only followed your mother about all day, and helped in the house and the dairy all the time till I was ready to sink with weariness, it was all right, I suppose, though you've never even told me I was a good wife or a good daughter-in-law. Not even as much as that! You don't know what a comfort a little petting is sometimes! And — Levi — now you've asked me, I might as well tell you that I've felt a little hard that you never, in all the long months we have been married — have never once offered me — one cent of mon — money!"

This word of five letters proved an awful mouthful to poor Mercy, but was, after two or three hitches and halts and stammerings, finally thrust out beyond the little white teeth, carrying consternation enough to him against whom it was hurled. He however

simply stared vacantly at the vehement breathless speaker.

"Yes! if I'd been a hired girl, I should have my regular wages, but, but—I was only *your wife*,"—with inexpressible bitterness,—"*I was only your wife*, and so was n't supposed to need any."

Her smooth red lips curled scornfully as the long-nursed resentment broke forth, which had at last the effect of rousing her slow husband. So he interrupted, turning squarely about on the seat, and leaving the steady mare to her own sweet will for guidance, "Mercy, what—do—you mean?"

Angry, Mercy replied quickly enough, "I mean what I say, Levi!"

"Mercy, I cannot see why you haven't been treated just as well and had just as much as any other young farmer's wife. You knew what to expect when you married me?"

"I know it, and that's the reason, I suppose, I've never complained before! And I should n't have today, only you said I looked happier now, when I've just lost my own good mother, than I have for ever so long. If I do—and I hope dear mother'll forgive me if it's so!—it's because I'm in my own house and am my own mistress now."

"You called me neglectful and said something about *money*, Mercy. What did you want money for? You've had everything necessary, and you know we aint rich people, to waste *cash* on unnecessary things!"

"That's just it, Levi! That's just what's hurt me so! You've never thought I *wanted anything*! I really do think I'd've been contented to wear my old shabby things, and *never* have anything new, if you'd even noticed! No! you'd just as soon have me go shabby as any other way, and may be dirty too, though, thank fortune! I always thought too much of myself to do so! You've got some mourning for me, I know, but even so I did n't have the selection of my things. Your mother bought me goods I would n't have bought for myself at all!"

"O, Mercy, Mercy! don't you know that was a time when you would n't care to go shopping?"

Levi it was, now, who was flushed and agitated, and, yes—weeping! Not as Mercy wept, with heaving breast and gasping breath; but with great silent tears standing in his big blue eyes, and with his pale lips twitching convulsively as he essayed to speak. Good was it that the country road was deserted just then. There had else been a choice bit of gossip for a passing neighbor to retail on the morrow.

"And you thought now you're in your own home, you'd have a better chance"—he stopped short, unable to say more. His eyes that were but now wet became dry, and shone with a flame such as flashes only from the blue orbs of slow natures when once roused. Yes! he was angry indeed with the angry wife at his side. Much was said, by both, of most foolish and wicked recrimination—much that, as is done in most such cases, were far better left unsaid—before the white farm-house was reached; and still they came to no better understanding. Mercy leaped sullenly from the buggy before her husband could offer his help, and went indoors to begin the preparation of their frugal tea.

Quick, however, as she had been in getting off her "things," and getting on the long apron to keep tidy her black dress, she found Levi had been before her, as she entered the broad low-ceiled kitchen, and had already lighted the fire in the shining cooking-stove. She wanted to thank him for this thoughtfulness,—for she had already had time for a small amount of reflection on her own burst of passion, and for a somewhat larger share of shame thereat,—but she was still too sore and sullen to confess herself at all in the wrong. That coming meal was a most wretched one for both; a mere mockery of a meal, whose every mouthful seemed to choke the silent pair at table. How unspeakably oppressive is a *tête à tête* under such circumstances! Probably neither Levi nor Mercy had ever speculated on such matters, but each felt the dread constraint of the other's presence quite as much as if they had read volumes of psychological treatises.

Once the tea-things were put away, and

Mercy could sit by herself alone to think the trouble over, she felt even yet more miserable, and did not see how matters could very well be mended. For what husband could stand such petty accusations? She quite forgot whatever might have been said on the other side, as well as all that had gone before to call forth her bitterness; and so forgetting, showed some of the true womanhood that was really lying undeveloped in her uncultivated heart. The agitations of the past hours were causing to peep forth a feeble life, almost invisible as yet, but which should perhaps expand, and grow, and reach a beautiful maturity as time passed on.

When Levi came in presently, bringing the brimming pails from the evening milking, she was standing in the open door, sadly watching the dying glory of the western sky. As he passed her on his return from the milk-room, she involuntarily turned her gaze towards him, and their eyes met. Not a word was said, but two strong arms were put around the little figure that stood there in the sunset light, drawing it to its rightful place against the slow heart that was but now awakening to all the joys and pains of marital love. Soon the tear-stains were effaced by kisses, and words full of self-reproach for past neglects issued from lips that had so short a time ago returned reproofs for wifely complaints. Levi's great brain had never contained so clear and sharply defined a thought as the one it held now — the thought of how he loved his little Mercy, his own little wife.

The bonds of habit and dull practical life that had so long bound these two young souls each in its separate prison were now sundered, and there came a sweet rushing together, all the sweeter for its long deferral. They lingered on in the delicious softness of the early summer evening, long after the last red rays of daylight had departed, full of plans for a better and a happier future.

The hated money question was looked fully in face — and scared out of sight by the now united pair. Now that Mercy saw that all her little covetings would be at least considered, she was quite as eager to subdue them as was

her husband. For had they not a purpose in saving the farm's earnings? That mortgage still hung over them, and might, if they did nothing to remove it, by-and-by cut off the home with its keen relentless edge.

So they resolved, during that evening of blessed peace and reconciliation, to strain every nerve to avert such a catastrophe. They would do without any help whatever on the farm, and put by every cent it brought in. "And you shall have all the management of the milk, dear," whispered the now eager, devoted husband, "and shall lay away all the money they pay us for it from the new cheese factory, and we will see when the time for our next payment comes which can do most towards wiping out the debt."

Stimulated to such loving rivalry, these young farmers found the remaining days of that bright summer passing all too quickly; no thought of wrong doing as yet entering into any schemes for the future. Wrong did I say? Ah, yes, — a mean, a petty, a despicable wrong was done on that farm before the coming year drew to a close.

IV.

SUMMER had gone, and close on its heels passed the brief but beautiful autumn with its shortening days, — days all too short for the many housewifely preparations for the long, cruel winter hurrying towards them. And Mercy worked and sung all the day long about her often wearisome duties, steadfast in her earnest endeavor to make the very most of the life arranged for her. Changed indeed was she from the girl we first saw on her marriage day!

Nor was the change unnoticed by outsiders. The elder Morses often complacently told each other that "Mercy was just the wife for Levi, after all"; and that the "young folks" would be very "well off" sometime, if they only kept on in the good way in which they had started. And the old pastor in his occasional visits did not fail to observe not only the harmonious domestic life, but as well the new air of thrift that beautified the old farm. And one day, as he was taking tea with them,

he gave utterance to his appreciation of the change in this fashion :

Clearing his throat with the nervous hem ! hem ! habitual to him, he said — thereby arresting his listener in the act of filling his cup the second time, "Sister Mercy, I feel impelled — hem ! — to say something to you that 's been in my mind some time." She paused, with the brown delf tea-pot uplifted, regardless of a possible overflow on the spotless cloth from the already brimming cup, and with her great brown eyes fixed on the preacher's placid face, listened eagerly to what was to follow. "Hem ! hem !" again coughed Mr. Morrow : "I must say, that in all my long ministerial experience I have never seen a girl develop faster into a blessed healthy womanhood than you are doing ! May you continue thus to grow in grace, my child !"

As he spoke, little flushes mounted higher and higher on Mercy's face, and now, as he concluded his kind words, a whole crimson tide surged over it, completely sweeping away any words of reply. But he resumed, "I wouldn't say this, mind, to every young woman, but I have watched you and believe you're of the sort that is benefited by a little praise."

Levi's face expanded gradually into the happiest of smiles, his blue eyes glowing with feeling as he interrupted his pastor : "You're right, every time, Parson, when you praise my little wife. She's the best little woman ever a man had, and may be —" here his voice dropped to a tone of sadness, and the light went out of his great ruddy face — "may be she'd have been a great deal better if I'd learned to appreciate her sooner."

"Hush ! hush ! Levi, don't talk so !" interrupted the flushed object of these eulogiums, who went on stammeringly, "I thank you, sir, for your very kind words, and I hope — I — shall never do anything to make you repent them !"

The growth of excitement culminated in a sob which startled the good pastor not a little. "I did 'nt know she had such an emotional nature," he said within himself, "or I should have prepared her a little for what I

had to say. However, I think I have done no harm. She will often think that others are watching her, and approving all her efforts to keep on in the good way, and I believe appreciation is as necessary to one like her as sunshine is to a flower."

Not long after, he took his leave, but he left a blessed remembrance behind him that helped these young workers through many days.

The long winter set in, shutting Levi and Mercy up in the old farmhouse, for the most part, for weeks together. And while the storm howled outside, or the snow drifted around windows and doors, these young people became drawn all the more closely to each other. Every old book the house afforded was re-read by them, in the hours free from the daily routine of work ; and sometimes even a stranger was introduced and enjoyed through the kindness of some friendly neighbor of similar proclivities. And often they would make glowing plans for the future, in that restful period succeeding the last payment on the mortgage. The old house should then receive its many and needed repairs, both outside and in, in order to make it more like the few pleasant homes in the village with whose interiors they were acquainted. And in that much-looked-forward-to time, Mercy should have new clothes and "fancy fixings," such as the ladies in Smyrna wore.

These, it is needless to say, were Levi's plans, acquiesced in rather silently by his now patient wife. "I want to see you dressed as well as any of them," he would say sometimes ; "for I know you'd become the finery just as well as the best. It seems as though I could n't do work fast enough for you. I tell you, Mercy, you are my one ambition. I feel sometimes as if I could even *sin* for you."

"No danger of your doing that, Levi," she replied softly, and he changed the conversation at once. His slow nature had been thoroughly roused in one direction, and to that one all the energies of his being were directed.

An early spring came on apace. The sud-

den melting of the snows swelled the little river that flowed by the Bonney farm, till it broke its bounds and swept over the low-lying meadows, carrying devastation to many an adjacent property. Several of Levi's sheep with even a larger number of young lambs were drowned in this small flood. Then a contagious disease broke out among the cows, rendering several unfit for present use. Such losses, to small farmers like the Morses, were by no means inconsiderable. Besides, the prices of farm-products had been lower than the year preceding; while the reverse was true of the commodities for which these products had to pay. So, altogether, the financial outlook for this ambitious young couple was not of the most hopeful.

And Levi began to go about with a depressed air, which even Mercy's little attentions often failed to dispel; though she tried to persuade herself that it was caused by his old headaches, which of late had occurred at more frequent intervals and lasted much longer than ever before.

V.

APRIL, May, and June passed, and now another July was come, and the whole country lay blazing in the midsummer sunshine.

Mercy was sitting, one still, sultry afternoon, on the broad stone step that led up to the low kitchen L, trifling with some delicate, filmy knitting that looked small even in her little hands. The sunshine filtered over her in patches of golden glory, through the spaces in the old "popples" that formed a leafy avenue from the house to the gate.

And Mr. Morrow, as he slowly passed up that avenue, thought with a strange sinking of the heart, what a shame to have to intrude thus on the peaceful summer scene as the bearer of such an ugly message. "Oh! the pity of it, the pity of it!" he sighed.

Her quick ears caught the measured footfall on the hard gravel path, and she looked up smilingly from her dainty work. Then rising quickly and thrusting the worsted into some concealed pocket, she advanced with a light step to meet her beloved pastor.

"How little she looks like one who could descend to a mean and dishonest action!" He sighed again, as he walked slowly on. Never in all his pastorate had a harder task been imposed upon him. To come here to threaten this peaceful house with disgrace, its inmates with the contempt of their church and community!

And I greatly fear that had not Brother Meacham been sitting in the old gig yonder, in which he had brought the all-too-unwilling pastor to perform his disagreeable duty, that duty had gone unperformed, at least for this one day. Ah, how, how should he harden his heart for the wretched task? He looked up and the sunshine seemed losing its brightness; the air seemed stifling and heavy, that but now had been clear and delicious, full as it was of sweet country sounds and odors. Mercy was beside him before he could decide how to open the matter, and shyly shaking his hand, and saying she was so glad to see him, and of course he had come to stay to tea?

He shook his head slowly and gazed gravely into the open face that certainly must be a clear mask did it hide any shameful secret. She led him on, thinking to open the closed "front door" and admit him to the faded glories of the little used parlor; but he motioned to her that he would prefer to share her lately quitted lowly seat, so she sat down again beside him, only thinking his behavior a little unusual, but of course he was tired, and then he was growing old. She had never seen him look so weary, and old, and gray as today, — and she wondered suddenly in her heart if he were not beginning to "break up," as elderly people do.

"But he is not old enough for that yet," she added in her thought, as she again addressed him. "That seems such a hard seat, after you've been so long in the sun. Won't you come in, sir?"

"This seat is quite comfortable enough, child, and I cannot remain long today."

"What! You've not come to tea?"

He shook his head again, and pointed to the gig at the gate, which Mercy had not before noticed.

"At least, then, let me run in, sir, and get you a glass of milk and some cakes."

"No, no; just sit down by me again, Mrs. Morse." — *Mrs. Morse!* It had always been "Sister Mercy," before. — "I have something to say to you, which I trust I shall soon be able to begin. No, don't mind me!" as she began to show signs of real anxiety at seeing him so unlike his usual self. How his hand trembled, and how pale his face showed in the flickering light as he sat there! She was wondering what she should do suppose he were to be taken suddenly ill, when he again addressed her.

"My poor child, God knows I don't want to say what I have to now."

She shivered at his solemn tone, and looked at him intently as he went on. "I might as well though now, I suppose without further reason or explanation; but believe me, it is one of the bitterest duties that God and the church has ever imposed upon me, and if it had not been proven, beyond a doubt, it seems to me, that you had done this mean, dishonest thing, could I even hint it to you?"

Was her pastor crazy? He must be, or he would never make such blind charges to her. She "mean" and "dishonest"! What could be the meaning of such insinuations? She rose with tottering limbs and surveyed him with blazing eyes, her breath coming fast and unevenly, and her lips and cheeks growing whiter momentarily. He waited for her to speak, not trusting his eyes in her direction.

"I shall be too soft with her if I look at her," he thought, "but why does n't she meet me half-way in this bad business? She must divine what I mean!"

As if in direct answer to his thoughts, she said excitedly, "I do not know what you are talking about, Mr. Morrow, and I suspect you must be dreaming, or worse. You are my pastor and so I owe you all respect; but if you were not, I should this minute go inside that door, and leave you to take yourself and your insults home very speedily!"

"Stop!" said the pastor, also rising, and towering above her in all the erectness of his earlier years. "Do you think I, your pastor,

would willingly insult you? Recall, if you can, the words of praise that pastor spoke to you not so long ago, when he believed you the very pattern of Christian womanhood, and think, if you can, that I could rebuke you needlessly. No, Mercy Morse, you have done that which the tenderest pastor could not pass over. Besides, the church has to deal with you in this matter. If it were only a bigger crime — a less despicable fault — I could speak to you better."

"Tell me quickly, sir, if you have any compassion, what you mean. There must be at least some awful misunderstanding, that I may be able to make right." She tried to be calm, as she continued, with perhaps just a touch of the old scorn which she had not shown in so many months now. "If my husband were here, he would not permit even his minister to say twice what you have said!"

"Your husband! Your poor husband!" groaned the parson. "He comes of too upright a family to bear this disgrace easily!"

"What do you say? Why do you not tell me, as I begged you, what this all means?"

"I cannot say it, since you persist in ignoring it all."

She clasped her fingers together and worked them with a swaying motion full of anguish, while her accuser buried his agitated face in his hands a moment, and then hastily removing it, called out in a loud but shaken voice, "Brother Meacham! Brother Meacham! Come here a moment," then to her, "He will tell you."

"Don't, please! *don't* call a stranger here!" pleaded the now wildly excited girl, — but, too late, for already the Deacon's burly form was seen approaching.

He did not feel any resentment at being awakened from a delicious doze under the shadow of the tall trees at the gate; being pervaded with the pleasant consciousness of an opportunity to fire some of the swelling platitudes with which he was always well-primed at a sinner. So on he came, softly rubbing his fat hands together and thinking, "I may be the instrument of some little good to this darkened soul!" The poor weak

parson turned to him, begging him to say the dreaded thing to this panting creature, brought to bay here on her own threshold by her swift pursuers.

The Deacon saluted her, clearing his mighty throat the while, and spoke. "Deluded sister, we cannot err in this world without the Lord seeing us and sending certain and swift retribution, even, often, in the very act of the commission of our sin."

Torture most exquisite did he add to that already heaped upon the young soul, as she stood there with parted lips, staring eyes, and a figure trembling with suppressed emotion. Her pastor groaned afresh and thought, "He must hasten, or she will give way entirely. I might have known the brother would want to preach a little first." So he begged the Deacon to come at once to the point. This he did in the blandly cheerful manner in which most of us can bear another's burdens.

"Madam, it is our most painful duty to inform you that the managers of the Vaca cheese factory find that *watered milk* has been constantly served them from this farm for months."

"There must be some mistake," she murmured faintly, her whole frame swaying as she spoke.

"No mistake, poor, misguided sister. Different farms were suspected, and their milk tested, but always with the same result. That from this dairy was the *only* milk that showed adulteration."

She made no effort now to deny the charge, but stood before them, a guilty, convicted thing, they thought, as the deacon continued, "We knew you had all the care of the milk, even to receivin' the payments from the factory, for you often boasted of it to your pastor,"—"Ah! Ah!" sighed Mr. Morrow at this allusion,— "and besides, you told him how anxious you were to make as much money as your husband, to pay off the mortgage on the farm. So you see, poor, foolish, sinful woman, it was this same worldly ambition that led you into most miserable daily sin."

He did not reflect on his own "worldly

ambitions" in his cheerful undertaker's establishment in the village, nor how, when his mournful services were in demand, he lengthened out the list of items, thus swelling the already heavy bills of clients too overwhelmed with the grief of their recent bereavements even to think of questioning them. If he had, he would probably have said that was all legitimate business, and honest, of course; but this was not. As he continued, his fat, mellow voice took the same oily tones as when at a funeral, where he reigned supreme, he informed the assembled people that "an opportunity would now be given to view the remains." And even the poor weak parson, who had far better given himself a little more trouble than exposed their culprit to so vulgar an ordeal, thought the interview should be ended, and thus hinted, adding, as he turned to the girl they were about to leave:

"Sister, — I call you so, perhaps, for the last time, — we must go and leave you to your own reflections. But it is a part of my duty to tell you that a meeting of the session is to be called to inquire into the matter, and that if your delinquency is satisfactorily proved, your name will for a time at least be erased from the list of members of my church!"

She screamed outright at this, all her previous suppressed agony gaining vent at such an unlooked for disgrace. And she ran from them, stopping not till she had hidden herself in the thick shrubbery beyond the adjacent kitchen garden. There she lay, prone on the green turf, noting nothing, the roll of retreating wheels, nor the cheerful sounds of animal life about the farm, nor yet the rapidly fading daylight. Till, by and by she felt a light touch on her shoulder, and heard an anxious voice say, "Mercy, dear! what are you here for? Mercy! Mercy!"

Then she looked up and saw the face of her husband bending over her, wonder and anxiety expressed in every feature. At sight of him her sobs ceased, and she regarded him steadily, almost coldly for the moment, as a multitude of bitter feelings crowded in

on her. And with them came that most awful, most bitter thought of all, how he had caused all this! Why, oh! why, had he committed this meanest of all hypocrisies and dishonesties?

But even in that first terrible moment she did not confront him with his fault. She only gazed at him as though to read his inmost soul. But she must tell him all soon, to account for the strange place and position in which he had found her, if for no other reason.

Meanwhile he quite gently raised her to her feet, and placing one strong arm about her, led her towards the house. "She will tell me what the matter is before long," he thought, as they passed silently on and entered the quiet house, where, though long past the usual hour for their evening meal, no preparations for it had yet been made.

When they reached the familiar kitchen, the place of so many of Mercy's accustomed labors, the sight of the still unlighted hearth and unspread table made her break down afresh. Dropping into the little low chair by the window that overlooked the village road, where she had spent so many tranquil hours in quiet needlework or in reading some treasured book, she rocked herself to and fro, sobbing in the hysterical manner of such natures under long stress of misery.

Levi, more distressed than ever, knelt before her and took one little cold hand after the other, rubbing them gently and hushing her much as a loving mother would hush an over-weary child. After one or two faint attempts to withdraw them, she let them there remain, while she tried to control her now almost exhausted nerves. Presently she spoke brokenly, and began to tell him of the sad visit of the afternoon. When she reached the point where the Deacon made the real accusation she stopped, and again steadfastly regarded her husband with those great soft eyes from whose gaze his had never before been averted. He groaned and buried his head in her lap, when they both again became silent.

Moments passed thus, neither heeding the dusky shadows that filled first the distant

corners, and then crept gradually over the whole room, as night came rapidly on.

How different was this from that other trouble, which had seemed to be the beginning of a new life for them both,—that scene which now seemed so trifling, in view of their present shameful sorrow, as they remained, silent and immovable, in nearly the same spot where they had, they thought, begun to understand each other better.

Like the ghost of a voice sounded Mercy's, when finally she said resolutely, "I shall bear it as well as I can, Levi, and let them do what they will with me." As he made a movement of dissent, "I *must*, my husband, for *I* have no one to be shamed by my disgrace in the community! If *you* were"—how he winced and trembled as she pronounced that fatal *you*!—"to have to bear it, it might kill your mother and father. They have always been so upright and honorable! And then your good, industrious brothers! What girl would marry them, if it were kn—supposed, I mean,—"*she faltered in spite of herself as she continued, "that their brother had been—so—miserable a cheat—as—to water the milk he sold from his farm?"*

"O Mercy, my wife, what—what do you mean?" In the obscurity, no one could have seen her face, had there been a witness to this scene, and even the poor prostrate husband was spared that faintest tinge of contempt that *would* mar the great love there depicted.

"I mean, Levi, that if *I* am found guilty of such an act—doubly base from its small meanness—and turned out of the church,"—another wretched groan and writhing from her companion,—"*there will be nobody to mind very much. You know it would n't be at all the same thing to your parents as if the—trouble had come to you; and besides—*—with another shade of her inborn fine scorn,—"*they would have the sympathy of every one, that their son had been so taken in in his wife.*"

"Don't! Mercy, don't!"

"As to what I shall do afterward, God only knows. I do not feel as if I could go on liv-

ing in the face of so much contempt, but then, one never knows what one can endure till the trial comes. But — after our child is born — how — can — I bear it?" The composure she had maintained so far seemed about to desert her, but she rallied and went on: "I have been thinking it all out, as we have been together tonight, going through such agony, and this way seems the best. How glad I am, now, that I have no brother or sister to be ashamed of me! No, Levi, it is best so!" as he tried to change her determination. "Do not tell me anything, and don't say anything to any one else, and all will be well — as well as it can be for me ever again in this world. It could n't be any different, whatever you might say now. Hush!" placing her finger on his lip as he tried to speak. "Not a word! Only keep a brave front, my husband!" And so she talked on, till a late hour, feeling neither hunger nor weariness, in her great excitement.

How that night, and the next day, and the days and nights succeeding, passed, Mercy and Levi could not have told. They went about their duties in a dumb misery shocking to each other. The elder Moses did not fail to add by their reproaches to the already heavy enough burden of their daughter-in-law. They could not have done less, honest bodies as they were, when they learned of such despicable dishonesty in one who had been received into their upright family.

"But, child," said the good old mother, during the course of a plain conversation with Mercy upon the subject, "if you can only show a becoming spirit of repentance for your fault and of submission to the rebukes of the church, you may still be forgiven and retained among its members!" But she succeeded in getting no such promise from the unfortunate girl, and left her quite convinced that to a sinful she added a hard heart.

And the day came in which she must appear before the session; but not in the old church where she had given her vows to the husband to whom she was now to show herself so much more truly, so much more sadly, faithful than most women to their life companions. It was in the "session house" —

a hideous afterthought of the church — where such meetings were held, as well as the weekly gatherings for prayer of the village folk of that faith. So to her, a farm-bred girl, this blank, bare room had no associations whatever to draw upon the fund of strength she brought to her great trial.

She had begged of Levi to remain away, urging him thereto the more strongly on the score of his physical suffering. For to add to the agony caused by the mental struggle going on within him, came that headache which, indeed, during these latter days, had hardly left him for an hour. If he had not been just what he was, — a stoical young yeoman, who had been taught above all things to make light of physical ailments, he would long ago have sought medical advice for what was really growing to be a serious trouble. He had, however, remained obstinate, and was by her side as she sat before her accusers on that afternoon whose sad memory should remain with her to the last moment of her conscious existence.

As Mr. Morrow listened to the remarks and questions of the different church officers, and observed that their object either remained perfectly silent, or replied that she had no defense to make, he began like others to think her character had been deceptive from the first. For that she should, through a mercenary temptation, commit so mean a fault was bad enough, but that now it was discovered she should retain so sullen and unfeeling a manner was far worse. So he buckled on his armor against the old pleasant memories of the Mercy he had once fondly thought her, and prepared for a by no means measured denunciation of her sin. Two or three times in the course of the investigation Levi had tried to rise, his features working strangely, and his body trembling violently in the effort. But as often his calmer wife had restrained him gently but firmly.

And now the parson rose, coughing in the old nervous way that recalled in a moment to Mercy that happy day when he had praised her so, and motioned her to stand also.

"Mercy Morse," — he regarded her cold-

ly, as he uttered her name, — “Mercy Morse, you have been called here more in the effort on the part of those who look after the spiritual welfare of the members of this house of Zion to bring you to a proper feeling of contrition for a dastardly sin, not only against those who have money dealings with you, but against, as well, yourself, your family, your church, and your God; you have been called here, I say, more in the effort to make you see your fault, confess it, and abandon it forever, than to bring about any other punishment for it than such feelings of repentance and sorrow. But since, alas! this pious investigation seems to have no such result, and your heart seems hard as that of Pharaoh when he hardened himself against the children of God, there appears no other course than to take extreme measures with a soul so steeped in petty sin. Hence it becomes my sad and solemn duty to inform you that your name will no more appear upon the roll of members of this church, nor will you be admitted to the table of our Lord, at the times of our Holy Communion in remembrance of Him.”

Here Levi made another visible effort to rise but was again kept in his seat by his wretched wife. “But,” continued the minister, his voice softening in spite of himself, “I must add a word of pastoral counsel to a sinner who once seemed one of the shining lights in the temple of the Lord — *once seemed*, I say, before she was led to commit so unspeakably detestable a sin as that of which we find her guilty.”

“No! No!” shouted a hoarse voice, — and Levi was at last on his feet, his whole frame swaying to and fro, as he gripped the bench before him, while his great blue eyes gleamed like orbs of liquid fire from out his ashen, haggard face, “Anything but that!” “Hush!” interposed Brother Meacham, “don’t interrupt your good pastor, dear brother. Hear what he has to say to your erring partner.”

Levi had, through these slow, measured tones, been trying to speak again, and now burst in, his rugged voice quite drowning the oily one of the Deacon, “You are all doing a wicked, heartless thing!” He noticed not

the stir his rude speech had caused, but went on, almost shouting in the intensity of his passion, “a wicked thing, brethren, and I a more wicked one in permitting the best wife ever God gave to an undeserving husband to be abused as you have abused her today. Coward that I have been, I will be so no longer!”

“Levi! Levi!” came in broken tones from the wife, who had hitherto preserved so remarkable a composure, but was now sobbing uncontrollably, as she stepped from the bench, and so, kneeling, clutched at Levi’s clothing, trying to drag him into his seat again. “Levi! Levi! stop before it is too late,” she went on in a struggling whisper, to which, however, the object of her pleading gave not the slightest heed.

By this time the dignity of the meeting was quite at an end. One deacon whispered to another, and all stared at the strangely excited young man before them, who continued rapidly, “I am the only one to blame in this despicable business! My losses had been considerable, and I knew no way to make them good. And I did so want to earn a little for my cherished wife!” Stifling a deep, choking sob, he went on, “In a moment of weakness the temptation came to me to cheat in a way I foolishly thought would never be discovered — and this — this — is the result,” pointing to the sorrowing figure at his feet. “Through all these days of misery since parson’s visit to my poor wife, not a reproach has passed her lips. And I ask you, elders, deacons, parson, and all, could one of you do what she has done? Could you like her bear the reproach of uncommitted sin to shield another who had more friends than she to blush for his wrong doing?”

He tottered suddenly, his hands relaxed their grasp on the bench, and before his agonized wife could reach him he fell back heavily across the seat behind him. That face but now working so violently with concentrated emotion at once became rigid and ghastly, the blue eyes staring unknowingly upward.

Every one crowded around him at once,

this one and that making each a different suggestion, while the poor wife lifted his head on her lap and gently loosened the collar and cravat to give free passage to the struggling, stertorous breath. In a few moments a physician who lived close at hand appeared, and rapidly examined the now unconscious man.

"I can do nothing for him," said he presently to the minister. "He has ruptured a blood vessel at the base of the brain, and death will only be a question of a few moments."

A low wail came from poor Mercy, as she bent still lower over that face that should never more light up at word or look of hers, while she tried in vain to pierce those deaf ears with whispered words of tenderness. The doctor pointed to a faint purple tinge beginning at the back of the neck, and now passing swiftly toward the front, in confirmation of his statement. "It is best not to try to move him. It would do no good," he added; so they dispatched a messenger to the

Morse farm to bring the poor parents and brothers to watch the end of that young life. But before they could arrive, that life had fled, and the poor body, now at rest, was lying in the darkened parlor of the old parsonage; while in another room of the pastor's dwelling lay the wife, passing from one swoon to another with the feebleness of a mind and body exhausted by sore suffering.

From the long illness that succeeded her trouble, Mercy rallied only at the sound of a little voice that wailed forth a call for her to return to life and usefulness.

She lived, but went not back to the farm again. That farm was taken by one of her brothers-in-law, who would by and by bring home a helpmeet in his new ambitions. So she remained for the present in the peaceful home of the minister, whose kind-hearted wife gave her many a useful suggestion as to the care of the little, tender bit of human kind God had committed to her charge.

Sybil Russell Bogue.

NEBRASKA.

THE long train rushes westward through the night,
 The deep-breathed pulsings soothe to sleep; but late
 Half rousing, from our window, lone and great
 We see the New World rolled before our sight.
 The solemn brightness of the moon's still light
 Reveals the snow-swept plains on stretching straight;
 The vastness sinks us first as with a weight,
 Then raises to strange premonition bright.
 For lo! along the south, the foot-hills rise;
 Here sloping low, there high with bowldered tops,
 Far circling now, now sweeping boldly near,
 They ever seem beneath their windy skies
 To run a phantom race that never stops,
 Till in far mountain heights they disappear.

Dell Dowler Ringeling.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

As late as the spring of 1835 no habitation had yet been built where the city of San Francisco now stands. Few Americans had ever visited the place, and these came in trading vessels, which only occasionally and sometimes at intervals of many days found entrance into the beautiful harbor. Leaving part of their crew to guard their vessels these traders would visit the fort at the Presidio, or push inland to the Mission Dolores and the interior to purchase hides and wool. No steamer had ever ploughed these waters. The seals that now haunt the rocks at the Cliff House roamed unmolested from Fort Point to Telegraph Hill. The coyote held undisputed possession of the sand dunes that extended from the Presidio to North Beach. The waters of the bay washed the shore as far inland as Montgomery Street in some places. The population of California at this period was 23,000, only 4,000 of whom were whites, and the rest Indians.

In the year 1835 Captain W. A. Richardson put up a shanty in Yerba Buena — as we shall have to call San Francisco until January 30, 1847, when Washington Bartlett (not the late governor, but a lieutenant in the navy, afterwards conspicuous as the father of the heroine of the diamond wedding in New York) first officially announced as alcalde the change in name from Yerba Buena to San Francisco.¹

1 AN ORDINANCE.

Whereas, the local name of Yerba Buena, as applied to the settlement or town of San Francisco, is unknown beyond the district; and has been applied from the local name of the cove on which the town is built; therefore to prevent confusion and mistakes in public documents, and that the town may have the advantage of the name given on the public map;

It is hereby ordained that the name of San Francisco shall hereafter be used in all official communications and public documents, or records appertaining to the town.

WASH. A. BARTLETT,
Chief Magistrate.

Published by order.

J. G. T. DUNLEAVY,
Municipal Clerk.

This shanty of Captain Richardson's was the only human habitation in what is now San Francisco, and was the first house ever erected here. Its site is on the west side of Kearny Street, between Clay and Washington Streets. Jacob P. Leese, a pioneer of 1833, took up his residence in Yerba Buena in 1836, celebrating the completion of his house on the 4th of July of that year by a grand party and ball. The site of his house is on the southwest corner of Dupont and Clay Streets.

On April 15th, 1838, the first child, Rosalie Leese, was born in Yerba Buena.

Mr. Leese bought from the Hudson Bay Company the first piece of land deeded to an American in Yerba Buena. It was situated on the southwest corner of Commercial and Montgomery Streets, and the brick building erected thereon stood the terrible conflagration of May 4th, 1851. It was purchased by James King of William, and his banking-house was located thereon. The first brick pavement ever put down in San Francisco was in front of this bank. Mr. Leese also bought the lot where the Lick House now stands for thirty-two dollars, in 1839. Lots twenty-five by one hundred feet were then selling for twenty-five dollars.

In this year Governor Alvarado sent an order to Francisco Haro, who was then alcalde of San Francisco, to have a survey taken of the plain and cove of Yerba Buena. Captain Juan Vioget, in the fall of that year, made the first regular survey of the place, which included that part of the present city that is bounded by Pacific Street on the north, Sacramento Street on the south, Montgomery Street on the east, and Dupont Street on the west.

The records show that as late as February, 1839, there was no jail at Yerba Buena.

A census taken in 1842 showed the population for the jurisdiction of San Francisco, which included the Mission Dolores, Pre-

sidio, and Yerba Buena, to be 196, divided as follows :

Men	76
Women.....	42
Boys	42
Girls	36
—196	

As late as the year 1844 the population of Yerba Buena itself did not exceed fifty souls, and there were only twelve houses in the place. In the next four years the population poured in rapidly, so that in April, 1848, it numbered one thousand, and there were nearly two hundred buildings. Of these one hundred and thirty-five were dwellings, ten unfinished houses, twelve stores and warehouses, and thirty-five shanties.

The first paper ever published in California was *The Californian*, printed at Monterey by Colton and Semple. In the second number of this paper, published Saturday, August 22, 1846, we find Yerba Buena spelt as one word, with *buena* spelt *buno*. Some idea of the length of time it then took for the mail to reach Monterey, the chief city of Upper California, may be obtained from the following advertisement :

“ Proposals for carrying a Mail from Monterey to Yerbabuno, there and back, once a week, will be received at this office until the first day of September, as follows : On horse back, leave Monterey on Saturday morning and arrive at Yerbabuno before Tuesday night ; leave Yerbabuno on Wednesday morning, and arrive at Monterey before Friday night. Compensation paid quarterly.

“ Address R. Semple, Monterey.”

The first paper published in Yerba Buena was *The California Star*, which made its first appearance January 7th, 1847, and was published by Samuel Brannan.

By order of General Kearney, Military Governor of California, an important sale of valuable real estate in San Francisco, Upper California, was held July 20, 1847. There were four hundred and fifty water lots sold, which brought all the way from fifty to one hundred dollars each. The price of these lots today would be many times more per foot than the entire lot cost in the early days.

The name of San Francisco, as we have already seen, was not officially given to what

was first called Yerba Buena until January 30, 1847. The city of Benicia was originally named Francisca, and took its present name on March 20, 1847, to avoid confusion.

The first school was opened April 3d, 1848, and to Mr. James Nevins is due the credit of being the father of our public schools.

We now come to the great event in the history of California, which transformed it in a few months from an obscure territory to the talk of the civilized world — the discovery of gold. The only man who seems to have kept a diary in which the exact date of this event was recorded was H. W. Bigler, who now lives in Utah. According to his diary the date of the discovery of gold by James W. Marshall was January 24, 1848, five days later than the date hitherto accepted by historians. With the discovery came a great change in everything. People for the most part deserted everything else, and rushed for the mines. From all parts of the globe, across the continent, and around Cape Horn, and by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, people flocked to California. It gave an impetus to travel the world over. Steamships were fitted out for the accommodation of passengers, and thousands of people crossed the plains. Sometimes great suffering ensued. In crossing the Isthmus people died from the cholera, and in crossing the plains many were killed by the Indians, and their wives and children were carried into captivity. Prices rose to fabulous figures. In December, 1849, the cost of a dinner such as could be had today for fifty cents was \$16. Potatoes cost a dollar a pound, onions a dollar and a half a pound, ham or bacon a dollar and a half a pound, eggs one dollar apiece, bread seventy-five cents a loaf, a cup of coffee fifty cents. Drugs were exceedingly high. Pills were five dollars each, and laudanum a dollar a drop, or twenty dollars a dose.

The Parker House, where the Old City Hall now stands, was rented for ten thousand dollars per month ; and a French woman was paid a hundred dollars a day to play on a violin at a gambling saloon at the cor-

ner of Washington and Kearny Streets. There were so few women in San Francisco that men would wait to see her as she passed. High top Hungarian boots sold for a hundred and twenty dollars a pair. The passage in the steamer Senator to Sacramento was sixty dollars. Two dollars more was paid for the privilege of lying down under the tables in one's own blanket. Men would be paid five dollars to wait in the line at the post-office to get letters on the arrival of the steamer. Jurors were paid eight dollars for each case they served on. Servants were paid a hundred to two hundred dollars a month. Laborers received eight dollars a day; clerks from fifteen to twenty dollars a day. Coal was sold at from sixty dollars to one hundred dollars per ton. A gentleman paid fifty dollars for a simple japonica to present to his lady, while pineapples sold at five dollars apiece.

I have now reached the time when in company with my mother, and two younger brothers and a sister, I left Washington City to go to California. My father had already preceded us. An older brother, who had served under Fremont, had told him so much about the climate of California that in May, 1848, before the discovery of gold was known at our home, he left for New York bound for California to join his brother, who had again gone out with Fremont in his last disastrous expedition across the continent. My uncle, as treasurer, was sent forward to get supplies for the relief of the party, and was killed by his two companions. It is believed that, being reduced to famine, these men cast lots as to who should die for the others, and the choice fell upon my uncle.

My father left New York in May, 1848, in a vessel bound for Carthagena. From this port he crossed over to Panama, and from there after some delay took ship for Callao. At this port he first heard of the discovery of gold. He chartered a vessel and hired some Chilenos to go with him to the diggings. All but six of these left him as soon as he reached San Francisco, in November, 1848.

He went to the mines, and after many hardships returned to Sacramento City with his earnings. He was here engaged as book-

keeper, with an interest in the business, by Hensley, Redding, & Co. Major Snyder, a partner in the house, afterwards joined my father in the banking business, and in 1850 he returned for a few months to Washington to make the necessary arrangements for exchange, and to see his family. The following year we left to join him.

I was seven years old when I left Washington City in April, 1851, to go to San Francisco. We left New York in a steamer that touched at Havana before reaching Aspinwall. From Aspinwall we were taken in boats up the Chagres River, and afterwards crossed the Isthmus of Panama on mule back or that of a native. I was carried for quite a distance on the back of a native, when becoming tired of carrying me, he made a bargain with another native to put me on his mule behind one of the boys of our party, a few years older than myself. The journey was a tedious one to me, for I was early in the day separated from the rest of our party, and did not reach Panama until late in the evening. The women and children were put into a long room by themselves, and the men in another. We remained about a week in Panama, waiting the arrival of the steamer from San Francisco which was to take us on its return trip. During this interval we had an opportunity to see a good deal of Panama and its natives. To the boys who formed a part of our company the long delays between meals seemed an age. We had but two meals, breakfast and dinner. Breakfast was not served until almost ten o'clock in the morning, and dinner late in the afternoon.

There was no wharf built at Panama at that time, and we had to be carried on the back of a native through the water to the little boats in which we were rowed to the steamer. We had all been seasick on the Atlantic, but we found the Pacific so much smoother that we enjoyed the trip from Panama to San Francisco very much. There were few children on the steamer, and as a result we were allowed a great many privileges, which in the end might have had worse results than they did. Bananas, oranges, limes, and pineapples were in abundance;

the life boats of the steamer were filled with them ; and we were allowed to help ourselves as freely as we chose. The result was that we had so many bananas that to this day, though thirty-six years have passed away, the taste of a banana is not one that tempts me. Once in playing, as children do, with fire and paper we came very near setting fire to the steamer. The nights were delightful, and with the aid of a number of good singers we were never at a loss for amusement. It was interesting to notice the track of phosphorescent light that the wheels of our steamer turned up, as we glided through the ocean ; and young and old promenaded the deck until late in the evening.

We touched at San Diego. Here we heard of the fire of May 4, 1851. A gentleman called out from a boat that approached, and asked whether my mother was aboard, and immediately blurted out that my father had been burnt to death. This was appalling intelligence to us ; but fortunately on our arrival at San Francisco it proved to be untrue. My father's name had been published in the papers in the list of those that had perished ; and he had indeed fallen into the fire in front of his bank while lowering himself with a rope, which burned through before he could reach the ground ; but thanks to a friend, who ran to his assistance with a wet blanket, his life was saved.

On the morning of Tuesday, May 20, 1851, the sailors told us we were approaching San Francisco, and we eagerly scanned the horizon as the day advanced, for the first sight of land. On reaching San Francisco, we anchored off North Beach, about where Meiggs Wharf was afterwards built, and were rowed ashore in little boats. The house my father had built was on Jones Street, between Lombard and Chestnut Streets. Owing to the fire, we could get no bedsteads, and until a ship arrived with a cargo of such materials on board, we made our beds upon the floors of the rooms.

The first school I attended was a private school taught by Mr. Prevost, and situated on Green Street, below Stockton. There were few houses between it and our home ; but I well

remember the grocery store kept by Mr. Nichol森 at the northwest corner of Green and Stockton Streets, for it served as a landmark. Near it was the dwelling of Mr. Daniel L. Ross, which was a large one for those early days. The plaza that is now covered with beautiful trees and shrubbery, and bounded by Stockton, Powell, Union and Filbert Streets, was then a deep hollow into which all the rubbish of the city was thrown, until the place was finally filled, after which it was ornamented as a public plaza.

The arrival of a steamer in those days was a great event. There was a little house situated on the top of Telegraph Hill, which had a signal hoisted whenever a steamer had been signaled from the outer station near Fort Point. On such occasions people would be seen crowding to the hill to watch the approach of the steamer. Commercial Street was called Long Wharf, and was lined on either side with stores of all kinds. Along Kearny and Dupont Streets gambling houses were publicly opened, and one could hear the clink of coin and see the excited people within at tables prepared for their purpose. I once saw a mischievous boy step up to two Chinamen who were gambling, and tie their queues together. When the game was over, and they started to leave, there was an exciting time, and the mutual crimination and recrimination went on at a lively rate, to the amusement of the bystanders.

At our home we had various pets. I was the happy possessor of a little pony, upon which after school hours I was accustomed to ride, as I went to meet my father after his bank at the corner of Commercial and Montgomery Streets was closed, and he was on his way home. I also had a goat, and rabbits and chickens. I took special pride in flowers, and the first time I saw a nasturtium I thought it was one of the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. There was a German who had a flower garden that was then some distance below the grade on the northeast corner of Powell and Green Streets. I bought from him a small nasturtium plant, which bore a single flower, and was planted in the smallest kind of a flower-pot. It cost me twenty-five

cents, and I felt proud of my purchase. A neighbor of ours, Major Snyder, had a cauliflower growing in his garden. It was the first I had ever seen, and I admired it greatly.

On Stockton Street, in a line opposite to our home, was a cemetery, which in the march of improvement was soon removed; and I distinctly remember seeing the coffins in which were exposed to view the skeletons of those who had in early days been buried in that spot, which was supposed to be their last resting place.

Not far from where we lived was a brick kiln, and my brother and I had often taken pleasure in watching the process of brick making, from the time the black looking bricks were moulded from the adobe land, and then afterwards dried in the sun, until when they were built in the shape of a kiln, the fires were lighted, and in process of time the red bricks were made. We determined to get up early one morning and go over and see the men light the fires. About this time a number of robberies had been committed and my father was cautioned to be on his guard, as we lived in what was then a lonely part of the city. He had gone to some place of entertainment with my mother, and had just returned and gone to bed, when my mother thought she heard noises through the house, as though robbers were moving about. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and my brother, awakening about the time our parents returned, looked out of the window and saw the smoke already curling above the brick kiln. The moonlight was so bright that we imagined we were late, and so as noiselessly as we could we hurriedly dressed, and were fumbling our way down stairs into the hall where our hats had been left, when my mother heard us and gave the alarm. My father in *deshabille*, with candle in one hand and pistol in the other, came down stairs. From the noises made he thought there was more than one robber; but just as he raised his pistol to take aim, he recognized my brother's voice. We received, as might be expected, a lecture upon the subject of early rising, and were commanded not to get up again until the cook arose to get breakfast.

We frequently in those days made excursions to Fort Point, and in the slopes of the sand hills towards the fort we gathered strawberries in great abundance. Wild blackberries also grew in great profusion on the hills between North Beach and the fort. Wild gooseberries were found of good flavor and quite large in size.

The city extended at that time almost as far as California Street on the south, and Jones on the west. There were settlements in other directions, but they were few and far between. The only drive was on the old Mission Road. About opposite where the Howard Presbyterian Church stands there was a row of houses with old-fashioned dormer windows, and just beyond this was the first toll-gate. The second toll-gate was about where Eighth Street is, and there was a marsh here, over which a long bridge was built. There was quicksand at the margin of this marsh. One day when out driving with my father, my mother stopped to pick some flowers here. While doing so, she found herself sinking in the quicksand. She called to my father, and he rushing to her assistance found himself unable to get her out without the help of some passers-by who labored for a little while to extricate them both from their perilous position.

When years afterwards this marsh was filled, it seemed to take an immense amount of sand to fill up the place. For a long time no perceptible effect was produced by this filling-in process, but at last the work was completed, and the marsh was a thing of the past. Howard and Folsom Streets were not then cut through. This immense amount of sand necessary to move brought into action the steam Paddy, as it was called, without which the grading of San Francisco would have been a very slow process. An Irishman, gazing with mingled feelings of admiration and envy, exclaimed as he looked at it, "Well, there is one thing you can't do, — you can't vote the Democratic ticket."

At the intersection of Market, Third, and Kearny Streets, where Lotta's fountain now stands, there was one of these immense sand-hills, which for a long time was the

limit of the city's growth in that direction. Back of it was St. Ann's Valley, and to the south was Happy Valley. St. Ann's Valley, about where Fifth Street touches Market, was as late as 1855 a very desolate place. There was a pond of water there, which though not very deep spread over quite a surface. A square row-boat was used to go from one side to the other. In company with my brother, I got into this boat one day, and for a while, as long as we kept quiet, and each paddled on his own side, we made good progress; but one of us changed his position, and the boat was capsized. When we reached shore we hung our clothes on a fence in sight of the spot where the Lincoln School building stands, and sat down in the sand to wait until they were dried. The spot was so lonely that had the water been deep enough to drown us, no one could have heard our cry for help.

A favorite place of resort for Sunday School picnics was the Russ Gardens, situated on Sixth Street near Harrison. We were conveyed thither in omnibuses. The omnibuses also ran from the plaza to the Mission, and the charge was twenty-five cents for each passenger. The First Congregational church was then situated on the corner of Jackson and Virginia Streets, and as a boy I attended that church with my parents. It was a small structure, which could be placed in a corner of the present edifice and hardly be noticed. There were quite a number of adobe houses in those days at North Beach, and in other localities. With the exception of a few in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic church at the Mission, they have all disappeared now.

On the lot, or hollow as it was called, just below us, a rag-picker made a small fortune by gathering the cast-off stockings and clothing of persons who found it as cheap to buy new stockings, as to have them washed. He washed these articles, and shipping them back to New York, made quite a profitable business. A carrier of the "Alta California" was said to have realized \$40,000, and a washerwoman who invested her earnings in real estate made \$100,000.

I witnessed the fire of June 22d, 1851, which occurred on Sunday, and about five weeks after our arrival. I saw my father help others to turn over a church to keep it from being destroyed by the flames. It is said that at the corner of Pacific and Sansome Streets the fire was stopped by nailing blankets saturated with vinegar on the front of the store of De Witt and Harrison. It took eighty thousand gallons of vinegar to do it. There is also a story that toward noon on the day of the fire, after the flames were well subdued, a sailor lad from a French ship in the harbor was going up the hill on Pacific Street, half way between Sansome and Montgomery, looking at the destruction on either side, when the idea occurred to him to light his pipe. Stooping down, he was trying to scoop up a little burning coal with the bowl of his pipe, when some one of a crowd passing at the moment cried, "Incendiary! Incendiary!" With one impulse the men rushed at him, knocked him down, and almost instantly kicked the poor, innocent lad to death, and walked away, leaving the lifeless body lying on the street, mutilated past recognition. A moment before he had passed up the wharf in the health and hope of youth, his sunburnt cheek and bright eye giving full promise of longevity; walking in with childish curiosity such a little way, his first footsteps in a strange land ending in dreadful death. The men who committed the terrible deed passed on, perhaps not realizing he was dead, or not caring. They thought him an incendiary worthy of death, and acted out the exasperation that filled the hearts of men suffering from repeated conflagrations.

In the early days of California's history, and until the Vigilance Committee of 1856 was organized, there was but little protection to life or property in San Francisco. This was due, no doubt, to the isolated position that California occupied at that time, and to the fact that many rough characters from all parts of the world flocked here to make a fortune. In order to protect property, the first Vigilance Committee felt compelled to hang some four men for burglary and arson. No one who has not lived through such

scenes can realize the necessity for some such terrible retribution as a terror to evil doers and a protection to the law-abiding citizen. But matters went on from bad to worse. Justice was defeated in our courts. Men deliberately committed murder, and were able to buy themselves clear. The ballot box was tampered with to such an extent that men were elected to offices without ever having been nominated.

A man named James P. Casey, who had formerly been an inmate of Sing Sing, ran the machine. He elected himself supervisor without going through the form of a nomination. He sold offices to those who would pay him for them, and elected them by making false returns of votes claimed to have been cast.

He published a paper called the *Sunday Times*. My father, in October, 1855, began the publication of the *Evening Bulletin*. Its first number was not much larger than the programmes used at the theatres. In seven months' time it had grown so rapidly that it was as large as it is today.

My father attacked corruption in high places and wherever he found it. Men warned him that his life was in danger, and more than once some personal friend would rouse us up after midnight to know if he were safe, it having been reported that he had been assassinated. We lived at that time in a lonely part of the city, and one that would have afforded a good opportunity to a cowardly assassin to fire upon his victim.

While my father realized his danger, he was fearless in the exposure of evil doers, yet always ready to make reparation, where convinced any injustice had been done to any one through the columns of the *Bulletin*. He was not a reckless man, but counted the cost, and was willing in the discharge of the duty he felt he owed to his adopted State to take the chances.

He went armed, and practised with his pistol in our back yard. I have seen him many a time hit the mark he was aiming at repeatedly in succession.

His idea was, if he should ever be attacked, to throw up his left arm as a defense while

he drew his weapon with his right hand and fired. He never dreamed of being attacked in the streets of the city, where some inoffensive passer-by would be imperiled.

His course in denouncing corruption on every hand drew upon him the enmity of the rough element of San Francisco, while at the same time the people looked to him as their friend and champion. The *Bulletin* became a welcome guest at the evening fire-side, not only of the homes of this city but in the valleys and mountains of California.

On the 14th of May, 1856, at five o'clock in the afternoon, as he was going home, he was shot down by James P. Casey, who without giving him a moment's warning, came from behind an express wagon of the Pacific Express Company that stood at the northwest corner of Montgomery and Washington Streets, and fired upon him as he stepped upon the sidewalk. My father stated distinctly that the first warning he had of the presence of Casey was when the bullet struck him.

The immediate cause of the attack was at the time stated to be an article that appeared in the *Bulletin* of that day, in which among other things that were published was the statement made by my father, that the fact that Casey had been an inmate of Sing Sing prison was no offense against the laws of this State, no matter how richly Casey might deserve to be strung up for what he had there committed. Casey had called at the editorial rooms of the *Bulletin*, and upon being asked if the statement was true, had replied that he did not want his past life raked up. Upon being shown the door he left, muttering revenge.

It was generally understood at the time that the roughs, finding San Francisco to be too hot a place for them, had determined that either my father or they must go, and in casting lots as to who should undertake to assassinate him the choice fell upon Casey. However this may be, it certainly was known to many people that the shooting would take place that afternoon.

My uncle, who usually walked home with my father, heard of it in the Natchez pistol gallery in Clay Street, and immediately hast-

ened to the rescue ; but too late — the deed had already been committed, and Casey, in the hands of his friends, was escorted to a hack, and driven to the county jail for protection.

I was a boy twelve years old, at the time. The scenes through which I then passed have been indelibly impressed upon my mind ever since. They made me thoughtful and sometimes melancholy as I grew to manhood. I was devotedly attached to my father, and he had taken special pride in my studies, going so far as to snatch valuable time from his evening work upon the *Bulletin* to teach me the Latin grammar. The day he was assassinated I had just returned from a long tramp, from which I had brought some shrubs that I had transplanted into our garden. I had just finished this work when a colored man named Dobson, who had been porter in my father's bank, came to the house and told my mother that my father had been shot in the arm but not dangerously.

I listened quietly to the story he was telling, and made up my mind that my father must have been more seriously injured than Dobson had reported. I asked him where he then was, and he said at the Pacific Express Company. I immediately hurried thither. When I reached Montgomery and Kearny Streets, I saw that there was great excitement, and the people were gathering around the corner below on Montgomery Street, where my father had been taken.

As I worked my way up to the door of the Express Company, a policeman recognized me and asked if I wished to go to my father. I said I did, and he made way for me through the crowd until I stood by the side of my dying father. He was unconscious ; and I sat there amid strangers looking into his pale face, until my mother, who had in the meantime been informed of the serious nature of his wounds, arrived.

All the physicians in town were summoned to his bedside, and all that medical skill could do was done to save his life. But for this, he might not have lived the night through. As it was he lingered for six days, until on

Tuesday the 20th of May, 1856, at 1 P. M., he died. It was just five years, to the day and hour, since we had met him on the deck of the steamer on our first arrival in California.

On the Sunday preceding his death, I had gone to church in the morning at my mother's wish, and as I was returning I saw a company of the Vigilance Committee marching to the jail on Broadway where Casey and Cora (the murderer of General Richardson) were incarcerated. They surrounded the jail upon all sides, and planted their cannon directly in front of it.

Mr. Scannell, who was then sheriff, was given a few minutes' time to make up his mind to deliver the prisoners. Before the expiration of the time allotted he signified his willingness to let the committee proceed. They took Casey and Cora to their rooms, situated on Sacramento below Front Street, and after giving them a fair trial and finding them guilty, hanged them as the funeral procession of my father was moving out to Lone Mountain Cemetery.

In these days when jury bribing attracts so much attention, more or less has been written in regard to the necessity of another Vigilance Committee : but the times are changed. So too are the people. In the days of 1856 there undoubtedly was greater corruption ; but at the same time there was a better class of good men. The bad men were worse than today, and the good men were better. San Francisco has today seven times the population she had then. Great wealth has been accumulated. Magnificent private and public buildings have been erected, and evidences of the greatest prosperity are everywhere visible ; but the three great powers in which reliance was then placed for great public action are not as true to their trusts as then : the Press, the Pulpit, and the People are not what they were in those trying scenes.

The press is far ahead in the matter of news-gathering ; but it takes great wealth to run a newspaper today ; and while there are exceptions to the rule, nevertheless it is a rule that the press is more interested in extend-

ing its subscription and advertising lists than in waging war in a manly way against corruption, wherever found, at any cost.

The pulpit thirty-one years ago was represented by men like Brayton, Hunt, Lacy, and others who may not have been as brilliant scholars or orators as some who have succeeded them, yet nevertheless they stood up manfully for the right, and won and retained the respect of the community. The church too, in those days, was represented by men of strong principles and consistent lives. They labored earnestly and laid well the foundations of all the noble work that has been done here by such institutions. It was a rare thing in those days for a member of such an organization to be caught in a dishonorable act. In fact, I well remember that the superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools in the city, a well meaning and earnest man, resigned his position because, having failed in business, he was afraid some one might make a disparaging remark on his account against the cause he loved so well. In these days if his example were followed by the officers of some of the churches here, there would have to be a special election to fill vacancies. In one of the principal churches a marble slab has been

erected, commemorating the memory of one of its deacons, who was a thorough and sincere man in every respect. It is the only case I know of. It was characteristic of those times, not the present. The church wielded an influence then that it does not now. There were more persons who attended the service of the church than now, in proportion to the population.

The people, too, have changed. Even some of the prominent members of the old Vigilance Committee feel today that they are poor on account of what they did then; and as with almost all the modern question of how to provide for bread and butter is the all-absorbing one, they feel more interest in that question now, than they did thirty-one years ago in the heroic stand they took for pure government.

As for the new comers, they are not expected to have that strong feeling that early Californians had.

Ultimately this state of affairs must right itself. A generation will arise that will insist on the proper administration of the laws, and will transmit to their posterity what it so dearly cost our ancestors elsewhere, and the pioneers of this coast to establish—a pure government.

Charles J. King.

THE BARZEITSON EXPERIMENT.

IX.

A TERRIBLE cry made me look at Barzeitson. The veins of his neck and face were swollen to bursting. His eyes glared. He gasped, panted as he rushed round examining every corner. — Nothing there. The mystery had flown. Suddenly Barzeitson paused.

"Lost anything—a mummy, for example?" asked Douceâme.

For all response Barzeitson stared vacantly at us—then groaned and fell heavily on the floor. We carried him into his room and

laid him on the bed. Douceâme and the others thought him crazed. — Even I suspected that all was not as I had imagined.

A physician came. He pronounced it a case of syncope, which would probably result in brain fever or congestion.

As the most intimate friend of the family, I was requested to assume charge. I suggested that it would be more *en règle* to call the family notary, who would know where to find Madame.

The notary came. He telegraphed to Madame. I read in his face that he knew all, and telegraphed simply for appearance's

sake, knowing well that Madame Barzeitson would not return. I judged rightly; she did not come.

Two nurses were appointed; all was done that could minister to the well being of the patient. The domestics were well trained to their duties; the notary and physician relieved me of all responsibility. I retired to ponder over the singular events of the day and to read Madame's note.

It was brief, concise, yet courteous — not a word of reproach. It was a note that did honor to this incomparable woman. My soul worshiped her more and more. I almost wished that the juggler Barzeitson would die, that I might proclaim aloud my love and devotion, and claim my wife without fearing an obstacle.

The next day I sought Paul, but without finding that philosopher. His servants said that he had left Paris for the country. This procedure impressed me as being very singular, almost as much so as the Barzeitson episode, for Paul disliked the country.

I next called at the Rue des Postes. The patient had the fever.

The fever! It burned also in my veins. Never had I known such feverish unrest. The calm of my life had been suddenly destroyed, and I, a doctor of Mental Philanthropy, plunged into a vortex of temptation, imposture, and mystery. Something must be done. Then I remembered the means by which I solved the problem of my vocation, — absolute mental passivity. In a moment I resolved upon my course of action. I must break away from everything and everyone, and pass my days in soft, tranquil seclusion until my mind should recover its tone, and the Barzeitson mysteries be unriddled by time.

Fortunately my valet was a man of great resources and his wife very discreet; both were devotedly attached to me and ever ready to carry out my wishes: so my plan was quite feasible. My circle of friends believed me to be out of town, and in spirit I was far, far distant from the city's tumult and Barzeitson experiments. Gradually my mind grew clear; conflicting emotions sub-

sided; the truth that fate works itself out without mortal interference developed day by day, until I could smile at the remembrance of Barzeitson and even the thought of the injury he had done me did not stir me to anger. No, it was clear that destiny would remove him from my path; perhaps even now his name had passed into history, and my wife was free.

When I could contemplate this picture with philosophic calmness I felt that my seclusion had not been useless, and that it was time to return to my world. I rang for my valet, informed him that I was again in Paris, then wended my way to Luxembourg, where I was gladly hailed by some of my old patients.

Upon my return to my apartments I found several notes from Madame de la Fontenaye, all requesting my immediate presence. *La baronne* was evidently in great distress. I repaired at once to her house.

"My cousin!" she cried. "At last you have returned! Why did you leave us at such a critical moment? Alas, we are ruined! Pity me. Advise me. I am in despair. Yes, my cousin, I am disgraced. Paul has broken my heart, outraged our name, destroyed his prospects."

I looked at her aghast: "What crime has my godson committed? We will save him. He shall not be in prison, he —"

"It is nothing of that kind; it is worse. He is infatuated with some horrid woman, black as a mulatress, who dresses and acts like a barbarian."

"Infatuated with a woman, eh! I breathe again. My dear cousin, that will pass, that will pass. We understand young men."

"But you do not understand. — Pass, indeed yes, I know it will pass, but meanwhile the boy is ruined. His marriage is broken off. Think of it, a million lost! Mademoiselle Lefert was married today to the old Count Gassenaye. But Paul deserves it. Listen while I tell you. You have been absent a month. Two days before you left you dined with us, — you remember?"

I bowed assent. My cousin continued: "The marriage was all planned then, its

day set; Paul seemed much pleased. Well believe me, I have not seen him since. He is never at his rooms; he has disappeared from his accustomed haunts, his *fiancée* entirely neglected,—then such rumors about this strange woman! Naturally Mademoiselle Lefert resented such conduct. She has accepted the old Count, married him. The million and Mademoiselle are both lost. Paul is the talk of Paris. I dare not go out,—I live as a hermit.”

At this sad thought the *baronne* wept.

I was silent. A light illumined the Barzeitson mystery. My cousin's story formed a link between the empty couch of the curtained recess of a certain laboratory and the appearance of a strange dark beauty in the Champs Elysées,—between Paul's sudden infatuation and Barzeitson's sudden despair.

This unexpected climax did not overwhelm me. It seemed to be the outcome of my own thoughts. I excused myself to my cousin under pretense of finding some cure for Paul's infatuation, but in reality to think over this new phase.

I went into a *café* and called for a cup of that brain-clearing heart-inspiring beverage, coffee. The waiter placed it on an outside table, and I sat dreamily sipping it and watching the passing crowd, when my attention was aroused by the singular movements of a tall gaunt man, who seemed to be seeking something in the windows, in the passing vehicles, in the faces of the moving crowd.

One of his restless turns brought him face to face with me. Could it be Barzeitson? I spoke the thought aloud. The man stopped, seized me by the hand, exclaiming, “My friend Schengel! Ah, I knew I should find some help tonight!”

Yes, it was Barzeitson, reduced to a miserable shadow of his former self.

“Monsieur,” I replied, “this meeting is a pleasure; but allow me to take you home. You are not sufficiently well to be out.”

“Well! I never shall be well till I find it. Schengel, you have shown yourself my friend, you seemed interested,—help me to find it! I cannot rest till it is found, and my discovery given to the world.”

The man was mad; madness glared out of his eyes; it rioted in his veins. Much as he had wronged me, yet I pitied him. Perhaps he was not so evil as circumstances made him appear. These scientists are inexplicable creatures; and then perhaps it was the loss of that incomparable woman that had robbed him of his reason,—yet why did he call her “it”?

“Why not go to her?” I answered. “Crave forgiveness. Don't you know she is in London with her friends?”

“In London! With friends! Crave forgiveness! Of whom are you talking?”

He looked at me as if he thought I was mad,—and the thought of the mysterious beauty did madden me. However I replied calmly:

“Of Madame Barzeitson.”

“She is all right. It is the mummy—my mummy that I have been robbed of—it is my mummy that I must find.”

He uttered the words with such furious energy that the passers by looked at us wonderingly. This was indeed madness. I tried to escape, but he held me tightly by the arm.

“The wretches,” he continued, “the cruel demons, to rob me of all, to rob the world of its greatest glory! The years of privation, disappointments, and labor that I spent in the search for a fit subject! I don't think there is another in all the tombs of Egypt,—not another. There was only one, and that I bought. And the days and nights of toil, study, anxiety, while I watched the feeble efforts of returning motion! And the efforts were indeed slow and feeble, for three thousand years of inaction had rusted the very life-springs; but at length inertia was forced to succumb to science the divine, the all-powerful. I wanted to shout aloud my victory; but I forebore,—there was yet much to be done. I worked, I waited in silence, while day by day the mummy lost its rigidity. It breathed, it moved, it ate, aye, it began to speak. The supreme moment came: I could declare to the world that there could be absence of life without death; that man was the master of life—he could

bid it go and come at will. It was no idle dream; there was the proof, — for three thousand years a buried mummy, and now living again. Was it not glorious? What mortal man ever dreamed of such triumph? And then to be robbed of all, — all, — to find instead of fame, nothing but emptiness!"

He moaned out the last words and I sank on a chair. Then before I could recover from the surprise his words caused, he sprang to his feet, and rushed wildly into the crowd, and was soon lost to view. I walked homewards more bewildered than ever.

On the way I met several acquaintances whose conversation soon convinced me that the baroness spoke the truth about Paul's infatuation. It was, in truth, the talk of Paris. Men raved of the savage beauty, — Paul's barbarian. Women talked of nothing but her eccentric ways and dress. The fact that she spoke an unknown language inspired curiosity with new zest. The mystery became all-absorbing.

Early the next day I received a visit from a charming widow, a distant cousin of Paul's.

"My good cousin," she said, "I see you are much surprised at this visit. This is an era of surprises. I come to you on important business, and I choose to see you here because we shall be less disturbed than at my own house. Pray give orders that no one be admitted; my business is of great importance. Paul's craziness — my cousin, we must cure him, for I intend to marry him. Now give me your opinion."

There is nothing comparable to a woman's acuteness in solving mysteries and escaping from dilemmas. I resolved to make a confidante of this beautiful and witty lady, who was so much interested in Paul. I felt she could save us.

I told her everything that had occurred since my first meeting with Barzeitson. She listened in breathless interest. When I related to her the occurrence of the preceding evening she became exceedingly excited.

"I must see this professor immediately. Do not lose a moment. My carriage is at the door. Let us go.

How womanly impetuous, so unlike my adorable one! But I also felt anxious to

solve the mystery; so I obeyed unmurmuringly.

In half an hour Madame de Lancy's carriage stopped at Barzeitson's door. We found the Professor suffering greatly from weakness and the reaction of intense excitement. He could with difficulty rise to receive us. The introduction over, Madame de Lancy requested a private interview with the Professor. I withdrew and passed into the laboratory. The animals glared at me in stony silence. The curtain was drawn back. The recess was tenantless. All was silent as the grave, the dust fast gathering on everything. To its unpleasant reminiscences there was added the sense of desolation. It made me shiver. I walked out into the garden.

An hour elapsed — voices broke in upon my reverie. I turned to meet Madame de Lancy and Barzeitson. I started at the change in him. The wild expression and restless mien had vanished; his step was firm, elastic; hope beamed from his face.

"It is all right now; I shall soon have it," he whispered to me.

"*Au revoir*, Professor, it is all agreed, and you will not forget," said Madame smiling.

"Forget! Ah, Madame! Can a man forget his life?"

"Then goodbye till this evening. Come, my cousin. The professor has much to do; so have I."

Barzeitson reverentially kissed the widow's hand, then handed her into the carriage with the grace of a marquis.

I did not yet know this extraordinary being, but certainly the fair sex ruled his genius.

That evening I received a note from Madame de Lancy, requesting me to buy three tickets and dominoes for a masked ball coming off the next night, and to be ready to accompany her. A postscript informed me that the third ticket was for the Professor.

Barzeitson at a ball! The idea was ludicrous in the extreme.

The next day I called upon Paul, but was refused admittance. He avoided me. I went to Luxembourg, but my vocation had lost its charms.

Night came at last, and I repaired to Ma-

dame de Lancy's. The Professor, muffled in a black domino, was already there. Before leaving the house Madame drew me aside and said in her fascinating, irresistible way :

"My good cousin, Paul and his barbarian will be at the ball. Now, I wish to enjoy a short *tête à tête* with Paul. I shall take possession of him ; our good Professor will do the same with the barbarian. While I am talking with Paul, you must come up hurriedly and whisper into his ear the news that you will find written on this card. Be sure you make yourself known, and act well your part. Paul must leave the ball-room alone, you understand. Never mind a little fib ; the end justifies the means. And don't give me too long a *tête-à-tête* with Paul — three minutes will suffice ; not a second more. One more instruction : keep us well in sight, but do not appear with us. The slightest suspicion that we are one party will destroy our hopes. Get Paul away alone — it will be enough."

That charming widow was a charming plotter — she forgot nothing.

The ball was like all other masked balls, a moving mass of ugliness, oddness and confusion. These amusements are my detestation. I began to regret coming, when a buzz of astonishment and admiration made me look toward the point whither all eyes were directed. I saw an Alexander the Great escorting a daughter of Ancient Egypt — the Egypt of the pyramids — such as we imagine Nitocris or the princess foster-mother of Moses.

"It is Paul and his barbarian. She is not even masked," whispered Madame de Lancy. "Professor Barzeitson, restrain yourself ; be calm or we lose our prize."

This admonition was called forth by an eager start made by the Professor. He had reason to start. The sleeping beauty of the curtained recess and Paul's infatuation were very like, — the same dark sphinx-like face, so strangely beautiful ; the same large black eyes, slightly oblique, burning with barbaric passion ; the same voluptuous form, whose beauties were enhanced by the clinging satin robes of purple and gold.

This weirdly enchanting creature looked in dreamy impassiveness upon the motley crowd. A fierce repose characterized her. Did the weight of three thousand years hang upon her brow ? Did awful mystery weave its spell around her ? I shuddered at the thought, yet she was strangely unlike the women around her.

The crowd noticed the unlikeness and eagerly curious pressed around her. Suddenly a cry arose, — its source no one knew, though I divined it ; the cry grew, till it filled the hall : "My mummy !" — "A mummy !" — "The mummy !" "Mummy" was the cry from hundreds of throats ; a rush was made to see the mummy. From a distance Paul's beautiful barbarian did certainly somewhat resemble a mummy, — quite enough to make the crowd, eager for fun, press on madly towards Paul.

The Professor and Madame de Lancy kept in the front rank of the throng. I followed, but with difficulty. In the crush Paul became separated from his barbarian.

Madame immediately took possession of him. I could also see that the Professor claimed his mummy, and disappeared with it amid the crowd.

These changes were so adroitly performed that they seemed nothing more than the usual frolics of a masquerade. The plot progressed well. I remembered my instructions and hastened to join Paul and Madame de Lancy.

Paul's infatuation did not prevent him from bestowing very gallant attentions upon his unknown partner. They seemed to be progressing very well, and I began to think that my rôle would not be required, when a little sign from Madame bade me be quick. I approached them hastily. "Are you Monsieur Paul de La Fontenaye ?"

Paul started. I raised my mask.

"My godfather ! you here ? What is the matter ?"

"Your servants told me that I should find you here. Your mother is ill, dying, — she must see you."

Paul was greatly shocked by the news.

"I go now, this instant. My mother, how

I have neglected her! Madame, pray excuse me." This to Madame de Lancy. "But, I forgot—I had a lady with me. Find her—I cannot leave her."

"Paul, you cannot stay; your mother may die." I screamed the words in his ear.

"Don't say it! What can I do?"

"I will take care of the lady. I am not too old yet, Paul. You can return for her in two hours, or if not I can conduct her to her house. It is the Egyptian princess, the mummy. See, I know about you. Now go, Paul."

He was gone without a suspicion. I did not know whether to feel elated at my cleverness or disgusted with my duplicity. Madame de Lancy decided it for me.

"I congratulate you, my cousin," said she. "It was admirably done. The Professor is happy, now he has his mummy; Madame de la Fontenaye is happy—she has regained a son; and I am charmed for I have won a husband."

"Ah, but when Paul learns the trick! His mother is not sick."

"She is very sick, my dear, for him, you understand, for him. We women know how to manage things. I tell you we are all happy. It is a game of happiness. Now we will take a turn, then I will leave you. I must go to Madame de la Fontenaye's. You can do without me, I'm sure—plenty to amuse you here till Paul's return. Perhaps we shall see the mummy, although if I mistake not they went off some time ago. A carriage awaited them."

They had gone. Madame soon departed. Paul did not return till four in the morning.

"Where is she?" he exclaimed.

"Paul, she has gone with that Barzeitson."

"And you let her go!"

"Paul, be calm. There is a mystery here. I think she is a mummy."

"A mummy?"

"A mummy three thousand years old."

"Are you mad? Are you sure she is not here? I was mad to leave her! Quick, we must seek her immediately. You are joking with me. She must be in the hall."

"We can see," I replied. We walked

through the hall,—our search fruitless of course. Then we jumped into a cabriolet and went to the Rue des Postes.

It was five o'clock when we reached the house. A pale, trembling domestic opened the door.

"Thanks to God, Messieurs have arrived—we were just going for the police."

"What is the matter?"

"We don't know, Messieurs. It was horrible! Monsieur Barzeitson returned in the night with a lady; she was dead or in a fit. He carried her into the laboratory. Soon there was an awful crash, and shrieks, hisses, groans,—it was frightful! But it is all quiet now—has been for more than an hour."

"Why did you not go for the police?"

"Toinette could n't stay alone; then too Messieurs can believe there have often been fearful noises,—though never quite so bad."

We went to the laboratory. The door was locked. Fortunately the door from the bed-chamber had only a slight fastening, easily broken. We entered, but at the threshold were driven back by clouds of perfume of overpowering intensity.

Respiration was impossible. We opened the windows and door of the bedroom, and retired until the fresh morning air could purify the atmosphere. When we returned I recognized the fragrance of the life-giving fluid. The elixir in excess had brought death instead of life.

The laboratory presented a scene of wild confusion made awful by the deathlike stillness. The table was overturned amid a wreck of glass apparatus and the dead bodies of lizards, snakes, rats, birds, and one dog. Some of these still grasped each other savagely; death had caught them in their last fight. Strange mixtures from broken jars trickled along the floor staining it black, red, purple, green. But one there was, a dark crimson stain that made us shudder. It came from no broken jar,—no, its source was the veins of some living creature.

Thank Heaven, it was nothing human, only Barzeitson's menagerie. Life came to them once too often. The crocodile had struggled out of its tank, its jaws were gaping wide, its

carcass crushed in the coils of the python. The wounds in the python's body showed that the fight had been terrible. Both were dead.

The hyena was nowhere visible, but a few bunches of hair and flesh scattered around and still bleeding told its fate. We turned away sick with horror, each one quivering with dread. There was no need to utter it, the fearful thought vibrated upon the air, — that air of death, — “Where is Barzeitson?”

Instinctively I picked my steps among the ruins of that gruesome menagerie to the curtained recess. Again my hand clutched those folds, — what mystery would they now disclose — life or death? A moment of sickening silence, then the curtain rolled back and revealed Barzeitson prone and rigid in death. His hands clutched a web of strange texture which rolled in snaky folds along the floor to a mummy-case which lay broken in twain.

As we lifted our friend and unclasped the death grasp the web fell back, thus uncovering a heap of black ashes. A chill ran through our veins, we shrank back and our eyes uttered the same thought, — the mystery lay there, — that blackened mass held the great discovery. What was it? How closely Barzeitson kept the secret locked behind those white, still lips.

“Madame Barzeitson must be telegraphed,” said the notary.

“I will bear the news to her,” I answered.

“But it must be before the funeral.”

“I will leave this day,” I answered quickly.

“This was a rash resolve for a person of my quiet, methodical habits, but what would I not do for this adored woman? — cross the seas, brave the fogs of chilly Albion, travel all night? Yes, all this to prove my devotion.

It was a fearful journey, but I will not weary the reader with my woes. Enough, I found Madame and broke the news to her as gently as possible. She listened to me without comment, — only once interrupted me to telegraph for mourning, and then with admirable coolness and clearness instructed me concerning the arrangements to be made.

Delicacy forbade me even to hint at my

sentiments, but I assured Madame that she could command me until death. Did not my night journey assure her of my devotion — the eagerness with which I obeyed her behests? She smiled once before I left her, and in that smile I read my future, — she understood me. Was she not the wife for whom I had waited so long?

Barzeitson was buried with great pomp. The funeral was indeed a sensation, for the facts had been noised abroad, and Paris thoroughly enjoys a mystery. But even a mystery palls; Paris found something more absorbing, and Barzeitson and his mummy were forgotten.

Paul took a trip to Algiers. Madame de la Fontenaye retired to her chateau, taking Madame de Lancy with her.

I was very glad to be alone, for it gave me time to make preparations to receive my bride. Luxembourg saw me but seldom, — I had found another vocation. In six months my wife would leave off deep mourning, then I would write to her just a little note to remind her of my ever ready devotion, but nothing more. Then in one year she would set aside all traces of woe, and then I resolved to go and lay my heart, fortune, and experience at her feet, and bring her back to beautiful Paris.

I will mention here that my wife replied to my note, and hoped to see me sometime at her country house in England. In this delicate manner did she accept my suit.

Slowly the months rolled by; Paul returned, and we had a very quiet but joyous wedding when Madame de Lancy became Madame Paul. The mummy was forgotten.

At length the happy day comes, my preparations are all made, again I brave the sea and the fogs, and the perils of travel, — but my wife awaits me. Strange, that no premonition of evil warned me of my fate. Happy, without a thought of evil, I drove through the country. The house came into view, — we drove into the grounds, — how my heart beat for joy!

An air of festivity pervaded the place. Madame was receiving, — a good omen. As I drew near the house I saw carriages draw up before the terrace, and soon from out the

open door — O, horror! — there came a procession, headed by my adorable one clad in trailing robes of silvery gray, and leaning upon the arm of a red-haired giant. The look of triumph that beamed upon his face, the sheen of those silvery folds, told of something that froze my heart with horror, — I gasped for breath, — Madame recognized me, and advancing towards me, held out her hand.

“Monsieur Schengel, this is a most agreeable surprise. Your arrival is most opportune. Today is my wedding. Allow me to present to you, my husband!”

The icy hand again clutched me, but I controlled myself. I have a confused idea of congratulating the red-haired giant, — of drinking to the health of the bride, — of escaping as best I could and hurrying back to Paris, pursued with the mocking laughter of a phantom Barzeitson.

Years have passed. I have found happiness in my vocation of a C. S. V. D. M. P., but I never can forget the past. Paul says that we were all mad together. That may be true, yet of all the experiences of my life the most terribly real is the Barzeitson Experiment.

Rebecca Rogers.

A LOVE THOUGHT.

If thou wert only, love, a tiny flower,
And I, a butterfly with gaudy wings,
Flitting to changing scenes each changing hour,
Careless of aught save that which pleasure brings;
Not even I could leave the loneliest glade
That held thy loveliness within its shade.

If thou wert but a streamlet in the vale,
And I, a sailor on a stormy sea,
Flying thro' whirling foam beneath the gale,
Chartless in all that wild immensity;
Thy murmuring voice would echo in my soul,
Though howling storms or crashing thunder roll.

If, darling, thou wert but a far-off star,
And I, a weary wanderer on the plain,
Unwitting of celestial worlds afar,
And knowing naught of all the shining train;
My glance would single out thy ray serene,
Though blazing suns and planets rolled between.

Yet, dear one, thou art these to me and more —
My flower, whose radiance passeth all decay,
My streamlet, of sweet thought in endless store,
My star, to guide my steps to perfect day.

E. H. Hayten.

IN BORDER LANDS.

I.

STORM in a new land ! Far out beyond the foothills where the sultry plains widen to the Missouri, a thunder shower, which splashes grateful drops on the sides of sweating mules and straining bullocks, dragging overland the food that is to keep life in the hills. The drivers lift their heads to breathe fresher air, and take the drenching with comfortable thoughts of the coolness of the coming night. Like the evil spirits of the Gospel, they have had a long experience of "places without water."

Around the golden heights of Pike's Peak rolling clouds unsheathe their lightnings, and the swaying pillars of the rain wheel to and fro in misty whiteness, like a dance of water nymphs. A purple glory of shadow shifts from base to apex with the caprice of the billowing wind, and far down the deep chasms send forth the harmony of the streams.

Higher still, above those snow-fringed Alps where unnamed flowers bloom, leafless and fruitless, drawing their virginal colors from frost and fire, a whirlwind blows drifts in June against the icy cliffs. Not a fir-twig, a lichen, nor a blade of grass breaks the blanched uniformity of dome and hollow. Lifeless, loveless, mute, they hood themselves in the solitude of their eternal purity, and the springs of the lowlands are fed from their hearts. Theirs are the matchless dyes of morn and eve, the violet and carmine, the emerald and amber of transparent tissues that may robe the sinless immortals ; but theirs shall never be the glow of household fires, the voice of birds, nor the perfumes of the happy spring. Shrieking with the dark and streaming wings of an escaped genii, the wild wind dashes about the snow drifts, the curling columns of the water spouts, and the reluctant boughs of rigid pines. He has a royal playground. The giants of wonder-land may throw the mountains at one another if they please, may

with forked lightnings dig a passage for the gnomes to the treasures of the earth, for the land is all their own.

This imperious young Colorado, who has today her poets, her artists, her merchant princes and their electric towers, whose harvests ripen far out into the desert, whose herds graze down into the realm of the prophet, and whose name the breath of rumor has blown throughout the world, was then an infant, in the somewhat precarious position of a foundling. Intrepid explorers like Berthaud and Gilpin were willing to stake their fates on her merit, nameless adventurers were ready to take chances under any new star. But the prudent, for the most part, preferred to await developments. A chaos of mountains and sun-baked levels, the wild West was the land of marvels, of mystery, and of superstitions that went back to the days of the Spanish *Conquistadores*. Yet even her infancy was audacious. Hardly had the first settlers made fast their tent stakes, when certain ambitious politicians arranged for a State government ; which plan, however, died an early death. The officers of that date were rarely of financial importance, and the first comers were much like Israel under the Judges, when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

The general effect of that life, with its caravans, its mingling races, arms, strange costumes, and cities that were camps, was but for its prodigious hopes and intense activities more akin to the records of Syria than to the European nature from which it sprang. The Orient has had her epochs of activity too. Does she not recall the glories of Solomon and Haroun, of Baalbec and Damascus ? Has she not had her Omar, her Saladin, and — ominous name that masters all — her Mahomet ?

Early Colorado was regarded as a gold-producing country only, and the struggle of the Gilpin County miners is a singular exam-

ple of human persistence. The desperation with which money was sunk in shafts, the sarcasm with which men watched Eastern operations, the final hopelessness when they were driven from their properties by want, all have the elements of the dramatic. And from that tiny county, men who held their own went forth over the entire West. Those scattered camps, those dauntless pilgrims, may well rejoice today. Then there was not a steel rail between the Sea of Cortez and the Lake of the Woods. The church and the school were in embryo. Secure as yet in the interior valleys, the Ute hunted and fished, not coming near the settlements, and possibly retaining respectability by that reticence. Arapahoe women dipped their water vessels in the Platte, and Little Crow was a friendly chief who might be suspected of a leaning towards Christianity. Left Hand was a name of power with his tribe, for he saw that in alliance, not hostility to whites, lay his people's hope. It is worthy of note that even in the savage type, such men are scorned and vilified by those whom their counsel might have saved. The conflict between the old and the new is as primitive and as universal as the contrast between youth and age.

Trains of Mormon emigrants wound onward through the desolate wilderness, and at evening chanted hymns to their God with an appeal for guidance which, however ignorant, was yet not without its grandeur. Well for many was it that the night and the storm, the powers of hunger, cold, and fatigue, set them free from the spell that drew them to destruction as the mountain drew the ships of Sinbad.

It was still possible to name the tribe to which a man had fallen victim by the arrows and marks upon his body; it was still wise to heed at the well the Arab warning, "Drink and away!" To sleep without a guard was the folly of a party whose ears must have been dull indeed, nor could women look upon the fair beauty of their children without dreading that it might take the fancy of a fierce chieftain's wife whose breast ached for something to replace the brown little one that had

lain upon it. Here and there, the carcasses of dead Indians, swung upon the poles that lifted them above the ravening wolf,—in whose sneaking gait, furtive glare, and infernal laughter Nature has furnished the type of the coward.

The skull of the buffalo whitened on the hunting ground, the trapper built his hut in the lone ravine, and the missionary wore out his body in a cause that excited him as the chase did his more worldly comrade. Where, at trading stations, numbers collected, society justified the repeated statement that "God did not exist west of the Missouri." Yet, looking abroad over the confusion of the world in which they lived, one must honor the determined souls who, crossing its decisive tide, lifted their voices and declared that between them and all to eastward lay an eternal severance.

The first Coloradans clustered around the historic gulch of Gregory. A road led through the cañon of Mount Vernon, along which many an old timer of prominence wrestled with the mysteries of bread-making. Then "Guy Hill" was the terror of ladies from the States, and "Across the Range" equivalent to the territory of Prester John for fables. Up by Bradford's a way went to the land of "Buckskin Joe," and near it you may see the site of a town, a smooth, extensive pasture. All through Jefferson, Clear Creek, and Gilpin Counties are memorials that speak to restless youth of hopes that were once bright as theirs, of a tide of life that has ebbed and left its driftwood behind. There are houses of which but the hearthstones remain, there are trails over which no traffic passes, there are graves under the mountain pines of which no man knows the story. Here where I sit sketching, one night the full moon shone on more than a hundred men whose midnight march was like a vision of border vengeance. Yonder was an Indian "look out," and in Golden is a block house built for defense, the loopholes of which ignobly light the stalls of horses.

The cloak does not make the monk, nor arms the soldier, nor the name of pioneer the hero; but to you, noble souls of whom the

world hears too little, brave men and women whose virtues were the fruits of striving Christian centuries, and you others who, without personal faith, nevertheless ranged yourselves on the side of the right without promise or hope of reward, grand primitive figures, whose lifted arms hold a light for humanity, for you I write. Not, alas, always to you, for the ears of the noblest are stopped with clay, and the sails of others whiten out of hearing down unfamiliar seas; but that such memories may not perish wholly from our hearts. There is no more a dread in frontier homes of the torch and knife of the assassin; on the hills cattle graze without fear of a stampede; and to you, pioneers, we owe it that we are here and in safety.

It has wrongs and doubts, evils and sorrows, but to those who have known savagery our civilization is worth even all that it has cost; and for every grief there is hope, for every young ambition glory, for every sinking heart a promise, in the story of a border.

In the June of 1860 there was born an heiress to this vague world of rain and storm and thunder, of boundless plains and wooded ranges; a child whose cry was the first a white mother had heard among those heights since time was known. That mother, who lay beneath a roof of pine boughs in a shed with a dirt floor, an open fire-place, and a blanket for a door, was as soft and delicate a woman as ever plucked the rose of the South; brought there by that most universal and mysterious law which draws a woman to a man's side wherever he may be, in ruin, in defeat, or in exile. Have not the best of Europe — in days when she held the world's youth, and her cities were as yet but glorious visions to uncrowned monarchs — endured their travail under circumstances even more miserable! Deep in the woman's heart have ever lain the profoundest secrets of existence, and to all good women the sorrows of maternity are glorified by the divine joy that shone over Bethlehem in Judah. The deified womanhood of their time breathes in the Madonnas of the old masters. They knew that to every woman is re-enacted something of the wonder of Mary over her first

born, and that each young life with its possibilities is like a new message from the soul of the Eternal.

But, as in men's souls there are two natures, the active and the passive, women have also two, the virginal and maternal, neither easily comprehending the other. One bears out the Greek fancy of earth, the thousand breasted, feeding the nations, clothed in the fullness of content, ever fair and bringing forth beauty. Its crown is in its children, in love, and the touch of little hands. To the other belong the heights and solemnities, ay, and the great depths of the soul. It loves once, and spiritually, for love is only part of its destiny, nor can it be wholly dwarfed by its loss. Alas! in the confused mortal life one yearns vainly for loves that come not to her; and the other, wandering under the shadow of silent heavens, cries out against the flesh that weighs her to the dust or turns her subtlety into one of the lights of the abyss.

II.

THE storm passed by, and flowers rose again after its fury. Several days later, the little maid lay in a rough crib in a corner of the cabin. Over it bent a woman, sobbing violently. She threw herself on her knees beside it and kissed the tiny hands and feet with a paroxysm of tenderness. The young mother on her couch turned her head aside, seeming not to notice the emotion that convulsed that scarred and evil-featured countenance.

"Mountain Sal" was the terror of the camp, a sensual fury whom men feared as much as they despised. She had been employed as nurse because no other woman could be found, but with the dismal warning that no one in those diggings had seen her sober for a week at one time. Whether it was due to the trust reposed in her, pity, or mere caprice, she proved good, thoughtful, and utterly different from her noisy and combative self.

What feelings had wrought upon that charred wreck of womanhood? None would know, for with a furtive glance to see

if she had been observed, Mountain Sal got up, took her bundle, and with a brief and kindly farewell went her way down the gulch. In a few hours she would be oblivious of all life's trials, and most of her earnings would be in the till of the local barkeeper.

The baby, however, took to its surroundings "like a perfect lady," as Bill Jiggers, the carpenter, remarked. Bill had been putting up a house with a door and a glass window, for which he proposed asking fabulous rent; but, after seeing the baby, he promptly offered it to her parents at a nominal rate.

Other favors followed, very opportunely for them. Cyrus Graham was a lawyer who had come west to grow up with the country, without the first idea of what that might imply. The exalted and hopeful ignorance of Americans in attacking new countries seems almost superhuman, looking back as we do upon all the pitiful stories of that time. Graham, whose business was of varying success, had married in St. Louis a girl of French family, overcoming the objections to his creed with a tenacity of purpose that came from his New England training. He lived harmoniously in that city with his wife until their children faded and died in its rank and heavy air. Both became eager for change, and aided by Richardson's brilliant and famous letters, Colorado was experiencing her first excitement. The journey over the plains was sketched as one long panorama of glowing adventure. What it really was a California miner better expressed. "If you want to imagine the overland route," said he, "fancy yourself dying, and somebody throwing hot sand in your eyes."

Graham and his wife were young, strong, hopeful, and they were in love with each other, without which sentiment it is not advisable for families to seek new homes. He sold his property, bought a team and wagon and a stock of provisions, and crossed the plains with no more serious misfortune than that of a rascally partner, who had been ordered to quit the mines the year before, and who fastened upon the pilgrims a shade of "off color." He did more, indeed — he

borrowed all the money Graham would lend him, and then, going on ahead, paid some of his most flagrant debts as a sort of compromise with the public, stating that he would settle in full when reimbursed by the needy family whose expenses he had borne. Though Bill Jiggers and his set doubted every word Jim Carrington spoke, the airy fiction appealed to the generous feelings of the camp, and secured him a temporary popularity. Graham, who did not suspect this treachery, had for a time good cause to believe western kindness a myth.

But his little girl was like the good fairy of the story books. The eager interest shown in her was a trifling stunning to a man who had been used to consider his family his private property; but with American quickness he made the best of the change. Bill Jiggers's offer was succeeded by presents — a lot, a claim, a nugget of some value, not to mention such delicacies as the market afforded. As she grew out of the general red indecisiveness of her first weeks, her mother found it well to let her sit at the open door, protected by a board. With that instinctive taste which makes her race adorn the poorest circumstances, Mrs. Graham contrived the decoration of the child's little garments. She herself possessed the delicate grace which is the charm of the Celtic type in youth; and when she sat in the soft October evening, with the little one in her arms, waiting for her husband's return, there was no man of them all who would have let her hear a rude word.

Few princesses have been honored as that little infant, who at six months was a personage of consequence. Coming from work the miners stopped to look at her, speak of their own little ones at a distance, or leave some trifle for a plaything. The Grand Lama is said to show dignity at an early age, and this divinity took homage with an air, displaying much amiability at these levees on the hillside. But there were other times when her mother caught cold, was quite ill, and the tiny wretch became a household terror, screaming and laying about her with viciousness out of all proportion to her size.

Poor Bill Jiggers carried her many a time in his arms, while her father was trying to learn something of cookery, and most ungratefully she tugged at his heavy beard. But Bill, who had laid his young wife and her baby in the same grave back in Iowa, was an abject weakling in all that regarded the softer sex. He could not have informed on Mountain Sal had he found her stealing horses, — a suspicion of which clouded that lady's record. He would have judged her temporarily insane, and accordingly not responsible for her actions.

Graham had been elected recorder (an office which gauges the wealth of a mining district) in spite of the calumnies that his late friend and partner sowed broadcast; but the winter proved one to try his courage. The deceitful beauty of the weather, which had made December like May, broke up suddenly as a thunder-clap. A cold and awful January closed down on the camp in No Man's Gulch. The fire-places filled with roaring logs could not warm the ill-joined, half-built cabins. Snow sifted in and caked around the heads of sleepers, and poor fellows whose helpless house-keeping had answered in fine weather now dropped off in scores, or lay suffering, destitute of comforts or medical attendance.

The freighters began to grumble and raise prices, for deep snow and icy winds made their hardships intense, and why should man risk his life without reward? But it seemed bitter that provisions should rise when the sluices were frozen over, and the gold of the diggings out of reach beneath white drifts. Hunger filled many a strong youth's grave, despair and heart-sickness finished the work of many another. Their companions buried them for lack of boards in their blankets, and with the popular made some attempt at funeral services. There was no preacher and but one Bible in No Man's Gulch; but there was many a heart that could not forget the promises of the Redeemer.

Their operations had scared away the game, and what cattle there were in the country were in as bad condition as themselves. They shared their wretched bits of

bacon and handfuls of flour, laughing grimly in one another's hungry faces, as men may have done in prisons or armies. "Fresh meat, milk, or eggs would be fatal at this altitude," said the doctor, who like Mountain Sal was sober then. The supply of whisky was soon held too sacred for conviviality.

One poor boy owed his life to Mountain Sal, who found him alone and sick in his fireless cabin, where she at once brought some semblance of comfort and managed to procure food, until he rose haggard but convalescent to thank her with tears in his weak blue eyes. Afterwards when he returned home, his gray old mother prayed for her son's preserver. Who knows the secrets of the recording angel? Good bread may come from evil hands, and the lily is a lily though it grow beside carrion.

"Such is life in the extreme West," said the president, writing a jesting notice to the effect that "men bringing delicate women and children to endure the hardships of the mountains will be lynched on and after the first of April next." He was an iron-headed old Scot, who in times of revelry might be seen to stand scowling among his comrades as some desert prophet may have frowned on the rabble of Byzantium, reeling to its fall; but perhaps his was the softest heart there, had he not scorned to show it. He was the originator of a wild project for bringing a cow into the valley to contribute to the baby's comfort, and he it was whose open contempt did most to discredit the statements of Jim Carrington's felicitous invention.

That gentleman shared none of these privations. He left the mountains early, and secured a place as barkeeper in a Denver establishment where his talents were appreciated.

In one of the dark, cold weeks that dragged along towards spring, sundry light sleepers began to talk of a strange wail heard about midnight. Mountain Sal said it was a spirit portending death to children which seemed an appalling possibility.

"Little Colonel Johnston," the Kentucky fire-eater, after lying awake some nights on

purpose, relieved apprehension by pronouncing it a mountain lion's yell; when there ensued a general disinclination for exercise after dark. He shot the beast and brought its tawny carcass into the saloon, where it created a buzz of comment and inquiry that broke up the dismal monotony for an hour or two.

And though that winter tenderly cared-for children in the warm rooms of rich cities were choked off by the hundreds, though strong men died around her, the little girl flourished and became like the personification of hope in that dreary place.

Then all at once a soft west wind blew upon the walls of the cabins; the icicles slackened and fell from the eaves; the snow-drifts slid into the ravines, down which the streamlets danced with silver laughter. The birchen tassels shook their brown streamers to the sunlight, velvet catkins decked the willow, the varnished aspen buds unclosed to release their misty fringes, and the silken green of new shoots clothed the brier and wild cherry. The loosened earth opened everywhere in little rifts, through which peered the tender germs of the flowers, crowding together as if for aid in lifting the clods that covered them. The meadow larks came back, and answered the robins. The ground grape perfumed the undergrowth with the breath of its golden bloom, starlike blossoms hid the sod, and down in the valley the plum thickets threw over their leafless boughs a white robe, whose spicy fragrance blew far among the heights.

But to whom can Spring appear so beautiful as to the prisoner whom she frees! To him she comes like the angel to the sorrowful poet, clad in "the tint of trees new-budded," a spirit of deliverance and joy whose hands are full of healing and whose eyes promise the glories of the resurrection. So it was here.

III.

IN due time the baby was baptized, to which watery proceeding she objected with all the vigor of an unregenerate nature. The old priest who came twenty miles to christen

her Jeannette was a French missionary whom the miners called "Macbeth," thus deftly snubbing the pretensions of a foreign name. Generally speaking, they rather favored the old man, whose muscles in their activity seemed made of wire. With delicacy of feeling beyond praise they would disappear down their shafts when they saw him making his rounds if they had nothing to give him. More than once had the old man stood on the deserted hillside, looking about him with a curious smile. It was hard to say whether he took in the arrangement or not. Had he been dealing with the frank Saxon some brutal retort would have left him no doubt in the matter.

When Jeannette was able to walk, the bright quartz was her first plaything; the sluice-boxes, the stamp mill, with its ores, noise, and great machinery, her first object of study. By this time other little ones played on the hillsides, but she held her own royally. She learned to have long conversations with every one, in which her views were expressed with delightful clearness and confidence. Her ideas would then have formed a collection of broken pictures, a bit of mountain, the arch of a rainbow, the harebells by the rapid creek, or the groups of men talking by the cabin door. And noble figures they were to dwell in a girl's memory. Where but in the mines are to be found the finest types of physical manhood? These, too, were gold miners, who differ from silver miners as the cattle man does from the sheep owner.

A pretty frequent series of movings marked little Jeannette's youth. When she was five years old she paid her first visit to the valley, and for all her life remembered the broad, blue Platte, which flashed in her eyes as their wagon forded its shallow current. The white houses of Denver, with their green lattices, appeared luxuriously beautiful in the middle of what was then a desolate plain. Then for a time she played under Table Mountain in the young capital of the Territory, and watched the lion's face come out on its crowning rock in the rains.

There she saw the wagon trains come in

with their varied freight, and there was taken to hear Governor Gilpin unfold ideas that then seemed the wildest fancies, but are now the most prosaic facts; after which she fell asleep to dream that the snowy cordilleras were lost, and she was sent to find them without any provisions. For she went every where that her father could take her, holding his hand, and being taught if struck by a loosened bough when plucking flowers in the hills that it was cowardly to cry.

To this day the child of the mountains is thus educated, watching the tasks and manners of its elders, old-fashioned, quaint, but to my taste interesting as the elves in the fairy tales. Nature is so close and dear to children, revealing knowledge to them in a thousand pleasant ways, that she presents herself to me under the form of one of those old women whose delight is in folk-lore, whose birds talk with the wandering prince, and whose flowers guard the maiden's enchanted slumbers.

Her first reader was a history of the Bible, and the stories she spelled out of it were repeated by her with delight to any who would listen. It was during an hour of rain and thunder that she read of the wandering of the tribes, and thenceforth Table Mountain served to her imagination as a type of Sinai. The moral lesson she drew from it was what it may have produced upon those children who heard the story told years after their people's journey, among the conquered vineyards of old Canaan — the sense of an exceeding great and holy Power, with whom no man might trifle, but whose hand succored the poor, the weak, and the despised. All this dimly, not to be put in words, but needing words for explanation.

Later, in Denver, the more important events of her childhood occurred. She listened there, breathless, to tales of Indian ravages, and heard of bodies brought in hacked out of all recognition. She burned with the same indignation that broke forth on men's lips in curses when they discussed the government and the Eastern press. For the routes were then unsafe between Denver and *Pueblo*, the talk in the shops was of a

possible alliance of the Utes with other tribes, and rumor ran mad, as it always does during Indian troubles. The continual wearing anxieties and fears with which it oppresses women and children are not the slightest burdens of Indian war. "They should not be in such places"? All very well, but men alone don't make a country, and that was the work in hand just then.

Nevertheless, men did not spend all their time in watching for hasty riders, who dashed in with information of a generally unreliable description, in organizing new companies, nor mourning over the situation. Drove of cattle were brought in from the great ranges, the stages with their white horses pulled out regularly for *Santa Fé*, *Breckenridge*, and *Central*. *Jeannette*, on her way to school, was often delayed at the crossing of *F* street by the Mexican ox-trains bringing from the south bad Spanish, hides, lumber, wood, and occasionally the light wines of the *Rio Grande*. Business activity succeeded visionary alarms, and there were some persons rash enough to think *Denver* might become a city of consequence.

It was then little more in size than a country town. To ramble on what is now *Capitol Hill*, or in the *Cherry Creek* bottoms on a Sunday in June, an amusement in vogue, was to enjoy a pleasure impossible now. The wild flowers, tangled knee-deep over the prairie, were of innumerable tints and varieties, not like a carpet, a mosaic, nor anything but their own boundless fleece of divine and living color. The star-lily, the *abronia*, the moss phlox, and the lupines all blossomed in perfection, and the evening wind brought their perfumes to casements and verandas, around which the more hopeful citizens began to set trees and plant gardens.

At the convent school she met girls who had foreign names, and who taught her to pronounce Spanish words, taking pains to impress her young mind with all the difference between a Mexican and a Castilian, which they said was important. She took instinctively to these dark-eyed friends and to the soft tongues of Southern Europe, without knowing much of either.

There were social rivalries even on the border; there were business anxieties and politics, bitter in their restricted range as a family quarrel. But life had many pleasures for Jeannette; and upon that period in the new city of the prairies she always looked back with a sensation as of the sun shining brightly upon it; of paths by drifts of spice-

breathing wild currant bushes hung with golden tubes, and blown across by the bitter scent of cherry blossoms; young leaves wavering over shallows and sands, beyond which the white shoulders of the mountains heaved themselves against the blue; bright vistas, clear and charming as the scenery of a Norse fairy tale.

Marion Muir Richardson.

THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

MARK TWAIN once said that governmental affairs in the Hawaiian Kingdom were carried on in such a ponderously expensive manner as to suggest the idea of "the machinery of the *Great Eastern* being used to propel a sardine box." That epigrammatic opinion contained more truth than those who are familiar with the flights of fancy of the great humorist are wont to accord to his statements. Time has set him right, as in view of the late violent upset of traditional authority in the islands it may be said that the complicated machinery of public affairs has upset the sardine box!

To understand intelligently the present condition of political affairs in that petty kingdom, *i. e.*, that a minority of voters rule absolutely, — and that, too, under a duly accepted constitution, — a sketch of the past political status of rulers and ruled in the Islands will be in order.

Our earliest knowledge of the Hawaiian Islands begins with their discovery by Captain Cook, the famous English navigator, in 1778.

At that time each island of the group was ruled by an *Alii*, or high chief, and each was practically independent.

Those chiefs had absolute power over the people. Their right to rule had come to be considered "divine" — as that of hereditary chiefs elsewhere — by virtue of their high descent. The ancient chronological records of the reigning families of Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, and Kauai (the four principal islands

of the group) "have" — to quote the words of the late Abraham Fornander, a profound student of Polynesian traditions, manners, and customs — "passed from father to child, or from master to disciple, within the professional circle of those to whom immemorial usage had consigned the preservation of them. . . . The Hawaiians reckoned time by generations of their principal chiefs or kings. They started from Wakea as a common ancestor of all the chiefs on all the islands of the group." This chief's period — according to the same authority — may be fixed approximately at about 190 A. D.

Thus it will be seen that about the beginning of the Christian era, Hawaiian traditions claim that a certain powerful family reigned over the group. Whatever degree of uncertainty there may be in the exact date of the period of Wakea, there is none in regard to that of his immediate descendant, Nana-ulu, who reigned in 500 A. D. Fifteen generations after Nana-ulu, say about 1030 A. D., we find the chronological records of the chiefs grouped under four or five great families reigning over as many islands.

From the time, then, of Nana-ulu, to the year 1800, a period of at least 1300 years, certain chiefish families ruled absolutely over the Hawaiian Islands. The only change during that time was the assumption of supreme power by Kamehameha I., who conquered the ruling chiefs of all the islands, and became the sole ruler of the group. His immediate successor, Kamehameha II., reigned

in the same absolute manner until, in 1825, he by royal decree gave his people the lands (upon which they were living up to that time as "tenants at will") to possess them as freeholds, thus taking the first step towards the establishment of a "limited monarchy." This act was followed by the granting, in 1840, of a written constitution by Kamehameha III. Immediately after this event followed the formal recognition of the independence and autonomy of the Hawaiian Kingdom by the United States in 1844, and the negotiation of treaties with European powers.

The constitution granted by Kamehameha III. was proclaimed in 1852, and under it that king, as well as his successor Kamehameha IV., governed the kingdom. Upon the accession of Kamehameha V. in 1863, he called a constitutional convention to frame a new constitution, but shortly after sent the members home and proclaimed a constitution of his own.

This arbitrary act was in keeping with his character. He was a true type of the ancient Kamehamehas. While he felt himself obliged to conform to the manners and customs of modern civilization, and to retain his "Cabinet," "Privy Council," and other needful surroundings of modern king-craft, all his pride of family, the influences of his early training, and his inherited dislike to the "foreigner," combined to strengthen his purpose to restore the ancient glories of irresponsible chieftainship. So, arbitrarily dismissing those whom he had convened for the purpose of framing a constitution, upon its being made clear to him that they could not agree to do as he wished, he caused to be promulgated a document which virtually enabled him to exercise much arbitrary power.

This document provided that no act of the legislature should become law without his signature; that he could hold back his sign manual, if he chose, without giving reasons for doing so; and that there should be no such privileged proceeding as passing a bill over his veto. He held the right of appointing or dismissing any or all of the members of his cabinet at his pleasure, thus doing away with the idea of a "responsible" head

to that body. He held the power of appointing "nobles" for life, who sat and voted with the representatives in the legislature of the kingdom. The number of nobles thus created equaled that of the representatives elected to each biennial legislature, and their votes, together with those of the cabinet who have a voice in all legislative proceedings, could always overweigh any representative vote not in accordance with the king's wishes.

All appointments in the civil service of the government were under the king's control, while the rank and file of his army were entirely subject to him as commander-in-chief.

The king could not be sued, — and the effect of this provision was that during his life-time he held portions of estates which, upon his death, were restored to their owners by decrees of the supreme court.

The same inherited love for power and semibarbaric display which controlled him in forming this famous "constitution," influenced him strongly in his feelings towards those who were and had been for many years trying to elevate his people in moral, religious, and social life. Without being openly hostile to such he was a dead weight upon them. He held to the traditions of his forefathers, and though nominally a Christian, was in thought and feeling a heathen. Inordinately proud of his name and rank as a "Kamehameha," he held to the last his belief in his "divine right" to rule, and dying refused to name his successor, — for with him the royal family died too.

That clause of the constitution which provided that the successor to the throne should be named by its occupant not having been complied with, the alternative provision was put in force, and for the first time in the history of the islands a king was chosen by the people, through their representatives assembled for that purpose. This king — a high chief named Lunalilo — succumbed to the cares of state (and the effects of life-long dissipation) in but one year; and then — true to the traditions of his ancestors — died without naming his successor.

Once more the choice of a sovereign lay

with the people, but now there was no representative of the historical Kamehamehas left, and so the commoners felt themselves at liberty to choose whom they would, without incurring the dreaded displeasure of the ancient royal line.

The choice fell upon Kalakaua, the present king, who was the representative of another family of high chiefs. He ascended the throne in 1874 as an elected sovereign, his only title to the rank and position the votes of the people.

So much has been said of the past political history of the Hawaiian Islands, in order that a few important facts may be made evident. It will be seen that the people for many hundreds of years have always been subject to the irresponsible will of their chiefs, and it may be added they have generally been easily amenable to such edicts as those in authority might promulgate. For the past hundred years at least the supreme authority has been invested in one family, and when that family died out and the people were told that they could *choose* their ruler from amongst the few remaining representatives of chiefish families, they were intoxicated with their newly acquired privileges; and at the election of Kalakaua the minority expressed their displeasure at the defeat of their candidate by murderously attacking the representatives and indulging in a serious riot.

Kalakaua came to the throne with the desire and intent of governing prudently and wisely. He is a man of good education, of polished manners, and of fine personal appearance. All these advantages have been improved by foreign travel and intercourse with the rulers and statesmen of Europe. At the same time the want of stability of purpose and self denial, and the love of personal ease and aggrandizement so characteristic of the Hawaiian race, made him an easy victim of the astute politicians, the cunning knaves, and unscrupulous adventurers who gradually gathered about him.

At the beginning of his reign, Kalakaua seemed to be actuated by a sincere desire to improve the condition of his people. He gave much attention to the development of the

resources of the kingdom, and to the carrying out of much needed sanitary measures. He took an active part in promoting the welfare of churches and schools, and was an active member of several charitable and fraternal societies.

As his official advisers he was at first content to call about him men of worth and high standing in the community. But it was not long before, dazzled by visions of impossible political grandeur, intensified by his natural fondness for display especially as regards military organizations, he countenanced most wasteful expenditures for useless pomp and show; until in 1884 the amount expended for "military, bands, flags, and salutes," together with the "salaries," voted Kalakaua and the royal family for two years, absorbed one-ninth of the estimated resources of the kingdom for that biennial period.

These large sums, together with others of a like extravagant character, were allowed by a majority of the legislature of 1884 and also considerably increased by that of 1886, against the most solemn protests of substantially all the foreign residents on the islands, who represented the greater part of the wealth and business enterprises of the group.

In this connection it will be of interest to give some figures regarding the amount of taxes and by whom they were paid at that time. From a careful report made to the legislature of 1882 the following table has been prepared.

NATIONALITY.	NO.	REAL ESTATE.	PERSONAL, ETC.
Hawaiians...	15,769	\$34,133.63	\$89,947.80
Naturalized....	740	36,737.77	55,472.81
Chinese....	10,894	3,780.18	66,621.45
Americans....	886	10,108.26	25,712.01
English.....	721	8,847.42	16,148.41
Germans.....	328	4,363.55	18,280.38
Portuguese....	677	1,276.68	4,887.20
Scattering....	1,017	747.98	5,290.96
	31,032	\$99,995.47	\$282,361.02
			99,995.47
			\$382,356.49

By the above table it will be seen that 31,032 persons paid an aggregate of \$382,356.49, or at the rate of \$12.34 per head. But while 15,769 "Hawaiians" paid at the

rate of nearly \$8 per head, 740 "naturalized" residents paid at the rate of over \$124 *per capita*. These naturalized residents were made up of the following nationalities:

Americans, 357, paying.....	\$53,079.11
English, 231, paying.....	22,418.02
Germans, 81, paying.....	6,804.30
Scattering, 71, paying.....	9,909.15

The Hawaiians and naturalized persons had the right to vote, the rest of the inhabitants had not. So it happened that about one-half of the tax-payers, contributing three-fourths of the taxes, did so without the right of franchise. We do not need to go outside the history of our own great republic to learn that "taxation without representation" is not in accord with the principles of a truly constitutional government.

Under the laws of the kingdom governing elections it was not unnatural that each legislature should be composed largely of native Hawaiians. Nor to those acquainted with the easy, good-natured disposition of that race, is it a matter of surprise that a majority of each legislative body could be led into much foolish — if not disastrous — legislation by designing men. The history of each biennial session for the past twenty years proves that the members were thus manipulated; but it was not until the late Mr. Gibson came into power that it became evident that the King's personality was being used to influence not only the election of representatives but their votes while in session. There was gradually formed what came to be known as the "Palace Party," where the policy was one of intrigues carried on by boon companions of the King, who were always in command of the "back stairs" of the royal residence.

Of course it was by no means an easy task for the premier, Mr. Gibson, to keep these hangers-on in check. While controlling his colleagues in the cabinet, and watching the "opposition," between these conflicting interests, he came to the ground. Though possessed of great political sagacity, and full of resources and expedients, and always aiming at the centralization of power in himself, yet he finally found himself compelled

to accept as members of the cabinet a number of native Hawaiians. When this was done the time was but short when all minor offices were filled by representatives of the same race, hardly one of whom possessed the confidence and respect of responsible foreigners.

Such being the political status of the Government of 1886, its end could not be far off. In the legislature of that year a most vigorous effort was made by a determined minority to stem the tide of wasteful appropriations of moneys, and to correct growing abuses that had crept into the administration of public affairs. But no attention was paid by those in power to the most convincing proofs of the inevitable bankruptcy of the nation — financially, morally, and politically — in the near future, unless bad legislation was checked.

All other means having failed, it was resolved to bring about a radical change *vi et armis*. A secret organization known as "The League" was formed of the best citizens of the capital city of Honolulu, and under its direction a body of volunteers — the "Rifles" — was carefully officered and drilled. Every precaution was taken to prevent, by thorough organization amongst the foreign civilians, and the display of an adequate armed force, the shedding of blood; and so well and secretly arranged were all the details that when a public meeting was called on the 30th of June, 1887, to discuss public affairs, and in accordance with resolutions then passed a committee waited upon the King, and demanded the dismissal of Gibson and his colleagues in the cabinet and the royal assent to the terms of a new constitution, they were backed by such a show of force that Kalakaua saw that resistance was useless, and granted all that was asked of him.

The first step gained, the rest was easy. A new ministry was immediately formed, and an election for representatives and nobles ordered. At this election the candidates of the "Reform" party were returned from every district in the islands, and when in the following November this legislature held a

special session the new constitution was formally adopted.

A peculiar feature of this revolutionary movement is that in its inception and execution it was confined to the city of Honolulu. That it should originate there — if anywhere in the group — was to be expected, inasmuch as that is the only considerable city in the kingdom, is the seat of government, and the *locus* of all the large commercial and financial houses. But that the foreign residents on the other islands were not participants in the movement is due to the fact that there are but four other centers of population, the native and foreign male residents of which number as follows :

	NATIVE.	FOREIGN.
Wailuku, Maui.....	1450	289
Lahaina, Maui.....	806	40
Hilo, Hawaii.....	1310	267
Lihue, Kauai.....	408	282
	3974	878

While in Honolulu there are 4,693 natives and 1,393 foreigners.

In the above enumeration the term "foreigner" includes Americans, British, Germans, and French; and though numerically all these represent but little more than one-fourth of the whole male population of the towns mentioned, yet commercially, politically, and socially they hold the balance of power.

Honolulu, since it became the capital city, has always borne the same relation to the kingdom that Paris did for a long time to France. All power and legislation have been centered there, and inasmuch as inter-island communication is carried on by vessels, not by telegraph, it has happened often that important movements have been begun at the capital and completed before the outer districts could be heard from.

This is not the first time that a decided and peremptory stand has been taken by the citizens of Honolulu, to remedy what they considered to be the abuse of power by those controlling the government. In 1853, a revolutionary meeting was held, and a committee appointed to wait upon the King, Kamehameha III., to demand the dis-

missal from office of Dr. G. P. Judd, then at the head of the administration. That gentleman had done the state good service for many years, but when he attempted to centralize all power in himself, he had to be, and was, deposed.

From that time the temporal power of the representatives of the "missionary" element in the islands waned, and at last almost disappeared as far as the public conduct of affairs was concerned. But it was not to be expected that the descendants of those who had founded the government, churches, and schools of the kingdom, would quietly acquiesce in their own relegation to impotence. To reinstate themselves as a party in power they have worked night and day, but in a different manner than in early days. Abandoning the native element, whose diminished numbers made them no longer of prime importance, they have combined with the foreigners — most of them aliens — and triumphantly gained possession of the government.

Obliged as they were to affiliate with British, French and Germans, who in these latter times have come in and absorbed a large part of the commerce and agriculture of the islands, but who have no particular veneration for the traditions connected with the early missions, those who believe it to be their birthright to rule, spiritually and secularly, over the islands as their fathers did, are obliged to lay by many of their prejudices, and yield to the demands of their more purely worldly compatriots.

This necessity for diplomatic action necessarily weakens the native's faith in their honesty of purpose, and renders their task of purifying the government more difficult. The native Hawaiian is a great talker, and acute in his perception of what is incongruous in act or speech. He is a master of duplicity and hence quick to attribute the like trait to others. It follows therefore that though he may and does give in his adhesion to the party now in power, yet he will be quite ready and willing to applaud its overthrow if that ever occurs.

Even now late reports from the islands

indicate that restless, ambitious Hawaiians are endeavoring to stir up opposition to the present state of affairs, the principal argument used being that the "rights" of the Hawaiians are being taken away from them, and that they, as a people, have no longer an influential voice in the conduct of public affairs.

During the progress of the events following the meeting of the 30th of June, the display of power was kept up by the League, while pains were taken to convince the "natives"—as the Hawaiians are called—that their lives, their liberty, and the pursuit of such present happiness as their state allows were still as ever secured to them. Believing this they cared but little for the future, and so quietly looked on while the restless foreigners troubled themselves with matters that concerned the future.

The "natives," under the old constitution, held a majority of the votes. To nullify this power a clause in the new constitution prescribes that every male resident in the kingdom (other than those of Asiatic descent) who shall have taken the oath to support the constitution shall have the right to vote. According to the last census, taken in 1884, the total number of male native Hawaiians over fifteen years of age was 15,312, while those of the same age and sex of all other nationalities numbered 40,035. Deducting from this last number those of "Asiatic" descent (*i. e.* the Chinese, numbering 17,937), there are still left 22,098 foreigners now eligible to citizenship on easy terms who never voted before. Thus it will be seen that in the future those who solicit the votes of the people of the Hawaiian Islands will seek to secure those of the ever increasing Europeans and Americans, rather than those of the constantly diminishing "Hawaiians."

Under the new constitution, it may be readily conjectured that the native Hawaiian will not be consulted much in reference to the conduct of public affairs. In point of fact his wishes and prejudices were so little thought of during the late "revolution," that the plan of deposing the King, and of

totally abolishing the monarchy was so seriously discussed in the secret meetings of the "League," that it was with difficulty that a small majority succeeded in defeating the scheme. And even they were not actuated by any sentimental feeling in the matter, but simply considered it more expedient to retain the shadow of a king as the nominal head of the government.

So Kalakaua still bears the title of "King,"—is, as of old, addressed as "Your Majesty," and is in the receipt of a comfortable salary to support his "royal state" in his "palace." But that there is more shadow than substance in all this, as far as "ruling" the kingdom is concerned, is shown by the fact that the very first time he undertook to exercise the right of veto—a royal prerogative—he was informed that he must do so "constitutionally," *i. e.*, "by and with the advice and consent of his cabinet." Inasmuch as those who at present form that quattrain of counselors were forced upon him, and that he has not the power to remove any of them except upon a majority vote of all the elective members of the legislature, it will be seen that the one special privilege he holds in the legislation of his kingdom is merely nominal.

The Gibson administration was marked by a few acts of statesmanship which were wise and far-seeing. The care of the unfortunate lepers—of which there were in 1884 no less than 868 segregated on the island of Molokai—received a large share of the attention of the then Board of Health. The receiving hospital for them near Honolulu was vastly improved, and through the exertions of Mr. Gibson himself a band of Sisters of Charity from Syracuse devoted themselves to those sent there. Through the same influence the Queen—Kapiolani—founded a home at that hospital for the children of lepers, and in many other ways the sanitary condition of the Hawaiians was bettered.

In the educational department of the kingdom, the study of the English language was made more universal than ever before, and the standard of teaching raised in consequence.

In the department of Foreign Affairs, the dignity and usefulness of the representatives of the kingdom abroad were advanced. In San Francisco, the appointment of Mr. D. A. McKinley to be Consul General for the Coast States gave and has continued to give much satisfaction; and in Washington, Mr. H. A. P. Carter, as Minister Resident, has materially advanced the interests of the island kingdom he represents.

The Foreign Office at the same time took advantage of every opportunity to have the material products of the kingdom well represented at international exhibitions abroad, and thus called attention in the most favorable manner to the abundant agricultural resources of the country.

Immigration was encouraged in every practicable way, and care was exercised that in the introduction of Japanese and Portuguese (of whom a large number have been imported in the last four years), there should be a fair proportion of women, in order that the new arrivals should become useful settlers as well as laborers. Restrictions, too, were placed upon the wholesale introduction of Chinese, and the terms of labor contracts were materially changed for the better.

Thus with all its faults — and they were many — the “Gibson Ministry” or as it may more properly be termed, the “Gibson Administration,” was not “altogether bad,” though many would fain have the world believe it so.

There yet remains much for those who are now in power in the Hawaiian kingdom to do before the new order of things can be said to have become settled. There are the

conflicting interests of the representatives of a half dozen nationalities — all of whom will now have a voice in affairs — to be adjusted. There are turbulent spirits such as always come to the front in revolutionary times, whose claims for services rendered must be considered. There are monetary complications of the gravest character to be straightened out. And — the most difficult task of all, perhaps — retrenchment of expenditure must be accomplished, and that too in spite of the need for considerable outlays of money for needed public improvements, and the encouragement of large land and railroad schemes.

It remains to be seen what will be done to secure the future prosperity of the islands. With a magnificent sub-tropical climate and rich soil, this mid-ocean kingdom should derive a large income from diversified agriculture. Possessed of a fine harbor located centrally on the lines of ocean travel between the Occident and Orient, the islands are important as a refuge and coaling station. Their strategic position has always been recognized by the great nations of the earth, and the great natural attractions, the scenery, and the wonderful volcanic phenomena constantly presented will always attract tourists to their shores.

Nature has done much for the group, and “every prospect pleases.” It depends upon the policy and acts of the foreign element, that now and for all time must rule there, whether or not the moral, social, and political condition of the people shall sustain the title often bestowed on their dwelling-place, “The Paradise of the Pacific.”

F. L. Clarke.



AFTER THE HOUNDS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

WHIR ! Whir !! Whir !!!

You awake with a start, wondering what is the matter and where you are. In a moment you pull yourself together, and know alas ! that the noise is the gentle call of the alarm clock. The time—four in the morning. Place—a tent in the wildwoods of California.

Drip, drip, sounds the fog.—Where else in the world does fog have sound? It is dark, and the cold is penetrating. No couch was ever so inviting as your bed of boughs ; but it is your turn to follow the hounds, (the ladies of the party take it turn and turn about,) a right you'd ne'er forego. The happy stay-abeds mutter sleepily that you had better get up or you'll be late.

You take a long breath, then with a spring you are out of bed, and getting into your clothes at a great pace. The small boy, always ready, never sleepy, is even now lighting the camp-fire. You hear the master of hounds and his friends stumbling about, fatally mixing up the things they had placed so conveniently the night before, and feel assured that over the coffee drinking you will be asked to go into their tent and "just see if you can't find my spur," or belt, hunting sword, or cigarette paper. The hounds are yawning and stretching at their chains, the younger ones frisking a little, but none giving voice save old Ranger, who, though the very bone and sinew of the pack, the veteran hero of an hundred hunts, still labors under the delusion that he is only a nonentity, and will be left behind if he does not remind us of his presence by a constant reproachful howl.

We have made the coffee and drank it standing. The horses, brought in from their staking ground, are saddled and we mount. The master of hounds moves on a few paces, and winds a peal on his bugle. The small boy holding fast the rope of his gray mustang, loosens the tugging hounds, one after another. Each, as he feels his release, shoots

down the road after us ; the small boy in a fury of haste flings himself into the saddle, and we are off.

What a fine morning it is ! A trifle too damp, perhaps, for our comfort, but delightful to the dogs, intensifying the scent until even a pup might find a trail. Now in the willows to our right sounds a deep bay ; a long flute-like note comes from the slope to our left ; then a shrill, piping cry, a very green bay indeed from one of the pups. It seems to be each dog for himself this morning, but we listen in vain for old Ranger, who has uttered no sound since we started.

Some time passes, when, well up the mountain side, we hear his voice sharp and clear ; his mind is evidently made up. First one hound, then another, stops, listens, then deserts his find and away, scrambling up the cañon's rough side to join old reliable. We pull up our horses and watch the chase as it runs parallel with the crest of the spur. The snake-like line with black and tan Ranger leading, then pinto Rally, a strain of the bloodhound giving peculiar depth and music to his voice ; then black and tan, and pinto, and white, the procession goes. O, but the music of it ! The cañons reëcho it.

Faster and faster, shorter and shorter the bay, and "Now they're pumping ! they must be close upon it !" we cry, and rise excitedly in our saddles, straining our eyes hoping to see the game. The sinuous line trends upward—they seem to be mounting the very edge of a precipice, then suddenly they disappear—and there is utter silence save the champing of our horses on their bits, and the creaking of saddles as we move restlessly. They have gone over the divide, one thousand feet above us, into a cañon on the other side the range.

We sit and listen. The game may double and be brought to bay at our very feet, and should they tree over the divide we can

trust the hounds to keep the foe until we come. The frogs croaking in the river, the bleat of distant sheep, deceive us for an instant. The small boy proposes that we wait no longer, but ride round the spur—a good two miles—but the master says “Wait a little longer.” The small boy sighs regretfully, is still for the space of two minutes, then rides down the road “to see what can be heard.” It is true they may have recrossed the crest into some cañon beyond us.

Shortly his horn rings out three jubilant blasts. We gallop off, and as we round a bend in the road hear again the music of the pack. “Treed! Treed!” shouts the master. We urge our horses up the rocky cañon to the foot of a trail leading to a small *mesa* where we know the game is at bay. A moment to tighten cinches, then up, up, up, we go like Jack’s bean-stalk, and nearly as perpendicularly. Our horses are sure-footed, and we feel tolerably certain that we can ride where they can carry; nevertheless it is a relief to horse and rider when the top is gained.

Round a sycamore the hounds are grouped, their cries growing more energetic as we join them. High up in a crotch of the tree we see the game—a large gray wildcat, stretched gracefully at full length. He is gazing down at his clamorous foes with fierce eyes, feeling all the anger and majesty of the lash of lion or tiger as he wriggles his absurd stub tail. Perhaps he imagines it full length.

The small boy, armed with a sharp-pointed stick, is already in the tree, climbing steadily toward the enraged animal. We shiver and wish he would not run such risks, but the youngster knows no fear of animals wild or tame, and one and all they own his sway. We should feel inclined to pity his feline majesty, but remembering the sad fate of the little lambs when a wildcat attacks the sheep camp, harden our hearts. Now a few well directed punches from the stick and the cat is dislodged, the dogs growing frantic in their efforts to reach him. He struggles, claws the air, and slips to a limb below, where he hangs a moment, then gathering himself together jumps far out and down.

Being a cat, he lights on his feet and is off. Only a bound or two however, and the enemy is upon him, though he is game to the last, each dog getting a stroke from his sharp claws—all except old Ranger, who does not thirst for the fray, but holds discreetly back, giving a chance to his more ferocious comrades.

A few minutes, and the fight being over, the dogs, after quenching their thirst at a spring near by, stretch themselves at our feet to rest. We dismount, and while saddles are loosened to ease the horses, have leisure to look around us. The sun is now up, and every dripping bush, tree, and vine sparkles in its rays.

Northward lie the San Fernando mountains, bleak and bare from recent destructive fires. Up the long grade toward them a freight train, pulled by two engines, creeps slowly along. In the plain below, bands of horses, cattle, and sheep are moving to their feeding grounds; while in the far-famed San Fernando grainfields the busy threshers are already at work. To the east, over a mountain chain, we see the lofty peaks of the Sierras, where they stand guard over sweet Pasadena nestled lovingly at their feet. Far away to the south lies Los Angeles, like a large majolica bowl, with its green basin, surrounded by hills, dotted with lovely homes. The smoke from its many chimneys lifts lazily in the air, then sails off seaward where the Pacific glitters golden in the sun-light, and Catalina’s peaks rise as blue as the Catskills themselves.

But we are recalled by the clear notes of the bugle. We must make the most of our time. The hounds are impatient, and soon it will be too warm to hunt. “We will try the river bottom,” says the master; and that means coons, old Ranger’s particular delight.

The descent of the trail is trying to womanly nerves, but fearing ridicule she crushes down a desire to trust to her own feet in this place of peril, and rides calmly down, clinging however to her saddle horn. The dogs take to the river-bed, while we ride slowly along the bank under the shade of great live

oaks, so old that no tradition of the country goes back to the time when they were not.

We pass a spring where delicious water flows out of the mountain side. Here many years ago was a prosperous settlement of Mission Indians. There were then many houses of adobe, a church, and a flume of masonry built under the direction of the padres to bring water from a neighboring pond to irrigate their vineyards and orchards. Now a few levelled ruins, overgrown with trees, vines and brush—a few remnants of pottery, a small portion of the ditch are all that are left of their work. But the spring is still here as of old, giving sweet water for our summer pleasuring. When we visit it by moonlight to fill our pitcher, it is easy to imagine dusky faces with sad, dull eyes peering out upon us from the tangled vines, watching the pale faces who are merry-making on their deserted lands; and the hoot of the owl seems mournful, the long, weird cry of the coyote a lament from the spirits of this oppressed and hopeless race.

A gush of music from the hounds brings back our wandering thoughts. We have a short, exciting gallop up and down banks, splashing through the water with willows whipping us in the face; then just ahead we hear the cry that tells of game at bay, and almost immediately, snapping, snarling, growling. A fight is going on.

It is only a coon, a smaller and less ferocious animal than the wildcat,—nothing as compared with the coyote, but noisy as a family of bears. This fellow was “treed” among the rocks, and pulled from their sheltering cave by the long slender nose of Nemo, our beautiful greyhound.

The fight over, the dogs are off again. Old Ranger alone remains behind, standing disconsolately beside our horses, a bite on his cheek and a tear on his shoulder. He is not a warrior, and what would make the other hounds the more eager for the hunt quite demoralizes him.

Soon we hear Rally and one of the pups far ahead, and with some difficulty succeed in reaching the cañon where they are. Up

one steep bank then down and up the other, back and forth they go,—the puppy leading,—until they become weary. We know the game must be a fox, and quite despair of their gaining the victory over that most cunning and difficult of foes, when to our joy they come to a stand under a tree half way up the mountain side.

Instantly the master is off his horse, and rifle in hand swings himself up the rocks. If he can only sight the game we know its troubles will be over; for while a cat is seldom shot, only driven from cover, often giving the hounds a second chase and sometimes getting quite away, Mr. Reynard is too wary and fatiguing a foe to be treated so magnanimously.

“Snap,” goes the rifle; we hear the whiz of the bullet, and something drops. There is a short tussle, then the master comes down bringing a beautiful silver fox, the two hounds trotting at his heels.

As they come up, we dismount and decorate the pup “Trailer” with our whip ribbon in honor of this, his first game; and one and all we make so much of him that he becomes elated, and directly falls fiercely upon his old friend Rally, to receive from that dignified animal a rebuke that puts his tail between his legs, and brings his ears to the ground with remorse.

It is nearly nine o'clock now, almost too hot and dry for the dogs to trail. We bethink ourselves of the breakfast that awaits us at camp, of the hammocks under the oaks and the unfinished novel, and gladly acquiesce in the mandate, “No more hunting today.” The dogs are gathered in, then comes a two-mile ride, and with peal of horn and clatter of hoofs we gallop with a grand flourish into camp.

The trophies of the morning's hunt are duly admired by the stay-at-homes, Trailer coming in for more praise, which quite restores his fallen spirits. We are famished, but no breakfast for us until the Lady Superior has ladled out for each hound a dish of new mush, giving to Trailer a double portion which delights his puppy heart.

Helen Elliot Bandini.

A VINTAGE SONG.

COME drink with me, for the wine is white;
 The wine is sparkling and white.
 One quaff is enough to quell your pain;
 One quaff, — but you'll never feel rest again
 Till the glass to its dregs you drain.
 So drink with me, for the wine is light;
 'Tis the idle dream of a passing night, —
 'Tis Fame.

Come drink with me, for the wine is red;
 The wine is ruddy and red.
 What care you now for the hearts that burst,
 That the press crushed hard in its hold accurst,
 So it quench you your parching thirst?
 Then drink with me, for the wine is red;
 'Tis the blood of the hearts that broke and bled, —
 'Tis Life.

Come drink with me, for old wine is best;
 Old wine is ever the best.
 And this has lain in the vaults of time
 Since the world first carried its curse of crime;
 Since it woke from a sleep sublime.
 So drink with me, for old wine is best;
 'Tis but one deep draught and then — peace and rest, —
 'Tis Death.

Julie M. Lippmann.

TWO NIGHTS IN A CRATER.

THERE is one point on the horizon, as seen from the city of Mexico, which has for travelers a strange fascination. It is the awful cone of Popocatepetl, springing from the southern wall of the valley.

Since men were born, and the love of adventure has found lodgment in their hearts, mountain peaks have ever tempted to do and to dare. The calm defiance, the cloud-like beauty of a soaring mountain top, — the mystery, the danger, the difficulty of the ascent, — all provoke the warrior instinct

and lure men on to conquest and possession.

Besides all this there was about the peak of Popocatepetl a legendary and historic interest. Gods had made it their dwelling place. The memory of Huitzilopochtli and Quatzalcoatl, and Tezcatlipoca, and numerous other deities with pleasant names still lingered about it. Devils at one time dwelt within its molten bowels, and the spirits of bad Aztecs worked out their periods of probation in the profundities of its crater.

What more could be asked by ardent youths in quest of adventure?

As early as 1519 one Ordaz, a lieutenant of Cortez, had tried the ascent and failed. Prescott tells us that he reached the rock known as the *Pico del Fraile* and was then driven back by the smoke and sulphur fumes. Two years later Francisco Montaña, another officer of the conqueror, reached the crater after suffering great hardships. He even had the temerity to lower himself into the abyss a few hundred feet and bring away some specimens of sulphur. To him undoubtedly belongs the honor of having made the first ascent, and so remarkable was the exploit considered at that time that the King of Spain conferred special honors and rewards upon him.

During the intervening centuries few attempts were made to ascend the mountain. Records exist, however, showing that from time to time adventurers appeared, who struggled with varying success to overcome the perils of the ascent.

And now it seemed that our turn had come. From the battlements of our castle home Marion and I could see the monarch in all his glory. He was a constant incentive to action, —a perpetual menace to peace of mind.

Night after night we watched the daylight die upon his frozen summit, and day after day we dreamed and schemed and laid plans for his conquest.

There was at this time another man in Mexico who shared with us the hope of some day planting his feet on the brow of the Aztec Olympus. This was Conklin, a young correspondent, who was making a tour of the republic in the interest of a New York illustrated newspaper. Together we consulted and perfected arrangements for the ascent.

The customary mode of reaching the volcano at that time was by stage coach to the village of Amecameca, which is fifty miles distant from the capital. From here there is a rapid rise of fifteen miles over a rough trail to the sulphur station of Tlamacas. This may be made on horseback. Then com-

mences the perilous climb on foot over lava, sand, and ice to the crater's mouth.

Contrary to the customs of the country and the advice of friends, it was finally decided to make the entire trip on foot. As good fortune would have it General Ochoa, the owner of the volcano, was about making one of his periodical visits to the mountain, and he kindly invited us to join his party and partake of its hospitality. Characteristic as was this courtesy of the Mexican gentleman, we felt constrained to decline it in part, and an arrangement was made whereby we were to meet him on a certain date at the station of Tlamacas, and join forces only on the grand ascent over the ice belt.

Thus adjusted, the services of a stalwart Indian boy were secured to act as guide and general roustabout, a donkey was procured to carry the blankets and camping outfit, and one bright March morning we were off. Striking into the broad highway which runs directly south towards the mountain we soon left the city behind, and found ourselves winding along the brow of a low range of hills. To the left the waters of Lake Texcoco gleamed in the morning sun, and to our right beautiful Chalco stretched away to the valley's rim. The mists had not yet risen from the water, and through the haze came glimpses of willow banks with wild ducks feeding among the tule grasses, while now and then a boat went by, laden to the brim with vegetables and flowers. Tramping merrily onward we soon began to meet the native marketmen bearing their produce to the city. There were men and women with heavy loads upon their backs, long lines of suffering donkeys almost hidden under bales of hay and charcoal, and troops of naked little urchins who invariably went scampering to their mothers for protection upon catching sight of our foreign faces.

But it is not the purpose of this brief sketch to tell you of all the sensations created by our little caravan, as it marched along that day over dusty highway and through Indian villages. The spectacle of three white men on foot was a novelty sufficient to excite the curiosity, if not the suspicions of the natives

whom we met; and we could not blame them much. Whole towns turned out at times to see us pass, and even the donkeys pricked up their ears in astonishment at the unusual apparition. Our boy José was frequently called aside and earnestly questioned as to what it all meant. Who were we? Where were we going? Why did we walk like *peones*? But no one molested or made us afraid. Marion was never so happy as when turned loose among these simple people, whom he delighted to call *paisanos* and little friends. The children especially were his delight, and more than once during the days that followed did I see him win over little wild-eyed things who at first sight of us had run hastily to cover. It is perhaps proper to tell you also that Conklin was not without his sphere of usefulness. It was not his fault that he was a handsome youth, with a curling golden beard, and when dusky damsels smiled at him from the roadside, or peeped out from cactus hedges to call him *guerito*, we were assured of peace and hospitality.

Nightfall found us in an open country about thirty miles from the city. This was enough for one day's work, so turning aside from the road, preparations were made to spend the night beneath the shelter of a friendly corn-stack.

The day's tramp had brought us well under the companion peak of Popocatepetl, called by the natives Ixtaccihuatl. This word, which means "The Woman in White," is particularly appropriate to the giant snow range which breaks away from the volcano to the east. The long, irregular surface of the ridge takes the form of a woman lying upon her back, cold and dead, with her hands folded upon her breast. Over the silent sleeper rests a veil of spotless snow which nature never lifts, —nor has any man, so far as known, ever yet succeeded in scaling the awful precipices that guard the approaches to her lonely couch. From our point of view the contour of the figure seemed most perfect, and gazing upon it, we could understand the reverential feeling with which the natives still regard it.

There she lay along the sky — white, and

still, and beautiful. She was in the sky, — but still she was at the feet of her august lord, the towering Popocatepetl. Why had she died and left him to smoke on alone through all the centuries? What was the history of her wondrous birth, her passions and her end? Had they quarreled, perhaps, — these two old lovers, — and had he slain her in some moment of anger? Perhaps in his remorse he was standing guard above her like the deathless She above the dust of Kalikrates, waiting and hoping for some resurrection morn. Who could tell, or who could explain the mystery away? But if dead, her spirit still haunted the world, and had power to awe us into silence.

Filled with vague and dreamy speculations we wrapped our blankets about us and buried ourselves amid the fragrant corn sheaves. Night came on clear and crisp. It grew cold towards midnight and I awakened with a shiver. Softly disengaging myself from my companions, I stepped out into the open field. The sight that met my eyes thrilled me, and filled with an awe that was akin to fear. There was no moon, but every star was out. High up against the southern sky, — her majestic figure clean cut and pure as a Grecian statue — reposed the sleeping woman. Above her towered the mighty cone of Popocatepetl. Unaccountably moved by the beauty of the scene and the solemn silence of the midnight, I touched Marion and he joined me. Presently the planet Venus rose from behind the mountains, and hung like a ball of fire above the placid face. "It is a promise. She will live again," whispered Marion.

But I had no words for answer. I only knew a moment later that he was standing there with outstretched arms, repeating the immortal lines of Coleridge:

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause,
On thy bald, awful front, O sovran Blanc!"

Humbled and reverent, feeling as never before man's utter nothingness at the throne of Deity, we crept back to our blankets and went to sleep.

The next day brought us to the town of Amecameca, which was reached without incident a little after midday. Here we rested over night, spending the leisure time in visiting the shrine at the summit of a lovely wooded mound known as the *Sacro Monte*. An image of the Holy Sepulchre is hidden within its grottoes, and to it come pilgrims from far and near to do penance and suffer self-abasement. Long flights of stone steps lead up to it from the plane below, and devout worshippers constantly ascend and descend upon their knees.

We did not go up in this way, nor did we have implicit confidence in the miracles and marvelous apparitions which are said to have taken place about the shrine; but we were impressed with the beauty of the spot, and the simple faith of the half-naked devotees. They might be in error but they did not know it. Right or wrong they believed absolutely; and with all our assumption of superior knowledge, — with doubt forever knocking at our spiritual doors, — there was something to respect if not to envy in this unquestioning trust.

A laborious tramp on the next day, — steadily up, up, with the landscape ever widening, — brought us to the station of Tlamacas. This is on the crest of the granite link — ten thousand feet above the sea — which unites Popocatepetl with the Woman in White. To the east through the sag of the mountain could be seen the valley of Puebla and the plains of Tlascala, with lordly Orizaba in the background. Northward stretched the peerless valley of the Montezumas, with its cities, lakes, and streams. We were in the direct path of the conqueror. It was from this chilly, windswept ridge that Cortez caught his first glimpse of the fair land he was destined to overrun; and the sight was one to inspire less intrepid souls to deeds of valor. Here commences the abrupt ascent of the volcano, and here one shakes off the last link binding him to Mother Earth, before launching himself on the frozen waste leading upward still another nine thousand feet to the crater's rim.

General Ochoa and party came up towards

evening, and preparations were made for an early start on the following morning. The General's party consisted, besides himself, of six or seven Indian mountaineers, and the foreman of his sulphur miners, one Corchado, a gallant fellow, who for many years had faced danger in every form upon the mountain. Two of these men were assigned to us as guides and porters, for it was our purpose to spend the night in the crater, and blankets and provisions must be taken along. The outfit for the climb was simple. Discarding boots, our feet were carefully wrapped in heavy woolen cloths, the guard being completed with an Indian sandal called a *guarache*. Colored glasses to protect the eyes from the reflected sunlight and iron shod staves completed the equipment. Thus prepared, the start was made and the heavy work began.

An hour's walk before sunrise brought us to the limit of vegetation. There we found ourselves struggling upward at a sharp angle over black volcanic sand which let us in to the ankle at every step. Mounting higher the air grew lighter, and it became impossible to make headway exceeding a few yards, without rest. At the height of fifteen thousand feet the line of perpetual snow was reached. Three laborious hours had been consumed thus far, and now the mountain grew steeper, and the loose sand gave place to fields of treacherous ice, where every footstep must be guarded and every energy called into play in making progress. When half way over the icy slope a bank of clouds swept in from the east and cut us off from the world below. Nothing could be finer than the downward view upon that mass of billowy vapor. It looked like a troubled ocean, pierced only by the black speck of Orizaba which seemed an island on its surface. Clinging there to the icy precipice — like birds in the upper sunlight — we knew for once the view that meets the eagle's eye; but alas, we had no wings. It seemed that a misstep or an accident must plunge us into a fathomless sea whose shores reached out into infinity.

As we drew nearer to the crater, the smoke

and sulphur fumes began to reach us, and these together with the rarefied air soon played sad havoc with our party. Intense fatigue with throbbing pains in head and limb made life a burden. Sport, romance, spirit of adventure went to the winds. It was now grim labor and the instinct of self-preservation. Not even the glorious panorama of God's earth beneath us had power to divert us from our sufferings. Conklin finally gave out. He had complained at the snow line of pains in the chest, but kept pluckily on. Now he could go no further. To go back was out of the question, so we placed him in charge of two Indians, with instructions to get him up the best way they could. Step by step and inch by inch the rest of us kept on, and at last, five hours after passing the snow line, we found ourselves on the verge of an awful chasm.

The first view of the crater is startling. There is no preparation for it; nothing in sight as you struggle upward to indicate its presence. You find yourself suddenly stopped on the edge of a wall of ice, and looking into a smoking gulf two thousand feet deep. It is a perfect picture of death and desolation, and as you stand there with throbbing temples — wonder stricken — the gloomy abyss seems still more death-like from contrast with the beautiful world on every side.

The form of the crater is nearly circular — slightly elliptical — with the elongation extending from north to south. It is entered from the north, where the lip of the opening is lower than at any other point. Although in reality over three miles in circumference, its immense depth and abrupt sides make it appear smaller. One might fancy he could throw a stone across it, but he could not.

On every side the mountain rises to a sharp comb, bordering on the chasm, and in one or two places only is there sufficient room for a man to stand. The highest peak of the volcano is the southern lip of the crater which rises to a knife-blade edge. It is not possible to walk around the crater's rim to arrive at this point; so, if you would reach it, you must go down the mountain and come up

again on the other side. As a consequence of this condition of things he who would enter the crater cannot reach the supreme sky point; and, *vice versa*, he who reaches the sky point cannot get into the crater. This difficulty may, of course, be overcome by making two trips up the mountain; but the man with sufficient ambition to do so for pleasure is not yet on record. As it happens, the difference in altitude between the northern and southern lips will not exceed two hundred feet, and pilgrims to the lower point are generally content with their achievement.

Marion and I had been the first to reach this dizzy goal, and stretching ourselves along the icy rocks we waited for the stragglers to come up. Conklin's condition filled us with anxiety, and we noticed with apprehension that his attendants literally carried him as they neared the summit. We hoped, however, that rest would restore him, and did not anticipate the more serious experiences yet awaiting him.

At three o'clock in the afternoon every one was up, and a consultation was held as to future movements. We had all made the ascent with the expectation of spending the night in the crater, but Conklin's condition made us hesitate about lowering him into the inferno. It seemed, however, that the only alternative was to spend the night where we were, which meant to freeze to death. To descend the mountain was not practicable, as the guides were all servants of General Ochoa, and could not be spared. Besides, as the General explained, it was too late in the day to attempt the descent with a crippled man, and would certainly result in disaster. Our best plan, therefore, seemed the original one, and it was decided to get down to the caves of the sulphur miners at the bottom of the crater as soon as possible. These dismal abodes could not be distinguished from where we stood, but far down into the depths of the smoking abyss could be seen human figures moving about like ants among the rocks, and we were told that their burrows were close at hand.

Waving adieu to the world, we clambered down the wall of ice and found ourselves on

a narrow strip of sand overtopping what is known as the interior lip. From here there is a treacherous descent of seventy feet to a rocky ledge which hangs sheer out above the chasm. Upon this giddy platform was planted a windlass of the rudest description, — a simple cylinder, mounted on a rickety framework which groaned and struggled as if to free itself from the rawhide thongs that bound it to the rock. Two Indians manned it, and upon their brawny arms depended the lives of all who went below ; for there was neither brake nor patent stop to stay the cable in case of accident. Nor was there cage or car of any kind in connection with the apparatus for the accommodation of passengers. Two at a time the men were lashed like bales of merchandise into a loop at the end of the cable, and lowered away over the precipice — five hundred feet — to the rocky landing place below.

Corchado and the General led off ; then Marion went down with an Indian, and I followed with Conklin. The latter was in a fainting condition, and my duty, in addition to preserving my own equilibrium, was to fend him off from the jagged wall.

"Say your prayers, Señor," whispered one of the Indians facetiously, as he pushed us over the rim ; and it truly seemed for a while that a little supernatural aid might be acceptable. As we dropped away from the windlass a kink in the cable asserted itself, and for half a minute we hung spinning in the air above the chasm. Then down, down, — and I could touch the wall with my staff and stay the rotary motion. It was not a pleasant experience — lashed to a helpless man — hanging faint and dizzy by a thread above the mouth of a bottomless pit, and speculating in a muddled sort of a way as to the good faith of the black boys at the wheel above.

"They will never have another such chance to kill two gringos," Marion remarked long afterwards, with a cunning look in his eye ; but I had long since repented me of my wavering faith, for experience had taught me that truer, braver men do not exist than the mountain Indians of Mexico.

From the landing place beneath the windlass the descent to the bottom of the crater — fifteen hundred feet further down — is made over tumbled rocks and debris which slant away on every side from the perpendicular walls.

Slowly, and with great caution, half bearing our stricken companion, Marion and I picked our way down this perilous slope. Suddenly a roar like a hundred cannons saluted our ears, and an avalanche of rocks went crashing past us to the left, and rolled to the bottom of the abyss. We stood transfixed with terror at the awful commotion. It seemed that the very earth was rent asunder, and Marion glanced at me in a way that I shall never forget. His gaze implied the conviction that we had arrived just in time for an eruption, and might expect to be whizzing through space in about three minutes' time. What my face said to him I cannot say, but it must have responded in kind. Such a conclusion was, however, premature. It did not need a lengthy residence in the place to learn that rock dodging was an accomplishment to be acquired at once by visitors with an eye to their physical well being.

Owing to the alternate action of heat and cold the walls of the crater have become rotten and splintered, and great quantities of rocks fall constantly during the warmer hours of the day. Towards morning they freeze in again and all remains quiet for a time.

During the past twenty years over forty men have been killed in this spot by these avalanches of stones, and the sulphur miners in order to protect themselves have built places of refuge among the larger boulders at the center of the crater. During the working hours an experienced man is kept constantly on the lookout. His ear is keen and he can interpret the faintest premonition of danger. There is a low grumble — a crackling sound — and then the startling cry of *pedras!* rings through the chasm, and all hands go to cover like a flock of quail. They cannot be too quick, for boom ! boom ! crash ! and a thousand tons of rock are flying through the air. The echoes take up the din, and for a little space of time the ancient

Hades of the Aztecs becomes a veritable nineteenth century pandemonium.

It was towards these huts or crannies of safety that Marion and I now painfully picked our way. Here the miners eat and sleep, and here only was rest and safety to be had.

Half carrying and half dragging our now thoroughly exhausted comrade, we reached the first one and laid him on a mat beneath the shelter of a rock. The place was about seven feet square and was formed by the inclination of two giant bowlders which had rolled together, leaving a crevice at the base. It was safe enough from ordinary rock showers, and had been walled in by the miners at the open ends, giving it the appearance of a cave. The ceiling was so low however that we had to move about on all fours, and the atmosphere was hot and sulphur-laden.

On entering the crater no one escapes the dread malaria of the spot. Indian and white man alike go down with flying pains in the head and a nausea that is most distressing. These sensations wear off after a few hours with persons of robust constitution, but no one can remain long in the place and retain his full bodily vigor.

The Indians employed in gathering sulphur are relieved every twenty days. Owing to the elevation and the poisonous gases, it has been demonstrated that this is the extreme limit of endurance for the strongest man.

Conklin, of all our party, was most affected. Shortly after arriving at the cone he became unconscious, and during the long hours of the night that followed his condition resisted all our efforts at resuscitation. And what a night that was! Crowded into the narrow confines of our kennel were seven men. No one could lie down, or even sit up with comfort. Most of us were deathly sick, and Conklin for all we knew was dying. Coupled with this distress was the awe inspired by the falling rocks. All night long they fell with fearful reverberations, often sweeping up to the very threshold of our cranny. More than usual came that night, we were told, owing to the fact

that the preceding day had been unusually warm.

In contrast with the booming sound of the flying bowlders came the sucking, surging noise of the great *respiraderos*. These breathing holes, or vapor jets, are six in number. They are in constant action and throw off immense quantities of smoke and steam, with now and then a lurid tongue of flame.

It is about these geysers that the sulphur miner finds his harvest. Rocks are piled over them until a mound is raised, and the vapor, condensing on their surfaces, runs away in trickling, red-hot streams, which form beautiful yellow crystals as they cool. The diameter of the largest *respiradero* is about thirty feet, and General Ochoa estimates that, with a proper condensing apparatus, it would deposit fifty tons of sulphur per day. The mineral is of the purest quality, but the difficulty, expense, and danger involved in collecting it and getting it down into the world will probably act forever as a bar to its profitable extraction.

All the heat of the crater is not confined, however, to these breathing holes. Little jets of smoke creep out from every crevice, all the rocks are warm, and it is impossible to lie down or find a place to sit where you are not tormented by curling whiffs of vapor.

Towards midnight I could stand the cramped position and foul air no longer. Sleep was out of the question, and I felt desperate enough to defy the lances of Jove or any other god who might care to sling thunderbolts at me from the surrounding heights.

Gathering up my blanket, I made my way outside the hut. A scene of the most weird and awful character presented itself. The crater was full of smoke. Detached clouds of vapor swung back and forth along the cliffs like ghosts. Looking straight up I could see the stars, but they were blood red and sullen. Nature seemed angry at man's intrusion upon her grizzly stronghold; and while I listened to the hoarse breathing of the mysterious powers around me, and

thought of the wild legends connected with the spot, it was easy to give way to fancies of the grimmest kind. Devils trooped in and out among the shadows, or whistled and chattered from the cliffs. The smoke took shapes, and I could see dead Aztecs and the awful outline of the angry war god hovering over me in the gloom. This was, perhaps, the actual gate of hell. Who could say? But crash! Boom! A thousand tons of rock let go somewhere in the darkness, and I sprang to cover just in time to escape the avalanche that followed.

The next morning every one was better excepting Conklin. He still lay at the bottom of the hut, breathing heavily and totally unconscious. His face was bloated, and had a greenish look that filled us with solicitude. What should we do? There were no medicines, and it seemed impossible to get him out of the abyss in his present condition. The General thought it best to wait a few hours before attempting it, and see if he would not revive.

He had known similar cases among his Indian miners and believed there was no immediate cause for apprehension. So we waited and the morning hours wore away. Noon came but still no change. Then we were told it was too late in the day to attempt an exit. The rocks were beginning to fall again, and it would be almost certain death to attempt to reach the landing place beneath the windlass with a helpless man. Sore at heart, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable, doing what we could in the meantime to make our comrade comfortable. He revived a little towards evening, but this rally was followed by a sinking spell so profound that for a time we thought him dead.

The second night in the inferno was much like the first, excepting that Marion and I remained outside the hut. We had become partially reconciled to falling stones, and preferred the sky and the stars—with all the risk—to the stifling interior of a kennel in which we had to move on hands and knees. One of the Indians stood guard to warn us of danger from the cliffs, so, stretching ourselves along the ground, we tried to snatch

a little sleep. Twice during the night we were rudely awakened by the faithful sentinel and had to seek the shelter of the crevice; but no accident occurred and morning found us up and anxious for the start.

Conklin still breathed, but our hearts were heavy as we carried him from the hut and strapped him, like a box of sulphur, to the back of a stalwart miner. To get him up those cliffs alive seemed utterly impossible, but it was death to remain longer in the stifling air of the crater and we could but make the effort. Inch by inch, and almost dragging him in places, the gallant porter struggled upward with his load. Marion and I were close at hand to aid as best we could; and thus for two long hours we worked and tugged and bruised ourselves against the rocks. Reaching at length the landing place beneath the windlass, our burden was lashed to the body of an Indian and hoisted up the cliff. As the rope tightened and he rose higher and higher, with head and arms dangling, we turned away our faces and not a man among us thought to find him living on reaching the surface.

Conklin, however, was possessed of more vitality than we knew. On reaching him, an hour later, traces of life were still discoverable and hope revived within us. If we could get him down the snow line to the denser air about Tlamacas, he might yet be saved. Tenderly, yet with the utmost expedition, we lifted him over the crater's outer rim and stood once more in the world. Never did old earth seem so beautiful. We felt as Lazarus must have felt when the Saviour called him from the tomb; and filling our lungs once more with the sweet air of heaven, we vowed henceforth to stay on top of the ground. The descent was not a difficult matter. It is generally made by sliding down on mats, but this can be done only when the snow is new and soft. Now it was honeycombed and rough, so coasting was impossible, while the footing was proportionately better.

Placing our comrade in the hands of two experienced men, we cast a parting glance at the smoking pit behind us and started

down the long incline. Conklin followed on a litter dragged by his attendants. No accident occurred to mar the downward journey, and mid-afternoon found us once more at the station of Tlamacas. Our sick man was still alive. All that afternoon and night we nursed him, and the next morning he opened his eyes with a look of consciousness. Towards noon so much improved was his condition that we put him on a litter and bore him down the cañons to Amecameca. Here every care and comfort were procured, and here we left him to be nursed back to

health and strength by loving friends who had been summoned.

Marion and I did not walk back to the capital. Ambition was satisfied and the incentive was gone. At Chalco a little boat awaited us and we drifted down through the blue lakes to our castle home. From the bosom of the waters we could look back upon the monarch whose fiery realm so recently encompassed us. He was still cloud-like and beautiful, but he beckoned and called no longer. We knew him as he was, and his arts were powerless.

D. S. Richardson.

SHAM-O-PARI.

ALL day I had been traveling on my Indian pony over an arid, rocky plain, treeless and waterless, with only an occasional mound of red sandstone or a Spanish dagger bush to break the monotony of the landscape. Late in the afternoon, to my great relief, I could discern in the distance the long line of cottonwood trees that marks the sinuous course of the Little Colorado; and in the evening I rode up to the door of the little Indian trading post at the Grand Falls of that river.

I gave my horse to a Navajo Indian to be watered and picketed, and entered the store. I found my friend Knight, the trader, engaged in bartering with some Navajos. Around him on shelves were piled the gayly colored calicos, silken bandanas, coral beads, and the like that delight the heart of the savage, and are taken by him in exchange for his wool, pelts, and horses.

After a warm reception and a good supper, I sat down with the trader by the cheerful fire-place. "How far is it to the nearest Moqui village?" I asked.

"About fifty miles, I think — the Moquis reach here with burros in two days."

"Can I find a place at the village to stop at over night?"

"The few Americans who have been there say that they are a very hospitable people,"

said he. "You will find a well beaten trail leading from the river direct to Sham-o-pari, the largest of the seven Moqui villages."

Accordingly I made an early start the following morning for Sham-o-pari. A few rods from the post I came to the river. Here my horse, a genuine Indian pony raised on the deserts of Arizona, came to a stand-still. It was probably the only stream of water of any size that he had ever seen in his life; and although it was but ankle deep, it took a full hour's coaxing and beating to get him across the ford. Once on the other side I found the trail and started out on a sharp trot.

After crossing the bluffs that bound the river valley the trail lies over an apparently interminable prairie, then under the frowning cliffs of a great red sandstone mesa. Late in the afternoon I halted at a spring of water by the roadside, and concluded to camp for the night. I was looking for a sheltered nook in the rocks in which to spread my blankets, when I saw a large herd of sheep near by. I went towards them, and was greeted with a "*Buenas tardes, caballero*," from one of the Mexican herders.

They were from Albuquerque, three hundred miles distant, he told me, and had driven the sheep to this distant uninhabited place in search of better range and pasture.

He escorted me to his camp, where Don Luis, the *caporal*, or foreman, gave me a pressing invitation to spend the night at their camp fire.

The night was cold and blustering—it was the 16th of November—but a wind-break had been built of camisa brush, and a fire of the same material burned brightly. Reclining on sheepskins around the fire, we ate a bountiful supper of roast mutton, supplemented by plenty of strong coffee, and the evening was passed in listening to recitals of skirmishes with the Indians and Apache raids, with occasionally a song in Spanish. I dropped asleep just as Manuel and José had finished counting the matches in a box to see who was to have the extra blanket, and José getting the last match, Manuel prepared to turn in under a gunny sack.

The morning broke cloudy and cold, and in the midst of a high wind I saddled my horse, and with a "*buen viaje*" from the Mexicans, started out. Clouds of dust and sand were blown across the trail, almost obliterating it; but as the wind was blowing in the direction in which I was going, traveling was possible. As upon the previous day, the trail for miles led over a level prairie, then through a narrow rocky cañon, and debouched into another prairie, on the other side of which I observed a range of rocky bluffs upon which I was certain I would find Sham-o-pari.

The wind, which had been blowing fiercely all day, increased in force. The sky was overcast with leaden clouds, and there was every indication of a heavy storm. Not wishing to be caught on the open prairie, I spurred my horse to his utmost to reach the bluffs, but although I was shortening the distance rapidly, the storm approached with a still greater velocity. The snow began to fall, and I realized that I was caught in a blizzard.

Only those who have experienced it can know the awful force of these storms in a prairie country. The whirling, blinding snow obscured everything, and only for a few feet on either side of the almost obliterated trail could objects be discerned. I turned in hope

of reaching the cañon that I had passed, so as to get the shelter of the rocks, but the piercing wind compelled me to "face about" immediately. I became so cold that I was obliged to dismount and walk to keep up the circulation.

I trudged on, seemingly for hours, without the sign of a rock or of a gulch in which I could take shelter. My horse, covered with snow, with icicles hanging from his shaggy mane, followed with downcast head behind me, and at every step my dog would crouch at my feet for protection from the cutting wind. I surely should have reached the cliffs by this time. Could I have wandered off on one of the many trails leading out into the open plain? If so, death from freezing was inevitable. There was not a stick nor a bush that could have been used for fuel, even if a fire could have been thought of in that terrible wind.

Instances that I had heard of persons having been caught in blizzards, and having perished, flashed through my mind with a vividness that appalled me. There was to be done, however, nothing but to keep going onward.

Finally the country became more broken,—an indication that I was nearing the bluffs. But as I had been told that the village was on a mesa nine hundred feet high, this was far from reassuring.

The trail wound around the base of the bluff, and looking up its precipitous side I thought I distinguished a house. I climbed towards it, only to find that it was a rock. But behind it, striving to get some shelter from the storm, were a group of Indian burros.

The sight of them gave me new courage, and leaving my horse with them,—for my hands were so frozen that I could no longer hold the rope,—I continued the ascent of the cliff, and crossing its brow saw a short distance before me the wall of the village, and soon was safely there.

I found an arched passage in the wall, passing through which I entered a plaza or open square. Owing to the extreme cold the streets were deserted. On every side

were bare, brown adobe walls, without doors or windows ; but the many ladders leaning against the walls indicated that the entrance was by way of the roof ; and the columns of smoke curling up from the chimneys gave evidence of life and warmth that were to be found within.

Climbing up one of the ladders I found a circular opening in the roof. I removed the cover of woven rushes and peered in.

Beside a cheerful-looking fire-place in a corner of the room were seated two women — evidently mother and daughter, — who after recovering from their astonishment beckoned me to enter.

I descended by another ladder to the ground floor, and was given a seat on a sheepskin by the fire. Owing to my ignorance of Moqui, our attempts at conversation were unsuccessful ; but as the elder woman at once busied herself in placing food before me I inferred that I was welcome. The meal consisted of jerked mutton and corn stewed in a large *olla* or earthen jar, a jar of stewed peaches, and a basket of *peki*, or corn bread baked in sheets as thin as paper and made into a long roll, which also answered the purpose of a spoon.

During the repast I had time to observe my surroundings more closely. The elder woman, who I afterwards observed was a fair type of her race, was about forty years of age. She had the copper colored complexion of the North American Indian, but not the high cheek bones usually seen in that race. Her eyes were black ; her hair also black was woven into two braids behind her head. The daughter resembled her mother in features, but her hair was banged in front close to the eyes ; and this, with a full round face and a symmetrical figure gave her a decidedly pretty look. They both wore short dresses of coarse woolen material of their own weaving ; buckskin leggings and moccasins, made up a picturesque and graceful attire.

On one side of the large, white-washed room were hanging long strings of jerked mutton and venison ; and through a doorway opening into another room I saw great

piles of corn, melons, and peaches, garnered for winter use.

Our meal ended, I presented my new found friends with some smoking tobacco, of which they are passionately fond, rolling it into cigarettes with corn husks for papers. We had settled down to a sociable smoke when I saw a pair of moccasins and leggings dangling from the entrance in the roof. To these were gradually added the body and then the head of a Moqui warrior.

Upon alighting on the floor he introduced himself in broken Spanish as "Mose," and assured me that I had fallen into good hands and was welcome to Moqui land. He then went on to tell me that a great dance was to take place that very evening in honor of the first snowfall of the season ; for as he expressed it, "Much snow, much water, much corn, many melons."

It was already time for this dance to begin, so we proceeded to the plaza. Here we found about fifty warriors congregated. In spite of the intense cold their only coverings were narrow strips of gaily embroidered cloth around the wrists, waists, and ankles. Their naked bodies were striped with red, green, and yellow paint, and plumes of brightly colored feathers were woven in their hair. These men, "Mose" told me, were to represent Summer with its flowers and verdure.

The chief medicine man with the tom-tom or drum now stationed himself in the center of the plaza, and the dancers formed in two lines on either side of him, and to the beating of the tom-tom began dancing or jumping from one foot to the other. As they did so they slowly advanced down the street, singing in chorus in a low and measured strain. From time to time as they proceeded a warrior would appear with a jar and a brush, and sprinkle cold water upon the bare back of each of the dancers, and the half suppressed shiver would show how painful had been the application. This "Mose" said was to represent the summer showers ; but to the poor victim I imagine that the similitude must have been terribly unreal. Twice they made the circuit of the

village and then disappeared through the roof of the council chamber.

Conducted by the hospitable "Mose" I followed into this council house. At one end of the large room was an altar, upon which was placed an image of clay. Around it were arranged tufts of brightly colored feathers, and in front were several heaps of corn and corn meal, evidently offerings to the deity. On each side of the altar were stationed three medicine men chanting in a low monotonous tone, and at intervals ringing bells and shaking rattles to the tune of the music. From time to time a medicine man attired in a long white robe with a curiously shaped rod in his hand, upon which had been fastened an ear of corn, would appear, and bowing before the image, take of the corn meal and sprinkle it upon the heads of all present.

Curious as was this form of worship, it reminded me of something that I had seen before. The altar and the image, the feathers in the place of flowers, the acolytes with bells and censers, the priest with robe and crozier, and the chant of the choristers, all seemed wonderfully like some of the religious ceremonies of white races. We are told that these people anciently worshiped the sun, and I had expected to see some form of sun-worship. Could it have been that some missionary father had followed Coronado and his Spanish adventurers to these "seven cities of Cibola" and there planted the religion of the cross? Perhaps he had lived and died among them, and these ceremonies were crude attempts at worshipping as he had taught them. But history is silent, and all that I could learn from "Mose" was that their fathers had done the same before them.

While these religious ceremonies were being conducted in the council house, another dance was in preparation in the plaza, and we went out to see it. The same number of warriors that had taken part in the summer dance appeared. These were clad in long white robes and high cone-shaped hats, covered with mystic markings in black paint.

Forming themselves into two lines they went dancing and singing through the village, in the same manner their summer companions had done. These were interpreted as representing winter.

The ceremonies for that day concluded with the winter dance. It was now dark, and I returned to the house of my hostess. Here I was given a pile of sheepskins and blankets for a bed beside the fire, and I slept soundly.

The following day was a feast day. In every house the floor was spread with the best that Moqui land produced, and every one seemed to be engaged in eating and merry-making. I wished to continue my journey and began to look for my horse. I discovered that he had made his escape from the neighborhood of the village during the night; and while an Indian whom I sent after him was gone, utilized the delay by seeing a little more of the village.

It is situated upon a narrow, rocky mesa, nine hundred feet above the surrounding plain, and is scaled by a narrow, winding pathway cut in the face of the cliff. I was told that this place, so difficult of access, had been selected for the sake of protection against their enemies, the Navajoes, who in times past had waged bitter warfare against them, and reduced the once populous tribe to its present handful.

They are an agricultural people, and raise large quantities of corn, beans, peaches, and melons on the fertile plain below the mesa. They also have a few horses and cattle. They are simple and hospitable, and their distance from the abode of the paleface has thus far preserved them from the vices of that race.

It was nightfall before the Indian returned with my horse, so I passed another night in the abode of my kind hostess; and on the following day employed an Indian to accompany me to the settlements, with a burro loaded with blankets and sheepskins, for I did not care to take the chances of being overtaken unprepared by another blizzard.

J. M. Bancroft.

EXPLORING THE COAST RANGE IN 1850.

THE adventurous miners of '49 had roamed the gold region from Mariposa to Shasta, and had crossed the mountains to the west of Shasta and discovered placers on the Trinity. That much the miners knew of the extent of the gold fields before the winter of '49 and '50 had closed. The precious metal then abounded in the streams of the Coast Range. What were the possibilities of the unexplored mountain region lying between the Bay of San Francisco and the Trinity? Presumably in the long distance of two hundred miles there were a dozen rivers like the Trinity flowing over golden sands to the Pacific. That was the way we miners reasoned. Here was an untrodden wilderness for exploration. The world should know what it was, and what it contained.

Two days after the fire of the 4th of May, 1850, which consumed the three principal blocks of San Francisco, two mule-bestridding persons might have been seen appareled in mining style, making their way southward out of the city, driving six other animals for packing purposes. We—for I confess to having been one of the two—could not take our animals across the bay to Sonoma, on account of the small size of the vessels plying between the two points of trade, and the high rates charged for so inconvenient a cargo as mules. Accordingly we shipped a goodly quantity of provisions to Sonoma ourselves, and made the circuit of the bay on mule-back.

The Californian of today sees the same mountains, valleys, slopes, and expanse of water that we saw on that most exquisite May morning, on which we set out for a long journey of more than three hundred miles; but knows little of the freedom from fences, the universal green on hill-top, slope, and plain, varied with a wealth of flowers of brilliant hues spreading out on every side, which wooed us on and gave delight at every step of our way.

The air was a joy to breathe. All was life, liberty, and love.

Was it Sanchez's ranch we passed somewhere in San Mateo County? Was it at Callahan's we stopped the first night; and was it near the entrance to the Santa Clara Valley? Memory, after a lapse of thirty-seven and a half years, may be deceitful. And yet I must rely upon it wholly, for all my notes of travel went up in flame and smoke when an interior city was laid in ashes thirty years ago.

The second day brought us surprises. We passed through a forest of mustard near Alviso, and found a lost Englishman in it! I had seen a diminutive species of the mustard family in the Eastern States, and had repeatedly heard the farmers sarcastically bless its appearance in their moist meadows; but here was the kind we had read of, in the branches whereof the fowls of the air do rest. We let the Englishman into our quest. The spirit of it was catching. He joined his fortunes with ours, and added fifty per cent to our number.

Passing the Mission San José we filed through the cañon and headed for Martinez, through the valley of San Ramon. The whole country was covered with verdure, enchantingly beautiful. A ferry-boat landed us in Benicia from Martinez, and we urged on our cavalcade to Sonoma. Those were days of security and comparative honesty. Going down the creek from Sonoma we found our provisions nicely packed upon the bank, where they had been several days. We camped and prepared for the unsolved mysteries of the unexplored region before us.

In San Ramon Valley we had explained to a group of Chilenos around an evening camp-fire on what errand we were bent. The latent spirit of his ancestors, who came near overrunning and colonizing the whole continent, blazed up in one of the party. He begged to add his *alma y cuerpo* to the

expedition, and was accepted. Now, while we were camped near Sonoma, an Oregonian offered his company, and was not denied. Thus our little party of five, all strangers to each other, were about to explore a pathless wilderness. A party was making up in Sonoma to undertake the same route, and with the same object; but it proposed to travel with an ox team and wagon, and as we did not intend to be all summer in making our way to the Trinity River, we pushed on alone.

Sonoma was a Spanish hamlet of adobes, which had not yet put on many of the airs of American life. Santa Rosa was comparatively nothing. Where Healdsburg now is, a Mr. Fitch had a house on a hill overlooking Russian River. Mose Carson, a brother of Kit Carson, lived here also. Ninety miles from Sonoma was Felice's ranch. All beyond was inhabited by Indians and bears.

Urging on our pack mules through as lovely a region as the sun ever shone on, we reached the last adobe of civilization—such as it was—and encamped for the night. Here was to begin the novel and adventurous part of our expedition. So far other civilized feet had trod. Beyond were the possibilities we sought to discover.

Starting out next day from the last rancho, we had been perhaps an hour on our way when we were overtaken by a half-breed on a half-broken mustang. He told us in Spanish that the Indians at the ranch had told him a great fight was taking place a few miles further on between the United States soldiers and Indians, and advised us to return.

We had not heard of any soldiers having gone up the valley, nor had the half-breed. We promptly decided that he must be a coward, and that we would go on. The half-breed then galloped on ahead and out of sight. We soon forgot the incident, and went on singing and laughing in the highest spirits.

By and by, however, the half-breed returned with the tale that he had met Indians at a crossing of Russian River above, and that they confirmed the story of the fight; that

they urged him to cross the river with them, but, fearing treachery he had declined and returned.

Our party did not deem it prudent to go on under the circumstances, and turned back to the ranch. Meanwhile the voluntary scout on the mustang, turning to me, remarked that I seemed to be well armed, and suggested that we should go and survey the field of battle, and decide whether there really had been a fight, though he assured me that he had heard a great firing of guns, and believed the Indians had told the truth.

I was at this time not on a mule but on a horse nearly as wild as my guide's. We rode up the valley a mile or two to the crossing of the river, and up an elevation to the left, whence a fine valley spread out before our view. A mile away were blazing fires, and marching down the valley towards us were two files of dragoons and infantry. A fight had indeed occurred, and the rancheria of the Indians was in flames.

We sat on our horses for several minutes and took in the scene, then rode down and entered the pass to meet the soldiers on the other side. The banks were alluvial; the river was high; the branches of the trees standing in the water were low, and had made entangling alliances with vines, compelling us to lie on the necks of our steeds. My dark-hued friend was ahead. Suddenly, above the splashing of the water, came the challenge in our rear of "*Quien viva? Quien viva?*"

Expecting a shower of arrows, I sung out, "*Amigos*"; and looking ahead and seeing only brush and a good place for an ambush, I reined my horse around to face the danger of the challengers on the open field behind. My wild steed did not like to leave his companion, and plunged and resisted in the water and brush for about an hour, it seemed to me, probably some two minutes. At last I reached the bank, but not at the crossing. The bank was some three feet high where I struck it, and abrupt, and the limbs of the trees lay quite close down upon it. In a hurry to get out I gave the Mexican rowels to my animal.

He leaped the bank nobly, leaving my hat and almost my head among the branches, and with two or three frantic bounds came shock against two dragoons with carbines at rest, and nearly unhorsed them. An explanation followed. They had seen us on the hill and had been cautiously sent around to intercept us.

We met the army, composed of forty dragoons and sixty infantry, under the command of Lieutenant Davidson from Benicia. It seemed that the winter before two men, Kelsey and Stone, who had a large band of cattle pasturing near Clear Lake, had been killed by Indians. The soldiers had been sent up to avenge the murder, and had made a frightful slaughter of the Indians. Being told that a tribe on Russian River had something to do with the murder, and with the killing of the cattle, the soldiers then crossed the mountains to attack that tribe. They brought with them an Indian guide. The story of the fight — or more properly slaughter — was briefly given as follows :

The Indians had taken refuge in a few acres of timber and brush in a bend of the river, and shouted defiance. The dragoons then fired the brush woods through and through, when the infantry entered and picked off every Indian that could be found. Then the rancheria was set on fire, and the soldiers boasted that the tribe was exterminated.

We were not allowed to visit the battlefield that day, and went down the valley with the soldiers to our camping ground of the night before, which I found occupied by the rest of my party. Our camp was on the western side of the river and but a few yards from it. The ranch house was about a quarter of a mile away on the other side of the stream. The soldiers camped about a hundred yards away from us to the west.

A curious incident occurred that night. My San Francisco *compagnero* and I made up a bed together under a small tree. It was a warm and moonlight night, and we undressed as we would for a civilized sleep. He remarked on lying down that he felt more secure than he had any night since we

had been out. The Indians, he said, had been taught a wholesome lesson which would have a lasting effect, and we could now go ahead with safety. In all the trip I had a loaded rifle under the edge of the bed at night, and a revolver under the pillow. Some time past midnight my bedfellow gave a sudden start, threw the blankets over me, and started on a run, shouting "Murder! Indians!" I was sleeping with my hand upon the revolver, and sprang instantly to my feet, cocking the revolver as suddenly; he had not made ten feet before I was up and looking all around. I saw not a living thing but himself. The night was bright and still. The vision took in the plain around almost as distinctly as in the glare of day.

A guard was set about half way between the soldiers' encampment and ours. My bedfellow, with only a pink calico shirt on, rushed with long strides past the guard, who would have fired their carbines but for his shouts in unexceptional English; nor did he stop until he had plunged headlong into Lieut. Davidson's tent. In a few seconds I saw that officer rush out in undress, and his clear voice rang out on the night air: "To arms! horse!"

A hundred soldiers rose as one from the plain, a rush was made for the horses picketed a few yards away. The move was too sudden, — cavalry horses, pack mules, and all took fright, pulled up their pickets and stamped.

The air was a little chilly and I returned to my blankets. I could hear the hoofs of the runaway horses pounding the turf farther and farther away for some minutes. The lieutenant meanwhile proceeded to put on his clothes and prepare for battle. By the time he got his boots on he was convinced there had been a false alarm, and upbraided my bedfellow for it.

But he met the reproach with vehement assertions that our party was all murdered. The lieutenant knew better, and drove the frantic man away. The Doctor, as we called him, moved cautiously toward our camp, and had to be reassured by the guard that we were all alive before he ventured to

return. I never heard such a heart-beat as his. He put on his clothes, sat down on the blankets, looked anxiously on every side, and told his story. He was never in his life sleeping more quietly. He was waked by footsteps near his head. Looking up he saw an Indian bent over him, with a knife in his uplifted hand. He kicked the blankets in the Indian's face and gave the alarm. He could not doubt that we were all murdered.

My assurances that I was on my feet almost as soon as he, that I looked around for enemies and saw none, had no effect. He was certain of what he had seen. The hooting of owls almost threw him into convulsions. He sat, with pistol in hand, talking, his heart pounding his ribs until morning. It was a remarkably complete instance of the phenomenon of panic. Of course it was caused by a dream, but it must have been a singularly real one.

The soldiers passed down the valley in the morning, though it was late before the animals were found and brought back. Our Englishman concluded to return with the soldiers. By the advice of Lieutenant Davidson and Mose Carson, the rest of us sought as open a camping place as possible, and waited for the wagon party we had left at Sonoma to come up. We were told to travel with caution through the country ahead, and keep Indians out of our camp and at a distance, and were assured that the wagon party would be hurried along as fast as possible. The Doctor, either because he wanted no more of Lieutenant Davidson's company or for fear of ridicule, concluded to stay with his party. We chose a new camping ground, moved to it, and prepared for defense. There was little to fear except perhaps from the numerous Indians on the ranch, who, if not of the same tribe as those massacred by the soldiers, had intermarried with them, and might claim kinship and seek revenge.

Before the sun went down, in fact, we discovered a file of Indians entering the upper end of the ranch and moving down. They had been up to their battle ground to burn the dead. At nightfall the weird wail of

mourning went up from the wigwams along the river. It brought back the Doctor's panic. And this was the lone companion I had left San Francisco with, to explore an untrod wilderness! I could see, too, by the signs of the cross and genuflexions, as well as looks, that our Chileno was more or less infected by his demoralization. The Oregonian, however, "had not been raised in the woods to be scared by owls," and we made common cause. We persuaded the Chileno to take to his blankets and go to sleep. All we had to do with the Doctor was to tell him his whimpering would draw the Indians upon us. It was of no use to try to stop the pounding of his heart.

It was late when the wailing ceased. The moon was high up, but obscured with clouds. Footsteps from the direction of the ranch house were distinctly heard. I challenged in Spanish, and found that an advance guard of the wagon party was seeking us, having been urged on by the soldiers, who had represented our situation as dangerous. The party added fifteen to our number, or rather we added four to theirs.

We did not break camp next morning till quite late, and only made the "battle field" for the day's journey. Riding over the ground we found that the entire rancheria had been burned to the ground. The charred corpses of several Indians lay among the smoking ruins. Evidences of a conflict were visible in the brush by the river brink. All the Indians had not been killed however, for we discovered one lonely survivor feeding with sticks his evening fire in the timber, and left him to his labor and his mourning.

I cannot attempt to give events in consecutive order after this, nor the appearance of the country day by day. Russian River seemed to run through a succession of valleys, the last of which we entered by crossing a considerable elevation to the right of a cañon through which the valley was drained. Wild oats, wild rye, and native clover were everywhere luxuriant, and grizzly and cinnamon bears abounded. From a ridge we saw five grizzlies in sight at once, and they did not appear to belong to one family.

Not long after leaving Russian River an exciting episode broke the monotony of our journey. It was the lassoing of a grizzly. Passing along on the eastern border of a long, narrow, and wet meadow one morning we discovered a bear on the thinly timbered slope opposite. One of our party in a spirit of bravado galloped across the meadow and charged on Bruin. The race was soon the other way. "Windy"—that was the nickname of the horseman—emptied a dragoon Colt over the rump of his steed at the bear while in full retreat. It was evident that when the wet land should be reached the immense plantigrade foot of the bear would have the advantage over the small hoof of the horse. Something must be done.

We had a gay little Californian in the party, with his jacket of buttons, wide pantaloons, jaunty broad brim hat on one side of his head, and immense jingling spurs. He seized his riata, swung it round his head, put spurs to his horse, and galloped rapidly to the relief of Windy. Catching up the hind leg of the bear with a short rope he leaped his horse from side to side to keep the bear from seizing the riata, until another old Californian lassoed him by the neck, and George Brewer then shot him through the heart. He was estimated to weigh six hundred pounds. It was the first game we had bagged, and stood us in good stead for fresh meat for several days.

The country grew more rough and mountainous and traveling more difficult. The ridges seemed to run northwest to the sea, and in order to keep in as direct a line as possible, we followed a ridge until some spur invited us across to another. It was a tedious life, searching for passes and cutting trails for our animals. As for hauling a wagon, that was out of the question and was given up.

One morning while we were packing our mules, an Indian came upon us and motioned to us to go back. Little attention was paid to his gestures. We took our own time, and had our own way. But as we ascended a steep and sharp ridge, we found a saddle of chaparral brush thrown across it. We tore

it out of the way and went on. After a mile or two the ridge widened out, and in a depression were a multitude of Indians.

Without stopping we held a consultation, and decided that we would go through. The Indians though armed did not attack. They certainly knew nothing of mules or firearms, for they tried to handle the one, and looked down the barrels of the others without fear. Some of these Indians followed to our camp at night, and in spite of our watchfulness carried away a serape, the only ax, two hatchets, and all the table knives of our reinforcing party before morning.

Further on, when stopping for a noonday meal, we encountered a few Indians who had bleeding tongues. Their breasts were covered with dried and fresh blood. It may have been some ceremony of mourning to slit the edges of their tongues, perhaps when a chief had passed away. But we heard of the "bloody bellies" from other parties who followed our trail, and told their experiences on coming up with us on Trinity River afterwards.

It was a rough and weary journey, all the latter part of it, and tedious in the extreme. No gold or signs of it were found anywhere. Not a glimpse of the ocean or the Sacramento Valley met our view from the highest mountains. We had expected to complete the journey in eight days. When we had been out from Sonoma thirty days our stock of provisions was running rather low, and various were the opinions advanced of our latitude and longitude. The startling guess was made that we had somehow crossed the headwaters of the Trinity River and were making our way northward through Oregon.

The general appearance of the country had been the same until we came to what must have been, from what we know of the region now, a branch of Eel River. The mountains were covered, but not densely in general, with nut pines, oaks, clumps of buckeye, with here and there pretty thick patches of chaparral and manzanita. In some places fires had run through the chaparral and killed it. These dead acres were the worst of all the annoyances we met, as a pathway

was only to be made through them by a vigorous use of the back of our ax.

There was a change in store for us. From the top of a high ridge we descended over broken shale or slate rocks, which moved with us down the hill, until a dense belt of large fir or spruce trees was entered. After this forest another of redwood, on a flat, was crossed to a considerable river. Here I saw for the first time these monsters of the vegetable kingdom. One lying down was ninety paces in length, and all those standing were of enormous size and tall, and the sunshine was completely cut off by the foliage. The mules sank deep in the carpet of dead leaves. There was not a stick of underbrush, not a note of bird, but a solemn stillness among those lofty columns, and a dim cathedral light that made the scene most impressive.

Around the evening camp-fire of the thirty-fourth day, our position was seriously discussed. Where are we? was the question. Again it was insisted that we were a hundred or two miles farther north than we were. We had no instruments to find our latitude. We did not know that the redwood was a littoral tree, and that therefore we could not be far from the ocean. To silence clamor I made a rough observation on the north star, based on the well-known fact that from the equator the north star is about at the horizon and therefore rises one degree with each degree of north latitude. By getting the elevation of the star, our latitude would be found nearly enough for our purpose. We had no level nor quadrant. Two stakes were driven into the ground, of unequal height, so that the eye ranging from the top of one to the top of the other would take the polar star in range, and a fish line was stretched from one top to the other and let fall from the highest stake with a plumb attached. To supply a quadrant a large sheet of paper was doubled and then folded and cut in the form of a circle; folded again to give an arc of forty-five degrees. This was spaced by an improvised pair of compasses into as nearly as possible forty-five parts. With this paper quadrant the upper angle was measured; and the result subtracted from the right angle gave

the angle at the imaginary base or level, and the ground end of the fish line. The result corresponded nearly with the latitude of Humboldt Bay, as we knew it from the report of the captain of the *Laura Virginia*, which had returned before we left San Francisco.

The next day about two o'clock we struck the trail from Uniontown, now Arcata, on the bay, to Trinity River and our position was determined. On the thirty-sixth day we rested at the big bar of Trinity River.

As no gold had been found in our wanderings and the diggings on the Trinity did not meet expectations, in a few days two or three of our party joined with others, and fitted out an expedition to explore the country northward. I was not one of these. Nothing was heard of the party till the 2d of July, when two returned with the news of rich bars on what was called the Salmon River. Stealthily we got away from Big Bar, but were followed.

Going up the Trinity two or three miles we turned northward, encountering a snow-storm on the 4th, which compelled a resort to roofs and side walls of spruce boughs. It is enough to say that the trip from the Trinity to the Salmon consumed eleven days of the roughest traveling I ever did in my life. The saying with us was, that we never saw a foot of land in the whole distance. In conclusion it may be proper to remark, that in the entire trip of forty-seven days our party never had occasion to shoot at or use any force against the Indians; nor did we have cause to complain of them (except for the pilfering mentioned) up to the last day of September, when we hurriedly left Salmon River and made a forced march to Weaver-ville in consequence of the outbreak of the Klamath Indian war, — and that was caused by ill treatment of the natives by Oregon men. Indeed, Oregonians who came after us had difficulties with the Indians somewhere to the west of Colusa or Tehama. One of them related to me the incident at Big Bar. The Indians, he said, gathered around, and some of the party fired their guns to scare them off. "One big old fellow," said he, "just turned round and slapped

himself in contempt of our fire-arms at about sixty yards distance. I got down from my mule and rested Betsy across the saddle. I tuck him right under the arm most beautiful."

"Did you kill him?" I asked.

"What do you reckon I nurse a weepin fur, stranger? Ef I had n't killed thet Indian I'd throwed Bets into the bresh, sure's yer bawn!"

Herman Altschule.



IN VENICE.

My dearest one,
The sinking sun
Gives warning that the day is done;
My wage is made,
My boat is stayed
Beneath thy window's tinted shade.

The west ablaze,
Sends golden rays
That gild the reaching water-ways.
O make to shine
Those eyes of thine,
Upon this liquid heart of mine.

The church bells ring,
The vestals sing,
The day dies grandly, like a king;
Thy word, thy sigh,
Thy whisper, I
Would hear, before with love I die.

With timid pace
And veiled face,
Comes Luna to the night's embrace.
O come thou late,
With halting gait,
But come at last where love doth wait.

Clara G. Dolliver.

ETC.

THE appointment of the Honorable Horace Davis to the presidency of the State University has been received with almost universal approval. It was somewhat unexpected, for Mr. Davis had scarcely been mentioned in connection with the position; and while he has been known as a gentleman of scholarly avocations, his vocation has, since the close of his own student days, lain entirely apart from the active work of education and scholarship. Most of the press of the State, either from sheer Philistinism or from a misconception of the duties of a college president, praise the choice on this very ground,—viz., that Mr. Davis's practical experience hitherto has been with business affairs instead of college affairs. From sheer Philistinism, we say, because that mental condition not infrequently reveals itself in the doctrine that, money-making being the greatest of all achievements, whoever has been well-trained at that will, *a fortiori*, be able to succeed in any such smaller matter as governing a country or a college wisely, or pronouncing upon art, and literature, and science. Or from a misconception of the duties of a college president, we say, because one who did not know that the business part of the administration of a college or university rests with boards of trustees or regents, composed largely of active business men, might naturally suppose that the president of such an institution, with its large endowments and many material interests, would have special need of years of training in dealing with material activities and money matters. In fact, the administration of a large business is so different from the administration of a college, that much in the one would rather unfit a man than fit him for the other. Certain qualities, indeed, which are developed by responsible position of any sort,—caution, the habit of trying to see things as they are and studying means to bring about ends, resolution, and energy,—are excellent helps, so far as they go, in equipment for any other responsible position. But we believe that experience agrees with reason in showing that—granted, of course, equal fitness in natural qualities—the best equipment for the administration of colleges has been gained by college work, and the best presidents have been made by promotion of professors. Perhaps no one is less qualified to take charge of an institution of general learning than a specialist; but every professor is not a specialist. The administration of a university requires the co-ordination and regulation of the work of dozens of men, almost every one of whom in his own department ranks the president, and knows far better than he can know what he wishes to accomplish and how to do it; it requires sufficient knowledge of all these departments

to be able to weigh in every detail their relative importance, and fix their proper subordination to each other; it requires in a high degree the qualities of a teacher and a leader and inspirer of the young, for the president who cannot establish a friendly ascendancy over several hundred more or less unreasonable young people is lost. And all this cannot be done, as business is done, by the word of authority, however wise: educational administration must be highly republican, managed by co-operation and mutual comprehension in the highest degree. Mr. Davis will not misunderstand us when we say that the hope which the OVERLAND, in common with the rest of the public, feels in seeing him take the chair is based not on what he is as a business man, but on what he is besides a business man; on the fact that he has never amid material interests allowed his life and thought to drift altogether outside the influence of college spirit and methods, and so has preserved his perception of that in which their excellence and power really consists, and his reverence for those human achievements that are chiefly their work,—in short, his loyalty to good intellectual ideals. And after all is said, nothing on earth really counts to fit a man for such a position as personal quality counts; the man himself, his inherent genius for presiding over education, ought rightly to outweigh in his selection all considerations of training,—whether he be soldier, or merchant, or clergyman, or chemist.

BESIDES the internal administration of a college, it is nowadays reckoned a very important part of a president's duties to keep it on good terms with the outside world, to attract students to its halls and money to its endowment funds, to see that it is so well and widely spoken of as to give its degree great *éclat* and therefore power to help a man on in the world. We are not without much misgiving on our own part that these fine achievements are pursued at some expense to modest learning and an atmosphere of pure and single-minded moral motive for the student to breathe about the college halls; and we have heard with some impatience the constant request among our own alumni for a president who "will build the University up on the outside," without much concern as to his building it up on the inside,—for a showy man, an advertising man. Nevertheless, a State University must be kept in cordial relations with legislatures and public. We are not of those who think it desirable that it should canvass and advertise and display much; but of those who would seek a quiet cordiality of relation, free from hostilities and misunderstandings. What, with self-interest, and what

with Philistinism, there have not been wanting those who would set afloat a steady stream of such misunderstandings, bringing upon the University successive hostilities, — now from grangers, then from religious bodies, and again from political groups. The scattering of its own alumni year by year, throughout the State, is doing more to correct this evil than anything else can; but the power of doing it must always in the second place rest with the president. The president elect has been known as an ardent party man in State and national politics; and whatever criticism of the appointment we have heard has been based on this fact. But Mr. Davis undoubtedly understands the position of the president of a State University in regard to politics. We believe that the intensely sensitive readiness to suspect political motive in the administration of the University that exists among the alumni and the public is entirely unfounded; but that it does exist, is certain, and the wisdom and conscientiousness of the president elect must be trusted to guide him in dealing with it. As bearing upon the presumption of what we may hope that wisdom and conscientiousness will be, it is worth while to add that Mr. Davis was sought for the position by political opponents and friends equally; and that the expressions of gratification and approval over the selection have come from men of all shades of opinion, without distinction.

THE OVERLAND'S correspondent of January 1888, Doctor Holbrook, ("It is not Intolerance," p. 107,) addresses us a remonstrance against Professor Kellogg's rejoinder, ("An Imperium in Imperio," p. 222, February, 1888,) saying that it misrepresents his views as expressed in the letter above-mentioned. The topic of the correspondence, our readers will remember, was the action of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Springfield last year. The discussion that preceded and followed this action in the papers of the Congregational denomination was voluminous and very warm; and, like many other intra-denominational discussions, by no means without some interest and significance to intelligent people of whatever faith. But such debates pass easily into purely ecclesiastical ones, and we are satisfied that our readers will not care, at this date, to follow this one any further at length. Nevertheless, rather than compel our correspondent to rest under a sense of misapprehension, we briefly summarize his criticisms, and thus close the debate in our pages: — To Professor Kellogg's point that "the Board has set up a censorship of its own, in disparagement of the Congregational system," Doctor Holbrook objects that the essence of the Congregational system is that each church and each association is "*imperium in imperio*," exercising the right to examine and judge by "censorship of its own" the doctrinal fitness of candidates for service and to exact views in harmony with its own, and that the Board, as representative of the collective body of churches, exercises an analogical right

of censorship. To Professor Kellogg's suggestion that the question should be referred to councils of the churches, Dr. Holbrook answers that the plan was "thoroughly discussed privately and in the press," and so far "exploded," by the paper of the Prudential Committee that it received only nineteen votes from the Board at the Springfield meeting. And he further feels Professor Kellogg's closing plea for toleration and allusion to the hyper-orthodox to be unjust to himself and the rest of the Board, since, he urges, no question of freedom of thought is involved, but merely of permitting this particular freedom of thought to be maintained at the expense of funds administered by those a majority of whom hold the view involved to be "pervasive and dangerous"; protests that they do not "forbid" any one to "cast out devils" because he "follows not with them," but only refuse "to endorse and co-operate with" such; and strenuously "claims to be not less disposed to legitimate tolerance of non-essential differences than Professor Kellogg," but does not "feel bound to prove this by endorsing doctrines deemed unscriptural."

A Navajo Tradition.

THE Navajo Indians of Arizona have a tradition to the effect that, while the earth was young and destitute of animal life, the Great Spirit created twelve people, six men and six women, together with many species of animals, and confined them in a cavern of the San Francisco mountain, where they lived as a great happy family for many years. But in course of time a restlessness possessed the prisoners; though they had known nothing of freedom, all felt the oppression of their narrow limits, and vaguely yearned for a greater fulfillment of the dream, or reality, of living. But what could they do? All speculated on the situation to no purpose. Daily they jostled each other, little and big, clumsy and nimble, bipeds and quadrupeds, feathered and furred, winged and wingless, timid and bold. Every successive period of time was but a repetition of the past. None of the many puzzled brains could offer a means of breaking the monotony, till a happy thought struck one of the most insignificant of the living mass. For want of other occupation, a locust bored a hole in the wall, and thereby opened the way for the enthusiasm and progress of the host of its comrades throughout the length and breadth of their underground world. The Great Spirit had so decreed it. They were there only for a time of incubation. At the destined hour, as the eagle bursts the shell that imprisons it, so the locust's tiny burrow should lead to the escape of all into the open world, where each could follow his inclinations unhampered.

The laboring locust had but a solitary witness. A badger watched with growing amusement the diminutive tunnel-making. His eyes sparkled with interest, as the locust labored energetically. He lay with his head resting between his fore paws in a

most lazy attitude, but his face expressed animation and eagerness not much longer to be restrained. As the tail of the locust disappeared the time for exertion had come. To follow the locust's movements further necessitated like energy. The locust's hole was too small for the badger's access, so he started a tunnel-making of his own. By the time he reached the locust he was in no mood to give up the chase, so he passed on, scratching his way through the solid earth until he broke through the outer crust of the mountain, and in the joy and excitement of the moment, sprang into the ample space before him. The mountain side was steep and he "landed" in the shallow edge of a lake in Montezuma Valley. As he fell, his fore feet struck deep into the black mire, and his progeny even unto today have inherited black fore-paws because of this incident of the world's first peopling.

The Navajoes within the cavern, noting the departure of the badger, began a prospect. Finding the hole large enough for exit they crept out one after the other, and a train of all sizes and species of animals followed in their wake, as from Noah's ark.

As soon as all the prisoners were free, fire and smoke began to issue from the hole that had delivered them. This frightened them far away into the valley, and there they prepared to make themselves comfortable and live as their new advantages permitted. Food was plentiful in vegetable forms, but some varieties needed heat to make them good. At least the Navajoes thought so. But they had no means of kindling a fire. This difficulty was soon overcome by sending a bat, a wolf, and a squirrel after the needed element, fire. Going to the hole in the mountain, the wolf tied some pitchy splinters to his tail, then turned and held it over the little volcano until it began to smoke and ignite. The bat then fanned it into flame with his wings, and the squirrel carried it away to the Navajoes. The people were delighted at getting the one missing essential to a happy life in the open world; and when, long after, a time came when the world's plenty had pampered their wills and fostered their greed and selfishness to the point of preying upon their fellow creatures for food, they still had the honor to vow never to eat wolf or squirrel flesh. Neither would they move camp without a live coal among their possessions. And even today the Navajo's gratitude to the trio is observed as the promise made to the fire-getters of the tradition.

Between the Navajoes and different animals there sprung up a dispute over the Great Spirit's intended use for night and day. All agreed that one should be spent in sleep and one in action, but which should serve the one and which the other? It was settled at last. Those that wished to roam at night should do so and sleep by day, and *vice versa*. The heroic badger was among those who chose the mysteries of the darkness, or the intermediate dawn and dusk, for thought and action, and the bright and sunny

hours as fit to be slept away in his cool underground nest. As the sun sank in the west upon their business meeting, the owl, bat, moth, and many other animals scattered out into the valley borders on their foraging exploits, while many kinds of birds flew to roost in the trees. Other animals lay down to sleep in sheltered parts of the forest, and the Navajoes spread their water-proof blankets, the trophies of the women's industry, and enjoyed their couches under the starry sky in peaceful dreams.

Dagmar Mariager.

Pressed Violets in a Borrowed Classic.

Wise "old heathen" who were living
Twenty centuries ago,
What aromas sweetly modern
From your tedious pages flow!

Breath of violets, strangely mingled
With Demosthenes and Greece;
Arts of war and laws Platonic,
Hiding these shy arts of peace.

Friend, I see you, absent-minded,
Turning these wise pages o'er,
Leaving here for safer keeping,
Those sweet flowers that she wore.

None would search here, you were thinking,
Or would seeing understand,
How she gave them you, half jesting,
With a pressure of the hand.

Friend, I think these old law givers
Far too ponderous for my mind.
Thanks for leaving, absent-minded,
Something I could read, if blind.

I have pondered truly, deeply,
What the wise and ancient say,
But the truest thing I read here
Is a tale of yesterday.

Lillian H. Shuey.

A Ladies' Club.

EDITOR OVERLAND:—The need of a ladies' club is more often felt than expressed by many intelligent women.

This is an age when the world teems with periodicals so diverse in nature and covering such a field of thought, that few private purses can afford a subscription to many of them. On the reading tables of the gentlemen's club they are to be found in great variety, the means of access to them being in many cases the primal motive for membership.

Upon the suggestion, however, to organize such a society, dissenting voices are raised. "A woman's place is at home!" Why the banding together of a number of ladies for mutual benefit should interfere with the home I cannot comprehend. Such an objection seems to imply a lack of trust,—like the compul-

sory veil of Turkey or the incessant chaperon of France. The home is a place to cling to, not to be bound to.

Take, for instance, the case of the daughter. The mind of the girl graduate of modern times is fitted out with foundations to many branches of art, science, and literature. Upon leaving school, a girl's first sensation is one of pure relief,—the reaction of the overtaxed powers of the mind. In the great world she finds, at first, but few references to the studies that have been held up at school as of such importance. After a while some chance suggestion makes her remember with a mixture of self-reproach and amazement the shelf of dusty school books.

But the books of the world rise in tiers before her; if she have leisure she can improve those school-laid foundations and add to them to any degree. Yet how few natures are constituted to appreciate or enjoy a course of solitary study!

Would the daughter love the home the less, because of the congenial companionship found at the club? And, if without the home walls, at least praiseworthy occupation would be furnished.

The highest relationship of woman, — motherhood, — comes under consideration as an objection. Of course the mother of small children has time for few duties or pleasures outside the home; yet rest and recreation are often more necessary in this home than in any other. I have seen a teething baby so tired of its own mother that it would exhaust itself and her in its efforts to find release, and seen it snuggle quietly down and go to sleep in the arms of a friend that chanced to come in. It would have been far better for both nervous child and mother to have been separated for a little time.

It is admitted that no influence is so potent in moulding a life as that of a mother. So far as she can keep pace with her son in his career, so much further will her influence over him extend. A mother who must be intellectually laid aside with his jackets and knickerbockers must necessarily exercise less influence over the son than one who is capable of being his guide and companion.

It is perhaps hardly appropriate to introduce so great a subject in connection with the rather trifling matter of a ladies' club, but it is hardly appropriate for objectors to compare the home in all its sacredness with such a luxury.

Then, — there are many women living out of the city, yet dependent upon it for many needs. There is no place in the city where, after the shopping is done, the meeting attended, or the visit paid, that the surplus hours and half-hours of these transient visitors can be restfully and comfortably passed. Of course there are the libraries; but the presence of the opposite sex, prevents a lady from enjoying such perfect freedom as she would feel were only those of her own sex present.

Why not be, as a society, occasionally originaive? Why follow always in the footsteps of older cities?

Because the ladies' club of New York, through bad management or poor policy, or some other fault within itself, came to an untimely end, is no reason why the effort to found a similar institution here should not be successful. *E. S. Bates.*

The Irrigation Problem.

EDITOR OVERLAND:—We have reached that point in the history of our State when it becomes necessary to deal intelligently with the subject of irrigation. Many attempts have been made to pass laws governing water for irrigation, but these efforts have thus far proved failures for the reason that the legislature has, with the exception of one or two cases, attempted to give without compensation the property of one person to another. In order to understand the situation it is well to call attention to what is known as the Riparian Law. This law guarantees to the people living on a stream a use of its waters, provided they do not materially diminish its quantity or injure its quality. I believe that riparian rights should be limited to the patent conveying land bordering a stream; — that subsequent purchasers of adjoining land not on the stream should be regarded as having no riparian rights. To illustrate: A buys of government a piece of land on a stream, thereby becoming a riparian proprietor. B buys a piece adjoining A not on the stream. B sells to A. A cannot set up a claim of riparian ownership on the land bought of B, for B while in possession made no pretense of being, and was not in fact, a riparian proprietor, and could not convey to A more than he had.

It is held by our courts that water is a part of the land; and belongs as much to the inheritance as the trees that grow upon it, or the rock that is imbedded in its soil. Thinking this to be just, I have a few suggestions to make that may possibly be of value to the future legislator or to other persons interested in the subject.

Assuming that irrigation is an advantage to the State, the proper way to a solution of the question is, to my mind, for the State to become the riparian owner, and hold the water as common property for all the people; to be taken and used by them under proper restrictions.

The following method might be successful: Organize a commission of three men to appraise and condemn under the right of eminent domain all land immediately bordering a stream; such land is to be paid for by the State in bonds running twenty years, at a low rate of interest, and to be sold at a price not less than the sum paid for it when condemned; the water to be excepted from such sale, and to remain the property of the State.

In this way the State would suffer no pecuniary loss, and would gain possession of very valuable property without cost.

On becoming the riparian proprietor she could license ditch companies to take certain quantities of water on the annual payment of a nominal sum.

Thus the commonwealth would retain control of the water.

The assessor and collector of each county could assess and collect the license money, conveying it to the State treasurer. An individual or an association could build a ditch or a canal and get water under said license, neither of them being able to acquire a prior right.

If this main principle is constitutional, as I believe it to be, and is applied, it matters little as to how the details are worked out,—the long vexed problem of irrigation will be solved.

L.

The Serenade.

SEE the swarthy caballero,
Underneath his wide sombrero,
O'er the plaza walk with pride,
Like the owner of a million
Or a true grandee Castilian,
Such *grandezza* in his stride.

But despite his lordly bearing
He is poor, and from long wearing
His *casaca* 'gins to shine ;
In his pocket there is *nada*
At the rickety *posada*
To procure a drink of wine.

When the moon is softly gliding
Through the sky, we see him striding,
Now a cavalier of love,
Love his steps is hither bringing,
Love his eager steps is winging
To the spreading olive grove.

There upon the mesa blooming
The old hacienda looming
Is his goal and shrine tonight,
For there dwells the old Alcalde,
Señor Don Romero Valde,
With a daughter, fair and bright.

Sweet Dolores, his heart's treasure,
Whom he loves beyond all measure,
Whom he follows like a shade,
Happy ever to pursue her,
And tonight he comes to woo her
With a tender serenade.

Neath the old adobe standing
Underneath the boughs expanding
Of a spicy pepper tree,
He prepares his fond love-crooning,
His guitar low probing, tuning
Carefully and tenderly.

Now he starts to play upon it,
And to launch his well conned sonnet
On the silent air of night,
To the window gazing often
In the hope that she may soften,
And bestow the longed-for sight.

Ah ! he sees her, — he is certain
From behind the window curtain
Shyly peep her black eyes bright.
Now his heart-blood warms and bubbles,
Now his efforts he redoubles,
And he serenades with might.

Thus he cannot hear the laughing, —
Thus he does not heed the chaffing,
That is going on in there.
If he knew whose arms enfold her !
If he knew upon whose shoulder
Sinks her head of glossy hair !

Padre mio ! If he knew it !
Sadly shall he be brought to it,
Little dreams of such a thing !
In there sits, the accepted lover,
In high feather and in clover,
Harry Smith, the cattle king.

Cease thy twanging, caballero,
Rich in kine is the ranchero,
Get thee home and into bed.
He is rich and he is bolder,
He hath got her, he doth hold her ;
In a week they are to wed.

Know your serenades impassioned,
Are grown foolish and old-fashioned ;
Times have changed, as all things show.
Land and profits, gold and cattle
Better serve to fight the battle
For the hearts of maidens now.

Ah, *carramba !* hated Gringo,
With thy harsh and barbarous lingo,
Hast thou not beyond thy due ?
Land and water we have given,
From our homes we have been driven, —
Must thou take our maidens too ?

H. I. S.

Life in an Antiquated Mining Town.

THE antiquated mining town is the offspring of great expectations. Built during the wild flurry of the greatest gold excitement of this age or any other, whilst the air was literally alive with flying rumors and fabulous reports of diverse and peculiar kinds, it stands today a monument to the want of judgment and deliberation displayed by its founders.

If they had been built in full view of the possibilities of the placers becoming exhausted in a short time, it might be considered a demonstration of excellent judgment that they were built in the particular manner that prevailed. But it is safe to assume that the idea of exhaustion had no influence whatever over their construction ; the quickest way to get to work raking in dollars and cents was the thing aimed at in their hasty architecture. A town built solely to meet the wants of that most uncertain industry of mining is safe to be found wanting in that

permanent foundation that insures continuous growth and future greatness. The experience of the last decade amply justifies the generalization by its many instances of towns of bygone wealth and population, which now show every mark of ruin and decay, with a probable future of utter obliteration.

True, these towns have their periodic "boom," which give a temporary and superficial prosperity; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they bring no other profit than the bleeding of the tenderfoot brigade. "Boom" is a high-sounding word, which its victims would define as the process resorted to to take gold out of human pockets instead of mother earth's. The season of a boom infuses life and vigor into a town, but when it subsides, which is generally the period when the tenderfoot departs, the precincts resume their usual don't care style.

The period of '49 and '50 was the season of that whirlwind of excitement that gave birth to the mining towns of the Sierra foothills, and during its brief duration there were constructed in the auriferous belt of foothill country from Shasta County to Mariposa a marvelous number of towns, endowed with phenomenal life from their advent till the exhaustion of the placers. Their decline was equally rapid. When the placers showed signs of exhaustion a most wonderful dispersion of people ensued, and the foothill towns were ruined. This dispersion marks an epoch in the mining history of the State as interesting and romantic as the period of the great rush to the gold fields. It is safe to assert that had not circumstances compelled a certain proportion of the population to remain, total depopulation of the many mining towns would have resulted. Total depopulation was indeed the fate of some, especially those built upon the narrow placer belt where the foothill merged into the plain. Their sites have resumed the spirit of their original loneliness, and to learn definitely of the rise and fall of this class of unfortunate towns, and even the exact spot whereon their brief but lively career was run, one must resort to the old timer, who is most prolific in such reminiscences.

The towns located in the middle and upper foothill belt, where quartz veins honey-combed the hills, resorted to quartz and drift mining when the placers became exhausted, and thus prolonged their lease of life.

When the placers "petered out," flush times were also ended, and they bequeathed to the present the antiquated mining town.

The modern town is not stimulated by sudden fortune making, hanging bees, murders, and gambling. Queer excavations and moldering remains of shanties disfigure the once fair landscape, relics of its bygone prosperity. These towns live on hope: the coming of the periodic "boom" is looked forward to with great anxiety; it is the medium that brings enthusiasts and their coin into the town, who as a result of its persuasive power sink five dollars in the

place to one taken out, and gain a bit of experience generally remembered for its high price.

The most notable feature of the town is the old miner, a generous, whole-souled fellow who lives on the sunny side of hope, and is noted for ability to spin yarns and drink. There are two classes of old timers: those who confine their operations to the immediate vicinity of the town, and whose life is part and parcel of the local history, and those who are constantly on the wing, a class of "surface skippers" that seldom wait to fathom the merit of a find, but are always the advance guard of a "boom." The former class are the mainstays of the town, and are usually better off than those whose aim in life seems to drift into a fortune without the expense of much exertion. Once get into the graces of an old timer, which is most readily accomplished by that modern process called treating, and he will spin to you yarns of bygone life in abundance; and if you are generous and keep on treating, you will soon perceive that he adds more enthusiasm to his tales at each successive treat, and instead of "pumping him dry" of local yarns, by your questions and cross-questions, you will find that his fund of information on local history is inexhaustible. He readily volunteers to show you the places of interest in the town. There is the Main Street with its abrupt declines and ascents, with its good, bad, and indifferent buildings scattered indiscriminately along its sides.

With a twinkle in his eye he shows you the old saloon and dance house where he assures you "men indulged in the old time racket of passing in their chips with their boots on, when it was no unusual thing to have a man for breakfast every morning," and although you shudder at the remark with an expression of doubt as to its truth, he at once assures you that "it's stubborn fact, sir."

He will keep your curiosity at fever pitch, so rich is he in local reminiscences. With a flourish of enthusiasm he points out the grass-grown excavation from which a fortune was extracted in the palmy days, and by way of contrast he solemnly points to a similar hole where a fortune was sunk in a vain attempt after the magic color; and then by way of adding the tragic to his unbroken discourse he points out the spot where refractory characters figured in that unceremonious affair, a "hanging bee."

The circuit of the town embraces an amount of exciting historic matter marvelous for so small an area and so brief a period. When the round has been made the old timer, with an expression of thirst, sadly announces that "times aint like they used to be." He solemnly proclaims that "there aint any spice to the times, now."

The dull monotony of the mining town day is chiefly enlivened by the arrival of the stage; the usual contingent of starers looms up in all directions. It is a strikingly cosmopolitan crowd; representatives from all classes greet you with the usual stare, from the shrewd mine owner looking for a "sucker," to the

almond-eyed mongolian watching for his "cousin"; yes, and if the place is putting out any bullion, that privileged class the "road agents" are likely to be represented. If the stage on the following day comes to an abrupt standstill before a double barreled shot gun and a request to "halt and shell out, boys," you can rest assured that a "pointer" was found the previous day.

The saloon is the rendezvous for all sorts of miners. Here you can gain a fair insight into mining customs, idioms, and life. Here is where bargains are struck and sales effected, the reason probably being the convenience offered for getting drinks "to bind the bargain with." Here schemes of good and questionable repute have their origin, and men green but enthusiastic in the business of mining are often "ginned up" for a purpose by the schemer. The schemer is a notorious character about a mining camp; he is a prototype of the stock sharp of big cities, and it is said does more harm than good to the place of his residence. His power of persuasion is something wonderful, and as he employs it upon a subject that has a peculiar fascination about it, more than ordinary resolution is required to withstand it. Gifted in the art of lying and possessed of a flowery tongue he can rattle off glowing perorations on gold, hidden treasure, and wonderful finds by the hour or the day. His seventh heaven of delight is when he has edged into the good graces of an incorporated company of veridants, and has located them upon some ordinary hole in the ground. The presence or absence of a

quartz lead don't matter, so long as he has charge of the opening up part.

There are two systems of mining, the legitimate, cursed by mismanagement, and the illegitimate, by trickery, jobbery, and misrepresentation. You will find men managing valuable properties who actually know no more about mining than a baby does about politics; things are run on a big scale, fancy prices paid for superintendents, foremen, and other help; mills, shops, buildings for show and for use, are constructed without regard to what is in sight, and the probabilities are that when the enthusiasm for this novel way of showing off abates, the pay chute has failed or the property become involved in ponderous debt.

Trickery, jobbery, and mismanagement have come to be as closely identified with mines and mining as a political boss is with a whisky shop. The outcome of such a state of affairs is ruin; capital avoids the place, and inhabitants lay in a fresh supply of hope and wait for something to turn up. A district or town in this condition is said in mining phraseology to have a "black eye."

Nevertheless life in a mining town possesses many redeeming qualities; though business may be depressed and mines shut down, the people are ever gay and hospitable even to excess. Though coming here in palmy times with the expectation that golden nuggets hung like morning dew-drops to the surrounding foliage, they have accumulated despite their disappointment an unfailling fund of good nature.

J. H. Coyle.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Stedman's Victorian Poets.¹

TWELVE years after the first appears this thirteenth edition of Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Victorian Poets." More editions than years seems to prove either a perverted taste in the reading community or a critic who knows how to fit glasses to the public eye. The book was so generally and thoroughly reviewed on its first appearance that it would be useless to retravel that large ground, or do much more than notice the supplementary chapter, which brings the criticism down to the Victorian jubilee year. Yet it should be said, however briefly, that the work is not only the author's best, visibly superior to his succeeding "Poets of America" or to any of his verse, but that it very well fills an ambitious niche. No American except Poe had written a book of such extended and artistic criticism. Lowell and Whipple have given us scattered critiques, which Mr. Stedman could not have written, but there has been nothing

in the way of a long plan and the coherence of contrasts. Mr. Stedman's two books are the only ones of their kind in this stage of American literature. The public desire for such critical sweeps over a cycle of poetry is the best evidence that they were needed to stimulate good reading. Under no view can Mr. Stedman's venture be counted as less than a success. It may not be the coldest or the most thorough dissection; it may not be always discriminating praise; but it strikes a thrill of sympathetic perceptions in most brains, and must therefore be confessed to be human and good.

The new light thrown upon Walter Savage Landor, and the comparison between the idyl of Tennyson and Theocritus, are the most striking and generally accepted chapters of the volume. The examination of Robert Browning is less satisfactory. Undue stress is laid, if such could be laid, upon his rough vagaries of form, and much, but too little, praise is awarded to his matchless interior insight. But exactly the right word is spoken when Mr. Stedman writes of him: "And here I wish to say, — and this

¹Victorian Poets. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

is something which, soon or late, every thoughtful poet must discover, — that the structural exigencies of art, *if one adapts his genius to them*, have a beneficent reaction upon the artist's original design. By some friendly law they help the work to higher excellency, suggesting unthought-of touches, and refracting, so to speak, the single beam of light in ways of varied and delightful beauty. The brakes which are applied to the poet's movement not only regulate but strengthen its progress." Swinburne was, to Mr. Stedman, the master of form. The outcome of the examination of Swinburne releases us from much of the fear that the beginning excited.

The supplementary chapter is a less careful *resume* of the Victorian poets in their later years, and a brief recognition of the new choristers in the stately grove.

Briefer Notice.

THE world at large finds in Shakspeare's sonnets one side of a kind of series of poetical love-letters, giving a wonderfully vivid picture of Shakspeare's feelings during a singular episode of his early life; but Mr. Hosmer finds they were written by Lord Bacon, and do not deal in realities on the surface, but are a kind of allegory recording that Bacon was the author of Shakspeare's plays, and giving some account of their origin. All the warm personal feeling thrilling through the lines of the poems becomes a sham, a mere figure of rhetoric, a veil to cover the cipher. It is hard to argue with a man who tells you he can see all you see, and then something more behind it invisible to you; for instance, when the poet says he loves his mistress's black eyes, that he really refers to Othello's complexion, how can you disprove it? If a writer wants to read a meaning into a text, he can generally manage to do it. Many an allegory has been fitted with these sonnets. They have been interpreted to mean the poet's Ideal Self, the Spirit of Beauty, the Reason, or the Divine Logos, the Catholic Church, Dramatic Art; and his mistress has even been identified with the Bride of the Canticles. Mr. Hosmer has with great earnestness and ingenuity added one more to the list. All we can say is we do not see it through his eyes. We sympathize with his zeal but protest against his ingenuity, when he finds in the "noted weed" of sonnet 76, the solace of the cheering pipe, and in the word "tobacco" and its abbreviations a cipher reference to Bacon's name. This is too much for our faith. We still think the sonnets mean just what they say — without a key. — A new book by Oliver Wendell Holmes² is not to be expected many more times, although his seventy-eight years sit lightly on the head that is crowned by the love of two generations. This makes us prize the more Doctor Holmes's story of his European

tour, written not for the public but for his friends. With no other living man are those words more nearly synonymous. With such a book the literary critic, as a critic, has little to do. His words, as encouragement or admonition to the author, would be "the height of the ridiculous," and they are no more necessary as a guide to the public. All that the public needs to know is, that Doctor Holmes has published a book. There remains for the reviewer then only to add, by the simplest and most direct expression of love and gratitude at command, a touch of gladness to the heart of the good doctor, never too old or too great to be open to such a tribute. — Beside Doctor Holmes's book on his European trip there comes another physician's account of his journeyings abroad.³ Professor Glisan went from Portland, Oregon, as a delegate to the ninth International Medical Congress at London. His stay of two years was spent in Great Britain and France with trips to Italy and Germany. It is only when a subject appealing to his professional eye comes before him that he escapes from the commonplace experiences of every traveler and thus becomes interesting. The greater part of the book is unmistakably prosy, but it is only when Doctor Glisan's lack of a sense of literary congruity leads him to insert in his last chapter a twenty-five page poem of a girl's rescue from Indians, that the contrast between the books of the two doctors makes the reader lay down the present volume and refuse to be comforted. — ⁴*Well-worn Roads* were traveled by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith in his character as "a painter in search of the picturesque," and he certainly is quick to detect a "bit" that will serve as a "motive" for a sketch. These sketches are of the etching sort, where a few rapid lines and a mass or two of shadow carry the eye through the wall against which they hang, far away into another land and another atmosphere. Seville, Cordova, Granada, the dreamy land of dark-browed beauty and departed grandeur, Amsterdam, the quaint and placid, Venice, moist and mysterious, all are real in Mr. Smith's pages. The book is daintily gotten up with pretty head pieces and a fitting binding. — *The Coming Kingdom*⁵ also is written by a worthy and enthusiastic citizen of our own State, and in advocacy of certain ideas not current among historians. The doctrine of the histories that the people of the kingdom of Israel lost national identity after their conquest by Assyria, and became merged in the surrounding races, although simple and natural enough, and according to abundant analogies in the experience of other conquered territories, has always been, to devout minds, difficult to reconcile with the

³Two Years in Europe. By Rodney Glisan, M. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. For Sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁴Well-Worn Roads. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁵Judah and Israel. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1888.

¹Bacon & Shakespeare in the Sonnets. By H. L. Hosmer. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company, 1887.

²One Hundred Days in Europe. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

prophecies of the Old Testament ; and popular belief has always been attracted by the speculation that there exists somewhere a "Lost Ten Tribes," to be discovered. Our readers may know that of late years a particular phase of this speculation, to the effect that the English are the hypothetical wandering Hebrews, has become almost a cult with a great many worthy people. Our present author carries the process a step further, holding that the Americans are the long-lost tribes, and America is the "new heavens and new earth" of promise. It is worth while to follow the line of argument :—Four successive Assyrian kings, several hundred years B. C., conquered Israel section by section, and some of the conquered people were colonized to the district of the river Chabor, which some similarities of names indicate as upon the southern border of the Caspian.* A hundred years later (about six centuries B. C.) the Scythians, a tribe from the Caucasus region, according to Herodotus, began to trouble the Assyrian kingdom with descents ; and the name of Sacal is sometimes used as of a Scythian tribe. Now what can *Sacæ* mean but *Sacasuni-sons* of Isaac ; and the connection of the name with *Saxons* is apparent. (Also with the Hindoo inscriptions in praise of Saka, and with Buddha's name of Sakya-muni ; pointing to a Hebrew origin of Buddhism.) Prophecies of Ezekiel, with regard to a "whirlwind coming out of the north," and "living creatures" and "wheels within wheels," associated with it, obviously refer to a descent of Scythians *from the north*, associated with descendants of Israel. It is not really necessary to add to the proof afforded by prophecy of the identity of the Anglo-Saxon stock with ancient Israel, since divine evidence is of course superior to human ; but for the conviction of less reverent readers who desire to have shown some evidence of connection between the Scythian tribe of *Sacæ* and the West European Saxons, a number of arguments are presented : *e. g.*, that one division of the *Sacæ* are named as using arrows, and the Saxons are known to have been expert bowmen ; or that Wodan or Odin was worshiped among the Saxons, which name, in the form of Godam, "is doubtless an abbreviation of Godania," or Gautama Buddha. But the main argument is from prophecy. Thus far, we believe, the ordinary line of argument of the Hebrew-English cult is followed. But our author goes on to urge that a long list of prophecies which he cites are fulfilled by the American people and no others ; hence the Americans are the "remnant" from the Israelites that are to be the crown of creation. Moreover, such prophecies as, "For behold, I create *new heavens and a new earth*," evidently refer to the *New World* ; and, indeed, much that has been hitherto understood to refer to heaven really refers to America. It was of America, and not heaven, that John's vision was in the Apocalypse. In "There shall be no more sea," *sea* "is a symbol for vast masses of corrupt people." "They went out not knowing whither they went,

and confessed that they were strangers and *pilgrims* on the earth," refers plainly to the Pilgrim Fathers. "But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly," to divinely blessed America. Whenever, therefore, the American people have abolished drunkenness and other wrongs, and have thoroughly acquired a saving faith, the New Jerusalem descending from heaven will be here, "and the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it" until the end of time. — Still a third book, and in a third direction, argues for the views of a school of popular speculation, as against the conclusions of serious scholarship. *The Missing Sense*¹ is an attempt to demonstrate from the alleged phenomena of second sight, and of the writer's own dreams, the spiritual existence of man, immortality, and the presence of higher beings about us. It has no value as a scientific demonstration : but before one has read far in it, he finds his criticism almost disarmed by its "sweet reasonableness" of spirit ; and before it is ended, he sees in it so sincere and quiet and modest, yet singularly frank an expression of the emotional and ethical experience of a human soul, and the beliefs—pure and ennobling ones, and untainted by any tawdry superstition, though not, as the writer believes, demonstrable by science—in which it has found refuge and life, that he cannot but be touched and moved with some inspiration to higher mood. Its value to the general reader we should think more than doubtful, for even its human experience lies outside of the ordinary lines of feeling and thought ; but for those few who can read mysticism, appropriating its esoteric transports of mood, and keeping their scientific judgments free in the matter of its readings of the facts of the physical universe, the little book has marked merits. —² In the compass of a small and convenient volume Mr. Hittell has crowded a cyclopedia of information useful to the stranger coming to California and almost equally so to the Californian when he is bent on an outing. He begins with the overland trip and mentions all the points of interest on the way. He gives a careful study of the climates of the Coast as a whole and by sections with abundant statistics. Then follow long and detailed chapters on Central California, Southern California, the Sierra Nevada, Oregon and Washington, Camping, the Hawaiian Islands, and Mineral Springs. He closes with a chapter of the utmost practical value on distances, routes, prices, and suggestions for traveling in comfort and safety. The book is one that will stand the test of actual use. It is full enough for any ordinary demand, and that it is accurate Mr. Hittell's name is a sufficient voucher. —Bourgeois as Mr. France has dubbed himself in *nom de plume*, has presented rather a peculiar hodge-

¹ The Missing Sense. By C. W. Wooldridge. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

² Hittell's Hand-Book of Pacific Coast Travel. By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1887.

podge in the book at hand.¹ Its name might lead one to suppose that it had a guide book tone, but it is anything but that. Fishing stories interspersed with dialogue on philosophy, law, and religion, with some attempts at nature painting and an occasional poem form the staple of his two hundred and twenty-four pages, which are humorous and picturesque enough to be readable. — *Gunethics*² is a little treatise apparently written by a Methodist divine, president of a western Methodist college, in earnest advocacy of the abolition of all legal discriminations against women, and still more all ecclesiastical ones. The thing that he appears to have especially in mind is

the opening of the pulpit to women. His whole argument is based on Scripture; and of course among the several women who taught and ruled in the Hebrew theocracy and the early Christian church, he finds plenty of material. Some desperate ingenuity is necessary in evading a couple of passages from one of Paul's letters, but it is made a little easier by the undeniable fact that the great apostle can easily be quoted in refutation of himself, since he elsewhere cordially recognizes women teachers, and declares that within the church there is no distinction of sex. The crude logic of the pious little treatise may serve to confute the still cruder logic by which prejudice is guarded in the minds of some devout and simple folk; and it is not probable that any others will make any attempt to read a book on such a subject.

¹Mountain Trails and Parks in Colorado. By L. B. France. Denver: Chain, Hardy, & Co. 1887.

²Gunethics. By Rev. W. K. Brown, A. M., D.D. New York. Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. (SECOND SERIES.)—APRIL, 1888.—No. 64.

PIONEER ILLUSTRATION IN CALIFORNIA.

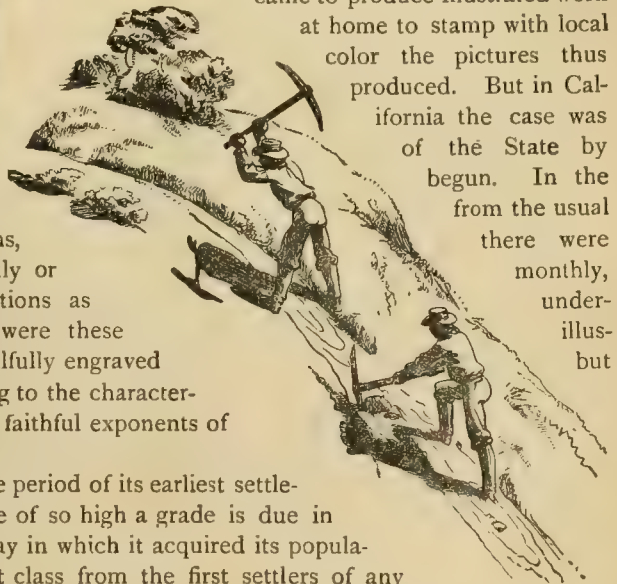


different. In 1849 the settlement Americans may be said to have ten years following this date aside number of low grade publications, published eight periodicals, weekly or furnished with high-class illustrations as stood at that time. Not only were these trations correct in drawing and skillfully engraved they were vigorous, true in coloring to the character-istic features of the new West, and faithful exponents of the life and scenery of the times.

That this new country from the period of its earliest settle-ment should exhibit an art impulse of so high a grade is due in large part to the unprecedented way in which it acquired its popula-tion. Its pioneers were a different class from the first settlers of any

F the many remarkable features connected with pio-neer days in California, few are more remarkable than the character and scope of its pictorial art. As I think of the great middle West and of the Eastern States back from the Atlantic seaboard, there are none that have developed at the same period of growth even a suggestion of the art movement noticeable on the Pacific Coast. It was only when years of set-tlement had concentrated large and cultivated cen-ters of population in the interior East that the effort

came to produce illustrated work at home to stamp with local color the pictures thus produced. But in Cal-ifornia the case was of the State by begun. In the from the usual there were monthly, under-illus-but





CHICO.

[Sketch by J. M. Hutchings. Engraved by Eastman.
From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]

other State. There was none of that slow pushing out into its undiscovered territory by restless characters, who found the freedom of their abiding places further east hampered by the civilization springing up around them. There was none of that bitter sentiment, moral or political, to hurry to its colonization those widely differing elements of New England and the South, who brought their religion and their prejudices to the earlier West only to retard its growth until their quarrels had been settled. There was none, even, of that legitimate effort at home-making by individual families, that in most new countries is the nucleus of future village growth.

Two impulses—money making and the spirit of adventure—alone acted in giving to California its first start as a State. Its extreme inaccessibility at that time, the large cost attendant on the journey, and the various dangers of the sea and plains, deterred all but the boldest spirits from attempting to reach its shores, and as a rule those who did reach them had been men of more than ordinary intelligence and business ability in the communities from which they had come. Thus in making her beginning, California

drew the best strains of blood from almost every civilized country, and as a result started from a point of civilization equivalent to that of the older of the Eastern States.

Later the sluggards all came, —and brought their families with them. And while they were too late to stamp their slowness alto-



PINE TREE.

[Drawn by C. C. Kuchel. Engraved by W. C. Butler.
From "Commandments to California Wives," Letter Sheet, 1853.]



EMIGRANT TRAIN PASSING THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS.

[Sketched and Engraved by Barber. From Letter Sheet, "Crossing the Plains," 1853.]

gether on the advancement of the State, they succeeded in hampering it so that after the first flash of its brilliancy had passed away — when the older pioneers were dead or had removed with their magically acquired fortunes to the quieter East — there were fewer men with business and intellectual ability sufficient to take up their mantles; and as a result there was a distinct pause all along the line of advance, which lasted until the new generation born and bred on the soil began to make itself felt in public affairs.

This was as true in artistic as in other lines. The artists who came first were men in the full maturity of their powers. They had served apprenticeship in the best European schools, and the time of transition was

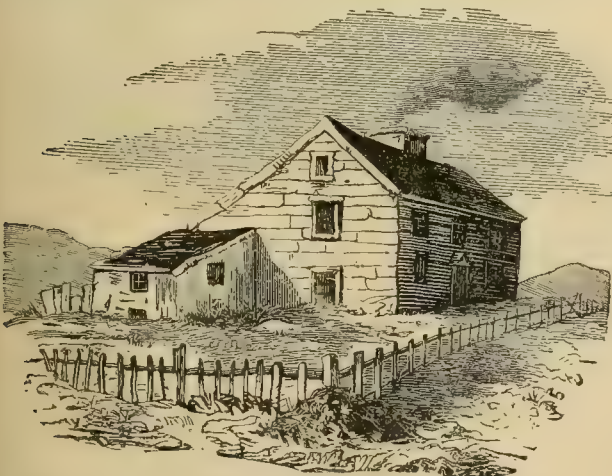
so short that they were still in practical touch with the best that the old world had to offer.

They came, as others came, not with the expectation of following their profession, but with the hope of acquiring in a limited time sufficient fortune in the newly discovered mines to enable them to return to older and more congenial fields.

It may be that this vision failed in materialization; or that the picturesqueness of the times and place came to appeal to the artist instinct more strongly than the desire to get rich. In any case many of the art fraternity became fixtures here, and settled down to the slower and less sure process of acquiring fortunes by the use of the pencil and brush.

There was more fortune than fame in the matter, however, for it was the pencil and not the brush that was in most demand.

Everywhere in the world men were talking about California and eager to learn more of its prospects, natural features, promises, and life. Those who were here were anxious to send back any and all sorts of matter which would cater to this want. Paintings were too expensive and bulky; but wood cuts, as found in papers and magazines, especially where the accompanying text served to



HOUSE WHERE JOAQUIN WAS CAPTURED.

Sketch by A. Nahl. Engraved by Armstrong. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]



CICADA.

Drawn by A. Nahl. Engraved by Armstrong. From "*Hutchings' California Magazine*," 1856.

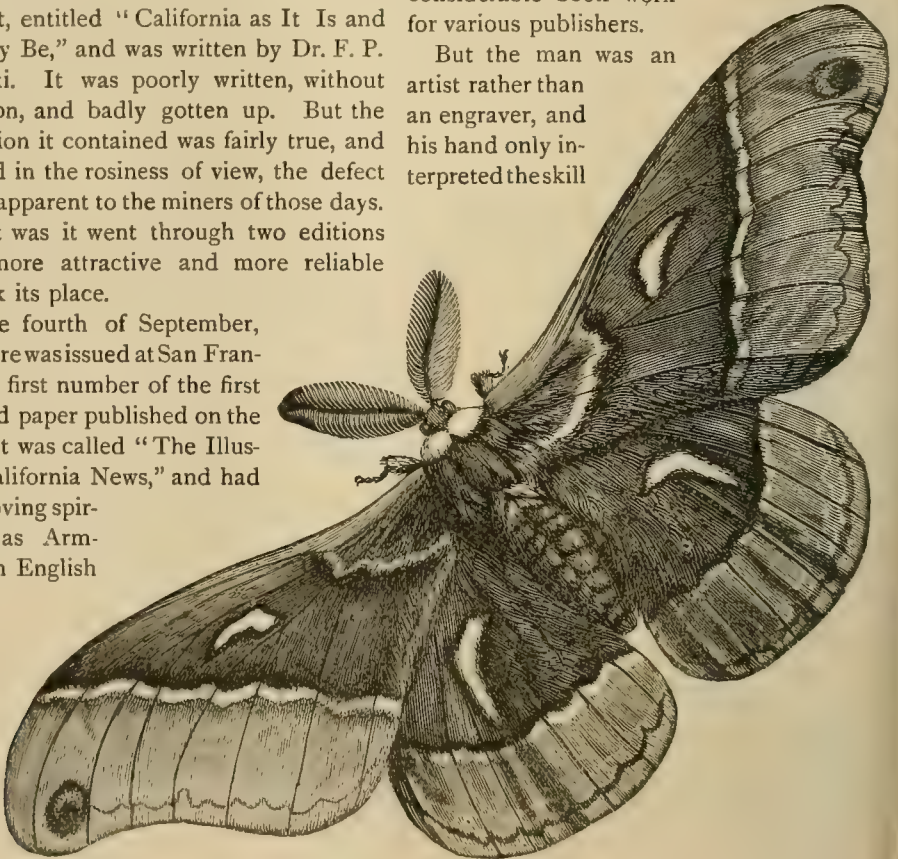
further explain their purport, became at once popular both as guide books and as souvenirs.

In 1849 the first book printed in California was issued from the press of Washington Bartlett, San Francisco. It was a thin pamphlet, entitled "*California as It Is and as It May Be*," and was written by Dr. F. P. Wierbicki. It was poorly written, without illustration, and badly gotten up. But the information it contained was fairly true, and if it erred in the rosiness of view, the defect was not apparent to the miners of those days. Bad as it was it went through two editions before more attractive and more reliable data took its place.

On the fourth of September, 1850, there was issued at San Francisco the first number of the first illustrated paper published on the coast. It was called "*The Illustrated California News*," and had for its moving spirit Thomas Armstrong, an English

and had attained no little reputation there before his departure for the West. The early numbers of the "*London Illustrated News*" contain many spirited pictures cut by his hand, and he had done considerable book work for various publishers.

But the man was an artist rather than an engraver, and his hand only interpreted the skill



CALIFORNIA SILK MOTH.

Drawn by A. Nahl. Engraved by Van Vleck. From "*Hutchings' California Magazine*," 1856.

engraver, who had come to the Coast a year before. This man, who was destined to put the stamp of his skill on the best engraving of his eye. He worked with the coarser but more individual effects of the English school of that date, and while his pictures

lack the delicate shadings and blendings of tones which mark the best modern work, there was always a strength and individuality about them which in later engravings is too often sacrificed to the general effect. There is an entire absence in his work of that woodenness which marks the mere engraver, and everything he touched came from his tool instinct with feeling and life.

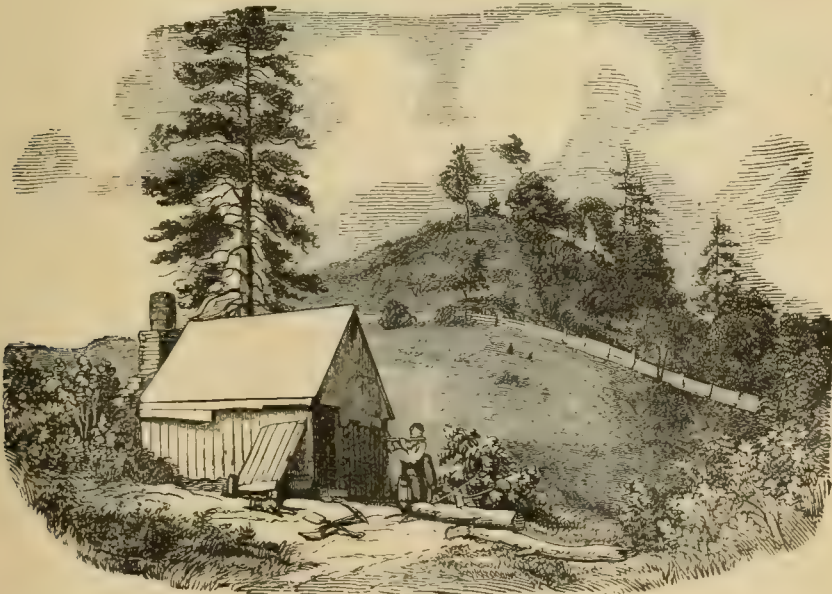
Shortly after his arrival, he set to work on a large copper plate view of San Francisco and the harbor as it then was, and issued it on the 13th of October of that year. This was the first general view of the city, and is still, as it then was, the accepted authority on that point.

His success with this and other individual engravings led him to plan the publication of the paper mentioned above. It was a weekly, and contained cartoons on current affairs, and pictures of places calculated to interest the mining population. It is impossible to speak of it further, for it has gone out of existence except as a memory, no file of it being in any public or private library so far as can be found. All that is known of it is, that though successful it proved too difficult a task for its projector to keep up.



TYPE OF MINER.

[By C. Nahl. Engraved by Armstrong. From "Miner's Progress," 1853.]



CABIN IN THE SIERRA.

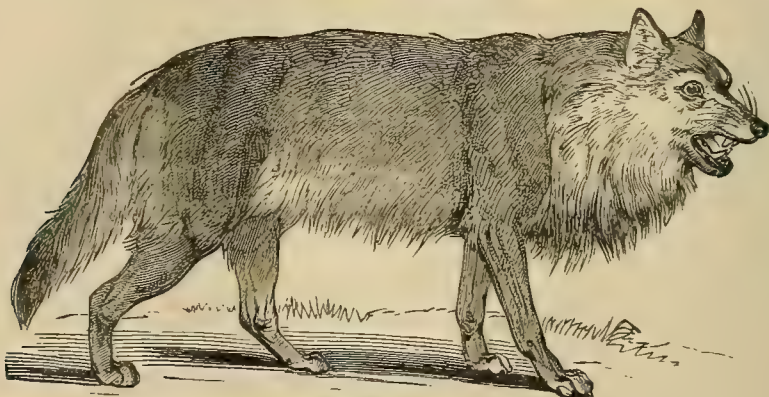
[By A. Nahl. Engraved by Eastman. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1857.]

Doing most of the work himself, he was obliged to labor day and night to get enough material ready for the current issue, and after a short period a week of sickness intervened, compelling a temporary suspension of the paper, which stoppage finally grew into a permanent abandonment of the scheme.

The field, however, was not long vacant. A number of wild-cat sheets, of which "Mug-gin's Mirror" is a fair sample, sprung up one after another, to flourish for a time and then succumb to the inevitable fate of all political and humorous papers. For the most part they were small in size and poorly printed; while the pictures that adorned their pages were cheap and badly executed cartoons of

grizzly, the wild-eyed Spanish cattle, and the tall pines, that for years to come were to be accepted as the types of things Californian.

They were new in those days, and from their fidelity to life, aside from all question of their real artistic merit, soon became dear to every miner's heart. The heading alone would have sold the paper, even had it not represented the best literary work of the Coast. It was not at first an illustrated sheet, but soon occasional pictures found a place in its pages, and these were gathered together in one special paper every month, under the title of a "Steamer Day" issue, for the convenience of those who wished to send



CALIFORNIA WOLF.

[By C. Nahl. Engraved by Van Vleck. From "Hutching's California Magazine," 1858.]

the class called "timely," relating to current political events. They had nothing to give them a permanent value, and it is only in the scrap books of the older pioneers that the record of their existence has been preserved.

Out of this chaos, however, came the beginning of the real pictorial art work of the time. In 1853, Bonestell and Williston established in San Francisco a literary Sunday paper called the "Wide West," which soon drew around it the best artists and literary workers of the Coast. It was a large, four-page, seven-column sheet, with a pictorial heading made up of typical California scenes.

Here for the first time appeared the now familiar figures of the flannel shirted miner working in his claim, the fierce and growling

the views in the least bulk possible to Eastern friends.

The range of pictures covered was very wide. Not only landscape but figure work was common, and a special feature was its sets of humorous cartoons representing the doleful experiences of the "tenderfoot," or "gringo" as he was then called, on his advent to Western scenes. These were, for the most part, very fairly executed, and contained more than one cut that brings a smile even now. The tailpiece of this article is one of these "Wide West" cuts relating to equestrian matters.

This paper reached a circulation of about nine thousand copies. But the expense of publishing it was so great that at the end of

four years Mr. Bonestell retired with a loss of eighteen thousand dollars, though the paper was continued by his partner for some three or four years more. The weekly "Golden Era" and the "News Letter" also date back to this period, but they did not contain illustrations frequently enough to bring them legitimately under the head of illustrated periodicals.

All of the leading papers throughout the State from time to time issued broadsides containing pictorial representations of the neighborhoods in which they were located. The Placerville papers, the Sacramento "Union," and others, soon came to consider this a regular feature of their holiday editions, and spared neither trouble nor expense to make the sheets the best in point of workmanship that could be had in the country.

The pictorial issued by the "Union" for New Year's, 1853, was particularly characteristic. The whole front page was given up to a combination design into which the name and heading were woven in peculiar lettering. The idea, as usual, was to illustrate the more striking phases of California life, the separate cuts being bound together by a running scroll.

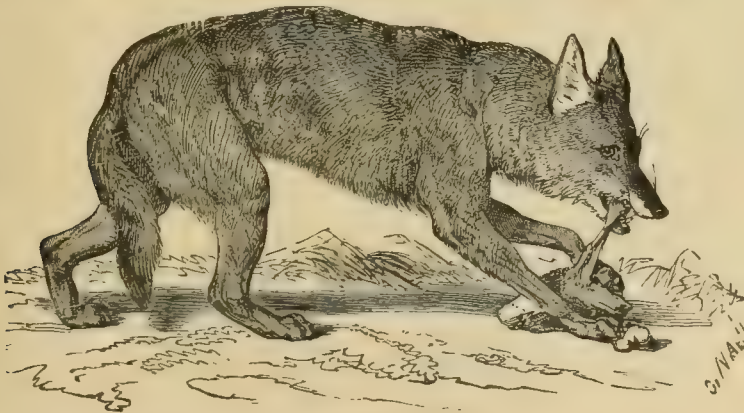
In the center was California seated on the



COSUMNES RIVER.

[By A. Nahl. Engraved by Butler. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1859.]

bear, and patriotically displaying the American flag. On one side, a profane teamster urged a long line of obstinate mules. At other points variations on the usual gold washing and vaquero scenes appeared. A local hit was scored in a cut representing the inhabitants of Sacramento wading from their houses during the great flood, and bearing



COYOTE.

[By Chas. Nahl. Engraved by Van Vleck. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]

in confusion their wives and other chattels. The moral touch was given in a sketch of a gambling scene in a lower corner of the sheet, with the usual accompaniments of women and wine, over which two stalwart angels were unsuccessfully endeavoring to draw a cloak. The design was by Charles Nahl, and the engraving which was broad and sketchy, was well executed in Armstrong's careful style.

It was about this time that there began to be published a series of small illustrated sheets, which while insignificant in themselves are important because they finally led to the publication of "Hutchings' California Magazine," the best pictorial periodical ever published on the Coast.

The craving of the miners for something representatively local to send home was not to be satisfied with newspaper cuts. To meet this demand, the Noisy Carriers' Book & Stationery Co. had bought up some of the best representative pictures which were not too large, and began printing them on letter sheets with space for letters below. These at once became popular, and the vari-

ous publishers on the Coast were soon rivaling each other in getting out new designs.

In 1853 a strong effort was made in certain quarters to turn Sunday, the then principal business day in the mines, into a closer semblance of the peaceful Eastern Sabbath. Feeling ran quite high in the matter and many bitter things were said on either side.

At the height of this agitation J. M. Hutchings, who was then living at Placerville,—the Hangtown of those days,—caught an inspi-

ration from the heated discussion, and sat down and wrote the fourth of the now famous "Miners' Ten Commandments." After it was finished, his tender conscience gave him such qualms lest its Biblical tone should make it seem impious to some one, that he laid it away and determined not to publish it. From time to time however he added other commandments, until the whole ten were complete.

"Shortly after this," to use his own language, "the editor of the 'Placer Herald' came to me one day and said, 'John, I want you to get the paper out for me this week, I have got to go below to attend to some property.'

"I didn't want to take it, but he wouldn't let me off, and so I took it, telling him he left it at his own risk. Well, when I got to thinking it over, it struck me that it was a good time to publish the commandments while the editor was away. Because, if they sold the paper, I'd get the credit of it, and if they didn't, he wouldn't be blamed for putting them in. So I printed them, and waited with some



AGED SQUAW.

[By A. Nahl. Engraved by Anthony & Baker. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]

anxiety to see what would happen.

"Well, sir, the paper hadn't been on the street five minutes before a man came in with one in his hand, and said, 'John I want five of those commandments to send home to my friends.' And before he was gone another came, and in a little while the whole edition was sold out.

"When the editor came back he took a look at the books, and said, 'John, I'm going away again'; but I told him 'Not much, for



ON THE TRAIL.

[By A. Nahl. Engraved by Anthony & Baker. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]

a man can't make a ten strike every rolling."

The demand for them, however, was so great that they were republished, though anonymously as before. Their piracy by a man in Nevada led Mr. Hutchings to acknowledge their authorship, and take steps to preserve them in suitable form. He expended a large sum in getting a series of appropriate cuts made, and issued a letter sheet containing the text of the "Commandments" with the illustrations grouped about the border.

Of these nearly a hundred thousand were sold within a year,— which is phenomenal when it is remembered that the whole population of the State at that time was only about twice that number. The first interest having subsided, the cartoon went out of print; but so many inquiries have been made for it since, that the text has been recently reissued by their author in a tasty pamphlet form, but without the cuts which originally accompanied them.

It is too long to quote entire, but the

introduction and the fourth commandment read as follows :

A man spake these words and said : I am a miner who wandered from "away down East," and came to sojourn in a strange land and "see the elephant," and behold I saw him, and can bear witness that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail his whole body has passed before me : and lo ! I followed him until his huge feet stood still before a clap-board shanty ; then with his trunk extended he pointed to a candle-card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say "Read," and I read

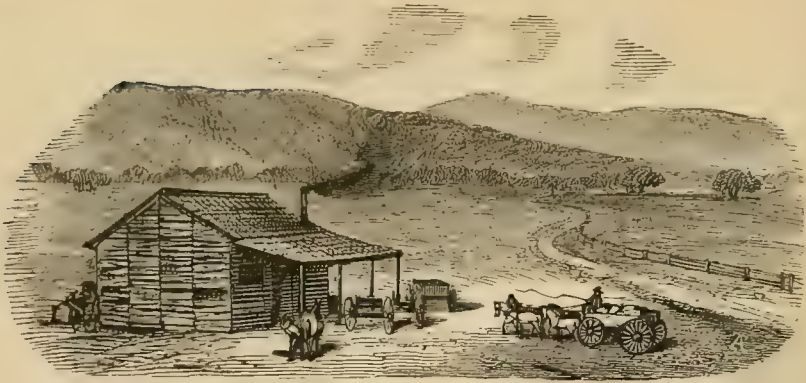
"THE MINER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS."

IV. Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance should not compare favorably with what thou doest here ; for well thou knowest that on that day thou wastest all thy dirty clothes, darnest all thy stockings, patchest up thy nether garments, dost tap thy boots, chop thy whole week's fire-wood, make up and bake thy bread, and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when at night thou returnest from thy labors weary. But alas ! thou rememberest not that



BUCK INDIAN.

[By A. Nahl, from Photograph. Engraved by Anthony & Baker. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]



VACA VALLEY.

[By A. Nahl. Engraved by T. Armstrong. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]

for six days thou mayest dig or pick or wash all that thy body can stand under, by which if thou art careful thou canst not wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also thou canst do it in six months; and thou and thy wife, thy son and thy daughter, thy male friend and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience, be none the better for it; and thou shalt not strive to justify thyself because the trader and the blacksmith, the carpenter and the merchant, the tailor and cheap-john huckster, the gamblers and buccaneers, defy God, religion, and civilization by keeping not the Sabbath day such as memory, youth, and home made hal-
lowed.

Space has been given to this original production because it was the first of a number from the same pen which, together with appropriate illustrations, were sent out one after another under such titles as *Commands to California Wives*, *The Two Miners*, *Across the Plains*, and *The Miner's Creed*. The accompanying text was sometimes in verse, but more commonly in prose.

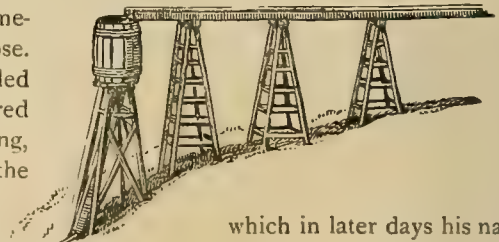
It was the success of these flyers, coupled with a realization of the wide scope offered in this new country for such an undertaking, that led Mr. Hutchings to decide upon the

publication of the magazine which was afterwards issued under his name.

Determined that its grade should be equal to that of the "Harper's," then the foremost of American magazines, he set himself to become thoroughly familiar with the characteristics of the country from which his material must be drawn.

For three years he devoted his time to travel, and visited and explored the whole coast from Oregon to Mexico. He learned photography—the old daguerreotype process—so as to secure pictures of the interesting things that he saw, and further made many sketches of figures and personal types.

It was on one of these trips that he first reached the great Yosemite Valley, with



which in later days his name has become inseparably connected.



In July, 1856, the first number of the "Hutchings' California Magazine" appeared. It was a well-printed book of some seventy pages, whose illustrations equaled if not excelled those of the best Eastern magazine work of the same date. It sprang at once

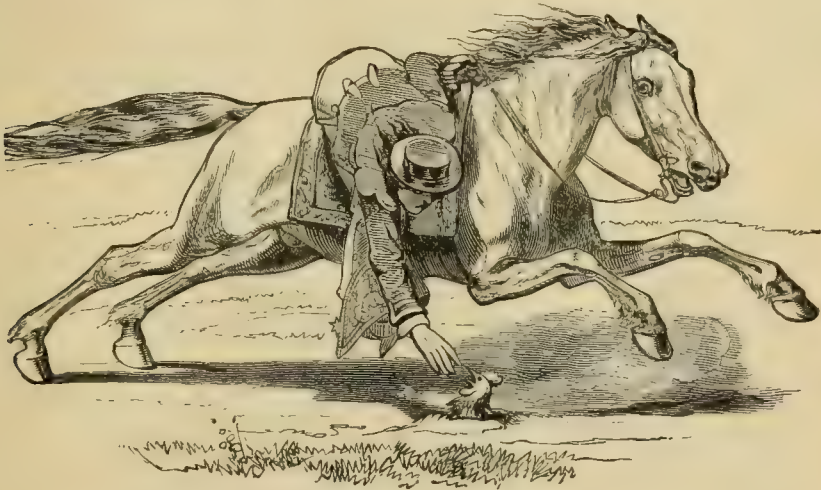
into popular favor and soon stood steadily on its feet. There was no falling off in the quantity or quality of its wood engravings, which from their fidelity to life and accuracy of detail were of inestimable value to the State in the setting forth of its resources.

Never since then have California birds, beasts, flowers, or natural scenery received more careful or truthful treatment than when they were touched on in its pages. Of the literary quality — especially in the line of poetry — there is not so much to be said.

It is impossible to speak of the work done in this magazine without touching on the

which was always evident in their later work through the extreme correctness of their drawing. A finish was given to their art education at Paris, which place they were finally obliged to leave for political reasons.

Coming to America, after a short stay in New York they were overtaken by the gold fever and sailed for San Francisco, which was reached in 1851. For some time they mined in Yuba County, but fortune not favoring them they removed to Sacramento and set up their easels, and plunged again into artistic work. The best pictorial headings, the most striking of the holiday designs,



CATCHING THE BURIED ROOSTER.

[C. Nahl. Engraved by T. Armstrong. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1859.]

artists whose genius made possible its success. With few exceptions the drawings for the engravings were made by two brothers, Charles and Arthur Nahl, who labored together so harmoniously that in many cases it is impossible to distinguish their work apart. Both had genius, but Charles was more brilliant, and worked in lines that showed far more than those chosen by his brother. The former confined himself to figure painting, both human and animal, while the latter did landscapes, portraits, and bird and insect life.

They were natives of Hesse Cassel, Germany, and received a rigid education after the classically correct school of German art,

the most original of the local cuts then published were from their pencils or brushes.

The series of California animals of which three appear in these pages is especially noted, not alone for their fidelity to nature but for the dramatic action and life that they contain.

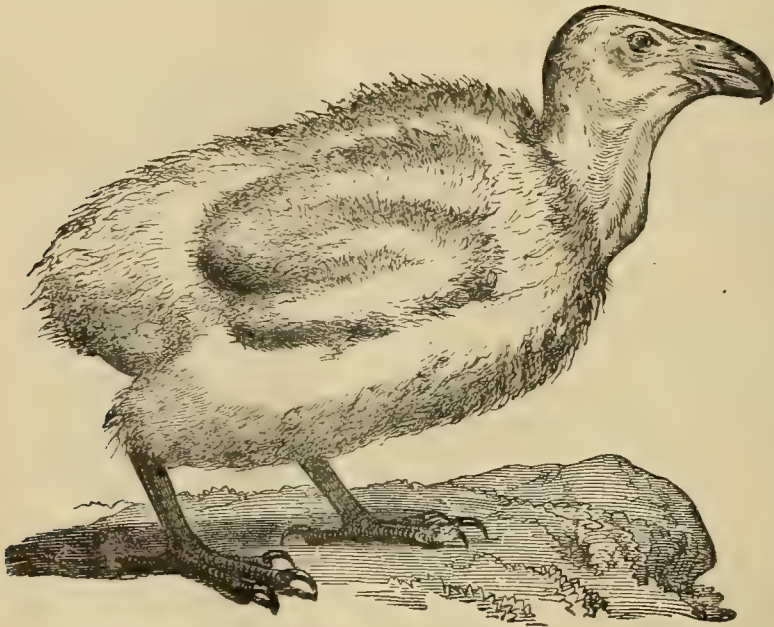
Charles Nahl is rightly looked up to as the father of California art. The originality of his conceptions, the way in which he handled light and shade, the life which he put into his designs, the conscientiousness of his execution, his great industry, and the intelligence displayed in his interpretation of local characteristics, all mark him as a man of decided genius. Unlike most artists he was

never impatient in drawing on the block, and the engraver who worked from his sketches never found his task made mechanical by the fact that the designer had taken short cuts in putting in his shadows.

It is curious in going over his work to see what a powerful hold the prevailing European mannerism in figure work of that day had upon him, and how it cropped out through the originality of his Western character work.

His animals are true to life, but his miners are a curious combination of the real ar-

rest. It may be that his heart was more in things in action. But his horsemen and moving figures are far truer in their local coloring, and it is much less common to find them theatrical and overdone. Witness for instance the Spaniard stooping to grasp the buried chicken, as he passes at full speed. It is a conception instinct with the most intense action, and yet not a line is overdrawn nor a motion overstrengthened. He seems to solve by instinct the problem of shifting and vanishing planes, and depicts motion and



CALIFORNIA CONDOR CHICK.

[By W. Ord. Engraved by T. Armstrong. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1856.]

ticle and the peculiarly angular and unnatural individuals that are so plentiful in the illustrations of Cruikshank and others of his school. They look in some way like seedy English gentlemen, and one has a curious feeling in looking at them that one's Dickens cannot be far off.

The dilapidated miner pictured here is of this class, and originally formed one of a series devoted to the delineation of the ups and downs of mining life in an early pictorial broadside.

This element of caricature, however, is noticeable only in his human figures when at

arrested action with an ease widely in contrast with the effort made by most artists in reaching the same result.

In the main, local artists to this day have accepted his conceptions of local life as they stand, and he will always be a canon in relation to pioneer life in all of its varied phases.

Arthur Nahl's work in the "Hutchings' Magazine" is equally worthy of attention. Most of the landscapes not taken from photographs were drawn by him, and even the latter generally passed through his hands to be sketched upon the block.

His fish and birds, and more especially



INDIAN FUNERAL DANCE.

[By C. Nahl. Engraved by Anthony & Baker. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1858.]

his Indian heads and faces, are particularly worthy of remark. Here his painstaking skill in portrait painting made itself felt, and no one who has come after him has caught more clearly the characteristic expression of the Digger face. Of his insect cuts the drawing of his silkworm moth is the best of its class ever executed before or since on the Coast.

In judging of these pictures it must of course be kept in mind that they belong to an older school of engraving, and cannot be fairly judged by the standards applied to modern work. They were made before the discovery of photographing on the block, and were all prepared for the engraver with a hard pencil, or at best a wash. It was therefore impossible to get more than the flat tints and broad spaces of color, and the engraver had

no latitude in his work. He was held strictly to the drawing, and at best could only interpret the relative color of the flat tints.

Now drawings are made large and photographed on the block. This gives pictures in which there are no sharp lines, and the engraver is enabled to interpret intelligently the color and texture for himself.

As might be expected, therefore, the pictures in the "Hutchings' Magazine" are sharp and clear cut, but have no full blending of tones or wealth of local color. The Deserted Cabin, however, while not making pretense to full color, at once suggests local coloring to the eye. The foreground is well executed, but the sky and background are not so well worked out.

The Indian Funeral Dance is entirely without local color. Everything is sacrificed to the intensity of the action expressed in the dancing figures, and even these are sketched in tones so broad as to be blotchy. In the Cañon with the Waterfall there is much more even blending of the tones, but the sharpness of the line work neutralizes the effect even here.

It should be said in relation to all these illustrations presented here, that

Manuel Esquivel

SIGNATURE AND RUBRIC.

with one or two exceptions they are printed from the original wood cuts made at the time the engravings were first published. It was thought best to present them thus because the older cuts would serve the double purpose of illustrating the work of both artist and engraver, while reproductions could only interpret the artist's spirit, at the most.

They have been chosen from a wide range of subjects, with the aim of presenting characteristic specimens of as many different classes of pioneer work as possible in the space of so short an article. Most of them now see the light for the first time since their original publication. The few which are more familiar have been admitted because they serve better than others of their class to illustrate some par-



SAMSON RENDING THE LION.

[By C. Nahl. Engraved by Eastman. From Book "The Giant Judge," 1858.]

ticular idea. It is a matter of wonder that the originals have so long survived, and it is due to the interest in early pictorial work of such San Francisco publishing houses as Dewey & Co., Bacon & Co., and the Pacific Press, that they have been kept at all in existence.

"Hutchings' Magazine" completed five yearly volumes without issuing a number discreditable to the high pictorial standard set for itself in starting. But the health of its projector and editor, J. M. Hutchings, gave way under the continued strain of the work, and in 1861 he was obliged to retire permanently. The magazine passed into the hands of the "Golden Era" owners, and was printed by them for a time as a monthly edition of that paper, the same matter being used in both. It missed the energy of its first management, however, and was shortly after discontinued.

Another magazine which was

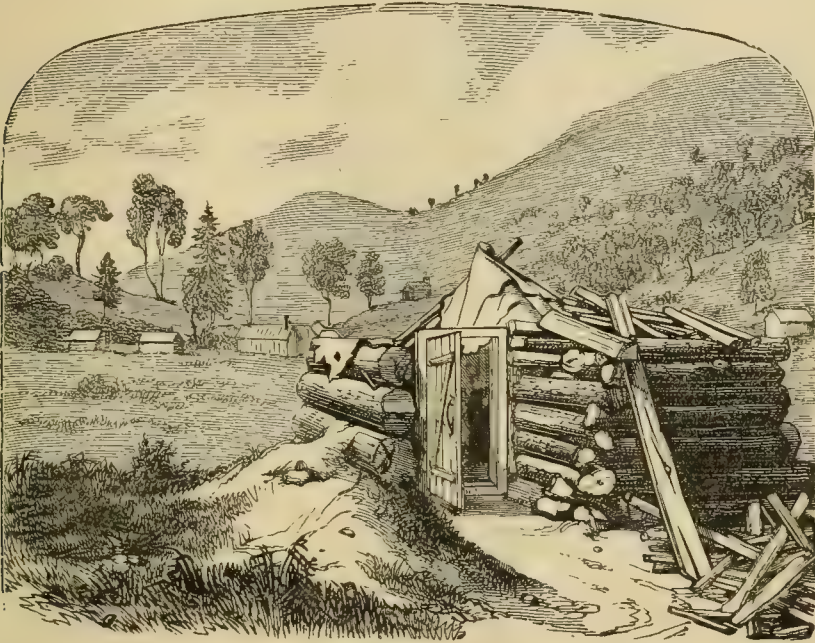


SAMSON CARRYING THE GATES.

[By C. Nahl. Engraved by Eastman. From same as above.]

a credit to California at this period was the "Hesperian." In literary grade this was similar to "Godey's Lady's Book," which it closely resembled both in size and general appearance. It had a decorated cover, with a design that was one of Nahl's less happy efforts. Each month it presented as a frontispiece the portrait of some prominent citizen, done in a creditable style. These portraits were for the most part lithographs, and like the men whom they represented have been

These were for the most part of very indifferent merit. The authors who had influence or money enough to secure an Eastern publisher generally carried their work out of the State; not perhaps, because of lack of local pride, but rather on account of the better facilities offered there for turning out the work. For a long time almost the only books published here were descriptive of the country, and attempted little or no illustration. Even in those days the "boom" spirit



DESERTED CABIN.

[By A. Nahl. Engraved by Eastman. From "Hutching's California Magazine," 1859.]

forgotten in the busy years that have passed since the magazine was a monthly aspirant for public favor. Aside from these portraits there was a meager attempt at body illustration; but the result was mainly outline work with an occasional sketch or finished picture. The most interesting series dealt with California flowers, and were intelligent in handling and correct in form.

So far, early periodical literature only has been touched on in this article. There remains to be considered the small number of illustrated books issued on the Coast prior to 1860.

was rampant, and of one of these, "California on Canvas," it is amusing to find the editor of the "Pioneer" objecting to the view in it of San Francisco, on the ground that it does not show enough people on the streets.

In 1855 another of these boom pamphlets, entitled "Sacramento Illustrated," was issued from a press in that city. It was filled with residence and business cuts, besides many of more permanent value.

There were only four illustrated books on general subjects published prior to 1860, which were of a grade to receive notice here.

One of these, "The Oatman Children,"



FROM THE "OATMAN CHILDREN."

[By C. Nahl. Engraved by Herrick, 1856.]

issued in 1856, recounted the adventures of a white girl, Olive Oatman, who with her brother was taken prisoner by the Sonoma Indians and held in captivity for some time. It contained a portrait of Olive Oatman, and some seven or eight other engravings drawn by Arthur Nahl and executed by Herrick. These pictures, one of which appears in this article, were of more than ordinary merit, and are remarkable in that in them more of an effort was made to give the true proportion of local color than in any other set of engravings made here in early days.

The second of these books, 1857, detailed the adventures of one Edward McGowan, in his efforts to escape the Vigilance Committee of '56. If Mr. McGowan was as bad as the cuts he used in illustrating his book, it is a pity that excellent body did not succeed in carrying out its intentions.

Of the third book, — "The Giant Judge; or, the Story of Samson, the Hebrew Hercules," by Rev. W. A.

Scott, D.D. San Francisco, Whitton, Towne, & Co., 1858, — it is a real pleasure to speak.

It was bound in cloth with gilt title, and had a delicately drawn ornamental heading of flowers above its index of illustrations. There were eight page insets, illustrating scenes in the life of Samson, conceived in Charles Nahl's best style, and well executed by Henry Eastman. Few pictures anywhere are more spirited than the two reproduced in this article.

Last of all, it remains to speak of Hittell's *Adventures of James Capen Adams*; Towne & Bacon, San Francisco, 1860. This book is so well known that it is only necessary to call attention to it here. It contains those famous pictures of grizzlies "Samson" and "Ben Franklin," besides many others equally characteristic.



COSUMNES RIVER.

[By A. Nahl. Engraved by Eastman. From "Hutchings' California Magazine," 1850.]

It is a curious thing that in all the book, pamphlet, and magazine illustration done in California at this period, so little of the purely decorative sort should be encountered. To be sure there was a certain amount of scroll work in the letter-heads and the allegorical designs of the holiday pictorials, — but of the little touches that add so much to the beauty and daintiness of the modern periodical there was absolutely nothing. The Hutchings' had at different times four initial letters, the best of which, — designed by Keith and engraved by Eastman — has been used at the opening of this article: A certain decorative effect, however, was produced by the insertion of an occasional fac-simile signature and rubric, one of which has been translated here.

Many of these pictures have been found worthy of a place in later books — notably the Initial O, and the Indian Woman on the Trail, which are taken from Hutchings' "Yo Semite," one of the most beautiful books ever issued in California.

In the books, with the exception of the flower heading in Dr. Scott's book, there was absolutely no attempt at beautifying the covers or text with decorative designs.

This is of course exclusive of the scroll work used in connecting the different parts of cover designs. These were not of a sufficiently dis-

ten by him for General Winchester's paper, the "Pacific News" and published them in pamphlet form for more general circulation. The book was a large octavo of a hundred and twelve pages, copiously illustrated



with wood engravings from original designs by Charles Nahl, who on the title page is announced as the "California Cruikshank."

It was entitled "Pen-Knife Sketches; or, Chips from the Old Block" and under the title on the opening page carried a cut of a hand incising the letters "Old

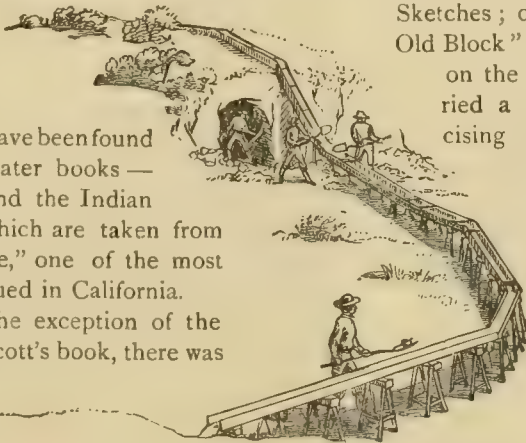
Block," on a board with a jack-knife. On the last page appeared the same knife closed up and lying on the board.

The literary work was very clever, though

the standpoint of the author was unusual for those days. In his preface, wherein he explains his reasons for writing the book, he pathetically says :

I had learned the trials, disappointments, and perils which thousands of my countrymen encountered in California. I felt with them and for them. Every newspaper I took up was trumpeting forth "big strikes, rich leads, lucky hom-

bres," in the mines and holding forth in glowing terms bright visions of wealth to our astonished fellow citizens at home, inciting them to try their luck in the golden land ; leaving comfortable homes and happy families to become gold seekers and sufferers in the hills of the Sierra. At that time but one side of the picture was exhibited. Nothing was said of a miner's disappointments, the weariness of his toil, his



tinctive character to give them a place as individually decorative, and for the most part they added no artistic value to the page.

A notable figure in those days was A. Delano, — more familiarly known by his *nom de plume* of Old Block. In 1853, he gathered together a series of sprightly letters writ-



CALIFORNIA LYNX.

[By C. Nahl. Engraved by Van Vleck. From "*Hutchings' California Magazine*," 1858.]

suffering from hunger and thirst ; his isolation among the hills ; the yearning of his heart for home and the loved ones there ; of his painfully climbing stupendous hills, or diving into deep gulches, sweltering under a burning sun, in search of the object of his honest ambition, or, as it after proved, of diggings that might afford him at least the means of obtaining sufficient to support life. This my brother miners felt, not for themselves alone but for their friends at home ; and they desired too, while not doubting the real richness of the mines and the capabilities of California, that a miner's trials should be told. Often, while sitting round our campfires among the hills, has the subject been mooted by our ragged, half-starved circle, and an ardent wish expressed that somebody would show up the other side.

And it is this other side that he proceeds to show up, but in a manner so light-hearted that it is evident that in spite of his purpose he is more or less imbued with the optimistic spirit of the times. The illustrations, of which there are twenty-six, are much more lugubrious than the text. The frontispiece sets out the greenhorn just landed in California, and the center of a group of facetious older inhabitants, who are finding much joy in his appearance and general unsophistication.

This is followed, a few pages further on, by a picture of the same new comer, camped out for the first time on a lonely hillside and in an agony of terror over the appearance of three coyotes who are skirmishing in the

background. A little later the "Arrival of the Express" is depicted, with a miner, who has evidently received bad news by it, sitting in the foreground with a letter in his hand and weeping copiously.

This is followed by a very vigorous delineation of "A Used-Up Man." His breeches reach only to his knees, the feet of his boots have entirely disappeared, the tops flapping lonesomely around his ankles. The rest of his attire is correspondingly dilapidated, and the only redeeming feature is a placard beside him announcing in doggerel that though he is used up he still proposes to stand by "glorious California."

There are few of the ills that the miner's flesh was heir to that did not receive a touch. Perils by fire and flood, adventures with bears and other wild beasts, and a doleful picture of staging in the mountains, with all the male passengers out behind pushing to get the vehicle up an unusually steep grade, were shown with melancholy fidelity.

All the pictures were page insets, and were coarser than Nahl's usual work. Only one type of early California life was crystalized in all the designs in this series—the mountain express rider—and in the others the element of caricature is painfully apparent.

This fault of his early training crops out most strongly in the portraits of Old Block

himself, whose features, correctly set forth on the outside cover, are curiously carried into the faces of various characters throughout the book. Where the author himself appears, his face is distorted into a very close likeness of the English Punch.

Delano knew what he was talking about in writing of the dark side of pioneer life. He was a "forty-niner," and had undergone everything that the miners of that day deemed "bad luck." No matter where he went, the claims he took up proved worthless, or promptly "petered out." He suffered from sickness and want, and it was only the Bohemian light-heartedness of his nature that kept his head above water.

Early in 1853 he abandoned mining and opened a vegetable produce store on Long Wharf, which proved a real mine of gold to him. It was at this time, when getting again on the up grade, that the Pen-Knife Sketches were written.

The tone of sympathy in them touched the hearts of the public, and their sale was large. Several editions were published, the sale in all amounting to nearly twenty-five thousand copies.

So favorably impressed were the public with Delano's "whittling at the odds and ends of California life," that three years later (1856) he issued a second book, "Old Block's Sketch Book," conceived on the same plan, but more taken up with anecdotes and stories. It was equally successful at first, but owing to the larger number of local books and magazines with which it came in competition, never reached the sale of its predecessor. The illustrations were of the same general character as before, and were less marred by exaggeration. All of them were too large for reproduction here.

In closing, it is but just to say that while they have received particular honor in this sketch, there were many other and worthy artists and engravers on the coast besides the Nahls and Thomas Armstrong, during the period that it covers. Among the former should be noticed Kuchel, Barber, Ord, Anthony and Keith; and among the latter, Butler, Eastman, Van Vleck, Baker, Herrick, and Boyd. Specimens of their work are presented herewith, but the discussion of their merits must be left for the more extended space of another article.

Francis E. Sheldon.



TAIL PIECE.—ADVENTURES OF A GRINGO.

[C. Nahl. Engraved by Armstrong. From the "Wide West," 1853.]

AT THE HILL'S BASE.

[A PARAPHRASE.]

O SINGERS, up the heights of gold
 Whereon Song dwells, — with thoughts that run
 To music, as the flowers unfold
 And gladden to the sun,—

Is there, amid the fadeless bloom
 Of rose and bay, low at your feet,
 A little room, O ye, with whom
 The lowliest place were sweet?

A reed within some river-bed
 That grew, with drifting weeds afloat,
 A reed by rude hands fashioned
 To pipe one slender note;—

Lo, such am I! yet crave the grace
 To rest with thee, divinest Song,
 A moment's space within the ways
 That I have loved so long!

Ina D. Coolbrith.

LLEWELLYN'S SPECULATION.

IN Arizona there are places where the bad lands, the flat, sparsely vegetated plains, are hemmed in on all sides by parti-colored mountains of volcanic rocks, which come down to the earth so precipitously that their summits are almost as inaccessible as the semi-annual storm clouds that burst over them; so that one might suppose the ages had been diligently at work leveling all the country, and had then in a period of abstraction, placed these naked, ghastly rocks there; thus undoing the labor of their own hands.

The atmosphere is dry, clear, still, and deceptive. With no contiguous landmarks by means of which distance may be estimated, a stranger in that strange land makes the most appalling mistakes as to how many miles it may be from some pass through which he entered one of these plains to the next range of mountains. What may seem

to be but an hour's ride will, at the close of an all-day's journey, still find him encamped another hour's ride short of its end.

The dry grass of the region is in scattered tufts between the occasional sage bushes. There is a dearth of everything save desolation and solitude in the expanse. Where there is so little to sustain life there is but little life to be sustained. A few jack rabbits may be napping under some of the sage bushes, and there may be a coyote slouching about from one bush to another looking for them, and there may be a hawk soaring aloft, waiting for the wolf's successes to leave him the lean remnant of a repast.

And yonder in the shadow of the mountain there is a man. He and his pony and his pack mules are the only civilized creatures within a radius of perhaps a hundred miles; and they keep closely together, as if

conscious of the fact. The man is digging with his pick-ax in the dry bed of a waterway, and the animals are cropping the tufts of grass, looking back occasionally at their companion.

Some time in the day he stopped and said : " Ah ! " and examined the point of his pick with pleased care. He had made a rare discovery for that country, for he had driven his pick down into moist sand. By nine o'clock that night he had made a ragged hole there, and water had seeped into it, and he and his animals drank therefrom. That accomplished he tethered them, and wrapped himself in his blanket, and slept, too tired to eat.

In the morning he awoke, spoke to his pony, and then started at the sound of his own voice.

" Hello ! " he said, and then : " Why, that scared me ! This won't do. I must be sociable with myself and talk more."

And then, as he stood a while afterwards over a pot of coffee and a sage brush fire, he continued :

" And here I will build my habitation. . . Ha, ha ! . . . Six months, hey ? . . Six months." And he arranged the fire with his boot.

" I can stay here six months, and then, — and then, — but if I don't accomplish what I am here for, there will at least be no bother about this sort of life. Six months and a year's provisions. . . . Let's make that calculation again." And he scratched various figures in the sand, which had reference to the number of pounds of various kinds of food he had brought with him, and which determined that he had a year's provisions, if it should chance that he saw fit to stay there so long.

Then he ate his breakfast, and began building his house. Against the solid rock forming the mountain another rock stood, as if a giant had placed it there for a stepping stone, and into the corner made by the two rocks, by means of poles brought with him for the purpose, he constructed the framework for the roof and two sides of a house, of which the rocks formed the other two

sides. Over these poles he stretched canvas. After this, he unrolled some thick tarred paper, and with a bagging needle and some twine he tacked it over all the canvas, making the place wind-proof; and that part of the canvas and paper that formed the roof he covered with grass and sage brush as a further protection from the noonday sun. Without the opening he had left as a doorway he built a rude stove or oven out of small stones, using a sheet of iron for the top, and within the house he made a stretcher of canvas against one of the rocks for his bed. Then he stored some of his provisions indoors, and buried the remainder in dry sand.

This building and arranging occupied a week ; and when it was finished he sat upon a rock at his doorway and observed it all, and rested himself, and conversed with himself again.

" Now then, old fellow, there is one thing you must confront. It is hard for a man to live alone at best, and you have six months of absolute solitude in the most desolate spot, you verily believe, on earth ; and you must keep a watch over your emotions. You must work ; and not allow yourself time to think too much. Thought, in such a place, would be dangerous. You must forget that you ever lived on the other side of that defile over there ; keep your face fixed against the certainty that you are going to do what you have come here to do, and you will be all right."

And then, gazing at the sight before him, — the miles and miles of plain, hedged in on all sides by the seemingly impenetrable mountains, — he continued :

" Was there ever such a weird, ghostlike spot as this ? Why, it would seem as if the forces that created this had been under the influence of some feverish dream of the very infernal regions themselves."

He was a slim, angular, gray-eyed, and intensely earnest-looking man, impressing one as being one who thought so much that his eyes looked backward into himself almost as much as they looked forward into the world. There was a look there, too, from which it might be concluded that part of his

introspections were dark, just as what he saw without was partly in the clouds.

He must have analyzed his environment carefully when he said too much thought would be dangerous. The solitude was, it seemed, even too oppressive for the brute creation, since in the first month he only saw one coyote and three rabbits. The rabbits, one of which he shot, were three episodes in his life; and as for the coyote, that was an epoch, although it had given him but a rapidly dissolving view of its shabby gray coat as it flitted past his house in the twilight.

It was during the third month, however, after the fall rains, that he met with a real break in the monotony. He had risen early, built his fire in the rude stove at his doorway, and cooked his breakfast, with his usual by-play of untethering his pony and talking to him as a means of keeping up what he called his sociability, when he discovered a small black speck in the grass away out on the plain.

It was only a very minute speck on the brown level, but he reflected that it was, perhaps, a few miles away; so he took up his Winchester and held it against his house, bringing its sights in line with the speck, measuring with his eye at the same time the angle of deflection of the barrel from the horizontal. Then he ate his breakfast with more haste and zest than had characterized the proceeding for a good many weeks, and again took an observation through the sights of his rifle and compared its position with the former one. The muzzle had lowered perceptibly, so he knew that the speck was traveling towards him. When it gradually took the semblance of a horse and rider, he saddled his own horse and rode out toward it.

After a further interval, in accordance with the etiquette of the frontier, he dismounted, threw his rifle over his saddle, and aimed at the oncoming horseman as a polite hint to come no closer. The rider promptly headed his animal so as to pass beyond the starting point of this pertinent invitation; but when he had in this indirect manner approached a little nearer, he suddenly dismounted, plunged his rifle muzzle downwards into the sand, and

held up one arm. To this signal of peace and submission the other made answer by remounting, and throwing his gun over his shoulder; whereupon the stranger walked slowly up to him, leaving his horse and his weapon behind him, and still holding up his hand.

He was a Navajo Indian, and when he came near he smiled and grunted amicably, though faintly, for his arm was wrapped in a corner of an old blanket, and the protruding hand was swollen and discolored. While the white man was observing this, the Indian was walking up to him with the watery cordiality of a sick man, and when to the other's manifest alarm he came quite close to him, he put forth his well hand and said:

"Good day."

The white man had expected, if the Indian said anything, it would be a warwhoop, attuned to the smallness of the occasion for slaughter. But he was, on the whole, as well pleased with "Good day," and he shook hands with him, and said "Good day" also. The conversation then flagged; on the Indian's side, for want of words, and on the other's for want of ideas that would fit the occasion; until the Indian touched his swollen hand with his well one and said:

"Indian sick."

"What's the matter with it?" said the white man.

"Horse fall, and Indian fall off like squaw."

"Well, come up to the house and I will see if I can't do something for it. No, go and get your horse and ride up." And then, seeing how weak he was, "No, ride mine, and I will go for yours." And suiting their actions to the words, the Indian, who seemed to understand what was said to him, bestrode the white man's horse and rode toward the house, and the white man walked over to the Indian's horse and then rode after him. The Indian had been so repressed and dignified that the contrast he afforded to others the white man had seen prepossessed him in his favor. He wore old clothes, seemed to have once washed

his face, gave the plainest evidence that he had even patched his trousers (only noticeable, however, when he was getting into the saddle), and acted like a man. "He is not an Indian, except in that he is an Indian," sagely reflected the other.

He found that he had not dismounted at the house; but sat astride the horse, gapping at the white man's water hole as if his eyes would shortly jump out of their sockets and swim in it. He was feverish.

"Why don't you get off and drink, if you are thirsty?"

"Indian 'fraid he fall off like squaw. He sick all over now." And, as he spoke, he swayed in the saddle, until the white man, who began to see with compassion that he had a very ill man on his hands, caught him and helped him down.

The elbow was dislocated, he found, and when he felt sure of the Indian's fortitude and understanding, he sat down beside him, placed his feet against his side, and pulled it into place. Then he bathed it with water until the pain abated somewhat, and then, before he knew it almost, the Indian, worn out with the exhaustion of what must have been a long and painful ride, fell asleep, now and then muttering incoherently in his own language.

When he awoke in the evening, the white man helped him to wash his face and hand, and then gave him a platter of corn bread and bacon and a cup of tea for his supper, all of which occasioned another series of pleased grunts and smiles, and when it was most effectually disposed of, another handshaking. After this he seemed inclined to sleep again, and the white man made a bed of blankets for him just within the door of the house, that he might have plenty of air; for, the host reflected, he is not accustomed to sleeping under more of a roof than is made by a blanket thrown over a sage bush.

After a day or two the Indian delivered himself of a speech that was accented by a kindling face, and an arm whose motions made up for the enforced immobility of its fellow. He said:

"Good day."

He always opened his remarks with these words; for although he did not know what they meant, he felt that they were a none the less necessary prelude to all conversations with white men.

"Good day. Indian heap well. He can ride horse, no fall off like squaw. Squaw over there." And he pointed beyond the mountain, to the southwest. "And one, two, three,"—and that was the end of his arithmetic,— "heap sheep." And then he looked very bright, and continued with: "White man has good grass and plenty of water for sheep."

"Yes," said the other, although he hardly knew what his whilom patient meant. He might have entered an objection if he had, for the Indian meant that he was going to move down upon him with his family and his flock, and that when he came again it would be to stay.

And afterwards he must have seen that the wily red man had a double reason for becoming his neighbor, in view of the fact that when Mrs. Squaw came she seemed to have a foreknowledge of where he kept his family groceries. It could not be denied, however, that she was a housewifely soul, for he noticed she only helped herself to what she actually needed, and that too in exchange for an over-proportionate number of chores performed for him by herself and her round-faced little girls. They washed his dishes in their crude, rather questionable way, scoured his knife and fork and spoon by means of thrusting them into the earth, and carried sage brush from the prairie to his door for his fire.

He began to study their ways, and to take an interest in them, and later on to respect them. The Navajoes are not fools. They are shepherds. Years ago, some Mexican shepherds drove their flocks up into New Mexico, married Navajo girls, settled down, and prospered. The Indians were not slow to take the hint; and now a great many of them are shepherds also, and are in comfortable circumstances, and are, many of them, better off than the white people who are in the same business there. When

this one had come back with his flock, he had been able, therefore, and had not been slow, to signify his appreciation of his neighbor's cruel kindness on the occasion of their first meeting. He made his wife slaughter a lamb and carry it to the white man's door with the polite message that when he wanted another he could have it.

It became a matter of course, therefore, that when the white man had cooked and eaten his breakfast, and had saddled his wiry little pony, he rode off, his pick-ax over his shoulder, and his Winchester hanging at his saddle bow, without further ado about the breakfast dishes, knowing that they would be in order on his return. The excursions he took were watched by the Indian with a sagacious interest. He saw him dig a great many holes in the ground, and finding nothing but sand and rock go back during the next few days and fill them up again. Whether he was in search of either gold or water in such unlikely spots, it was evident to the Indian that the man, white man though he be, was not much of a prospector.

Now it often happened that in the evening Mrs. Squaw was put in charge of the flock, while her lord and master paid his neighbor a visit. At such times he would sit in the house or tent for hours, smoking the civilized and civilizing tobacco of his friend until its influence wrought him up to the point of saying "Good day!" after which he would amble off into the darkness. But once, after this ceremony had been observed by both, the white man not having seen that the Indian purposed speaking further, making a motion as of one digging in the ground, the latter said:

"Gold?"

"No," said the white man.

"Water? Heap water at home; no water out there."

"No, I am hunting coal."

The Indian did not know what coal was so he went away under the impression that it was another name for silver. The man was really hunting for coal. When some months before it had been given out that a new trans-continental line of railway was to be built, he had started along its proposed

route, and when he found this wide stretch of country through which it was to pass destitute of fuel, he had determined that the best investment he could make of his time would be to prospect for coal, instead of for gold and silver as he had intended.

One evening he rode home in a very contented frame of mind. He had worked down into a sort of shale that gave prophecy of underlying coal. Within a week he had found the coal. Within a month he had pre-empted the land about his spring, so that he could keep others off the prairie, and had settled down to wait for the completion of the railway, when he could buy the land for a song, and sell the coal for a small fortune. When one goes down into that country it is for the purpose of money getting. There is nothing else under the sun to make it endurable. Some go expecting to get the money out of the ground, others go expecting to get it out of those who go expecting to get it out of the ground. The old pioneers belong to the latter class, because they know it is easier to find people above ground than gold below; the young Eastern men to the former, because they are not old pioneers. They both have their successes, and if the old men's are more unvarying, the young men's are more flattering. This man belonged to the first mentioned class, and he also belonged to the exceptions in that class, for he succeeded. He knew himself, that among the many hundreds of sails out on that desolate sea only an occasional one is ever wafted into its destined financial harbor; and he shuddered at the thought of the wrecking he had escaped, drew a long breath of relief, and — one morning Mrs. Squaw found him in a raging fever.

Here the un-Indian qualities of the Indian family again displayed themselves. Where the traditional Indian would have invoked the humane offices of a howling, blood-curdling medicine man, they got out their stock of "family remedies," and for two days treated him to impartial doses of quinine, soothing syrup, and whisky; and the Indian felt his pulse with grave precision, and brought him the water he craved. On

the third day (things always happen on the third day out West) the agent of the Glasgow Cattle Company came to the prairie, with his cow-boy guide, his teamster, his cook, his cook's wife, and his daughter, — but for whose coming this narrative had ended in this paragraph with a funeral.

"Here's your range, Professor," said the guide, when they came upon the prairie. "Land shut in all around, and good grass right in the middle of the dry spell. Now, if you can run agin' some water, you're fixed." And, as they journeyed on, "No, you aint fixed either, Professor. There is a lazy Mexican over yonder to the right with sheep, and I s'pose he's got the water."

The Professor, so called by the Westerner because he came from New York, sagely replied, after having striven to descry anything more nearly resembling sheep than an apparent patch of lily-pads high and dry on the level prairie, that a lazy Mexican might be induced, for a money consideration, to move on to the next prairie. This remark alike proclaimed the professor's nativity and inspired his companion with respect and reverence for his learning. For a money consideration, the young reprobate in leather breeches and revolvers reflected, was the one thing in all the universe that would move him, or move anybody else, for that matter. He even believed, as religiously as he believed in the integrity of a Colt's revolver, that for a money consideration the mountains themselves would file a quit-claim and move over into New Mexico.

So they went over to inspect the water and interview the Mexican, and on the outskirts they found the sheep in charge of Mrs. Squaw's eldest daughter, who rode cavalier fashion, and who, when questioned, austere walked her horse off after her sheep. Then they went over to the well, and found the two troubled Indians listening to their delirious patient. And the agent's daughter asserted her nativity, or at least her womanliness, by leaping from her horse and placing her discriminating hand on the ill man's forehead; an action which is the rite and ceremony of some women,

who consecrate themselves as watchers over the stricken of the earth. One of the beautiful aspects of it, too, is that they never seem to be conscious that it is a ceremony.

"But, Helen," her father said, a week after he had settled his caravan down by the ill man's house in resignation to her, "we cannot stay here indefinitely to nurse this shepherd, my dear. The Glasgow Cattle Company are not employing us for that. We should be locating our range, and sending for the Brazos cattle."

"But, papa," the young woman responded, "you can't determine on this place here until you see him about it. Mr. Marshall says the place is his, as he has the water and as he was here first."

"Then since we can't see him, or rather since he is n't well enough to be talked to, we ought to be moving on to the next prairie."

"And what will I do?" in a tone betraying some feminine perplexity.

"Why, of course, you will go along."

"And, papa Craig, what will we do with him?" with a half turn of her head toward the door behind her.

"I know that, Helen. He is too ill to be moved, and we have no right to take him with us if he were not. Even if we did take him with us, we couldn't nurse him much better than these Indians do; and it is a question in my mind whether or not we are justified in devoting our time which belongs to the Company to however needy a sick man whom chance has thrown in our way." And seeing a certain familiar light come into his daughter's eyes, he continued: "I simply throw out the idea as a business proposition. It is one with which our feelings doubtless have little sympathy, you know; but there the matter is, and what are we going to do about it?"

"What are we going to do about it?" The intelligent fire in her eyes was unmistakable now. "I will tell you what we are going to do about it. You can go and do your duty, and leave me here to do mine."

The truth is that Miss Helen Craig had ideas about the independence of human beings who are engaged in doing right. She

had undertaken this trip to the West with her father because they two were alone in the world, and since they were happier together it was right that they should not be separated by a mere question of business and inconvenience. And if it had rested as a condition of her being able to do it, she would have swallowed her repugnance and her maidenly modesty the best way she could, and have ridden out of the frontier town they had started from cavalier fashion, after the manner of the Indian girl, or of Miss Bird, whose books of travel she had read. Therefore, when she thus expressed herself to her father, he foreboded a contest, which experience had taught him would be decided against him.

"But, Helen, *dear*,"—accenting the "dear" meant that he was in the consternation that immediately precedes defeat,—"that would never do. You can't do that, child. Think of it! A girl away out in the wilds, nursing a cow-boy, with nobody about but an Indian squaw. Why—"

"Father," and Miss Helen Craig looked warlike, "what would my dear mother have said of me if I left a human being to die like that? What would she have said to either of us? What will she say to either of us?" (Her mother was dead.) "And what is there wrong in a woman that is well and strong helping a man that is weak and ill? Don't men that are well and strong sometimes help women that are weak and ill? Don't men of all classes, and wherever they find us, hedge women about with their kindness and care? And would you want any of us, when we are given an opportunity of signifying our appreciation of all their refined goodness, which is so sweet to us, to do it by deserting one of them who is in need of us?"

"No, my dear, I hope not. But you fail to consider that here are certain things that must be allowed to govern this particular case—that unalterably must govern it. I don't mean the simple proprieties; I mean—I mean that you are a young lady, and that I must take care of you; and that there are certain things which I may allow you to do, and certain things which I must not

allow you to do, and this is one of the latter." But all the time he was laying down such incontrovertible law, he looked at his daughter as though she were made of gold and precious stones.

"Father," and she walked up to him and placed her hand on his arm, and looked very earnestly at him, "is it ever wrong to do right?"

It is difficult enough to carry on an argument wherein only the ordinary weapons are directed against one; but where a rapid sequence of questions come crackling into a man's brains from such a lovely piece of ordnance in blue serge, steel trimmings, and brown eyes as stood, in battle array, before the agent of the Glasgow Cattle Company, there can be only one result with the good, and that is to be vanquished. So he hesitated a moment, looked at her an instant until his deprecation was overcome by his admiration, and then said: "I—I will go over and see the Indian. What kind of a woman do you think she is?"

"Why, have n't I said a hundred times that she is as good as gold, and as willing to do what I ask her as you are to do what I ask you?" she replied with a half triumphant and almost hysterical little laugh, as he walked away. She sat down then on the bench by the door to consider her small victory, and at the same time see how it went with the man within, whom she now hopefully began to look upon as her property, so far as his being a person in need went. Indeed, I am not sure but that the very next time she went up to his bedside to listen to his broken speech and to note the progress of the fever, she unconsciously wore an air of increased authority, and responsibility, and contentment.

I wonder that more has not been said about that especially divine spark in woman that makes her glory so in a sick-room. Among all classes and degrees of caste of womankind I think it is the one common trait. None so low in the scale of humanity as not to aspire to possess it, and none so high as not to be the better for its possession. I do not believe that all the learned of the earth could

decide upon another trait that so stamps a woman a woman.

"Mr. Indian," respectfully began the man from New York, "I must go away tomorrow."

And the Indian, who had lazily ridden with one leg thrown back across the horn of his saddle to meet him when he saw him coming, looked at him an instant and said, "If white man go away and leave white man, he die."

He had been thinking over this and had the sentence pretty straight, but the succeeding one was badly tangled. It seemed to the other, too, that there was a trace of sarcasm in his tone, though he well knew that a wild Indian could not know the feeling.

"How sheep you give" (he meant take), "if you stay and make white man get better?"

"My daughter and the cook's wife might stay if you took care of them."

And the Indian replied, "How sheep?" and the gentleman from New York smiled and said they did n't want any compensation; whereupon the other exclaimed:

"Squaw stay with white woman and do work, and Indian,"—and he stretched his lean arm around the horizon whilst he swept it with his strong, earnest gaze,— "Indian will keep watch."

So they started for the next prairie, to be gone three days: only, so much time was spent in a futile search for water, that a week had elapsed before their return.

One day, shortly before they returned, the sick man awoke in his right mind, instead of in the next world as his watchers feared he might.

"There is one thing I wanted to say"—

"Yes, but," his nurse broke in quickly, "you must n't say it. You are too ill. You must keep perfectly quiet."

"And that is," he went on almost uninterruptedly, "there is coal here —"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"You have been talking about it. But you must keep quiet now. You had better try to go to sleep again."

"Yes, I will," for his weakness began to tell upon him; "but before I go, if I don't get better, that coal is to make a great deal of money for —"

And she determinedly put her shapely hand over his mouth, and, scared alike by her own audacity and his growing excitement, exclaimed:

"Now, please, sir, not another word. I won't listen anyway. You must go to sleep."

And so he looked at her with a dazed sort of curiosity, as if trying to know where she came from, and then his weakened forces yielded to her and he closed his eyes; and she left him then, in high delight at the thought that a man had been nursed back, out on that bleak mesa, away from doctors and many medicines, from almost the embrace of death.

When her father returned, and she had listened to the recital of his misadventures and his plans for going farther west, she said: "Of course my sick man is not well enough to be talked to yet, papa dear, nor well enough to be left; but I think you may safely send for the outfit and stay here. The Indian says the sheep are all his own, and this man (Mrs. Indian does n't even know his name!) will let us use the ground, I know, for he does n't want it;—that is, I mean that he,—from what he has said, he does n't want it, and you can make an arrangement with him when he gets well enough."

The consciousness that she was verging on another's secret embarrassed her for the moment in her sentence, until she also became conscious that she was shielding it from her own father, whom she believed as worthy of the reception of confidence as herself, when she became more explicit and unreserved. So that it was decided to wait.

"Don't you think I can talk now?" he asked her a day or two afterwards, as she looked in from her bench without.

"No, you are not well enough yet."

"Yes I am. I am all right. And I want to ask you some questions. How long have I been here?"

"You have been ill for more than two weeks, but you are getting well now."

"How long have you been here?"

"About two weeks."

"How — is there some military — some army post near here, then?"

"No, my father came here on his way in search of a range."

"And you nursed me?"

"A little now and then. The Indian woman and Mrs. Arne have been your chief attendants," she smilingly disclaimed. "Wait till I call papa."

"No, please, not until I say that I have special cause to thank you for bringing me through. It's foolish and silly to say thank you for a service like that. If you had not done it, I should have met with a great loss. My name is John Llewellyn."

"Oh, don't think of it. There was n't much to be done. Papa's name is Archibald Craig." And she said it a little stiffly, for she did not approve of his sentiments, now that he began to be able to express them, and she had speculated not a little as to what manner of a man he might prove to be.

"Only, papa," she added, when delivering her message, "he is not a cow-boy. I think he is a business man."

She had almost said a gentleman. But she reflected that a person whose thought of death turned upon the loss of a great deal of money had better be given a more general classification.

And yet there was something strangely contradictory in the man. For, weeks afterwards, when the land and water privileges had passed by means of various transactions between the government and the two men into the possession of the Glasgow Cattle Company, and the mining privileges, if any, into the control of the young man, they used to gallop their little horses over the brown grass and sand, and then slow up to a canter, and begin to talk of things that, she indignantly reflected, might have raised him above the sordid *res angusta domi*.

"Do you see that shift of cloud yonder, over those stunted mountains? Well, I have watched so many of those intrepid little clouds that I know just what that one is

going to do. It will hang there a while as motionless as a trout hangs in clear water, and you will look for it to gather other clouds to its skirts, and begin to move down upon us for a storm; but it will still remain there. After a while your eyes will search for it, and fail to find it. It will have gone into nowhere. Well, that cloud is the best illustration of the occult entity of the average man that nature has yet provided."

"What does occult entity mean?" she asked.

"I take it that a man is only a man when he makes of his life a sincere and faithful effort towards the accomplishment of a sincere and worthy purpose."

The brown eyes of Miss Helen Craig here began to look hard ahead over her horse's ears.

"And that cloud there stands for the impulse of the effort. It is as a thought that comes to man of watering the earth, and of making verdure and plenty in his country, and it hangs there in suspension, only wanting some high summit, some inherent, ingrained loftiness in his character, to reach itself up to his thought, and loosen it from the intangible ether, and scatter it justly below. But it is the bane of mankind now that he is so cultivated and scraped down to the amenities of his every day existence, — so gently borne upon the seas of commerce and the cleanly swept viaducts of society, — that there is no spot within him left sacred any more to those high hills of thought which, in the days of Luther and of the Waldenses, held men true to their inner selves. The corn is doing away with the oak trees."

"Is the what I suppose you call evolution of society stifling high minds then?"

"No, but it is stifling highmindedness."

"Of course you are speaking impersonally?" she could not help observing.

"No," he replied with a laugh that was somewhat disconcerted by reason of having to hold up his stumbling horse, "not at all. I presume I am as amenable to the tendencies of my time as most men. Although I would be impersonal, or rather personal enough to exclude yourself."

"O, I had not reference to myself," she interpolated.

"Especially," he kept on, "as you are a woman. Woman is actuated by her affections — her feelings; and is raised up to the exigencies of occasions through these means at all times. That is why, just now, she is found more active in popular reforms than men. Her feelings possess her. Where a man's impulse glances off a polished and conventional mode of reasoning, a woman's permeates her sympathetic system, and her sympathetic system is her master. She either spends her life in the cultivation of her emotions, or wastes it in a conflict with them. To go back to where we started, when men neither have to starve, steal, deprive, or exert themselves to live, they are not so often called upon to have convictions and to stand upon them, the result of which is that here and there we find whole bodies of men whose convictions have slipped out from under them, or who at best retain them only as traditions."

"Then," she continued tentatively, "this sort of life, where we do have either to starve, steal, deprive, or exert ourselves, should give renewed cause for convictions, and be a new stimulus to their growth."

"Yes, and the typical Westerner exemplifies what you say. He is rugged in his morals, such as they are, and strong in his daily life, whether it be in the way of fighting hard or working hard. Upon the other hand, if he gives way to his worse impulses his same strong energies make his wickedness so pungent and pronounced that he becomes almost attractive when he is most to be feared."

After another gallop, he continued :

"I think the most admirable thing in a man is individuality. No other animal compares with him in that one thing. Of course, I am leaving out of the question his intelligence. That is why he is a man. But since he has the power to be himself, the world, it seems to me, is defrauded every time he patterns after some other than himself. It receives a replica of what it had already produced, and what, heaven knows, may have

served the world's purposes, and years ago passed into desuetude and the grave. Every man is different from every other man, and only becomes of less than his face value when he seeks to pervert that truth. Society holds out strong inducements sometimes for men to do this. One of its strongest cards is Example. Did you ever notice the inborn wisdom of children in protesting against it? How rebellious they become when directed to copy after some other children. They know they cannot, they were n't born so. It will not be until years of training in schools, of diligent 'justification' of the innumerable types, that they can be reduced to the measure of their parents' hopes, the 'dead level of mediocrity.'

"And," he kept on, again veering round to his subject, "out here you escape that influence. Now to make an application, you, being a woman, were of course capable of saving my life at whatever cost to yourself. That goes without saying." And at this he looked over at her very earnestly, and she looked straight ahead as before, only her lips, which had opened for some reason connected with their last gallop, closed again. "But I fancy that if some social god reigned in these prairies, he would have seemed to protest against your father's acquiescence in it, and it would have been well-nigh impossible for him to have withstood it, even though he be the best of men, — and I have reason for knowing that he is. I find no fault with what society means by all this. It is for its protection, and in the first stages of civilization protection has to come first in our considerations from sheer necessity. But this thing called custom is too mundane to minister always to the best parts of development in the individual. It says, Do thus and so, and the result will be this. But the thing it points to as the result is the plain and surface one, whereas every action has a double significance in this world. It does what is commonly sought by it to accomplish, and it does some distant, invisible, obscure, intangible, influencing thing, which is not commonly seen or recognized by the person who does it, much less by the custom that

sanctioned and abetted the act. The tendency is to look to what is being built, and not to what it cost, or to what influence on the progress of the world toward the millennium the establishment in it of another home may have."

"Do you mean that things which have distant but inevitably evil tendencies are accepted and assented to because they do no immediate injury?"

"Yes. An apt but threadbare illustration of what I am trying to convey is found in the problem of the street beggar. He receives money in response to his appeal for aid; and the donor feels better for having given himself and his money to a human impulse, because he looks no further than that a man says he is starving. It may be that no one need look further than this, either, so far as he himself is concerned. So long as there is any bread, no man should starve. But to give bread to a man, however hungry he may be, without exacting from him what it cost to produce it, is to place in his mind the insidious thought that bread may be had without work. And," suddenly becoming almost fierce in his earnestness, "the man who helps to plant that pernicious seed of degradation in any human heart sows that which will sooner or later, be ground through the mills of the gods and brought back to his door divested of its outer husk of seeming charity, revealing the inner substance of carelessness of that manhood in others which, in himself, he regarded as his highest good."

The young woman rode along in vexed silence then, until some particularly ebullient emotion made her say:

"And I presume it is the way with men who go into money-making?"

"Certainly"; and she felt relieved to note from his accent that he had not taken it to himself; "and," he continued, "it is by far the most familiar instance. That scriptural simile about the camel passing through the eye of a needle simply meant that there is something in the warp and woof of the fabric of humanity that makes the greed for gain—for inordinate gain, I mean—the strongest of factors for the disintegration of its finer qualities. Before you have remained on the

frontier many years, you will doubtless come under the impression (whether it be a true one or not I have not been here long enough myself to say) that the distinctive trait of frontiersmen and women is a certain rigidity of soul, which is not traceable as a similar trait is in New England to austere virtue. Well, there is a close connection, to say the least, between this trait, where it exists, and the insatiate appetite for money."

"Money!" And he took off his hat that the motion might fan his forehead. "What is it? Only the fiat of custom. Take away the fiat and it falls to the ground as impotent as a stone. It is one of the trowels of the builder of civilizations, and one that devotes himself to it (always distinguishing him from the one that devotes himself to the attainment of the reasonable things it may procure) simply becomes a monomaniac on the subject of tools."

And this, she reflected, was a man who, had he died, would have lost a coal mine! Sometimes when one of her sex gives a cup of catnip tea to a man with a headache, she looks upon him afterwards as being in part one of her possessions, and if Miss Craig felt reasonably angry at her whilom invalid for being so utterly unconscious of his faults that he sat in judgment upon them without knowing it, it may be attributed to this. Had she been a philosopher or a sentimentalist she might only have upbraided the man who so astutely analyzed and classified the good and the bad in others for never having applied his tests to himself.

So she began to cultivate a feeling of anger against him, which was only the more vigorous because, excepting her father, he was the only companionable person in the settlement. For as the railway slowly laid itself down across the sand, and the mines began to flourish, a town had grown up, and the agent and his daughter lived at the "hotel," an affair of three days, a car-load of boards and a coat of white paint. The mine owner himself lived outside the town at the well, and the Indian family were still his neighbors; although the encroachments of civilization had exerted their influence upon them. The family as a whole possessed a more ade-

quate supply of calico, and its head, risen to affluence because he had mutton for sale, became uproariously drunk upon occasion, when the hand-shaking with his neighbor always went beyond all reason ; though it was never opposed, the white man evidently enjoying it in his way as much as the Indian did in his. A friendliness existed between them as unconventional as its modes of expression. And one day when Llewellyn explained to the other that he was going away, the untutored savage gazed upon him long and earnestly, then in the expressive pantomime of his race laid his hand solemnly upon his breast. And the next morning, he killed a young lamb and carried it to his door to provision him upon the journey.

So that one day, the day before she herself was to leave the settlement, Miss Craig found a message waiting for her at the hotel, saying he had called to say good-bye on his way home. He had sold his interest in the mines. He hoped, however, to have the pleasure of meeting her in New York. Had seen Mr. Craig out on the range that morning. And two days after that she found herself staring in blank amazement through the Pullman window, as the train halted for dinner at a Kansas town ; for striding up and down the platform was the subject of her thoughts, known to the world as John Llewellyn.

When the window had been thrown up and he had approached, he said in answer to one of her questions, "No, I am not on your train. You overtook me here. I am on the emigrant train."

Whereupon the other, once more up in arms, exclaimed :

"Well I must say, Mr. Llewellyn, that you seem to be somewhat of a monomaniac yourself." And she leaned stiffly back in her seat.

He seemed then to understand her and her past demeanor toward him.

In spite of the provocation for her taunt, as she whirled comfortably upon her way that afternoon, the way he had received it troubled her. His face had flushed painfully, as he hesitated as if in doubt as to her meaning. Then he became cold in his

expression and opened his lips as if to speak, and then as suddenly closing them, bowed almost humbly before her and turned away.

Once, after dark, the train gave a lurch and seemed to arouse her to the dreadful thought that the man looked faint, as one would who had not eaten — who undertook a long journey without food. What if he had lost his mind, and imagined he had no money ! And, great heavens ! what if he never had any ? But he had. He was only rich and mean. And forthwith she began to look hard and cruel, which belied her nature sorely. For when she was safely tucked away in her berth she had a long cry ; and for the next three nights slept so little that when her aunt met her at her journey's end she was discovered to be looking faint herself, and was promised a good rest and a rigorous nursing.

As for John Llewellyn, he went on his way, and in the course of time called on the senior member of the firm of Sewell & Bottsford.

"You will experience no difficulty," the latter was saying, "in being discharged of your trust as executor. This payment winds the business up. I congratulate you, and hope you have enough left to start you in business. Your draft was too much and I have seventy-forty here to return to you."

But Llewellyn was reading the paper the other had given him. It said :

Received, June 3d, 188-, of John Llewellyn, Jr., the sum of fifteen thousand nine hundred and twenty-two 60-100 dollars (\$15,922.60) in full payment of the annexed and cancelled note of John Llewellyn, Sr., deceased, with interest from the date thereof.

HARDING MANUFACTURING CO.

J. P. LAWRENCE, President.

Presently he looked up and said with a start :

"Excuse me, sir, I believe I forgot to answer you. Yes, I have enough to start on." And he put the \$70.40 he was to start with carefully in his pocket-book and went out.

Last year Miss Craig married, she thought, a better man ; but this will always remain a memorable incident of her life.

George K. Andrews.

THE STREAM THAT FLOWS FOREVER.

IN Willow Brook I cast my hook,
And long I stood and waited;
But not a trout could I fling out,
Though well my hook was baited;
Nor did complain, while yet no gain
Repaid my slack endeavor:
I only sought to take a thought
From the stream that flows forever.

But I was told by one not old
(I wondered he should know it),
The hook must skip, and bob, and dip,
And so, and so, you throw it,
And many a trout was hurried out
To pay his deft endeavor—
I only sought to take a thought
From the stream that flows forever.

His trout now dead, had others bred,
For life is ever flowing:
This willow spray, unfurled today,
Six thousand years was growing.
The ripples glanced, and tripped, and danced,
With steps that lingered never;
While yet I sought to take a thought
From the stream that flows forever.

The brooklet drains the hoarded gains
The mountain-hand secureth;
Each drop is dead that fills its bed,
The stream alone endureth.
Be world on world to darkness hurled,
Succession endeth never;
Jehovah's thought hath all things caught
In the stream that flows forever.

A. E. Allaben.

SAN FRANCISCO COMMERCE, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE commercial history of the metropolis of the west coast of North America may properly be divided into three epochs :

First : The pioneer period, when commerce depended chiefly on transportation by sea and inland waters, aided in a primitive way by teams and pack trains in the interior.

Second : The period during which railways were being constructed for local traffic, culminating in the completion of the five overland railway systems which have reached Pacific tide water at various points, all more or less tributary to San Francisco.

Third : The period of railway competition in overland and local traffic upon which we are just entering, but of which San Francisco has as yet received no benefit in its local distributive traffic.

It is impossible to discuss any question appertaining to ancient or modern commerce without considering the transportation upon which practically all commerce must depend. This may be illustrated by the Inter-State Commerce Law, which is properly a law to regulate transportation. Without transportation there can be, in a broad sense, no commerce. It is foreign to the purpose of this paper to discuss transportation problems, except where necessary to illustrate commercial conditions, but a statement of some pertinent facts may be necessary for a clear comprehension of the subject.

The commerce of San Francisco practically began with the American occupation. Prior to this, an occasional whaler or trader visited the port, — the former to obtain wood, water, and fresh provisions, and the latter to barter for hides, horns, and tallow, — but such visits were comparatively rare, and our inland waters floated nothing propelled by sail or steam larger than a ship's longboat. The discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill attracted to California a stream of immigration which has had no parallel in modern history, and the greater part of this reached our State through

the Golden Gate, whether by Panama, through Mexico or Nicaragua, or via Cape Horn. Even the west coast of South America and the Pacific Islands sent their quota of gold-seekers. To reach San Francisco by water all classes of sea craft were employed ; old packet ships that had battled with many a storm on the North Atlantic ; old barks that had been well worn in the West Indies and South American trade ; fishing schooners from our northeastern States ; and an occasional China or India trader, innocent of Cape Horn, but with large experience around the Cape of Good Hope. All these were headed for California, and after months of tedious navigation landed our pioneers on the beach at Montgomery Street. On the 16th of June, 1850, when the writer first saw Yerba Buena, nearly three hundred sea-going vessels were in port, many of them abandoned by their crews, and doomed to rot ingloriously in California mud.

San Francisco commerce had then commenced in earnest, and a singular commerce it was, full of amusing eccentricities, which even at this late date delight the pioneer, who loves to recall the good old times of '49. I have seen onions sold at one dollar each, and I recall a house built on a foundation of tobacco boxes filled with plug tobacco, worthless when landed, and subsequently sold at one dollar and fifty cents per pound, the house having meanwhile been furnished with another foundation.

As the population of California increased, the demand for articles of Eastern manufacture and production became urgent. There was no method of transportation available, except via Cape Horn, and time was an essential factor, for much of this merchandise was perishable. This led to the building of a sailing fleet unequaled in the history of navigation, and never likely to be reproduced, for vessels propelled by wind alone will gradually disappear from the ocean ; steam will

displace them as electricity may subsequently displace steam.

The splendid clipper ships built on our Atlantic coast between 1850 and 1868 ranged from 1400 to 3000 tons register, — were all built of wood and heavily sparred, spreading in some instances 16,000 square yards of canvas. I have in mind one ship that, with both lower studding sails set, spread to the winds, in one width, 186 feet of canvas, 42 feet deep. Their models were superb and commanded the admiration of the nautical world. In these ships carrying capacity was sacrificed to speed; large breadth of beam gave stability under canvas pressure, and sharp ends gave unequaled speed. The remarkable distances covered by these winged racers is a matter of record. The writer has sailed 385 nautical miles,¹ equal to 440 statute miles, in 24 hours, and this has been excelled on many occasions. The *Flying Cloud*, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Flying Fish*, the *Young America*, and many other clipper ships have sailed over 400 nautical miles in one day, while their continuous runs were more remarkable still. The distance from New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn was covered in passages westward in 90 days, the shortest being the record of the *Flying Cloud* in less than 89 days. Eastward the record was reduced to less than 80 days in some cases. This was no easy work; these ships were driven night and day under the spur of indomitable energy and skillful seamanship. That class of seamen never "went to bed in a long night-shirt like a farmer!" The same spirit controlled these men that actuated the gallant Farragut at Mobile Bay, when he gave the order, "Damn the torpedoes! — Go ahead!"

The shipping merchant had inducement to build ships that would outstrip those under any other ensign. One ship in which the writer sailed cost \$132,000 at Sandy Hook ready for sea, and had in her an outward freight for San Francisco of \$112,000. Another in which the writer sailed cost at

Sandy Hook \$113,000, and had in her a freight of \$89,000.

Two voyages from the Eastern seaboard to San Francisco more than paid for a clipper ship in those days. For the return voyage many went home direct with what cargo could be obtained, and others went home via China, Callao, Calcutta and other ports. No national ensign ever floated or ever will float over such sailing ships: their day has passed, and the poetry of navigation has gone with it: machine sailors answer every purpose now. In their construction ship-builders made a national reputation, as witness the honorable names of Webb, McKay, Hall, Steers and others, some of whom have lived to witness the lamentable decay of American shipping.

Under the circumstances it was wonderful how well these ships turned out their cargoes after twice crossing the Equator and rounding Cape Horn. True, the butter in firkins might have been found rancid, and John Parrott might have wanted "no more hams," but on the whole, cargoes were delivered in admirable order, profits were large, and our pioneer merchants prospered.

This was the era of mercantile corners, — the school of commercial monopoly. Practically all merchandise for the Pacific Coast came through the Golden Gate, and all passenger travel, inward and outward, centered here. In those days San Francisco merchants made money rapidly by "corralling the market," a peculiar California mercantile expression, which exactly conveys the idea to any one who knows what a "corral" is. It was not a difficult matter to ascertain the local supply of any article of general consumption; then to ascertain how much was en route around the Cape. The supply on hand and to arrive having been purchased, the price was fixed at the will of the parties concerned, and generally with enormous profits. This was the school of our pioneer merchants, and they are often to be heard bewailing those happy Cape Horn days now gone forever. The opening of the Panama route modified these conditions somewhat, and even the Nicaragua route made some

¹ The statute mile contains 5280 feet. The nautical mile contains 6040 feet, and is a subdivision of the earth's circumference at the Equator.

efforts to transport freight. Meanwhile our commerce with Central and South America, China, Japan, and the Pacific Islands, was gradually increasing, and our merchants had commenced an export trade which has steadily augmented.

The China trade, however, has been a disappointment; it commenced with great expectations, but the results have not justified them. We have for years tried to force flour into China, and with indifferent success. There is no prejudice so strong as the prejudice of the stomach, and the Chinese prefer rice even when flour is cheaper. The consumption of the flour we send to China is almost exclusively on the sea-coast which is supplied from the treaty ports, and the millions of China are ignorant of wheat flour. Chinese teas have to a great extent been supplanted by those from Japan, and the anticipations of Chinese commerce which were entertained at the time of the Burlingame treaty have vanished. It has become far more important to our country to keep Chinese out of it than to admit Chinese products into it, and the diversifying of our agricultural products will in a few years lead to more independent mercantile action in the export of wheat and flour.

With the completion of the first trans-continental railway San Francisco entered upon its second commercial epoch. Were it possible to deprive San Francisco of the advantages of her maritime position, the location could not well be more disadvantageous in a commercial sense. From Puget Sound to San Diego, representing a coast line equal to the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, there is not a first class harbor, while the adjacent territory is receiving a development which will alone create a metropolitan commerce at this favored location. As an illustration of the unique position of this great seaport, the reader can count on the Atlantic coast line mentioned ten first class seaports, and many more for vessels of light draught. But as regards railway freights San Francisco is at the end of the long haul across the continent, and it needed

railway discrimination in our favor to prevent the destruction of our commerce.

For a season our maritime position secured us this discrimination as against inland distributive points, and the increasing commerce with the Pacific ports assisted us in maintaining our commercial influence. This was an unhealthy condition and could not long exist. The policy of bringing merchandise overland to the Pacific coast for distribution eastward over the same lines that had once transported it westward was abnormal. The growing interior had rights which it considered were being ignored, and its development necessitating the establishment of terminal distributive points, discriminations in our favor are being gradually abandoned and must ultimately cease entirely.

Of course the effect of these discriminations in our favor as regards railway freights was inimical to our maritime commerce with Atlantic ports, but in their efforts to secure additional business the overland railways also resorted to the "contract system," which caused much friction, produced no favorable results to San Francisco commerce, and probably proved of little advantage to the railways. It may be proper to inform the reader unacquainted with shipping, that ships must be provided with a certain amount (approximately twenty per cent) of heavy cargo, technically called "dead weight," to enable them to carry light merchandise with safety. By depriving them of this the railways aimed to drive shipping from the Cape Horn route. Consequently very low rates were made on this class of freight,—so low in fact that the loss incurred might have prevented this policy, but for the fact that the light measurement freight being thus secured, profitable rates could be fixed on its transportation. To develop further the policy, merchants who desired to transport by rail were obligated to ship nothing by sea. If they persisted in patronizing ships, they had to pay much higher rates for railway transportation. The un wisdom of this policy has been manifested since competition has been made possible by the completion of addi-

tional overland railways, and it has been discontinued.

During this period the commerce of San Francisco suffered severely. Other overland railways were completed, and a fierce competition for through business ensued. A diversion of 25 to 35 per cent occurred in our distributive commerce, and only the sound financial condition of our merchants enabled them to tide over this commercial depression without disaster. Fortunately at this time white immigration increased, and the lost trade was gradually replaced by a clientage in the territory naturally tributary to our city.

Prior to this period immigration was not popular; pioneer merchants could not readily divest themselves of the ideas of '49; it was not uncommon to hear the remark that we had too many people here already, as considered proven by the processions of unemployed men through our streets, and the vaporings of Kearney on the sand-lot. Fortunately, also, we have drawn upon a more promising and more intelligent class of people than these to populate our State; our lands are being subdivided, our agriculture is being diversified, our interior is being settled by industrious farmers, and our local manufactures evince a hearty growth, except where controlled by Chinese labor. Our merchants, equally with other classes of our population, are interested in securing Chinese exclusion. The Chinese in the United States do not now add to our wealth or prosperity, and on the Pacific Coast are already a detriment to our commercial progress.

The second period of the commercial history of San Francisco having been thus briefly sketched, we are face to face with the prosperous present, and the great possibilities of her commercial future.

Before many years three or more trans-continental railways will reach Pacific tide-water on our bay, and railway competition in local distribution as well as overland transportation will ensue.

There is no doubt that San Francisco is to

become the center of a great ship building industry. There is no location in our country where this work will be so little interfered with by the climate. At our Eastern iron shipyards iron exposed to the sun's rays in summer becomes so heated that it is not easy to handle it, while in winter it is at times equally difficult to work it, owing to extreme cold. Our ship timber is in many respects the finest in the world, and there is no climate so conducive to energetic manual labor without discomfort as that of San Francisco.

The inter-oceanic canal will be an important factor in the development of San Francisco commerce. Water transportation is the most economical known to commerce, and while an Isthmus canal may divert a part of the carrying trade which uses San Francisco merely as a way port, the advantage of a reduction of nine thousand miles in our maritime distance from the great markets of Europe and our Atlantic coast cannot be too highly estimated. By rail our city is at the end of the long haul, and as the interior is developed, additional railway terminals will compete for her commerce. The inter-oceanic canal, the increase of our maritime commerce, and the development of local industries are the means whereby we can meet this competition. The railway systems of the Pacific Coast equally with our producers and merchants will benefit thereby, for a rapidly increasing short haul will be vastly more remunerative to them than a through traffic, for which a constantly increasing struggle must be maintained, and of which only the least remunerative can be diverted. Every railroad that reaches us is a commercial advantage, but the Pacific ocean is our geographical necessity, and with the inter-oceanic canal will give us commercial advantages which cannot be successfully assailed.

In the development of our commercial policy our government has a duty to perform. Commerce follows the flag. Lines of American steamships should radiate hence to all the principal Pacific and Atlantic ports, conveying American mails, even if compensated as liberally as the man

who carries the mail on horse-back over the mountains in the interior.

The great fishing banks of the North Pacific will employ a fleet manned by hardy seamen ready to man our navy in time of war. The great forests of the Northwest, including Alaska, will supply Europe and our eastern seaboard with lumber; and if our country is true to itself, American ships will transport it.

No State in the Union possesses such varied soil, climate and resources as California; it is an empire in itself, and of all the great commerce I have but poorly delineated San Francisco will be the emporium.

The products of California will be largely of a perishable nature, and will need rapid as well as cheap transportation to Eastern markets. The overland railroads have of late shown a commendable disposition to facilitate this class of freight, and this policy has greatly encouraged the growth of the fruit industry, thereby enhancing the value of our lands. It is to be hoped that the protection which this industry receives by the present tariff may continue, until it has acquired so firm a foundation that we may control the home markets as against foreign importations of the same character.

One notable thing in connection with the commercial history of San Francisco is the small number of mercantile failures. This has been, perhaps, due primarily to the large profits in merchandising, and to the local system of carrying the trade without discounted notes, which necessitates a larger capital with which to transact business, but tends to decrease the possibility of commercial panics.

In one particular San Francisco is in a worse condition today as regards transportation than in 1849. The facilities afforded us by nature for inland water transportation have been much impaired by an almost criminal neglect. Nearly all the precipitation on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada from Oregon to the Tehachipi Pass finds its surface¹ exit to

¹There must certainly be a large subterranean water-flow from the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific Ocean, which furnishes the large supply of artesian water on the Pacific Slope.

the Pacific through Carquinez Straits, and it is a suicidal policy that permits the destruction of our great rivers for the purposes of navigation. In 1850 the writer went under canvas to Sacramento in the vessel which brought him around Cape Horn, and which drew 14 feet of water. Now it is difficult to reach there with light stern-wheel steamers of five feet draught. Hydraulic mining has been permitted almost to destroy our inland waters for the purposes of navigation. Inasmuch as the federal government inflicted this injury upon the State by the sale of public lands for hydraulic mining, it appears but an act of justice that liberal appropriations should be made to repair the injury, and that hydraulic mining should be stopped. This abuse will also tend to injure our harbor by shoaling its navigable channels and ultimately the bar outside the Golden Gate. With a tendency to increase the capacity of sea-going ships limited only by the depth at the entrance of the principal ports of the world, this is a threatening danger demanding the attention of our government.

The imperfect sketch I have presented to the reader of the past and future of San Francisco commerce may properly close with some reflections on the present and future policy of our merchants. We are building up a great commercial metropolis. A trifling difference in the cost of moving merchandise will make or mar the commercial prosperity of any seaport. It is true economy to spend money liberally to facilitate the handling of merchandise; ship and car should be brought together; pilotage should be reduced; permanent structures should replace the present makeshift wharves; commerce should be attracted to our city. San Francisco should be made a pleasant city for residence and business; and this fact imposes upon our merchants the duty of interesting themselves in municipal government. Our merchants should be controlled by a public spirited policy, and should take more pride in our city; incivism should find no apologists.

San Francisco has a great future before it. There is but one San Francisco Bay on the

Pacific Coast of the United States, and here is to be the seat of the great commercial metropolis of the North Pacific. Rapid as has been the progress of this seaport, even now the third on the list of federal revenue, it will advance in wealth and prosperity with far greater strides than in the past. When we who have seen it advance from a hamlet to the dignity of a great commercial city,—when our pioneer merchants have gone over to the majority, our successors will take up our work with more regard for the future than we have evinced.

William H. Seward, than whom no brighter intellect has ever graced American history,

asserted that "The Pacific Ocean will be the scene of man's greatest achievements." The commercial center of this glorious history will be the city of San Francisco. Her seal carries the motto, "*Oro en Paz, en Guerra Fierro.*" When the golden history of her commercial progress is interrupted by the stern experience of war, which sooner or later overtakes all nations, may she be found as ready with iron for her enemies as she has been with gold for those who have thus far made her commercial history, and may that history be an unbroken record of integrity, progress and loyalty to the Republic.

William L. Merry.

HAUNTED.

I.

THE vicissitudes of army life had brought John Armstrong from the arid, sun parched deserts of Arizona to the pine-clad hills of Northern California, and his household gods were for the time being located at Camp Wright in Mendocino. This military post, established in ante-bellum days, and thrown forward like a *sentinelle perdue* far up among the foothills of the Coast Range, for the protection of the sturdy pioneers of an already fast advancing civilization against the predatory Indian tribes that then surrounded it, outlived its usefulness some fifteen years since, when the War Department turned it over to the Indian section of the Department of the Interior, and it became part of the old Nomecult reservation. The hostile aborigines, whose frequent rallies against the settlers' cattle, from the wild and almost inaccessible haunts higher up in the surrounding mountains, kept the small garrison on the jump more than half the time, have one by one almost entirely disappeared, and with the exception of a few scattered remnants of once powerful tribes, the place that knew them knows them no more;—for here, amid these rugged mountains, as everywhere else

on the face of the globe, poor humanity learned the sad lesson that in the onward march of civilization the strong shall grow stronger and the weak shall go to the wall in the struggle for existence. But the inexorable process by which a stronger race absorbs or annihilates a weaker one was here, as everywhere else also, attended with convulsive throes, with deeds of blood and rapine, the dark memories of which still linger shudderingly among the now fast prospering and well contented white population.

Camp Wright being a central point, the seat of a well defined and duly constituted authority, wielding the strong military arm of the general government amid the more or less wild and lawless elements by which it was surrounded, necessarily filled an important place in the eventful and sanguinary scenes of the early settlement of Northern California by the ruthless and energetic race that gradually exterminated the original possessors of the soil, and eliminated forever the Indian element from the problem of American civilization. More than once, in those days of merciless reprisals, the live-oaks scattered here and there over its green parade ground had borne sinister fruit, in the shape of luckless Indian murderers caught and

brought into the post to receive a hasty retribution.

As the Indians became fewer and fewer in number by a process of systematic decimation, which in regular mathematical progression gradually assumed the proportions of almost complete extermination—as well from enforced endeavors to accustom themselves to the food and habits of an alien and more advanced race, as from the improved arms of a more aggressive civilization—and quieter days began to dawn over the land, the California volunteers, who had temporarily replaced the United States troops called East to take part in the war between the States, were disbanded, and the long line of frontier posts extending from the great plains to the Pacific Ocean were once more garrisoned by the regular forces of the United States.

Situated upon the confines of civilization as nearly all these small military posts are, cut off from almost all the ties and the occupations that make life worth living, they are places where existence becomes with time exceedingly monotonous and wearing. Day succeeds day and night follows night in an endless round of small routine duties, seemingly useless, whose constant sameness would make them hateful were it not for a self-abnegation—the natural outgrowth of strict discipline—whose only reward is the consciousness of duty well performed however irksome.

As one gazes day after day, night after night, during weeks and months, which grow slowly into years, upon the same unchanging wild and desolate scenery—either barren, reliefless deserts, whose dreary immensity is bounded by the horizon only, or stifled within a gloomy circle of everlastingly frowning and forbidding mountains—the mind gradually and forcibly assimilates itself to the drear monotony of gloomy surroundings, and acquires by degrees a reflective sadness, a sort of mental dyspepsia, which despite all philosophy becomes at last a nostalgia of the soul.

The belief in omens and the general superstition of sailors and sea-faring men, is proverbial. This is principally due to their more or less isolated life upon their floating homes,

ever surrounded by those three great mysteries of nature,—infinite space above and around; the immensity of the watery desert on which they float at the mercy of the elements, day after day, month after month; and the great eternal silence that broods over it all. The same conditions—in a lesser degree, perhaps,—exist to make the American soldier, stationed at any of the small military frontier posts, almost as great a believer in the shadowy, as his ocean congener.

However true or false these premises may be, the fact nevertheless remains, that soon after the re-occupation of Camp Wright by the regulars, strange things began to be seen and heard about the old post which could not be explained satisfactorily except upon the hypothesis that the dead of a dying race come back in the lone watches of the night to plague their living enemies in a sort of posthumous *vae victoribus*. How it first began is hard to tell, but gradually, and by almost imperceptible degrees, whispers and rumors which at first had been pooh-poohed by many, began to assume tangible shapes and finally acquired the substantiality of admitted facts, and the heretofore quiet, dignified, well conducted little post awoke one fine morning with the well established reputation of being a haunted spot, to which belated wayfarers gave a wide berth after nightfall.

Sitting by their cosy and now safe firesides in the long winter evenings, when the storm raging outside made the shelter of the home roof doubly dear, the settlers' families living in the vicinity of the post would relate to one another with bated breath and half suspicious glances cast over their shoulders towards the dark corners of the room, how sentries walking their lonely beat on moonlit nights had seen the phantom shapes of dead and gone Indian warriors flit suddenly and silently across their path, clad in all the trappings of the warpath: and how, on the loneliest beat of them all, that near the old burying ground where the Indian murderers had been hanged and buried, the sentry's hourly night watch cry of "Midnight, and

all 's well" always came back on the wings of the mountain echo as "Midnight, and all 's wrong"!

And had they not all heard that strange story about the haunted house? — the last one in the row of officers' quarters, near the small postern gate opening on the common, where so many uncanny things had happened, and where no one would live if he could help it. How, on a clear starlit night, after taps, as the sentry paced his beat to and fro in front of it, he heard all of a sudden the champing of bits and the cracking of whips, the rattling of chain-harness and the furious stamping of an invisible six-mule team as it passed swiftly before him and entered at full gallop the dark hall of the old abandoned house? How the thunder-struck soldier shouted for the sergeant of the guard, who came at his call and berated him soundly for his nonsense, when all at once the invisible team rushed out of the house again as suddenly as it went in and with even more clatter than before; and how the two men, dumbfounded and frightened, incontinently took to their heels and never stopped until they reached the guard-house, when the whole guard turned out and plainly heard — every man of them — the champing and the rattling, the cracking and the stamping, passing at full swing before them and then dying away in the distance, although nothing could be seen? And was it not a well known fact that the commanding officer and his adjutant had been seen more than once after dark, peering up suspiciously into the great live-oak standing in front of the house, from whose long, gnarled limbs sixteen Indians had been hanged at one time, and from whose leafy depths, it was said, came groans, and moans, and strange unearthly sounds, like the creak of ropes fraying upon beams with the slow, dismal, pendulum like swing of suspended bodies set in motion by the night-wind sighing mournfully among the leaves?

And as light after light went out in the peaceful homes congregated in the valley around it, the guardhouse lamp of old Camp Wright, shining like a small bright star in the

far away distance from amid the surrounding darkness, remained alone burning throughout the night, — a sure sign that a strict vigil was kept by its small garrison over its haunted precincts.

II.

WHEN John Armstrong reported for duty at Camp Wright, quarters number three, the only ones vacant, were assigned to him as his permanent residence while stationed at the post.

The lares and penates of a lieutenant in a marching regiment stationed on the extreme frontier are neither very numerous nor very exalted deities, and the quarters allotted to them were of a capacity more than sufficient to accommodate them very comfortably, as far as space was concerned. Number three consisted of an ordinary one-story double log house, with two rooms connecting with each other on each side of a hall running the whole length of the house, — in all four rooms, with two small "lean-to's" attached at each end to serve as kitchens or store-houses.

This house labored under a very questionable reputation, partly on account of its somewhat dilapidated condition, and partly owing to many queer occurrences said to have happened therein. A remarkable coincidence in its history was the undeniable fact that no family had ever lived in it for any length of time without losing some of its members by death during its occupancy. It was known far and wide as the "haunted house of Camp Wright," and the soldiers, citizens, and especially the Indians living in or near the post, seldom went near it after dark if they possibly could help it.

Houses, like men, have physiognomies of their own in which are expressed their traits of character; but, aside from its own uncanny appearance — for that it was weird looking could not be denied — the general surroundings of this one were rather pleasant than otherwise. It faced on the green parade ground, with the tastefully laid out and well kept principal walk of the post running

immediately in front of it ; a neat, white, painted picket fence, which formed the general enclosure of the camp, was close to it, and several immense live-oaks, whose history was part of that of the country, afforded it grateful shade from the hot summer sun. Taking it all in all, Armstrong thought himself very fortunate after his Arizona experience in being so well provided for, and as soon as he was officially notified by the quartermaster that number three was at his disposition, he began at once to make himself at home therein in accordance with his notions of style and comfort.

The two rooms on one side of the hall were closed and locked, as well as the front and back doors of the hall itself. In the front room on the other side he placed in the middle of the floor, with a chair facing it, the tin bath-tub which always accompanied him on his travels, drove a few nails into the wall to serve as clothes pegs, closed and locked the door leading into the hall, and the room was furnished to his satisfaction. He was more particular with the back room, which he intended to use as his bedroom, parlor and office ; his living and general utility room as he called it ; for, as he said, he did not propose to scatter himself and his few belongings all over the house, and spend hours which could be better employed in hunting himself up. The room selected as the "all in all" was square, of the ordinary size, with a large open fire-place on one side, a door opening into the hall on another, while the remaining two sides were cut each with a door also, one of which led into the front room occupied by his bath-tub ; the other which was made the entrance door, and was situated in the gable end of the house, had this peculiarity, that there being no regular windows in the room, it was made to act both as window and door, the upper part being glazed, and the lower one solid, each part being so made as to act in concert when a door was wanted, and independently when it was desired to use the window only. The door opening into the hall was securely fastened, and a large heavy office desk placed against it. A couple of army blankets thrown

upon the floor did duty as carpet, another as cover for a center table in the middle of the room ; and having placed his camp cot in the angle next to the door-window, together with the office chairs in convenient places, Armstrong announced himself as prepared to receive the usual calls of welcome to the post.

The calls came in due time, — and with them a lot of information concerning his new abode, which, he thought, might very well have been dispensed with. He was told that whether owing to its close proximity to the trees growing in its immediate vicinity, which had been used as gallows for refractory Indians in former times, or from some other unknown causes, the house that constituted his present quarters had been the scene of many strange occurrences which could not be explained ; that there was no doubt of its being haunted by some one or some thing ; and that without a single exception all those who had lived in it had met with misfortune in some shape or other.

Among the many instances brought forth in evidence, the episode of a certain physician, who was one of the first to occupy the house while under contract as post surgeon, was related. The doctor, an enthusiastic student of his profession, especially of that important part of it relating to anatomy, was exceedingly fond of dissecting human bodies ; so much so in fact, it was said, that had the supply of dead Indians from the reservation been inadequate to the demand, he would have considered it a duty he owed to science to provide himself with as many living subjects as he required — provided they were only Indians. As a rule, his researches into the mysteries of the human body were conducted in the night-time in one of the rooms on the other side of the hall ; and as his dissecting table was almost always provided with a subject or some parts of one, and his writing desk supplied with never less than half a dozen grinning skulls and as many tibias and other parts of the human frame, the general effect of his working room by the light of a few tallow candles was anything but cheerful, if not lugubrious.

One dark, still night, as he sat alone at his desk, engaged, after his more serious work, in inserting dead men's teeth into the empty alveolar processes of the skulls, to make them grin the more, the small clock on the mantel chimed midnight; and as the sound of the last stroke ceased to vibrate upon the air, he heard what sounded like the pit-pat foot-falls of a large dog walking up and down the hall. Seizing a convenient club in one hand, and one of the candles in the other, he opened the door and found the hall empty, and both its front and back doors securely closed and locked. He went into all the rooms, looked into every dark corner, but found no dog there.

He turned to go back, and as he did so there came upon his alert ear the unmistakable sliding shuffle of a moccasin-shod foot closely following his own foot-steps. He turned abruptly upon his heel; but nothing was to be seen in the small circle of dim light made by the faint rays of the candle which he held.

He looked everywhere about the house, and everywhere he went he was followed by the sound of the invisible feet, distinctly heard apart from that of his own.

He went back into the dissecting room, and sat down upon a chair to think the matter over.

His own cessation of motion, however, did not have the same effect upon his invisible visitor. The footsteps went round and around him in a gradually lessening circle; and as the diameter of the circle became shorter, and the footsteps came closer and closer to him, a gradual feeling of intense cold came over the doctor's limbs, until he stiffened with it as if in *rigor mortis*.

The motion was reversed, and the circle retraced inversely, and the cold became less and less as the circle widened once more to its original proportions. Presently other foot-steps joined the first, and the same diabolical round was repeated, with the same effect. They came by twos and by threes, until they were of a multitude; and the endless round went on, winding and unwinding itself until cock-crow.

When sick-call sounded, and no doctor came to it, he was sought for. He was found in his study, surrounded by his grinning skulls and bare bones, sitting in a dead faint in his chair.

That night of horrors was only the beginning of many others, until the doctor, as much in need of adipose matter by this time as one of his own skeletons, applied to have his contract annulled and went back East, from whence came reports soon afterward of his death in an insane asylum.

All sorts of evil were predicted for Armstrong if he remained in the house, and much to his surprise and mortification he found himself sympathized with and pitied, — two conditions of things he was far from being accustomed to, and between which, in his independence of spirit, he could not differentiate. The result was that he made up his mind to remain where he was, come what might, and all offers to double up in quarters with others, and leave the house at once, were politely but none the less firmly declined.

All the stories he had heard about the house, however, had made some impression upon his mind, for as he said to himself, where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire somewhere; and at the first opportunity he thoroughly overhauled and inspected his new quarters from garret to cellar, — if such an expression may be used when neither the one nor the other existed. Leaving the outside appearance of the house out of the question, there was absolutely nothing ghostly in the inside of it, not even a closet, cupboard, or wardrobe for a ghost to hide in during the day-time.

The four rooms, with the exception of the few articles Armstrong had placed in two of them, were completely bare, and the hall was in the same state. There were no attics: the space between the roof rafters resting upon the plate-beams and the ceiling joists varied in height with the pent of the roof, the highest point under the comb being less than five feet. The ceiling itself was made of plain tongued and grooved boards, nailed to the joists without lathing or plastering.

The space between it and the roof was empty and without means of access, for in order to get to it Armstrong had to wrench off ten of the boards, which he carefully replaced and nailed after his inspection.

The topography of his establishment being accurately mapped out in his mind, Armstrong quietly awaited developments while performing his routine duties.

For over one month he was, as far as he knew, the sole and contented lord of the domain, which he was careful to survey in all its crooks and nooks every day. Although his selection of a back room for his permanent and only apartment by day and by night, and the situation of this particular room, isolated him somewhat from all the remainder of the inhabitants of the camp, which was thus placed as far out of his sight as if it had been a hundred miles away, especially at night, he did not feel lonely or in want of companionship after nightfall, while he had his books around him. His days were filled with business of some kind or other pertaining to his official duties, and the dark hours of night had no terrors for him, for the quietness and peace of the sleep of the just — the natural results of good health and a clear conscience — were the constant attendants of his hard pillow and simple cot.

He was very methodical in all his habits, one of which was to read in bed at night with his lighted pipe full of the fragrant leaf between his lips. He generally selected for his *livre de chevet* some smooth, easy reading book, devoid of all sensational matter which might excite his nerves and keep him awake longer than he wished. With his night lamp standing conveniently upon a chair drawn close to his cot, his book held at the proper angle, and the tobacco smoke curling gracefully above his head towards the ceiling and everything quiet around him, he was relatively happy. In fact, he called the hour between his lying down and his turning over for the first nap after blowing out the lamp the happiest of the whole twenty-four. One night something in the book he was reading caused his mind to revert to the stories he had heard about his house,

and as he thought of the many quiet hours he already had passed by himself therein, he concluded that either the stories were apocryphal, or that the ghosts alleged to be haunting it had fallen into a condition of innocuous desuetude.

Just as he reached this conclusion, the loud, reverberating sound of a large pebble falling on the ceiling just above his head so startled him in the stillness of the night that he came very near jumping out of bed. Half ashamed of his involuntary nervousness he lay down again, murmuring between the puffs of his pipe, which in the shock of his surprise had fallen out from between his teeth, "Some chunk of mortar falling down from between the cracks in the logs!" and went on with his reading.

He had hardly gotten fairly started again in the adventures of the hero of his book when down came another pebble with even more resonance than before. "I'll have those cracks filled in again tomorrow, sure," thought Armstrong.

Pretty soon down came another pebble, and he began to look up at the ceiling inquiringly; the thing was getting monotonous and annoying. By and by the chunks of mortar began to drop down faster and faster, and they sounded amazingly as if some one had taken position in a corner of the empty space, between the ceiling and the roof, and was throwing them right across it so as to drop down on the ceiling immediately above Armstrong's head.

He began to entertain serious fears that the part of the ceiling on which they fell would soon be unable to bear their weight, and that the boards would give way, and the whole lot would come down upon his head. He got out of bed, carried his cot to the opposite corner of the room, lay down on it again, and tried to remember the old West Point puzzles of strength of materials and resistance to pressure.

Bang! came the first pebble back again, right over his head, and all the others after it.

He passed the remainder of the night in taking cat-naps in a chair, and wondering,

whenever he opened his eyes, how long the thing would last. It lasted until near daylight.

After breakfast Armstrong procured the services of a carpenter to wrench off two of the ceiling boards, and together they crawled up into the loft. The space was completely empty; and as Armstrong looked about him, wondering what had become of the rubbish, the carpenter whispered to him interrogatively: "Are you looking for pebbles and chunks of mortar, Lieutenant?"

Armstrong blushed, hesitated, and then answered sheepishly: "Why yes, something like it!"

"I wish you had told me so before; it would have saved us both time and trouble. This is the fourth time, at least, that I have taken these boards off and put them back again, with the same result"; and the carpenter picked up his tools and left the place, with an earnest warning to Armstrong to do likewise at the first opportunity.

The pebble-throwing kept up every night for about a week, when it ceased as abruptly as it came, and was succeeded by shuffling sounds as if of slippered feet perambulating up and down the hall in the night time. Armstrong for some time thereafter was engaged in a regular game of hide-and-seek to find out the cause thereof, but as he never could see anything he gave up the search, partly on the principle that that which cannot be cured must be endured, and partly because running in and out of one room into another and then back again into the hall in his night clothes on cold nights was rather conducive to pneumonia.

One night he lay on his cot reading, and from his reclining position he thought he saw the white china door knob of the door leading from his room into the hall — which showed plainly from underneath the desk placed against the door — revolving slowly and noiselessly backward and forward, as if some one was trying to open the door to come into the room.

He got up quietly, stooped under the desk, and watched the knob closely. It turned once more, and then went back to its notch

in the lock. He caught hold of it with both hands, and put forth all his strength to keep it from moving again. A pressure so powerful that his own resistance to it was like that of a child opposing a giant came at once from the other side of the door, and despite his utmost efforts to prevent it, the knob turned once more upon itself. He grasped it again with all his might, and the opposing wrench was so powerful this time as almost to dislocate his wrists.

He tried it once more, and his hand no sooner came in contact with the knob than he received a shock like that of a galvanic battery, which sent him sprawling upon his back in the middle of the floor. He got up half dazed, shook his fist at the door, and shouted in impotent rage:

"Confound you, whatever you may be, you have three of my rooms besides the hall to fool around in; can't you leave me one poor room for myself?"

But even that last stronghold was soon to be invaded by his invisible enemies.

One evening soon thereafter, some officers of high rank made an official visit to the post, and Armstrong put on his best uniform to pay his respects to them. His call at the commanding officer's, where they were stopping lasted some time, and he did not return until near midnight. He felt tired and sleepy and went to bed at once, after placing the different articles of his uniform upon a chair which stood against the wall at some distance from the foot of his cot, and close to the desk blockading the hall door. The next morning when he went to dress himself, he found his clothes in a heap on the floor, and the chair on which he had placed them standing near the fire-place and facing it.

The thought struck him that he was becoming very careless all at once, and he blamed the commanding officer's champagne, of which he had partaken very moderately.

The succeeding night was passed by him in blissful rest, but on getting up at reveille he found his clothes on the floor once more, and the chair had again changed base from against the wall near the desk to the front of the fire-place on the other side of the room.

Two questions presented themselves to Armstrong's mind as he picked up his uniform and put it on, — he was either becoming very absent-minded, or some other agency besides his own was at work in his room ; and the point was to determine which was which.

When bed-time came, he folded his clothes carefully, placed them securely on the chair, and made a note of it for future reference if required.

His next step was to take the lamp which he used in reading away from the other chair at the head of his cot, and to replace it with a candle and matches, so as to strike a light in as little time as possible.

Everything being arranged to his satisfaction and the room as dark as pitch, he threw himself upon his cot and quietly awaited developments.

Hour after hour of almost painful silence went slowly by, and hardly able to keep any longer awake he was about to give the whole up and turn over for a good sleep, when he heard a slight dragging sound coming from the direction of the chair. In an instant he was in the full possession of his faculties, with his bare legs outside of the cot ready for action.

The dragging sound was repeated, and as Armstrong sprang towards it he fell head over heels over the chair. He got up helter-skelter, struck a light and surveyed the field of operations. The chair stood in its proper place against the wall, but the clothes were lying on the floor. He went back to his cot, assumed once more the position he was in when he first heard the sound, and went through the whole operation over again. From where he had stood it took two long jumps to reach the chair, — how came it then that at the first jump he leaped right on and over it ?

The answer to that question would be the solution of the other two he had propounded to himself that morning, and to keep his mind clear on the subject he replaced the clothes upon the chair, went back to bed and was soon sound asleep.

When he got up at daylight, he found his clothes on the floor, and the chair once more

before and facing the fire-place, — the questions were all answered. As he gazed mutely upon the heap of clothes lying in their inglorious positions upon the floor, and at the far-away chair fronting the hearth, he reluctantly, and with many misgivings, accepted the unwelcome fact that the invader's cloven foot was on his sacred soil, and that his much cherished privacy was a thing of the past.

III.

THE post surgeon had a full grown red Irish setter that answered to the name of Grip. The dog was exceedingly fond of Armstrong, and accompanied him in all his hunts and fishing excursions and almost everywhere else, but he drew the line at Armstrong's quarters, and despite all his fondness for him no amount of coaxing could get him to remain for any length of time therein.

He would sniff around suspiciously for a few moments, and then make his exit with his tail between his legs, and a general appearance of having had his hair rubbed the wrong way.

Armstrong, who since his chair experience had been subjected to many petty occult annoyances, of which he could make neither head nor tail, but which, nevertheless, had had the effect of making him somewhat nervous, came to the conclusion that companionship of some kind during the night would be exceedingly desirable ; and with this object in view he began to devise some means of overcoming Grip's antipathy to number three.

So one evening he brought back with him from supper the remains of some breaded veal cutlets and the half of a large fruit cake. Now if there was one thing upon this earth that Grip liked it was well seasoned fruit-cake ; and when he heard Armstrong's whistle and smelled the cake from afar, the combined temptation was too much for him to resist, and he came into the room wagging his bushy tail in gleeful anticipation.

While Grip was gnawing away at the veal bones, leaving like the well bred dog that he

was the fruit-cake for his dessert, Armstrong, after locking the door, undressed and went to bed with his dearly beloved night-book, as usual, and very soon became so interested in its contents that he forgot everything else. His attention was soon withdrawn from it, however, by the dog's actions.

Grip, after disposing ravenously of what was probably the first square meal he had for a month, had lain down in front of the fire to digest it at his ease, and with his head resting upon his forefeet had gradually fallen asleep. The heavy fruit-cake, to all appearances, however, had not been kindlier to him than it often is to his betters, for he soon began to display very decided symptoms of indigestion.

His thin frame, somewhat filled out for the time by the cutlets and the cake, became agitated with twitchings and convulsive tremblings, accompanied with moans and groans and other symptoms of a well-developed nightmare; and Armstrong became so interested in the dog's efforts to get rid of it that he dropped his book and leaned upon his elbow to watch the outcome of the struggle.

Grip at last shook off the incubus with a loud yelp, and sprang upon his feet. No sooner had he done so than he began to growl and show his teeth at the fire-place, while gradually backing away from it.

He acted precisely as all vicious curs do when on rushing to bite some one they are met with the moral persuasion of a good-sized club casting shadows before, — unwilling to run from it and afraid to meet it.

The dog finally turned tail, made a rush for the door leading out of the house, and finding it closed tried to burst his way through it.

Armstrong called him to come to him, but instead of obeying as usual, Grip stood stock still thrown back upon his haunches, and began a howl which sounded so dismal and mournful in the loneliness of the house and of the night that Armstrong felt a shudder run throughout his frame.

He got out of bed, took his overcoat from its nail, spread it like a pallet in front of his

cot, picked up the cot itself, and placed it between the fireplace and overcoat. Then looking at Grip and pointing to the garment, he sternly gave the word of command:

"Charge and watch!"

The well-trained dog gazed meekly and appealingly for a moment into his master's face, and dropped down at the charge where he stood.

The command was repeated, sterner than before, and with a pitiful moan Grip began to crawl slowly toward his pallet, keeping one eye on Armstrong and the other on the hearth. When he reached the overcoat he did not curl himself upon it as dogs generally do when laying themselves down to rest; neither was his position that of charging or any other posture taught to him in training. He lay down as if in the collapse of exhaustion, with his white teeth glittering from between his lips, and a look in his blood-red eyes as of combined fear, horror, and hate.

Armstrong stood over him, and stroked and petted him awhile, then went to the fireplace, and with his back towards it spoke to him:

"Grip, old fellow, what's the matter with you? Are you gone daft? Don't you see that there is no one here but me? Go to sleep like a good dog, and — pointing to his double-barreled shotgun in the corner — tomorrow morning we'll have a good breakfast and go out duck hunting together."

But Grip, who at any other time would have gone half frantic with joy and excitement at the words and the gesture, remained cowed and depressed, and could not be aroused. Armstrong went back to bed and drew his left arm from under the bed-clothes, so that his hand could rest on Grip's head, and after much cogitation over the whole matter dropped asleep.

Some hours afterwards he awoke, and found his hand still resting on the dog's head. He spoke to him, felt his rough tongue licking his hand, and heard the sound of his faintly wagging tail strike the floor once or twice.

When he awoke once more at daybreak, his left hand, owing to some involuntary

movement during sleep, no longer rested upon the dog's head, but was drawn under the blankets.

He called Grip, and when no answer came leaned over the cot to see what had become of him.

The dog had turned over with his fore legs up, and was stark and stiff in death. Fear had killed him.

There came soon thereafter a very decided change for the worse in Armstrong's general health. He had been so far in life very strong and healthy; and as a natural result had taken his share and enjoyed thoroughly all the good things that came in his way.

He had the ordinary temperament of genius without it, — a compound of misanthropy, sensibility, and enthusiasm. This was healthily counterbalanced, however, by a fair amount of good horse sense, and although at times somewhat unsocial, owing to his great fondness for reading, no more jovial, hail-fellow well-met companion in camp, on a scout, or in a club room could be found than John Armstrong when he felt like it. He found himself all at once, as it were, becoming nervous, irritable, and morose; lost his appetite, with a corresponding falling off in flesh, and a feeling of weakness and ill-health all over.

As time went on the case developed itself with a gradual and general breaking down of his whole system from some cause which, being unknown, could not be reached, for the post surgeon, while acknowledging the gravity of the situation, could find no trace of organic disease.

Armstrong's thinness grew into emaciation and day by day he became weaker and weaker, until, as he expressed it in a woe-begone way, he felt as if he had the taste of death in his mouth and the smell of the grave in his nostrils.

As his disease progressed in seriousness and his physical strength became less, his spiritual faculties seemed to increase and preponderate in an equal ratio, — mind dominated matter in all the senses, and the feebler his body became the stronger grew the spirit by which it was governed.

His thoughts — never bad at any time — became purer and purer day by day, for the holy and salutary thought of death was upon him as it shadowed him with its sombre wing.

Often at night, when despite anodynes insomnia drove sleep away from his lonely pillow, his mind would lose itself in speculations upon the hereafter that appeared so close to him, and the sad question so often propounded in the dead centuries — "Is this all there is of life? Is there nothing beyond it?" — would rise to his lips and still, as of old, would remain unanswered!

One night he lay on his cot, deep in his now usual sad musings. The fire was fading out in the fireplace. Now and then at long intervals a thin tongue of flame leaped up faintly against the ever-invading gloom, flickered for one instant on the bright and more prominent objects in the room, and then dropped back again with the darkness.

The profound silence was only interrupted by those weird house noises which live in the death of night and die in the life of day, — the sudden cracking in the wall, the mysterious creaking in the furniture, — all those small ghostly sounds in inanimate bodies so familiar and yet so strange to us in the dead silence of the night.

All of a sudden a kind of physical repugnance and horror akin to terror came over him, and he sat upright on his cot wondering and shrinking in spite of himself.

The fire had leaped into spasmodic life once more, slightly illuminating the room with a dim cathedral light, by which the various objects could be plainly seen. The haunted chair had moved once more, without any visible agency, from the foot of his cot to the front of the fire, and in it sat a dim, indefinite shape of a substance only denser than the moonlight.

As Armstrong summoning all his fortitude gazed at it steadily, the shape became more opaque, lost its transparency by degrees, and gradually assumed the form of a human being sitting with his head reclining upon his hand, his elbow supported by his knee, and staring straight at him with yellowish, malignant eyes.

Armstrong returned the stare unflinch-

ingly, sprang upon his feet, and advanced towards it.

As he did so a feeling of intense cold which grew more bitter and benumbing with every step he took came upon him, but he kept on resolutely until within a foot or two of the shape, when he extended his right arm to seize it.

As he did so the same electric shock which he had felt before on touching the door knob passed through him, and he fell on one knee, while his arm, paralyzed, dropped useless by his side.

Dauntless in his determination to succeed, he raised his left arm, and the same shock came back with the same effect, and Armstrong stood kneeling powerless at the feet of his enemy.

Then, for the first time since it became visible to him, the shape stirred and changed position.

The supporting hand slid down by the side of the body, and the large, heavy, dark-faced head, with its long matted black hair, high cheek-bones, and massive jaw, lowered itself slowly until it stood on a level with Armstrong's own face, and the lurid, yellow eyes glared balefully into his own with a drawing, sucking action which, vampire-like, gradually absorbed his remaining vitality until he felt the blood freezing in his veins and his heart-strings snapping.

Suddenly when gasping with almost his last breath, his eyes, which had never for an instant left those of his tormentor, saw a change pass over his features like a cloud athwart the disc of the moon.

The head became erect, and a look of annoyance and disappointment passed swiftly over the dark Indian face. The same heightened spiritual faculty which had enabled Armstrong to see what had been invisible before had refined and purified his sense of hearing, and a sound as the fluttering of many wings came upon his ear. The iron-like band which had bound him at the feet of the shape seemed to snap asunder all at once, and turning he saw a host of dimly transparent forms enveloped in an effulgence of stronger, brighter light floating about the

silent room, seemingly meeting and parting, coming and going, but all really swiftly converging towards him with extended, protecting arms, — and then nature, unable any longer to withstand the terrible strain upon his weakened physical powers, gave way all at once, and he fainted dead away.

When he came to himself hours afterwards with the strong light of day shining full upon his upturned face, the room was in its normal state with the exception of the haunted chair, which stood where he had seen it last when filled with its dreadful occupant.

He gazed at it dreamily for awhile, and then gently picked it up and returned it to its proper place at the foot of his cot.

IV.

ONE day news came to Tony, the Redwood chief on the reservation, that As-bel, the Angel of Death, was hovering over his friend Armstrong, the white Nome-cult at the post, and he came over to see him, to bid him farewell and God-speed to the happy hunting grounds.

They were great chums and cronies, those two scions of races so antagonistic to each other, and between which so much blood has been shed.

Many were the tramps over hill and dale, on foot and on horseback, they had taken together in scouting or hunting, and many were the Indian legends and traditions poured into Armstrong's willing ear by his friend the Redwood, as lying in front of the same camp-fire at night the white and the red-faced heads were pillowed together in mutual trust and friendship.

Many had been the clear starlit nights under the grand old forest trees in the still grander and older Sierras, when with arms thrown lovingly around each other's necks they had gazed together at the bright stars shining above their heads, as Armstrong explained to his wondering Indian friend the different constellations in their majestic, everlasting march across the heavens, while they both pondered on what might be beyond.

And now Cla-la-hum, the white Nome-

cult, would soon know, for As-bel had touched him with his dark wing, and perhaps sometimes from up there he would remember his red friend down upon the earth, and whisper to him, in dreams, the wonders of the mysterious land of the dead.

And as the Redwood's memory went back lovingly to the many happy days and nights he had passed with his white friend, who was so wise in lore of all kinds that he could tell months before when the sun would veil his face in sorrow for the sins of his children, the stoicism of his Indian nature gave way, and the tear-drops followed one another down his dusky cheeks like those of a dissolving summer cloud falling upon the earth athirst for their moisture.

He found his friend so changed in appearance that he hardly knew him.

Was the gaunt, sad-eyed being, drying away like dew before the sun under the effects of a wasting, hidden disease, the once jovial Armstrong, bright, cheerful, and happy in the strength and comeliness of his early manhood? And the Indian turned his face away from his friend, so that he might not see the tears bedewing his cheeks anew.

Armstrong was glad to see Red Tony once more, and rising from his cot he shook hands with him, and motioned him to a seat.

But as the Indian reached for one of the two chairs in the room, Armstrong with a look of horror pushed him violently away from it, exclaiming :

"Not that one, Tony ; not that one, for God's sake, — take the other."

"Why not this one?" — asked the Redwood, who liked well defined situations at all times and in all things, and who, besides, was somewhat struck and almost hurt at the tone and the gesture of his friend.

"Take the other," repeated Armstrong, as he fell back on his cot exhausted by the effort, "Take the other and sit by me, and I'll tell you the reason why."

And slowly, almost reluctantly, as if the recital was painful to him, he told his friend the story of the tribulations to which he had been subjected since living in the house.

As he related in regular sequence each and

every experience as it occurred, an almost indescribable expression of mixed perplexity, incredulity, and amazement which gradually grew into something like awe passed over the Indian's face ; and when Armstrong described as minutely as he could remember the general appearance of the shape, as it sat in the haunted chair holding him spell-bound at its feet, the Redwood's excitement became uncontrollable, and springing upon his feet he grasped Armstrong's arm with a grip that made him wince, and exclaimed impetuously :

"The face, — the face, Cla-la-hum, try to remember the face, — was there not some mark upon it?"

Armstrong gazed at his friend in open-mouthed astonishment, passed his hand once or twice across his brows as if to clear away the cobwebs from his memory, and after some moments of hesitation, as if to remember aright, answered slowly :

"The face, — wait, — let me think, — yes, there was a long reddish white scar running from the right eye down across the cheek to the chin."

The Redwood dropped back again into his chair as if shot, and out of his lips in a tone of absolute conviction came the name, "Hope-no-clan !"

"What do you mean, Tony?" cried Armstrong, catching in spite of himself the excitement of his friend.

The Redwood, with many gesticulations, went on to tell how in former years a bad Indian named Hope-no-clan had after many misdeeds reprobated alike by the Indians and whites, killed a settler named Bowers ; that he had been arrested by order of the commander of the post, tried before a military commission, found guilty as charged, and hanged on a limb of one of the live-oaks on the parade ground.

"The very one, in fact," added Tony reflectively, "now standing in front of this house, and, — after thinking for an instant, — "they buried him in a hole in the ground somewhere about here."

And as he ceased speaking he sprang upon his feet abruptly with the monosyllable,

"Wait!"—and ran out of the house to take his bearings. In a few moments he came back with a spade, motioned to Armstrong to rise and follow him, took him out of the room into the hall and thence into the small "lean to" resting against the wall of the house, and then, pointing with his forefinger to the foot of the chimney, exclaimed conclusively,— "There!"

Then he began to spade furiously, as if digging a grave.

He soon came upon a long, oblong, half-rotted packing-box, which he split asunder with a few blows of his spade, and then called to Armstrong, who stood, half fainting in his feebleness, leaning against the door, to come and view the contents.

Armstrong reeled forward at the call, and supporting himself on his friend's shoulder, gazed into the re-opened grave.

At the bottom of the box, extended at full length in a well defined shape, was a mass of mouldering human bones, surmounted by a grinning skull, to which some blue black hair still adhered, and there, at the feet of Arm-

strong, with a fragment of the hanging rope still fastened around what had been the neck, lay the grisly skeleton of Hope-no-clan, the murderer of George Bowers.

Camp Wright has ceased to exist as a military post, but the old log-house still stands, and its homely roof, no longer haunted, shelters happy children, who at night, before prayers, cluster fearlessly around their mother's knees to listen to the stories of the olden time which she knows so well.

John Armstrong still wears the blue and gold of the regular army, with the white facings of his branch of the service.

He never entirely recovered his full physical strength, and he has given up trying to explain syllogistically to himself things and occurrences which no one could understand, to which no regular process of reasoning or logical form of argument based on propositions and conclusions could apply. Like Hamlet, he is ready to assert that there are more things in heaven and earth than modern philosophy is willing to acknowledge.

A. G. Tassin.

A DREAM.

THE other night a vision crossed my brain,
 A fancy only, but it lingers still,
 And floats before my eyes without my will,
 For Fate I saw, with smile of high disdain,
 And cloudless brow, and eyes too proud for pain,
 Holding a pair of scales. And what should fill
 The empty pans? I felt a mortal chill,
 And Death weighed down the balance, while in vain
 Light-winged Love scarce swayed the other side.
 Then a mist dimmed my sight, and terrified
 I looked again. — Lo, Death had fled away!
 Fled with the wings of Love, and Love must stay
 Wingless and rayless now. One flutter more
 At the tremulous heart of Love, and all is o'er.

Katharine Royce.

DAIRYING IN CALIFORNIA.

DAIRY Farming is one of the most important industries in the civilized countries of the world, and the health, wealth, and prosperity of a country is largely denoted by the extent and condition of its activity.

Before the advent of Americans in California the country was almost exclusively pastoral, — overrun in fact with vast herds of wild cattle, valued principally for their hides and tallow. The climate, soil, and natural grasses of the country in favorable seasons produced such a prolific growth of animal life that a suppression, through occasional droughts and lack of feed, secured not an unmixed evil.

Through isolation and the survival of the fittest these cattle became in time a specific breed, truly Californian and unlike those of any other country, although in general appearance somewhat related to the native Texan and Mexican cattle. On the settlement of the country by Americans, who brought with them many domestic cattle from the eastern States, the crossing with the native cattle commenced, and this course was pursued until the natives and their crosses have entirely disappeared, and in their places, although less in number, may be found improved breeds of cattle from almost every portion of the world, until it may be fairly claimed that but few countries can exhibit a larger percentage of superior cattle.

A thorough examination of the reports of consuls upon "cattle and dairy farming" in other countries, — as compiled by the Secretary of State, for 1887 — with illustrations, shows very clearly that very few countries produce cattle that are superior in any respect to those now being raised in California, notwithstanding her youthful existence.

It is perhaps not remarkable that a mild climate, an abundance of food, with pure air and water, should produce such apparently wonderful results, without the skillful and devoted

attention necessary in more unfavorable climates. The result, when in addition to the natural advantages those helpful measures in vogue in older communities are employed, cannot be otherwise than favorable. And who knows but that in time, with more advantages, California may yet take the lead in the production of fine cattle.

While the whole of California, even in her mountain heights, is well adapted to pasturage, the coast counties are perhaps the most valuable for that purpose, because the moisture from the ocean gives a longer period of growth to the grasses. Most of the present dairies are located along and near the Pacific shore, although there are many small dairies in the interior valleys, supplemented by others in the mountain valleys for summer use, thereby rendering the business continuous.

After the spring grass in the lower valleys begins to dry up and turn yellow, in the middle of May or first of June, the drive to the mountains begins. One or two wagons are loaded down with dairy utensils, plain household furniture, groceries, and table supplies. Then the cattle are rounded up and started with the teams on the road to the mountains. It generally takes about a week, making from ten to twenty miles daily, and camping where good feed and water may be had along the road. Women very seldom accompany these trains, as it is a very rough and unpleasant trip through heat, dust, and bad roads; but when the mountain meadows are reached, and comfortable quarters have been provided with a good range for the cattle, the business becomes very enjoyable. It is profitable as well, and continues until October, when the frosts of winter signal their return.

Cattle raised in the mountains are more healthful and vigorous than those from the valleys below. The mountain grasses are much more nutritious than lowland, though more scanty, and these with the mountain air and pure cold water have a wonderfully

beneficial effect upon animal life. The butter made in those districts is always in demand at the highest market prices.

The irrigation of pasture land for dairy purposes has not received the attention it deserves; for there are thousands of farms within the State that could be made very profitable with a moderate degree of enterprise and expenditure, by the careful use of water upon good strong land. Alfalfa, rye grass, and orchard grass, and perhaps many other sorts, can be kept growing vigorously along the coast during the whole year, with a moderate application of water during the summer season; and this where without irrigation the business would be quite unprofitable. The same may be said of the warmer interior valleys, by exercising more care and using more water.

Success in dairying depends almost entirely on an abundance of good feed, good water, and the best of animals. With plenty of good nutritious feed and pure wholesome water, however, almost any healthy common grade cows, with the poor milkers culled out, will be profitable; but to insure good profits the animals must be of the best, and reared to the business.

The best are not always thoroughbreds, for crosses of common stock with thoroughbreds frequently produce large and rich milkers. Thoroughbreds are likely to recede in value as milkers, because they are generally expensive, and the owner is slow to part with them because of any deficiency in milk, while he will not hesitate in sending grades to the block should they fail to give satisfaction. So a constant selection from the grades will in time furnish better milkers, on an average, than unselected thoroughbreds. In fact, success can not be attained except by discarding at once every animal that fails in her performance at the pail, no matter whether of high or low degree.

Most of the thoroughbred cattle imported in early days were of the Short-horn breed, only a portion of which were of a decided milk strain. Good beef, which the Spanish cattle, so called, did not furnish, was more important than butter and cheese.

Besides, the country was full of cows that might be crossed with the larger Short-horns, and thus an improved animal was had, that not only furnished good beef, but to some extent could be used for dairy purposes. A few Ayrshires and Devons of good blood came too, and these also were an improvement. Then the noted Jerseys were received in large numbers as the favorite family and dairy cow. The climate of their native home being similar to that of California it was believed that they would not only thrive, but perhaps excel their previous records by the change. This has happened in some cases, and if they had been treated as less valuable cows have been, that is by discarding all the poor milkers and those in low vitality, those remaining would have been a great improvement over those of the original importation. The failure to do this has stocked the country with a large number of Jerseys of little practical value. The crossing of large first-class Jersey bulls with the common grade cow has been attended with good results. The product being of good size and vitality, and the milk not only much richer, but of fair quantity. Where this process has been followed intelligently, and the small milkers discarded, dairies have been made profitable.

Later on, the Holstein Friesian, Hereford, Poll-Angus, and Galloway were imported in considerable numbers, the three latter principally for beef purposes, and the Holsteins for both meat and milk. The latter, in fact, have been imported of late years in quite large numbers, and they are now perhaps more popular than any other breed for dairy purposes. They give a reasonably rich milk and a much larger average quantity, and are perhaps more gentle than others.

The Holsteins are hardy, and transmit their form, color, and milking qualities in crossing with most other breeds so perfectly that their grades can hardly be distinguished from the real thoroughbreds. Their size is quite large, and they are always black and white in color. For beef purposes they compare quite favorably with other kinds.

Their cost is high at present, and will be,

so long as it is necessary to import them, but they are increasing rapidly in numbers, and the time cannot be far distant when they will be within the means of farmers generally.

There can be no more beautiful sight than a large herd of Holsteins busily engaged in cropping the green herbage, as the contrast of the clear-cut black and white on a green landscape is so marked as to attract instant attention.

Most of the butter and cheese dairies of California are now conducted by Swiss and Portuguese people. For many years they have been employed more than any other class as milkers, and from that position it was an easy step forward to renting and proprietorship. They are very industrious and economical, and having had much experience in this industry in their native country, they naturally fell into the same business here.

Many of the larger ranch owners have found that they could lease their land and cows to these foreigners with more profit than to conduct the business themselves, and these ranches were divided into several farms with one to two hundred cows on each, and leased, all told, at a fixed rate per cow, the number and value of stock to be kept good.

The improvements on these lots are generally a small, one-story living house, a milk and butter room, small stable, and corral to milk in, — at a total cost, perhaps, of five hundred dollars, — while the general appearance is anything but cleanly or cheerful. Each man on the premises milks from twenty to twenty-five cows twice daily, and together they cultivate enough hay, and some roots perhaps, to keep their cattle in good condition through the year. One pair of work horses and a riding horse are generally all that is required in starting. The implements required are few and inexpensive, so that scarcely any capital is required by a renter.

Frequently two or three men join in a partnership, all being good workers, do most of the labor required themselves, and having a small expense account, make savings relatively much greater. One at a time may go out and start for himself, and thus each may in turn be provided for.

Sometimes several milkers employed in a large establishment co-operate by pooling their wages and entrusting one of their number with the funds to operate in the dairy business for their general account.

But few of these dairymen have families or women about until they are fixed with homes of their own. They are almost invariably successful, however, in owning good farms within from five to ten years after their arrival in the country, as the fruits of their industry, and they make fairly good citizens thereafter.

There are, however, many dairies conducted by Americans, — dairies that compare in size and completeness with those of the eastern States. On these dairies families are growing up surrounded with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, with still an increment of profit.

Such dairies are more scientifically handled and their produce has a higher value than the others. Labor is high, and therein the foreigner has the advantage, as he not only works hard himself, but employs his own countrymen, who on arrival in the country work at extremely low wages until fitted to go into other service.

Most of these arrivals are young men about of age, and physically able to do any labor. Their experience in the home country, however, except that of milking a cow, is of little value to them here, and not being able to speak English, they are perforce compelled frequently to work for their board and a very few dollars per month.

This is true not only of the Swiss but of all foreigners, and is the principal reason why foreigners that employ many laborers, especially in the dairy and vegetable line, have become wealthy in a few years. They have thus been able to crowd our own people to the wall in many industries where labor is the chief factor, and their presence in the country is looked upon by many unfavorably.

Most of the butter and cheese is made from February to July, or during the natural grass season, and by arranging to have the cows come in about the first of February they have

a season of six months when but little feed is required beyond the pasturage obtained in the fields. At this season dairying produce is generally low in price, and most of the butter is packed in firkins, or made into rolls of about two pounds each, covered with light muslin wraps, and then pickled in salt brine in tight barrels for future use.

Cheese is also prepared to keep, and is frequently retained for a more favorable market. Many dairies are now in operation the whole year. To secure much milk, however, they must feed considerable hay and mill-feed during the dry season. Nearly all the hay used is from land cultivated and seeded to wheat, oats, or barley, which is cut and cured in the milk, and makes excellent forage.

There are, however, in the mountains and valleys many moist meadows that furnish an abundance of natural grasses, which make good hay, and only require cutting and curing. In the mountain meadows timothy or red-top may not require seeding but once in many years. But those cultivated grasses will not survive the heat of the lower valleys. Hay-making is not a hazardous business in the matter of curing, as it seldom rains during the hay season, and it is quite frequently more profitable to turn the wheat field into hay rather than have it ripen for the grain that is in it.

Nearly or quite one-half of the population of the State live in the cities and towns, which require, of course, a large supply of fresh milk daily. The city of San Francisco alone uses the milk of about ten thousand cows. Between seven and eight thousand of these cows are kept in the suburbs of the city; and often in little valleys among the sand hills, where water may be found by sinking a short distance, and where the place is sheltered from the ocean winds. These dairies are principally controlled by foreigners, and are kept in a filthy and disgraceful condition, without any supervision by municipal authority either as to the health or food of the cows, or of the constant adulteration of their milk.

These city dairymen feed their cows largely

on brewery or distillery slops which cost but little, and they are thus enabled to sell their milk at much lower prices than country dairies. In this way nearly seven-eighths of the milk sold comes from city dairies, and much of it is sold fraudulently as country milk. Citizens are thus imposed upon, and are helpless in the matter until some thorough system of supervision and inspection is adopted by the proper authorities. Until then, it will be miraculous if the citizens of San Francisco escape from deadly scourges, through the zymotic diseases produced by cows drinking water from milk-yard cess-pools, the drainage of large districts covered deeply with excremental matter.

Within a radius of twenty miles from San Francisco are situated numerous dairies that supply the city with fresh milk and cream. Most of these are south of San Francisco, on the peninsula, and in San Mateo County. They supply the better class of trade, which desires good, wholesome country milk, and is willing to pay higher prices than city-made milk sells for. A description of the "Jersey Farm Dairy," the largest and best appointed dairy in the State without doubt, will serve as an illustration of what can be done.

This dairy was established in 1875, and is situated near San Bruno Station, on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, some ten miles south of the city, in San Mateo county. It contains some 3,000 acres of rolling land, most of which, having been seeded to rye and orchard grass, produces a large quantity of excellent pasturage, and supports over one thousand animals.

Between five and six hundred cows are milked, producing about twelve hundred gallons of milk daily, — the average to the cow being from two to two and one-fourth gallons each daily during the year.

There are two main dairy barns, fifty by two hundred and fifty feet each, two stories high, and located about one and a half miles apart.

There are four rows of cows the length of the barns, each two rows facing each other, and secured by stanchions. A double line of feed boxes extends through the length of

the barns between them, excepting in the middle of the barn, where an open space about thirty feet square is left, in which to cool and handle the milk.

The floor is of concrete, shaped to facilitate drainage to traps that lead to sewer pipes under the floor, which carry the liquids out to the fields. The floors are washed clean twice daily with a hose.

The barns are located on elevated ground, so that the liquid manure may be conveyed by gravitation—after being reduced by water—to any portion of the field.

An iron rail track extends through the center of the barns lengthwise, on which a canvas box-car containing the hay is moved, and a tight wooden box-car for the slop feed. All of this is dealt out by several men as the cars are moved along, the double row of feed boxes being filled from the center aisle, through the stanchion openings.

The cows are then let in by their respective milkers, each cow taking her usual place, and the stanchions closed on them. Over each string of thirty-six cows is a black-board with the number of each cow's stall, the horn number of the cow, and the date of her calving, marked with white chalk, and the stall number permanently painted. There being just eight strings of cows, numbered one to eight, it is only necessary to mention, in speaking of a particular cow, the number of her string and stall, by which even a stranger can find her without difficulty. Each cow has her record number branded with small figures in the rear side of her off horn, so that the milker can readily see it when at her side.

One barn record book contains all the numbers of the cows, and every fortnight each cow's milk is weighed and entered opposite her record number, by which means a fair estimate may be made of the quantity of milk given between calving or by the year, and those not giving three thousand five hundred pounds of milk between calves are now being marked for beef. This standard can be raised to four thousand pounds by condemning about one hundred cows out of say nine hundred milkers, and this will be

done during the next year in the ordinary course, by killing from seventy-five to one hundred head as beef cattle for use on the place. The record will then show the range to be from four to ten thousand pounds of milk per cow for the period between calving. Another record shows the daily operations of the dairy in a line for each day of the month, ruled in columns, to cover the following facts: The day of the month, number of cows milked, the number of fresh cows taken in, the number of dry cows going out, the number of three gallon cans of milk in the morning, number at evening, quantity and quality of hay or green feed, quantity and kind of ground feed, condition of pasture, state of weather, number of calves on milk, and any other matter that might have an influence on the quantity or quality of the milk. Numerous experiments have for many years been made with various kinds of feed. Cooking food on a large scale has been thoroughly tried and abandoned, as it produced no more milk than soaking the same in water.

Sugar beets, mangel-wurzels, carrots, potatoes, and squash, both cooked and raw, have been tried; but none would take the place of good hay and ground feed, or cultivated grain feed, such as corn, barley, wheat, oats, and the grasses. Middlings make fat, but do not increase the milk.

Corn meal should be ground fine, and soaked in water from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, to obtain the best results. Corn meal and bran or middlings, about half and half, have been found to make the most and best milk per pound of food, as compared with wheat, oats, barley, and rye,—the food value ranging in the order stated.

Full feeding consists of twenty pounds of hay and ten pounds of ground feed daily, besides a fair pasture ground—and as the pasture improves the dry feed is shortened.

Soiling commences with green barley about the middle of March, and ends with corn in November, taking both crops from the same land. Ensilage of green barley has been tried and abandoned, and this process of preserving green feed is not considered a suc-

cess in this State. Green corn-stalks make an unpleasantly sweet milk when fed largely. Beets and potatoes make milk flat and watery. Alfalfa, turnips, and cabbage give an unpleasant flavor; squash is too fattening in feeding the large quantity required to keep up the flow of milk.

The farm is divided into numerous fields, and pure cold spring water is obtained from the hillsides and conveyed to large troughs in every field by iron pipes. Two reservoirs for catchment water, holding forty millions of gallons each, have been constructed at an elevation of 225 and 425 feet above the building on the lower part of the ranch, for motive power, irrigation, and drinking purposes. Several miles of macadamized road and lanes have been built through the farm to keep the stock out of the mud during the winter season, as so many animals in going and returning from pasture twice daily would soon make roads of earth impassable.

The milk cans are washed with revolving brushes by water power, and the hay is cut and the cream separator run by the same power. The first milk drawn is run through a De Laval separator, and the cream is then ready to be shipped with the milk. Such cream is much sweeter than that raised by setting, and entirely free from any foreign flavor.

About one hundred and fifty calves from the best cows are raised each year. Thoroughbred Jersey bulls were used for ten years in crossing with common American grade cows, while the last two years thoroughbred Holstein bulls have been used. The calves have a warm, well lighted shed, with well drained, concrete floors for cold rough weather, and a well irrigated rye-grass pasture with fresh-grown grass the year through.

Calves are not allowed to suck except in special cases. When a very choice calf is desired it will be given to a cow that is sound, but either a moderate milker or one difficult to milk. Calves grow much faster and do better when raised by a cow.

Calves raised on skim-milk alone are generally of little value, even when the milk is fresh and warm from a cream separator.

They run to paunch, are feeble, and will not withstand unfavorable food or weather after leaving their milk.

The method of raising calves on Jersey Farm is to give straight milk as it comes from the cow for the first month, half skim-milk the second month, and all skimmed, with hay, grass, and bran after that.

Many calves are lost among the butter dairies by their cows nearly all coming in with the new spring grass. Such calves, after they reach an age to take care of themselves, find the grass dry and parched up, and quite unsuitable for their delicate stomachs. They consequently become enfeebled, and the cold rains of fall and winter carry them off.

By starting calves in December and feeding them on milk and other food until February, they then have a full season on grass to prepare them for the dry grass of fall and early winter, and with this treatment grow strong and hardy.

The ration for a young calf is about two gallons of whole milk daily, or three to four gallons of skim-milk. The value of whole milk at a fresh milk dairy farm cannot be estimated at less than fifteen cents per gallon, which is thirty cents daily, or nine dollars monthly, and somewhat less when the skim-milk is considered.

In the spring of the year on good grass, cows give an increased quantity of milk, and at the same time there is a lessened demand for milk from the city, by reason of people going to the country for recreation and pleasure. This surplus milk is then used largely in raising calves, which are provided for later on with plenty of green grass by means of irrigation.

For this purpose about five acres of good land is enriched with barnyard fertilizers, plowed deeply, cultivated fairly, and seeded to English rye grass. Iron pipes have first been laid throughout the place for the introduction of water. It is then sprinkled daily through large revolving sprinklers similar to those used on lawns. The grass grows rapidly, and it is eaten when fresh and tender, and greatly relished by the calves. Such grass, with a little hay, bran, and skim-milk,

and a warm shelter at night or in stormy weather, does not fail to raise strong healthy calves that make excellent cows.

Orchard and rye grass, being perennial, keep growing most of the year without irrigation, and are no doubt the best kind of grasses that can be used in the ranches along the coast.

They have stood the test now for ten years without re-seeding the fields, except on one occasion of a dry winter, when mice and gophers became so numerous as to destroy a large proportion of the grass roots. The pests were destroyed by securing about two hundred and fifty cats and scattering them about the fields in small colonies, each colony being provided simply with a box house placed near a spring of water. Afterward seed was scattered over the pastures and harrowed in. Sometimes when the grass becomes thin or scattered it is allowed to go to seed for a season, to thicken the growth.

Alfalfa does remarkably well in stock raising, but does not answer for fresh milk purposes in supplying cities, as it imparts an unpleasant flavor to milk and the milk will not keep sweet long.

The milkers receive twenty-five to thirty dollars per month and found, and are generally Swiss. They commence milking at eight A. M. and eight P. M., and take two and one-half hours to milk thirty cows each. They are mostly strong, healthy young men, and generally do not speak English. They are much more reliable than men of other countries, and do not drink and squander their time or money.

There is a workshop, well fitted with machinery run by water power, and a blacksmith, tinman, and woodworkman make the wagons and milk cans and do all the repairs on the farm. About seventy-five men are employed altogether, and about the same number of horses and mules. From one thousand five hundred to two thousand tons of hay and about the same quantity of mill feed are used annually. A good mill to grind the grain, and ample warehouse room to store it and the hay are provided.

About twenty wagons are used for the bus-

iness in the city and on the farm, and wagon building and repairs constitute a large item of expense.

The wagons are mostly made so that all parts thereof are uniform and interchangeable. By this means a broken wheel, pole, shaft, spring, or in fact almost any part, is replaced by having a few extras on hand. Otherwise a broken wagon would have to be laid up entirely until repairs were made and the paint dried — even if it was but a single wheel.

It is strange that with the present knowledge of the great value of duplicates and interchangeability of parts of machinery, especially such as is in general use by farmers, manufacturers of iron axles have not discovered that their methods of making them is causing a world of trouble and loss to those using them, as well as to themselves. No two axles are made exactly alike, even those of the same maker and intended to be the same, for the reason that they are ground into the box, in place of both axle and box being turned to an exact standard gauge. No two manufacturers make the same taper, the same sized nut and thread, or same thickness of box, and people find it almost impossible to duplicate a box, axle, or nut without making several attempts at it. The loss of time of men, teams, and wagons in trying to accommodate themselves to this want of intelligence on the part of axle manufacturers is perhaps more in money every year than all the axles are worth. The manufacturers lose because of the introduction and use of other kinds of axles, and because dealers will not carry a stock of goods that give them so much trouble and so little profit.

The horses used — and a great many are used up annually by being driven rapidly over rough-stoned streets — come generally from the mountains, and are broken in on the farm at about four years of age, to work both single and double. They are almost always perfectly sound and extremely hardy.

They come from good stock, and bring from seventy to one hundred and twenty-five dollars each in the city, not even halter-

broken, but when properly handled make kind and useful animals.

There is always a close competition in the milk business, and very little profit except under very favorable circumstances and the best of management. The country producer does not always find the dealer in the city a person of means or veracity, and he may lose largely by mistaken confidence. The dealer in the city has to depend on hired labor that is not always reliable, either in delivering milk or collecting the bills, while the consumers, representing all the classes and conditions peculiar to a city, are not generally burdened with money.

The custom is to give credit for a month, or by the week where there is a known hazard, although the anxiety to sell makes dealers careless in regard to collections, which leads to frequent losses. Every year furnishes a new lot of milk dealers, most of whom drop out long before the year closes, because the business is not what they had imagined, or they find there is not the money in it that they expected. There are in fact few callings that require more persistent attention, constant forethought, and economical consideration, than that of supplying a regular quantity of uniform good quality of milk and cream on uniform time at all seasons of the year, regardless of the weather or accidents.

The milk and cream is conveyed to the city by large teams and thoroughbred wagons that can carry two hundred cans at a load twice daily, going about five miles an hour. Most of it is delivered at a central depot to small delivery wagons belonging to the farm, and the remainder is placed in cool tanks for public sale.

About twelve hundred families are supplied by the delivery wagons, besides hotels and restaurants. The milk brings a higher price than that from any other dairy, and is much sought after on account of its superior quality.

What cream and milk is left over on a fresh arrival is taken to the butter room, and churned by electrical process in a large square churn. About twenty-one pounds of

milk make a pound of butter, and the butter and butter-milk, being fresh daily, sell at good prices.

Many people visit the depot daily in search of health, as milk is growing rapidly in popular favor as a remedy for many diseases.

Milk is probably the only article of diet that contains all the elements necessary to sustain robust life. With children it is indispensable, and their health depends almost entirely upon the purity and wholesomeness of the milk they consume. Physicians understand this relation of milk to disease, and almost invariably desire to see and test it if possible whenever they are called upon to prescribe for a child. It is well known that a calf cannot be properly raised on poor skimmed milk alone; then why should a delicate child be expected to thrive on milk that is adulterated in every possible manner.

Life is held cheap when parents will not take the necessary trouble to ascertain positively that the milk they are giving their children is absolutely pure and wholesome.

Not only in childhood but at all ages milk has been found to be at times the only effective remedy for certain classes of disease. An exclusive diet of milk is not uncommon, and there are many cases of late where the good results from such a course have been remarkable.

In old age particularly, which from the loss of teeth and feeble digestive powers is limited to but a few articles of food, such an article as good sound milk—at once a drink and food, needing no mastication or preparation, or much digestive power—becomes invaluable.

Charitable organizations have been established in Germany to conduct dairy farming under medical and scientific supervision, for the purpose of furnishing pure, wholesome milk to families unable through poverty to secure the article themselves. The milk is furnished at about half its actual cost, on the theory that the effect of good milk reached further, in an economic view, than the expenditure of the same money would by any other method.

In England the dairies are not only under

governmental supervision, but under medical and scientific as well. The State of New York expends seventy-five thousand dollars per annum in supervising the dairies of that State, besides what is paid out by various cities and towns for local inspection. But in California nothing has been done towards protecting the people against fraud and disease, that most surely will prevail without some strict scientific supervision.

The more populous a country becomes, the more demand there is for dairy products and the more expensive they are. High priced land and food make keeping fine cattle compulsory, as poor milkers will not pay for their food and the labor bestowed upon them, and thus it is that the health, wealth, and prosperity of a country are denoted largely by the extent and condition of this industry.

R. G. Sneath.

THE ARTIST'S TESTAMENT.

ONE afternoon, on the spur of an idle hour, I entered the Paris Salon with a French friend of mine, an art student like myself. We both were deaf mutes, and the sign language being the same in America and in France, we found no difficulty, in spite of our different nationalities, in carrying on a fluent conversation in signs on the paintings; and as was natural, it was not long before we became the target of the eyes of a group of interested gentlemen. As signs interest everybody, and I was accustomed to being stared out of countenance, I should not have taken any notice of the group, if the peculiar mien of one old gentleman had not arrested my attention.

He had a Websterian cast of face, which was not French. This led me further to note that he was apparently an invalid, for he wore a silk scarf above a closely buttoned overcoat, and his face was pale and thin. His eyes were of a restless lustre, and their glances, so easily arrested by the slightest movement around him, interested me; for they impressed me as being characteristic of a deaf mute, whose eyes the lack of hearing generally educates to uncommon acuteness.

He spoke but little, and seemed interested in our signs. Once, when we discussed an apparent error in perspective in an architectural painting, I saw his face light up with a smile of approval.

His interest in us seemed to determine his further movements, for, excusing himself with

a delicate wave of the left hand, he quitted the group and came toward us. Joining us, he ran the tips of the thumb and first finger of the right hand over the open palm of the left hand, from which I inferred that he was asking for paper and pencil; and I accordingly handed him my pocket memorandum (what deaf mute is without one?), and he wrote in it:

"I beg your pardon, but I must be mistaken if you are not American and cannot read English. I shall be glad to see you at my house tomorrow morning at ten. Here is my address."

He gave me his card, and looked full in my face as I read to ascertain if I understood, and then, satisfied on that point, retired with the ingratiating bow of a refined clubman to rejoin his friends.

It is needless to say how astounded I was at what had taken place. On the card there was something that had the talismanic quality of making one forget every thing else. It was the name of an artist of a world-wide fame.

I was agitated. The art gallery ceased to interest me. Twining my arm around my companion's, I led him out on the street, and there we once more glanced at the card. It read in French, thus: *Augustus Cooper, Artist: Studio and Residence, No. 1920 —St.*

"I would give my life to be noticed that way," said my friend in signs. "Going to

he received by a famous artist. Magnificent! What a lucky dog you are." And he gave me a slap on the shoulder.

I must confess that I was not proof against this torrent of French congratulations. Though overborne by the importance of the coming event, I was secretly elated over my extraordinary good fortune. It was now six years since I had left my home in Pennsylvania, with an autograph album stowed away in my trunk, full of "Genius is an inordinate capacity for labor," "He who watches and waits, wins," and other well-worn advices from confident friends; but though I worked early and late — with deafness to count as one of my obstacles — I remained at best only a "struggling young sculptor." It is true that I had at last succeeded in having a statue accepted at the Salon; but though it might have given great gratification to my friends at home, how small the honor now seemed. One illusion of my youth was that to have my name read at the Salon would be enough to be a sesame to fame. But ah! that illusion had now vanished. I had neither become more known nor made more friends. So no wonder I stood that afternoon, regarding the card with the name and address of a famous artist on it, in a happier frame of mind than for months.

I, however, replied with my usual nonchalant manner, "I will see what comes of it."

Punctually at the hour named I was before the door of a brick mansion, giving a tap to a door-knocker of an odd design. The door opened, and I was ushered through a stately hall into a spacious library, with a beautifully sculptured fire-place. A cheery fire was burning in it, and seating myself before it, I moved my eyes around during the few minutes of waiting allotted to a visitor.

With what an artistic carelessness everything in the room was arranged. On the floor, on the shelves, on the walls, were bric-a-brac, books, portfolios, etchings, old paintings, and time-stained statuettes — everywhere confusion; yet what an effect! Costliness pervaded the very air. You could readily believe that the wonderful Indian vases in yonder corners, so beautiful in their

intricate designs, really came from Guzerat, and that the weapons massed above the mantelpiece were indeed once a Moorish prince's. The curtains that lent so gentle a light to the room, themselves could only have come from a Flemish loom. In the midst of the room was a table of an ancient and massive workmanship, carven with dragons and interlacing mistletoes, and among the bric-a-brac on it I saw a vase that I recognized as a Flaxman, and was intently examining, when the same old gentleman I had seen at the art gallery entered with my card in his hand.

His salutation was kindly, as he took my hand and motioned to me to be seated again. Reaching for a sheet of paper, he wrote:

"I am delighted to see you, and am glad you are so punctual. It is my purpose to have a long talk with you this morning; but you must pardon me if I feel compelled to carry it on with locked doors. Its nature is such that I shall not like to have any other eyes than yours on me this morning. But pray, do not be astonished at this, nor let any thing that is to happen agitate you. Make yourself at home."

Suiting his action to the words, he went to the doors and locked them; after which he rolled an armchair up to me and sat down. Taking my card from the table, he regarded it intently for a moment, and then turned to me and addressed me in slow but clear signs, meanwhile spelling my name on the hand:

"E. Nathaniel Webster, Sculptor. Is that statue, the 'Slinger,' in the American department of the Salon, yours?"

"What! are you deaf and dumb, too?" replied I, instinctively carried away by that feeling a deaf-mute experiences in finding that the strange person he has been addressing is also deaf.

"No," answered the artist with a smile and a deprecatory wave of the hand; "I once was, and am not now. But don't be so quick, — wait. I take it for granted that you are the sculptor. Well, a very good work, indeed — executed with skill and great feeling. You certainly deserve praise — but you are young, young. You need experience to be weaned from academic littleness, and to see

that there is something more than mere mechanical skill and conventionalism. But as to your nationality, I hope I am not mistaken in presuming you are a native American."

"I am proud to be one," replied I. "I was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution."

"I rejoice to hear that," replied he; "and above all, to meet so intelligent a deaf mute. At the Salon your face and your intelligent criticisms, every sign of which I of course understood, impressed me favorably. It may seem that I am taking an unwarranted interest in you just now; but when I shall have told you my life story, it will show that I am not moved by transient feelings. The story will be a long one — yes, a passing strange one; but however painful its recital may be to me, I will relate all and hide nothing. But in the first place, the same reasons that induced me to lock the doors also compel me to ask a favor of you. I have divulged my story to no man before; and now that I am going to break my silence for the first time, I appeal to you as a gentleman never to make known what happens this morning till I die."

"Nothing, I assure you, gives me a greater pleasure than to be of service to you," replied I; "your request I shall always hold sacred."

"That is enough," began the artist. "Know then, that though the fact was never found out, I am an American like you, and that I was born in Hartford in 18—. When a child I lost my parents, and was cared for at an asylum for orphans. At five years old I lost my hearing, and three years afterwards I was sent to the first institution for the deaf-mutes that was ever founded in America. You call it the American Asylum still, I think. When I set my feet within the school, I was as unlettered a savage as ever lived; but being of somewhat uncommon brightness of mind, I took eagerly to studies, and my rapid progress soon attracted attention. I became one of those show pupils always kept on hand to surprise and please visitors, and in that capacity I must say that I contributed a great deal to the fame of the Institution; for

the success of a school cannot outstrip the brilliance of its scholars.

"But the teaching of the deaf in those days savored a little of charlatanry. I do not mean to impeach the good intentions of the first teachers of the deaf. Circumstances compelled the use of questionable means to gain a good end, for the public was then chary of believing that the deaf could ever be taught anything. But when the teachers fell to fighting among themselves, and using the names of the pupils simply to gratify their vanity, their zeal ceased to be praiseworthy. Other institutions having come into existence, a rivalry sprang up between several systems, and as I happened to make an extraordinary progress under one of them, I was eagerly seized upon by its advocates as an example of its efficiency. I was exhibited, petted, pronounced a prodigy, and praised, till I was fain to believe I was a demi-god, and a gainer by my misfortune. My name appeared in reports, and always in connection with something which I was taught to construe as meaning that I was only a deaf-mute in name, and that I was more than a peer of any hearing person. Of course, all that was not true. But I was young and inexperienced, and believed that the world was honest, and given to meaning what it said.

"The result was that no young man could be more impregnated with vanity than I was when I at last graduated, and began to take charge of a class at the Institution. My salary was at first small, to be sure, but that gave me no apprehension, for I believed that time would correct that drawback. I was a hard student and a great reader, and so ready with the pen that my contributions to the papers and periodicals were always acceptable; and moreover I was also fast earning more than a local reputation as a teacher.

"Several years passed, and, to my surprise, my reward in the shape of a larger salary never came. I began to chafe a little. At last I stormed, and made known my grievance. The superintendent was obdurate, and I wondered why. One morning — how well I remember it! — I was in the

office of the superintendent, pressing him once more on the subject of my salary, when he turned to me and said :

"I hope I have seen the last of all this talk. I am certainly sensible of your worth, but I am sorry to say that I cannot do anything for you. You are deaf and dumb, and your misfortune must, as a matter of course, entail on you some disadvantage. I am sorry, but all that is left to you is to submit to your fate !"

"At those words I stood as if rooted to the spot. Submit to my fate ! Deaf and dumb ! I might be perfectly educated, but the loss of one sense makes all that different ! That was, indeed, news to me. I was brought up in an institution the gospel of which was that it could perfectly-reclaim deaf-mutes mentally. How inconsistent its doctrines ! Fate ? Who invented it ? Not good Heaven, but those men not my superiors. How I that hour hated the world, God alone knows.

"With such bitter thoughts rankling within my breast, is it to be wondered at, that from that hour, I should become a changed man ? Moroseness and love of solitude grew on me, and I became a misanthrope, disliking even those whom I once loved. I ceased to be seen on the play-grounds or in company, for my work in the schoolroom done, I invariably went alone to my room or to the grove behind the Institution.

"To relieve my solitude, I divided my leisure time between books and painting. I had always been something of a draughtsman, and also had a keen sense of the beautiful, and my success at the easel gave me hopes of being an artist. If only I could give up teaching the deaf-mutes, which seemed to me a life-long slavery ! So I determined to have an art education ; and to that end I saved every cent for three long unhappy years, while every body wondered at the change in me.

"At last one evening, I found myself in a dingy room high up in a building in Munich. I seated myself by the small wooden table, and emptied on it my money — all I had. I divided it into three parts, and said to myself : 'The first pile will be sufficient to support

me for six months. With the second I will go to an aurist, and offer it to him to restore hearing to me. With the third part I will buy a pistol, and if my deafness is declared incurable, I will blow out my brains !'

"The next day I went to one of the foremost aurists of Munich ; and he pronounced my case by no means hopeless. 'I accordingly put myself under his treatment. The state of my mind during the next four months, with its alternate fears and hopes, as the consciousness grew that my hearing was actually being restored, I need not describe. To make the story short, one afternoon I walked to my room from the doctor's office, but I walked as if in a dream. He had discharged me thoroughly cured.

"I gained the room and sat down. My emotions were strange. A kind of languid satisfaction crept over me. I could have knocked a king's crown off his head with perfect coolness. If Death had stalked in that day and summoned me, I would have slapped him on the shoulder and said, 'What of that ? I am not going to die a deaf-mute.' I was penniless, friendless, and in a strange country, far from home. But that was nothing to me. What if I should go in rags and be starving ? I could now hold up my head erect, and proud, and feel that I was one of the people.

"In that delicious frame of mind I sat through the afternoon, through the gathering darkness, and through the evening, hardly noting its ebbing noises, till I thought I heard the cathedral bell tolling. I had heard its sound several times before, weak and indistinct, as my hearing gradually returned. But this time its peals came through the air sweet and clear. Yes, it was tolling one — two — three — twelve. It was midright. I rose and lit the candle, and pulled down the window curtain. I went to the table and opened the drawer, and stood looking into it, like one doubtful whether he was awake or not. The pistol was there. Thank God, its dread mission was over."

Here the old man, carried away by his story, rose, and pacing the room as an actor does the stage, acted the scene in pantomime.

"Putting the pistol in my pocket," continued he, and casing myself in my overcoat, I sallied forth into the cold night air. How still the city was! With rapid strides I walked in the direction of the Maximilian Bridge. Some boisterous, belated merry-makers passed me. Poor fools, thought I, how vain and short-lived their mirth! Their wine and songs could never buy the happiness that I possessed.

"I was soon out on the bridge, looking down into the darkness below, whence came a surging, singing sound. I took out the pistol and sent it whirling through the air. It flashed and reflashd in the gaslight, and disappeared. Anon, a sound new to my ears met them. It was, as I afterwards learned, the plashing of the water as the pistol struck it.

"I laughed aloud and turning, walked in the direction of my lodging-place. A policeman accosted me in a gruff voice.

"'I do not understand you,' said I to myself, 'but it is not because I cannot hear you. You talk German.'

"And quickening my pace, I gained my room and sat down. The past was behind me, and now before me was a future. What a future it was to be! But the past gave rise to bitter remembrances. The bygone years passed before me, with their memories of injustice and humiliation. All was over. I was no longer a deaf-mute, but to whom was I indebted for all this? Nobody, unless it were the doctor, who had pocketed my money without ceremony. Did I have help or encouragement? None. Then what was the past to me? I determined to break loose all ties of friendship, and live the future as if there were no past.

"The next morning I prevailed on the easy-going landlord to write to my home a letter in German, announcing the death of some person — myself, of course. And then I left the place. About a month afterwards, drawn by an irresistible impulse, I entered the tavern. Among the papers scattered over a table I discovered the familiar little weekly of the Institution, printed by the pupils; it had undoubtedly been sent to the landlord

in acknowledgment of the services he had done to me at my death. I must be very old if I do not remember how my hands trembled like a leaf in the storm when I read it. It announced my death!"

The artist, pausing in the midst of his recital, went to the table and drew from a drawer a paper yellow with age, and worn out in many places from being oft-times unfolded. He tenderly handed it to me, and I read.

There was a translation of the landlord's letter, the substance of which was that the artist had died of pneumonia, and that he was given a decent burial, his last request — that an American flag be placed under his head — being faithfully carried out. Of the eulogy, the last words were:

"That he was a genius, we have every reason to believe. But he was of somewhat too fine a physical temperament to be fit to live long. His too highly strung imagination may be reasonably held responsible for his impulsiveness and discontent which had been so trying to us. But they may easily be forgiven when we recollect what an honor to the Institution he would have been had he lived long enough to give full play to his genius. But that was destined never to be so. His life's fitful fever is over. May he rest in peace."

From the paper I looked up at the pale face before me. The lips quivered, as the old man said:

"That paper is the only thing that connects me with the past. How I found my way back to my wretched room with my blinded eyes, I never knew. The paper was still in my hand. My first impulse was to tear it up — burn it — destroy it in any way, so that it should never appear again to make me conscience-stricken. But I kept it — I scarcely knew why. When I found it again, long afterwards, I regarded it with tenderness. Next I saw it oftener, and each time treasured it the more; till now grown old, I prize it as much as I do my life. The eulogy was written by a classmate of mine. O, would to God that I might see his face again!"

He sat down wearily. His head fell on his breast. His face was stony pale and tearless, but in its workings I could see the anguish of a broken spirit.

"I am a little too premature in my story," he at last addressed me again. "I will now go back and resume the thread where I let it break off. On finding myself free, my first act was to change my name for the one by which I am known. My resources being exhausted, I hired myself out to a picture-frame maker. Here began a period of suffering to which I can recur only with horror. Hitherto my suffering existed only in my imagination, and was of my own making, but now it began in stern reality. Starvation stared me in the face; and I often walked the streets of the city cold and hungry, one night out of every two, because my expenses at the art academy where I studied evenings often exhausted my weekly earnings.

"However, I made a commendable progress in painting. But the consciousness that I had, at my advanced age, so much to learn and unlearn, made me miserable. The rich artistic atmosphere in which I moved quickened the growth of my power to see and appreciate the beautiful, but it was to make me the more discouraged at my want of mechanical skill. Of all things I needed practice, and thus the academy life came to be wearisome.

"Moreover, I had to learn to speak. All the trials of a child learning to speak I had also to go through. My defect in speech being commented upon, I had to say that it was only my vocal organ that was deranged, so that my past history might not be known. My misery in those days may thus be imagined.

"Five long years I lived hesitating between suicide and writing home for forgiveness. But I was proud, and I struggled on. When my pictures became salable, they brought me relief. At last I won a second class medal, and my prospects began to brighten.

"Attracted by the rising school of Gros and David, I went to Paris and studied diligently under the former for two years. At last I had a picture at the Salon, and then —

the old, old story. One morning I awoke and found myself famous at thirty-four. I became the pet of fashion, and the struggles of my young manhood were forgotten.

"My subsequent life I need not dwell upon, as I flatter myself with the belief that it is well known. Everything that I once thought was essential to happiness I had won — hearing, fame, influence, and wealth. I had been honored with the attention of kings and decorated. But was I happy? Through my life a melancholy clung to me, from which I could find relief only in incessant work. Now I am grown old. It will not be long before I shall go to give my last great account. What, then, is wealth or fame to me? All is vanity! I have no family ties — not even friends whom I can love half as well as I do the friends of my youth. My classmates! my countrymen! I know they would go to the end of the earth if they could but know I am in distress. But I shall never see them again. In one rash hour I swore I would never set my feet on my native soil, and now I am too old to undo the error of my youth. God forgive me for that! I am old and friendless, — yes, old and friendless, in spite of all these worldly trappings. I am dying of thinking it possible to live alone. O God! give me back my friends!"

The artist buried his face in his hands.

My eyes must have been dimmed, for I never knew how my hand came to be grasped in his.

"So you pity me," said he, "when I thought there was no pity in this obdurate world, — obdurate as I was myself. Be my friend these few remaining days of my life. I who left deaf-mutes, now return to a deaf-mute for friendship."

"Yes," nodded I, silently pressing his hand in mine. More words were unnecessary before such a touching exhibition of grief.

"So you say yes!" said he. "Thank God, my heartache is at an end. I can now imagine I am once more among my old associates, welcomed back. With this consolation I shall die contented."

He rose, and added: "The morning's interview is ended. It has served my wished-for purpose. What happened this morning, let no man know — as I lived so must I die. Do not ever address me in signs anywhere except here. This home is yours. Come and live here. You are to me as my son."

The upshot of the morning's adventure was that I took up my residence in the magnificent mansion, and was quartered like a prince. My down-town studio was in time deserted, and the figure in clay at which I had been working was left untouched, wrapped in wet cloths, which augmented as summer approached.

The season passed and autumn came with its golden evenings and drives among falling leaves in the suburbs. Those days of ease and independence were the happiest period of my life. Between Mr. Cooper and me a deep affection sprang up. Though he was an invalid, I found in him an undercurrent of gentle patience that was almost saint-like. We spent most of our time in his studio, known all over Paris for its famous staircase. He worked a little, and introduced me to every visitor that called; but when we were alone he laid his palette aside and talked like Conture.

He made me learn painting. "I began my life with teaching deaf-mutes, and I will close it in the same manner," said he.

One evening in December I took him to an anniversary banquet given by the deaf-mutes of Paris in the honor of Abbé de l'Épée, the father of deaf-mute instruction. The speeches were delivered in signs, and the artist cheered every brilliant remark with the rest of the table, though no one ever suspected that he understood every sign.

Going home, he caught a cold, which aggravated his malady. The papers announced that Augustus Cooper, the famous artist, was again dangerously ill, and that no hope of his recovery was now entertained.

I stayed by the bedside of my dying friend most of the time, for he loved to have me near him; and I, to cheer him, would often say that it would not be many days before I should wish him to sit to me for his bust.

He would smile, and say it was so kind of me. "However, I fear it is all over with me now," he would add.

As day by day wore on, he seemed to have gradually forgotten the use of speech. The sign language — the vernacular of his his childhood — seemed to be all that he remembered, for he began to address even the doctors and attendants in it. Sometimes in the height of his delirium he would start from his sleep, and catching hold of my hand, say: "Is it you, Nathaniel?" and when I re-assured him, he would say: "I am always hearing, hearing, hearing those cathedral bells. Will they ever stop? O the night and the running river!" and then compose himself to sleep again, only to start up again and cry out, "O the night and the running river!"

The end came one bright morning after a stormy night. The sun was flooding with a golden light the room where the artist lay dying. As I sat watching by the bedside, I saw him rise into a sitting position. His hollow eyes were fixed on the vacancy before him, and he began to talk in signs. He was dreaming he was back in his school-room fifty years ago, with his pupils around him.

"Attention!" said he with a wave of the hand. "It is near dinner time. Put your books and slates back on your desks. Erase those States on the walls. Stay, Dick! look there — why write again 'he *run*'? How many times have I corrected it, again and again? Remember, now? Well, erase. Here is the lesson. It is too hard, too hard for you. You cannot understand it. I am sorry, but you have to do it. Willie, you did not have a good lesson this morning, try and do better. Lottie, is Paulina better? Coming back tomorrow — Well! Time!"

And he fell back — dead.

The papers spoke of him as "the hermit, grand and gloomy," and praised his pictures and his genius. His origin was shrouded in obscurity, though supposed to be English; but his fame as an artist and his eccentricities were familiar to all. One of these, it was noted, was a habit which grew with age of gesticulating to himself. When asked why

he did so, he would start and say "Memory, memory!" Thus, a column on his pictures, some gossip, a funeral; and the grave closed over the remains of Augustus Cooper.

In due time the will was opened and read. It ran as follows:

"I, Augustus Cooper, being of sound mind and knowing the uncertainty of life, do hereby make this my last will and testament: I appoint E. Nathaniel Webster trustee of every thing I die possessed of, and command him, within one year of my demise, to convey said possessions to fifteen trustees, to be appointed by himself, and to their successors forever, who shall constitute a board to be known and designated as the 'Board of Trustees of the Association of Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb of the United States of America.' All such trustees shall be citizens of said States.

"The object of said association shall be to promote the welfare of the deaf and dumb, by securing for them proper legislation whenever it is needed, by enforcing due recognition of their rights and claims, and by all other means within its power.

"I state this object because the deaf and dumb are, as a class, little understood. Their misfortune is oftenest classed with insanity, imbecility, and other forms of mental depravity, without making the allowance that deafness is to be so classed only so long as *education* is withheld. Moreover, the education of the deaf and dumb is a complicated process, which has the double misfortune of being in the hands of very few men of marked ability. Their combined efforts are inadequate to give the profession to which they are devoted a prominence essential to a just appreciation of its responsibilities and needs. Thus the profession comes to be little understood or sought for; and as a consequence, through want of knowledge of the difficult nature of the education of the deaf and dumb, legislation in their behalf is not always guided by an enlightened philanthropy. Again, there are boards of directors composed of men who in discharge of their trust are little actuated by anything more than a wish for vindication of party principles. Again, there are incap-

able principals, and cheap and transitory teachers. Under all these manifold evils, the brunt of suffering falls upon the deaf and dumb themselves. Were it possible to make it understood that the position of a teacher of the deaf and dumb is a dignified and responsible one, their status would be improved.

"Recognizing this I have decided to devote my fortune to the elevation of the profession. My wealth, which amounts to some one million in American money, will be adequate in many ways, to create a public opinion favorable to the attainment of the purpose. Should it be deemed necessary, aid can be withheld from any institution not complying with conditions demanded by the Trustees of the Association. It will thus, also, come within the province of the Trustees to influence the appointment of principals and teachers, and to regulate their salaries. It is a notorious fact that the profession, especially in case of deaf teachers themselves, is an underpaid one, and it is my wish that only educated deaf-mutes should be employed, and that they be given first-class salaries whenever their talent and merit suggest that it should be done.

"The Trustees shall consist of eight deaf-mutes and seven hearing persons, all teachers; and the proportion shall remain so forever, deaf-mute succeeding deaf-mute and hearing person succeeding hearing person.

"Their deliberations shall be conducted in the sign language alone.

"As soon as the conveyance of my possessions to the Trustees is accomplished, be it ordered that E. Nathaniel Webster be paid twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) for his services, that he may pursue the art studies for which he is so eminently fitted."

As soon as the contents of the will were made known, I was regarded with curiosity, if not suspicion, by my friends.

"The will could only have been drawn by one of much acquaintance with deaf-mutes," said they. "You must have done it yourself."

"No," replied I, "He himself was deaf and dumb."

Clarence Stairly.

PACIFIC COAST JOURNALISM.

THERE has been a decided change in Pacific Coast journalism within the last year, but there has also been a change in the character of the people and in their needs. The year just passed has been one of great development for the State and Coast. We have received accessions in population, and a spirit of enterprise throughout the entire section has been infused into commercial affairs.

The time was ripe for a change from the sentimental to the practical view of the newspaper. A newspaper in San Francisco could no longer prosper merely because its place of publication was in that city, but only if it should prove itself worthy of acceptance upon its own merits and without the fostering aid of local pride. Local pride, like most provincialism, is generally the love of the thing we have in default of the thing we need. Now the change that has recently taken place in the journalism of San Francisco has been the substitution of a cosmopolitan standard of excellence for an old, and I may say provincial type.

When I undertook the responsibility of publishing my own paper I did so from the wider or cosmopolitan point of view. Not that the local color and interests of a paper are not important. They are vital. But a wider field of journalistic activity was needed, covering a broader area of news. When I made my arrangements with Mr. Bennett to secure the service upon this coast of his European cable telegrams, I felt that this step was, under all the circumstances, not extravagant but necessary. The population of the Pacific Coast, besides being unusually active and intelligent, contained a large percentage of foreign blood. In French population California was second only to Louisiana. The German element was even of more obvious strength. An important English colony had resulted from San Francisco being a port of entry and a center for shipping. In every way, San Francisco had

shown itself to possess all the characteristics of a cosmopolitan city. Cable telegrams from London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome would therefore be peculiarly acceptable to the people of this coast.

The result of this step was a general "toning up" of the other parts of the newspaper, and the necessary consequence was an increase in size of San Francisco dailies from four to eight pages for week-days, and a corresponding increase from eight to twelve, and then to fourteen and sixteen pages for Sundays.

If the paradox may pass, only a city of great size can support a paper of small size. A small paper can get along in a large city like New York, because the papers there address classes. But a newspaper in a city like San Francisco—that is, a smaller city, say of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—to have a large circulation, must address almost everybody, and to do that, of course, it must have articles to suit the different classes. People often say that a newspaper is too large, but all will differ as to what ought to be taken out; therefore it is not too large. In a city like New York the "Morning Journal" addresses a certain class. It is a small paper. The "Times" addresses another class, and the "Sun" still another. When a paper like the "Herald" or the "World" endeavors to speak to a number of classes, immediately the size of the newspaper increases. Now where the "Herald" and "World" adopt this plan of publication from choice, we in San Francisco do so from necessity. This can be demonstrated mathematically. There are just as many classes in California as there are in New York. Say there are twenty. Hence if a paper speaks to a class, it speaks to one-twentieth of the reading population. In New York this would be one-twentieth of several millions; here but one-twentieth of less than half a million.

A singular feature of the increase in size has been an increase in the absolute advertising patronage. When the daily papers were composed of but four pages, there were two pages of advertisements; and now that there are eight pages, four pages of advertisements are published. They publish so many advertisements now that if there were only four pages there would be no room for news at all.

The complaint is often made that newspapers are "sensational" in character. There is no doubt that they are. I was talking with a gentleman the other day upon this subject. He said that my paper was a sensational paper. I replied that I hoped it was. He said he did n't like a sensational paper. I asked him why. He said that sensations were generally untrue. Hence, it was not the sensations that he objected to, but the lack of foundation in fact. If a sensation is true, of course it is a great deal better than any other sort of news, from the mere fact that it is a sensation, — that is to say, news of extraordinary interest.

The obvious objection to this position is that it may be carried to extremes. No doubt. In the past, newspapers, not having the present extended facilities for getting news, have been sometimes open to the charge of manufacturing sensations. A truthful sensation has always been desired, its value has always been admitted, and there has always been a strife for it. No one knows better than the intelligent newspaper man that truth is stranger than fiction. Indeed, this is the great reason why the newspaper holds its own against the novel and play. When Mr. Pulitzer of the "World" sent me his telegraphic conundrum, "To what cause do you principally attribute the success of the 'World'?" being in an honest mood, I was half inclined to reply, "Intelligent sensationalism."

Then again sensationalism is not a newspaper's only resource: a newspaper has its literary arm of the service. The Sunday paper of the great San Francisco dailies has become a magazine for the people. While it is in part made up of the same class of matter to which the monthly magazines are

entirely devoted — fiction, reviews, etc. — it is largely flavored by current events. The special articles that form the conspicuous features of the Sunday supplements are suggested by important events of the week. These articles develop in greater detail and with more mature consideration subjects suggested by occurrences to which attention has been directed by the news of the week.

The necessity for such a paper has been amply demonstrated by repeated attempts on the part of weekly papers to take this field. For a long time, no doubt, they were entitled to take it, but now the standard of the Sunday daily has so much improved that only weeklies of special strength and purveying to a certain class can compete with them. Indeed, such a paper as our leading weekly representing "Americanism," occupies the field that would be filled by what I have called a class daily, if the class on this coast were large enough. The many-paged Sunday edition of the big dailies, owing to its size and its greater pecuniary income, must of necessity drive out of the field of competition those weeklies that do not address a special class.

For reasons that I have already outlined, the great newspaper of the Pacific Coast cannot be partizan in character. Whatever may be its opinions as expressed in its editorial columns, it must be independent in its news columns. Indeed, a sensational newspaper is always more or less independent, for it must give the facts as they are, or else cut itself off from sensations. Here again is a striking merit of this much abused sensationalism. It throws an electric light into public affairs. A newspaper may have political leanings, but a partizan paper in the old sense — in which everything was distorted to suit its opinions, instead of these opinions being moulded to the fact — is not what the people want.

No successful publisher today runs a newspaper altogether for his own gratification. He would have to do so entirely at his own expense. Mr. John Bigelow, of the New York "Evening Post," not a very sensational paper, by the way, once said in

language emphatic if not elegant : " Any man who runs a newspaper against public opinion is an ass." A newspaper is not the place for any opinion except that which vibrates through the larger masses of its circulation.

On one more point I may be allowed to cite my personal experience — that is, as to criticisms my own policy has incurred for what has been called extravagance in the journalistic field. The criticism, I believe, is founded in error. There is not yet a newspaper establishment on the Pacific Coast any too well equipped for the task of turning out an excellent journal. What may seem extravagance to the provincial or class paper is, I think I have shown, only judicious expen-

diture, necessary to the very existence of a cosmopolitan one.

Any business will concede that no plant can be too elaborate that is justified by the business to be done. In the case of a newspaper on the Pacific Coast, a great deal of that prudent audacity which is called enterprise, is necessary. The ratio of expense to profit will always be less while the standard of the goods is being raised. The general outcome will, in time, be advantage to both producer and consumer. There will be fewer newspapers and better ones, or else there will be a larger population which will support all classes, the good, the bad, and the indifferent.

W. R. Hearst.

K. G. C. — A TALE OF FORT ALCATRAZ.

VII.

THE surprise occasioned by this meeting was a complete one to Dillon, though not to Seymour : the career of the former since they had met had been of sufficient prominence to enable Seymour to follow it without difficulty, and he had not lost sight of Dillon. He had learned through the daily papers of his arrest at Los Angeles, and was quite prepared to meet him under the circumstances that have been described. Entering the office briskly, he advanced and offered his hand with an appearance of cordiality to Dillon, remarking as he did so, " Mr. Dillon and I are old acquaintances, Colonel, and need no introduction."

Dillon was so nonplussed at the entire proceeding that before he was aware of it he had shaken hands with Seymour, or rather, perhaps, had allowed Seymour to shake him by the hand. Besides,—as he afterwards reflected,—he did not know that he would have chosen to act differently had this singular meeting been anticipated. Time had removed the animosity and resentment belonging to the years that had gone, and he was now able to regard Seymour with a feeling of indiffer-

ence, mingled with more or less curiosity to learn how the intervening years had passed since their paths in life had diverged.

The colonel, observing the manner in which they had met, was glad of an opportunity to avoid further preliminary details, and remarked, " As I see you two gentlemen are old friends, I will only say" — turning to Seymour — " that Mr. Dillon is to have his personal liberty within the limits of the post, under such conditions as I will explain to you later. At present, please see that quarters are assigned to him in one of the vacant casemates, and that he is made as comfortable as the means and circumstances will permit." Dillon and Seymour then left the office together.

" Good morning, ladies," said the Captain, raising his forage cap, as the two men passed along the walk leading from the adjutant's office, upon which they were met by a group of ladies escorted by the chaplain, who were on the way to the wharf for the purpose of visiting the city. Dillon also politely though distantly, raised his hat with the mannerism peculiar to the South.

At this time a visit to the city from Alcatraz was more of an event than it is now.

There was no little steamer with its regular round of trips, touching at the various military posts in the harbor. The government sloop at Alcatraz made three trips each week between the island and Meiggs wharf; from the latter point passengers were taken to the plaza by the North Beach omnibus line; and this was one of the regular days for a trip of the sloop.

As the vessel slowly moved away from the little wharf the new arrival, who had been passed on the walk as he came from the adjutant's office with Captain Seymour, was the topic of conversation among the lady passengers seated near the stern. "How handsome he is, and what a *distingué* air he has," said the pretty wife of a lieutenant who was stationed on the island. "Dressed all in black; and did you notice the sparkle of the diamond on his little finger as he raised his hat? It was the only thing that relieved his sombre appearance. One might almost take him for a clergyman but for his face and head, and if we had not already heard so much about him. Anybody can see he is a genuine F.F.V. They say he is not a society man and he hates all womankind. I wonder if that is true."

"Perhaps Mrs. Seymour can tell you something of that," said the doctor's wife. "Her cook told our man this morning that Mr. Dillon was an old lover of Mrs. Seymour's, and that he and the Captain had fought a duel on her account before she was married."

"O, of course," said the wife of a junior captain, whose husband did not approve of the idea that Captain Seymour should have been designated as an "executive officer," and felt sore about the matter. "To let her tell it, all the men were at her feet when she was a girl; that must have been a long time ago, though. I don't believe she ever knew him myself; and if she did, one look at her now will make him feel very forgiving toward Captain Seymour. By the way, does anybody know where the Seymours get all their money? My brother—who is clerk of the court at Sacramento—says the Captain did not have money enough to pay for his uniform when he got his commission; and he had been for

years a shyster lawyer hanging about the police court up there. Neither of them were known in society at Sacramento at all; but now there is nobody about the harbor whose quarters are so expensively furnished, or who seem to be able to entertain as they do."

"That is true," remarked another. "When the officers of the Russian man-of-war were here, she did all the entertaining. The colonel dislikes society matters so much he was quite willing to let them do it when the captain asked him,—though I believe the colonel tried to insist on paying the bills afterwards, but they would not let him. It must have cost a large sum of money for liquors, champagne, and such stuff, to say nothing of other things. The navy people came down from Mare Island, and nearly all the army people about the harbor were here. They had several hospital tents pitched opening into each other for a supper-room, all festooned with flags, and so forth, inside. I don't know how they do it; my husband finds it impossible to live on the pay we get, after selling greenbacks for fifty cents on a dollar, and no prospect of a relief bill being passed by the legislature. If something is not done to help matters pretty soon, we shall be obliged to resign and go back to the mountains, Union or no Union."

It may be said in further explanation of this worthy lady's remarks on the financial question, that during the whole war the Union troops on the Pacific Coast were paid in legal tender, which at one time had depreciated so that they were current at but forty cents on the dollar; at the same time everything purchased had to be paid for in coin at high prices. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the money the Seymours were able to spend was so remarkable.

"They say," again remarked the wife of the junior captain, "that the commanding officer will let this new prisoner—Mr. What's his name—go about the island on parole. If he does, you will see if Mrs. Seymour does not make a set for him, whether he is an old lover or not. She can never be satisfied unless she has some man dancing attendance on her; though so far she has had to be con-

tent with Mr. Sneyd, in spite of her fine dinners and entertainments."

When they were alone, Seymour took occasion to express to Dillon his regret at meeting him under such circumstances, but also to assure him of his personal good-will, and that of his wife; and he hoped nothing that had occurred in the past would be allowed to affect their friendly relations now.

To this Dillon replied: "The past, so far as our former relations are concerned, is of no importance. I am glad to find you in such an honorable position, and hope Mrs. Seymour is well. Please make my compliments to her."

"She is quite well," replied the captain, gratified at the result of his venture; "and we shall hope to see you often at our little house on the other side of the island."

By this time they had reached the casemates where the political prisoners had always been kept, and where Dillon was to be quartered. These casemates were where the solid rock had once been; the front an immense wall of masonry commanding the channel. They had been built for three tiers of guns, one above another, the corridors on the outside of each tier connected by iron stair-casings, leading from the ground up. Each casemate was complete in itself, and connected with the others only by means of the corridors mentioned; it was a room of solid masonry, measuring about thirty feet in length, and somewhat less in width. The large, double iron doors opening on the corridors were so fitted and arranged that a casemate when not in use for its original purpose — the service of large guns — might be used as quarters for officers or soldiers, or as a prison room. At the inner end were the embrasures, through which the muzzles of the guns could be brought to bear upon an enemy on the water outside.

To one of these casemates, in the first tier, in which there were no guns, Dillon found himself assigned; in this the embrasure was fitted on the inside with a removable sash, containing six panes of glass; on the outside it could be closed at will by a heavy shutter of riveted iron plate, adjustable by a

mechanical contrivance easily worked from within. The place was dark and uninviting, notwithstanding the means of ventilation, and the coal stove that stood near the entrance. Simple articles of furniture and bedding had however been provided, so that Dillon — whose habits of life had always been simple — concluded he should suffer no physical discomfort, at least.

He was told that the government would supply him a ration — the same food that is daily supplied a soldier — or, if he preferred, he could make his own arrangements. Those who had been there before him had been boarded by the sutler, who had sent their meals to the casemates; and he concluded to do in like manner.

Captain Seymour, finding that he could do no more for the immediate convenience or comfort of Dillon, left him to his own reflections. After completing his usual morning round of duties, which included the inspection of the various casemates, and the prison where the military prisoners were confined, with the food which was at that hour being cooked for their consumption, — all of which had devolved upon him in his capacity of executive officer, — he proceeded to his own quarters on the side of the island nearest the city, a building that had originally been put up for the use of some officers of the engineer corps.

Entering the house, he seemed surprised at finding his wife at home, and remarked: "Why, Mattie, I thought you had gone to the city with the other ladies who went this morning. Why did you not go?"

"No," she replied, "I did not want to go in such a hen party, especially where that Warren girl was. I hate her, with her superior airs, and I intend to let her know it if she stays on the island much longer. Besides I wanted to know how you came out with Mr. Dillon. Did you see him? The money can wait, or you can go over and get it yourself."

"But," remonstrated Seymour, — paying no heed to the question about Dillon, — "you know it is not well that I should be known in connection with this matter. You have

conducted all the business so far, and I do not like to mix up in it. You were promised a thousand dollars today; and if we are to continue this life, it can't be done without money. For my part I would be glad to give it up and go away from here."

"Go away from here indeed!" said his wife scornfully. "You never did have any courage, and now you would like to throw all the risk on a woman. You are ready enough, though, to help to spend the money when it comes, and nobody can assume the rôle of the bountiful host with greater ease than you."

Seymour winced at this. He knew that he was not deficient in courage of the ordinary kind; but as opposed to the stronger will and bitter tongue of this woman who was his wife he realized that he was powerless, and he ventured nothing further.

"You did not answer my question about Mr. Dillon," she continued, in a conciliating tone. "Did you see him?"

"O, I had forgotten," he replied. "Yes, I saw him, and succeeded in establishing such friendly relations with him that he enquired for you, and told me that he had no feeling concerning the past."

"Good!" she said approvingly. "I am glad you still have redeeming qualities; your impudence is something admirable."

To one who had known Mrs. Seymour in her girlhood only it would have been hard to realize that in the years which had intervened time had dealt so harshly, and that it was possible she was the same person who was once the beautiful *Señorita Matilda*. The slight graceful figure had disappeared; in its stead was a woman middle-aged in appearance, though still comparatively young in years, whose waist had been lost in the accumulated layers of adipose and increasing *avoiropois*, giving the general effect of pudginess, if not obesity. The brilliancy of complexion had deepened into swarthiness. The liquid eyes of her youth were gone; in their place glittered and snapped eyes so piercingly black that the intensity was startling. Even in the wealth of hair, once so glorious, though it had lost nothing of its former abundance, the

hue of midnight was now replaced by a dull bluish black. She was a childless wife, whose object and pursuit in life had been the gratification of her own selfish will. Years spent in this way had developed lines of character that seemed to be reflected in her face, and to drive those of her own sex—at least—from her, leaving her alone, though surrounded by many.

Be it known, however, that few women had the temerity to slight her openly, or to fail in any of the ordinary observances of etiquette in their social relations with her; more than this she did not demand from women, but woe betide the one who failed in this. Her husband, though strong enough among men, was in her hands as clay in the hands of the potter; and he did her bidding with the obedience of a thoroughly disciplined servant. Without the society of her own sex, which she apparently had no wish for and but little in common with, she seemed to find in the attention of men her greatest satisfaction. When successful in this, she had a seeming ability to suspend for the time the appearance of unpleasant characteristics. Unconscious that the physical charms she knew she once possessed had left her, she still had the advantage of the confidence that their continuance would have afforded; and was yet able to make herself agreeable to the average man.

By means of the mysterious pecuniary resources that have been indicated, she had been able to entertain liberally at the little house at Alcatraz, and to outdo in this respect the wife of every officer on the island. Her house had been a most popular place of resort; even those who would not have been attracted by the ostentatious hospitality either had not the will to absent themselves from the frequent gatherings to which she invited them, or did not consider the occasion of sufficient importance to exercise it, and so far her end was accomplished, and she was content.

The "Warren girl," to whom she had alluded, was the sister of the doctor's wife. She had not been long out from the East, and was visiting her sister at Alcatraz. She had

incurred the especial enmity of Mrs. Seymour for the reason that she had opposed or rather neglected her socially, by failing to respond to all the invitations and consequent demands upon her time that had been sent to her from the Seymour quarters. Also probably for the stronger reason that she had been the recipient of considerable attention from the bachelor officers at the post, and those who were occasional visitors from the posts about the harbor. Miss Warren had been one of the party that went to the city in the sloop on the morning after Dillon's arrival, when she had been a silent and surprised listener to the conversation that had taken place.

An hour or two after Dillon had been left in possession of his solitary quarters in the casemate, he received by the hands of a messenger a note, written in a delicate female hand. This was at a day when it was the approved thing for ladies to write delicately, the modern free and easy, plenty-of-elbow-room style not having then made its way across the water. The stationery bore the crest and arms of Seymour, and the note ran as follows :

DEAR MR. DILLON :

My husband has told me of your arrival, and that you have been kind enough to inquire for me. Will you so far forget and forgive the past as to be our friend now, and dine with us today at five ?

With great esteem,

Very truly,

MATILDA SEYMOUR.

To say the receipt of this missive was the occasion of no emotion in Dillon's breast would not be true. For a moment — only a moment — he pictured in his imagination the dainty form and bright young face that had for so brief a time filled him with a transport he had never before nor after known, and was the only romance that had helped to make up a life rather wanting in color, and consisting principally of the prosaic details of his profession. He quickly rallied, however, from his slight abstraction, and returned a suitable acceptance to the invitation, which seemed so kindly and thoughtfully extended.

The hour appointed found him at the captain's quarters, which he approached with

singular feelings, in which, however, curiosity was probably the strongest element. A servant conducted him to a well furnished though rather small front room, such as is usually found in the old style army quarters.

Both the captain and his wife soon came in and met him very cordially, though neither was free from embarrassment. Dillon found his part the less a difficult one, and was speedily able to relieve the restraint which was natural at such a meeting. But great heaven ! thought he, was it possible that this was she whose very presence had once been an intoxication to him ? He could discover no vestige of that vision of loveliness he had once known ; even the musical little catchiness of voice peculiar to the accent of Spanish-American women was not there ; on this in particular he had delighted to linger with a lover's fondness. Could it be that time alone had made such changes ?

All of this passed rapidly in his mind, but he gave no outward sign. True was the prediction that the wife of the junior captain had made that morning on the sloop ; he now felt "very forgiving toward Captain Seymour."

Her embarrassment was gone almost instantly ; through the dinner, which was quickly announced, she presided with that easy composure that is thought to come only with long experience. The dinner was excellent without being elaborate ; a quiet meal served in perfect taste. The conversation flowed freely, as did the captain's excellent wine ; that which must have been in the minds of each was not even remotely alluded to. Seymour was in the most remarkable spirits ; his manner was very engaging to his guest, who had never been an habitual diner-out, and he was pleased and surprised.

When the last note of taps died on the moonlit bay, Dillon took his leave with a vague consciousness that if he could only forget he had before known the Seymours, he should consider them most charming people. As the hostess bade him good night, she cordially urged that he would "become a frequent guest" at their house, where he "would always find a welcome" ; to which he replied that he "should value their hos-

pitality, and not fail to take advantage of it." So much will a good dinner do with a man, even a man of the dignified stamp of a Dillon. Mrs. Seymour had already learned this.

VIII.

THE life of a political prisoner confined to the narrow limits of the rock upon which Fort Alcatraz was built could not well be otherwise than one of irksome monotony, even with the special privileges that had been granted in Dillon's case; and as the days passed slowly away his quarters in the casemate became doubly dismal. He had hoped for a speedy release; but in this he soon found he was to be disappointed, and that his detention on the island was to be of uncertain duration.

The hospitality of the Seymours had for a time continued to be pressing, especially that of Mrs. Seymour, but he found it was not in his heart to continue to accept it freely, and after the first he seldom went there. The officers at the post were uniformly civil to him; the bachelor officers repeatedly invited him to make himself at home in their quarters; but he had little in common with them, and observed that their time was nearly, if not quite, occupied during the day with the routine of drills and other military duties that had been prescribed, affording them but little to devote to him. The surgeon, more than any other person, seemed to be in sympathy with him, and had the leisure which permitted him to render Dillon's confinement less burdensome; they discovered, indeed, that they were congenial in their tastes and soon became fast friends.

The doctor was a Kentuckian, with a Massachusetts wife whom he had first met while a student at Harvard. He had entered the medical corps of the regular army at the beginning of the war, hoping to see service with the army in the field; but greatly to his disappointment had been ordered to the Pacific Coast and assigned to duty at Alcatraz. Both the doctor and his wife considered this a sort of banishment, but they had

concluded to remain quietly at his station and await the change that would come in the natural order of events. He tried to content himself with the reasoning that his service to the Union was quite as important here as elsewhere — which could not be denied — but he chafed badly at the situation, and was glad to avail himself of the relief that the agreeable society of Dillon afforded him. It was thus that Dillon frequently found his way to the doctor's quarters.

But there was an obstacle, at first a serious one, that interfered with his social relations even here. With the doctor's wife — as with her husband — he found himself in accord; but there was another. Miss Priscilla Warren — already mentioned as the sister of the doctor's wife — was a young woman of positive convictions. She was of a good New England family; on the father's side a descendant of one of the Mayflower Pilgrims, on the mother's side of the historical Priscilla, of John Alden and Miles Standish memory, from whom she had inherited the Puritan maiden's name. She was a stately girl somewhere in the early twenties; and while the young bachelors denied that she was handsome, there was an evidence of breeding, more attractive to the discriminating observer than is physical beauty; a something that impresses one with its permanence, and is a guarantee that in later life the aristocratic matron will have no less attractions. Though it had been said she was not handsome, she was not wanting in personal grace; the shapely, well-poised head was covered with rich, light brown hair tinged with gold, and the clear, deep blue eyes denoted the earnest truthfulness of her nature; a slight irregularity of features was the only fault that had been found. Since she had come to the island most of the young officers had been attentive to her; but to each and all she had been equally agreeable, friendly, and impartial; and it had come gradually to be understood that the glamor which does so hedge about the military was without its influence here.

She had been carefully educated, and

from a child had been brought into association with people of bright intellects, by which means her mind had been trained to systematic habits of thought ; though she was without that self-conscious egotism so frequently mistaken for culture. On suitable occasions she did not hesitate to express her ideas, eventhough they differed materially from the conventional young woman's ; but to the opinions of others she accorded equal importance. This unusual-girl did not look with favor on Dillon, and this was the obstacle that he encountered in his otherwise agreeable relations at the doctor's quarters in the citadel.

The antagonism that Miss Warren was conscious of toward the Virginian was, however, of a general rather than a personal character. That he was an open and avowed secessionist who would, had he the power, have dissolved the Union, seemed to her inexcusable. It was true she would have conceded a right of discussion to Dillon, which she would not have done in the case of a Northern sympathizer with secession ; but his sin was not the less a positive one. Since the morning of the conversation on board the sloop, she had experienced a strong desire and curiosity to meet him. This opportunity now came through his relations with her brother-in-law.

On one of the earlier occasions on which Dillon came to the doctor's quarters, she took the opportunity to introduce the subject that was uppermost in her mind — one that he would gladly have avoided ; he did not wish to discuss such matters with a woman. He believed he knew the female character too well ; that none were able to rise above their prejudices, or to consider any matter from other than an individual and personal standpoint.

"Mr. Dillon," said she, "can you as an American honestly justify the cause of secession, and wish to dissolve the union of States that our ancestors fought so hard and suffered so much to establish, in order that the minority may not be governed by the majority?"

"I had rather not discuss this matter with

a lady," he replied politely, "but since you seem to wish it, I can only reply candidly that we of the South are a peculiar people, different from the people of the North. We are accustomed to rule, a hereditary right which was transmitted to us by our Cavalier ancestors who settled the Southern colonies. We can never submit to be dominated by the descendants of the Roundheads and Puritans who settled New England. Besides, there is the right of each State to withdraw from a union which has become no longer endurable ; and all we ask is to be let alone. Pardon me, I hope I have not given offense."

"Not in the least," she replied. "But have you ever visited the Northern States, or examined critically into the history of the settlement of the colonies at the North and those at the South, with a view to establishing the premises you have taken as to the relative origin of the early colonists?"

"No," he replied, "I must admit that I have never been in a Northern State — unless California may be considered one ; nor have I given especial attention to the subject which you mention. It is generally understood in Virginia that these facts were beyond question — at least they never are questioned — and I have no reason to doubt them."

"That is as I had anticipated," she said "These ideas once assumed at the South as facts have continued to pass current, for the simple reason that they have not been questioned. At least, that was my conclusion during a winter at the South. It also appeared to be a common belief among the people whom I met that they had all, in some way, descended from the British nobility, who apparently forsook their estates and tenants and took to the back woods. I do not mean there were no exceptions to this ; but nearly all had accepted such ideas ; as though ashamed of the brave, hard-fisted pioneers who had carved from the primeval forests the lands that they had inherited. No doubt younger sons of good families found their way to Virginia, as they did equally to New England — and where have they not, particularly in these later days ? — but there has

been nothing found in the earlier records of the colony, among the names of the first settlers, to indicate that the colonial aristocracy which came with the material development of the country was any other than colonial manufacture, just as the New England aristocracy of today had its origin mainly in the East India trade. There is little trace in England of any persons in the lists of vestrymen and burgesses that marked the most influential colonists at the South of those days; nearly all of these names have the ordinary middle class ring, such as are found among the similar records at the North.

"Many Royalists went to Virginia; it was a Church of England colony. But the fact seems to have been lost sight of that the bulk of this army of Royalists was made up of the yeomanry and common folk, who in the social estimate of the cavalier have been forgotten almost entirely. If the colonial aristocracy of the South, which was established toward the close of the seventeenth century, contained some of the sons of English squires, it was because these individuals had proved themselves able to compete with the merchants, traders and yeomen in the general battle of life."

"I am surprised at what you tell me," replied the Virginian, "and must plead guilty to historical ignorance if such is the case. Since we have entered upon these matters, however," he continued, "there is a feature of the situation which I cannot understand. We know that the people of the North, and more especially of Massachusetts, once owned negroes, and that slavery existed there as it did at the South; but owing to the soil and climate it was unprofitable as a pecuniary investment, and the negro was gotten rid of by sending him to the South ever since which time the people of New England have made war on Southern institutions, and have demanded that slavery be abolished. What justice or honesty is there in this, I will ask?"

"I am aware that such is the general belief, especially at the South," she said. "The slavery that existed in New England was but limited in extent; it was not profitable and consequently not popular; but the method

of getting rid of it—in Massachusetts at least—was not in accordance with the current impression. Repeated efforts had been made to obtain the unconditional emancipation of the slaves, and finally, two years before the revolution, a bill of that kind was passed by the general court of the province, but failed to become a law, owing to the veto of the British governor, whose action was in the interest of English slave traders. The struggle for independence was not yet over when a decision was made by the supreme court of Massachusetts, that "*no antecedent law had established slavery.*" There was no opposition to this decision, and all further idea of slavery was banished forever in Massachusetts. The subject does not appear to have been one of unusual interest at the time; but these seem to have been the historical facts. I doubt if the opposition that exists at the North to slavery in the abstract is generally understood. It is not owing to sentimentalism on account of the wrongs of the negro, but more on account of the effect of slavery on the white race; the nation should protect itself. Without slavery there would have been no civil war; this cannot be denied. Even now, here in California, I am told there is a secret organization whose purpose it is to bring war and bloodshed. All this comes from slavery."

"That the Confederate government should wish to control California and the Pacific Coast," he replied with warmth, "is but natural and right. The North would not let us go in peace; and now if California finds its fair valleys the scenes of angry civil strife, and San Francisco is laid under tribute, it is only what the Southern people have already suffered, and the North is alone responsible for the devastation that must follow. The South is a land of brave people who can never be conquered; not even if the alien hirelings who so largely compose the invading army are doubled in numbers."

"That the men of the South are brave has never been denied," she replied. "That they are braver than their countrymen at the North has not yet been shown. As to the foreigners who are said so largely to compose the Union

army, the records show that nearly eighty per cent of our soldiers are native-born. Our adopted citizens should not be deprived of the privilege of proving on the battle-field their loyalty and devotion to the principles on which our country is founded; it is right they should be found there; their descendants will be a loyal legion, whose pride shall be in the honorable record their ancestors are now making. But this is a war of Americans against Americans. O, Mr. Dillon!" she continued, "I predict the time will come to this generation, when the North and the South shall be a re-united country dwelling together in peace and harmony. That the ordeal of fire and sword through which we are now passing is but the just retribution of God, brought upon us by the curse of human slavery; for which one is not more accountable than the other, and all must pay the penalty; but which will through future time prove to have been the cement which has made us one people of inseparable Americans. There will be a new South, which at first reluctantly but finally cheerfully, will turn its back upon the irremediable past, and will honestly build a better life on new foundations, full of hope and promise for the future, sincerely desiring that the memory of its ancient animosities shall fade. There will be attrition and misunderstandings on both sides. But these things will pass away, and another generation will only know them as matters of history. I only wish that I were a man, to bear my share of the heat and burden of this day and generation."

Dillon had not expected to be drawn into an argument such as this, and was not prepared for it, neither did it require a lawyer's penetration to discover that he had been placed on the defensive, but he answered:

"The picture you have drawn is Utopian. The people of the South can never be made to lay down their arms while a Northern soldier is on their soil; nor could they ever live in harmony with a people so widely different in sentiment, tradition, and character. Neither can the war which has been forced upon us be forgotten by this generation at least."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the return of the doctor's wife, who before the conversation began, had left the house for a few minutes to visit a neighbor. She told them the Seymours were to have a social gathering that evening to which everybody would be invited; and that she had been instructed to extend a special invitation to Dillon. Having performed this duty, she continued in a cheery, bantering tone: "Why, what have you two been quarreling about? I hope my sister has not insisted on calling you to an account for your political opinions, Mr. Dillon? I suspected she would do so, sooner or later, and I should have warned you, though I did not think she would venture on it quite so soon; she is almost a monomaniac on the subject of the Union, slavery, and the war."

In reviewing this conversation mentally, after he had returned to his quarters in the casemate, Dillon was both perplexed and annoyed; perplexed at the unusual statements which had been made in answer to his hitherto undisputed facts; and annoyed with a conscious feeling that he had been put at a disadvantage. A man does not like to admit that he has been worsted by a woman, and even the chivalric ideas which Dillon honestly held concerning the sex, rendered him no exception to this rule. In all the years that had passed, his experience among women had been very little, principally that which we already know: yet—like other men—he felt competent to judge them. We have seen that a reputation as a woman-hater had preceded him at Alcatraz, but this was unjust; his former surroundings and mode of life had doubtless been the cause of this impression, rather than a distaste for female society with him. With regard to Miss Warren, he decided that he disliked her, and would avoid her in future. She was aggressive at least, and if she was an example of the young women of the North, he hoped not to meet any more of them. And yet the impression made by that frank, intelligent, animated face lingered in his mind after he would gladly have dismissed it.

IX.

DILLON was present at the Seymour party that night, because he had no satisfactory excuse to offer as an explanation for his absence had he remained away. Both the captain and his wife had been especially civil to him, not only in the repeated invitations to their quarters, but also in ways that left him under obligations which he could not always escape. Mrs. Seymour had a habit of sending little delicacies to the casemate to add to the plainer fare furnished him from the sutler's mess at his usual solitary meals.

The character of this entertainment was in keeping with the reputation the Seymours had acquired; although it was "informal," no trouble or expense had been spared. The question as to the financial resources of the host seemed to have been anticipated; Mrs. Seymour was heard to intimate that the captain had recently received money from his father's estate in Ireland—which fact was whispered among the ladies with doubting glances; probably few of them were present who were not under a mental protest. These numerous elaborate affairs had long since left the wives of the other officers in the background so far that that they could never hope to recover,—a situation maddening to any woman.

This particular occasion was to do honor to the members of a court martial, who were about to depart—such of them as came from elsewhere—as it had finished its labors. A young officer had been tried for misappropriation of government funds. Poor fellow, he had resigned a lucrative position in an interior city and entered the service filled with patriotic enthusiasm; but the difficulty of living on the scanty amount realized from the monthly stipend of a subaltern, combined with the temptation experienced in daily handling thousands of dollars of Uncle Sam's money, had been too much for him, and he had fallen.

Mrs. Seymour was in her most sprightly mood, and the Captain seemed to outdo himself as the prince of good fellows, while

dispensing hospitality with a generous hand. She joined in the dance when a partner was wanting, or flitted from one card table to another among the old fellows—having something bright to say to each—with an elasticity of step that was surprising. Beside the people of the garrison, there were present some gentlemen from the city, and the half dozen or more strange officers of the court martial, none of whom were forgotten or neglected by the thoughtful hostess.

Dillon, who would gladly have remained an obscure observer and retired early, was an especial object of careful attention, never lost sight of. When supper was announced, it came about as by accident that he was her escort to the large tent that had been pitched outside the door opening from the little house, where the table had been laid. Resting on his arm she said in a confidential tone: "I hear the frosty Yankee girl was rather severe with you this morning, Mr. Dillon. Don't you think her very aggressive?"

Dillon started slightly, but not so slightly as to escape her notice, and she shot him a quick glance from her piercing black eyes. She had used the exact words that he had mentally applied to Miss Warren after the morning's conversation at the doctor's quarters; but now, to hear them used by this woman with reference to her, he was suddenly conscious of a disposition to resist it. But quickly recovering himself, he made an evasive reply and attempted to divert the conversation.

"I think she is one of the most designing, ill-mannered, and disagreeable persons I ever met," she continued. "We hear she has money; perhaps that is the cause of her rudeness. At all events it does not appear to have found her a husband. She has attempted to fascinate every bachelor officer that has been on the island; and we may expect to see you the next object of her attention though she says she hates a rebel."

She had evidently "had her say," and as the last remark did not seem to require a reply, Dillon was glad to be able to join in the conversation, which was permitted to take a more general turn, without having

committed himself on the subject of Miss Warren. However irritating the latter may have been to him in the iconoclastic self-sufficiency with which she had set aside his most favored theories, his instincts would not permit him to discuss her with one whom the found himself mentally designating as "the Seymour woman."

On this evening he had expected, and perhaps dreaded, to meet Miss Warren again, and had vaguely in mind some interrogatories with which he intended to press her should she reopen the subject of the morning's discussion. But she was not there. From her sister he learned that she had refused to come with them. "And," added the doctor's wife good naturedly, "I am afraid, Mr. Dillon, that meeting a genuine rebel face to face for the first time has been rather more than she was equal to."

As he soon after bade good night to his entertainers, Dillon realized a feeling of disappointment that he had failed to meet his opponent of the morning; and the case-mate was more dismal and dreary than ever that night.

Nearly two months had now passed since his arrival at Alcatraz; he had hoped that long before this he would have been released and permitted to return to his affairs at Los Angeles. The offense for which he had been arrested was not more serious than those for which others had been previously confined on the island, the duration of which confinement had seldom exceeded the time which he had already spent there. All of this had been urged as a reason for his release. His partner — a strong Union man — had seen the governor at Sacramento, also the general commanding the military department of California, with the hope of obtain-

ing an order that would enable him to leave the island. His partner had even offered to become security that for the future Dillon would express no disloyal or obnoxious sentiments if released, under penalty of a permanent return to Alcatraz, — this proposition was, however, without the knowledge of the party most concerned, — but it was all to no purpose. He was informed there were reasons for the belief that the conspirators were more than usually active, and that political affairs required the most careful and watchful attention in California. The war department had already ordered that thereafter all persons who were arrested for disloyalty in California should be held until an order for the release of such persons was signed by the Secretary himself.

This information came to Dillon on the morning after the Seymour entertainment; the commanding officer having sent his letters to him — as was his custom — soon after the arrival of the mail from the city. A week later a letter came from his sister in Virginia, informing him of the death of his brother, killed in battle some weeks before, and that the plantation was laid waste by the Northern soldiers. The aged father was almost alone and helpless in his old age. Since the army had come down from the North only those negroes remained who were so old they were of little use, and only served to increase the burden under which the remnant of the family were already suffering. The letter closed with an appeal for help, and his immediate return; and he thought if he were only free he would go and join his kindred at the South, to bear, as had been so recently suggested, his "share of the heat and burden of the day and generation."

F. K. Upham.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



SPRING FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA

It has been a long and rainy winter, colder than usual in California, and the flowers of field and hillside are much later than for many years. In regions where the manzanitas often blossom in January, they were not to be seen until six weeks later. March began stormily, with hardly more flowers of spring than I have sometimes seen at the same season in Maryland, by the Chesapeake shores, where the white cups of the bloodroot whiten the banks, and the exquisite May-flower begins to bloom in March or April, according to the character of the season.

The beautiful pea-flowered cercis, or Judas-tree, is one of the most conspicuous wild shrubs to be seen during March in the Sierra foot-hills. The central portions of the Coast Range show much that is worth the search; buttercups, pink and yellow, wood sorrel, early ceanothus, flame-colored eschscholtzias, tree lupines, hosackias, a few wild roses, yellow-green chemisal, golden wood violets, white-centered trillium, and superb masses of aristolochia, climbing many feet up the budding oaks. In a month there ought to be some azaleas in Santa Cruz and Marin, but March is too soon to begin a search.

The California pioneers of those free and quiet days before Mexican wars and gold fevers, are never tired of describing the glorious spring apparel of the wonderful land as it lay unfenced, unplowed, unpossessed. In 1842 and 1843, when there were only two settlers in the whole Napa Valley, and when the entire upper Sacramento was a wild garden, the beauty and exuberance of the flowers and grasses impressed the rudest hunter. No one can form an adequate conception of the wealth of bloom in such valleys as Sonoma, Napa, Marin, Santa Clara, Sacramento, and San Joaquin, before the herds of cattle and bands of sheep trampled the soil, and destroyed nature's great wild garden. Seas of flowers that have been exterminated, leagues of wild oats, mustard fields in which

when in bloom men on horseback could lose themselves, wild lilies bedded in masses extending for rods—these the few Americans who were in California before 1847 were able to see, and then the slow change came. Wild flowers that forty years ago spread in broad carpets from mountain to mountain across great valleys have retreated to bits of rock and ravine, to sunny hill pastures and warm oak openings not yet needed for vineyard and orchard. It is the same old story that the West and the Southwest have known; herdsman and plowman destroy so fast that the botanist can hardly gather, name, and place in his herbarium, before some shy, delicate species become but a memory.

When our wild flowers are almost gone, I suppose that people will begin to want them to plant in gardens. Perhaps some day the lovely California shrubs and trees will be found in public places, instead of the hideous eucalyptoids and scale-covered acacias. Perhaps we may even have sacred forest reservations in the heart of the Sierras, around Mount Shasta, and in the "Big Basin" of the Santa Cruz region.

It is a pleasant thing to notice how California plants are appreciated elsewhere. England's best gardens are full of California wild flowers. That magnificent poppy, the *Roraneia Coulteri*, queen of the whole family, and deserving a place on every Californian lawn, is the pride of English gardeners for its grand decorative effect. Last year the white and yellow azalea of our woods was taken to England, where it attracted much attention, and is being propagated very extensively. Our cercis is called better than the Japanese, and our clematis is everywhere recommended abroad. I suspect that an English nobleman would pay almost any price for a vine of our wild grape, as it grows on Alameda Creek, or along the Arroyo Linda, Sonoma.

Very few of us begin to know, as yet, the garden wealth of the Pacific Coast in its own trees, vines, shrubs, and annuals, but after a while we shall learn, perhaps before it is too late, to save our best species from entire destruction. Some, the botanists tell me, already appear almost lost.

But one cannot quite despair, — so freshly, after all, the California spring tides still eddy each year about ravine and hill. Perhaps before the last scarlet-stemmed arbutus tree is cut down for firewood, some Western Thoreau may come to dwell among us, and give his life to teach us anew the gospel of nature, until even the sheep-herder shall be converted, and the tan-bark hunter made ashamed of himself.

Let us cease to measure California with its own flower-prime, of '45, and it will still seem a paradise of spring blossoms. No matter how dark and chill the Januaries and Februaries are, March richly rewards the eye that sees; stray flowers bloom in places hid from the profane, at spring-moistened bases of vast masses of rock which project like giant fortresses from the sides of steep ravines, or on sun-warmed hand-breadths of leaf-mold held in high crevices that sheep and cattle cannot reach. Here first they bloom; flowers that not until May become common over the broad pastures, and in the dark wayside grass. Always beautiful, — yes; but never again quite so perfect as when first found in early March days, by one's self, after long and ingenious quest.

To find flowers a little before their acknowledged season, requires a sort of wood-craft that strongly tempts a man to be proud of his skill. A dozen clumsy people have hunted through the cañon, and they bring back only common things, plain in sight, brake, fern, willow stems, raspberry. You, wiser on the subject, skirt the southern borders of the trees, peering into oak-openings, examining nooks between the rocks, and the sharp, sheltering turns of the cañon. You study well the bases of ancient land-slides, warm and fertile; you know the ground gravel of a glacial moraine, the outcropping of volcanic soil, the steep, high shelters of

the very head of the cañon, where your best results may be found. At last, turning aside, led by some instinct or training, or by the fine attraction of the flower itself, you find that hidden hand-breadth of spring perfection, — that first scarlet delphinium, that mass of mimulus, or that colony of fritillarias.

And when you gather these for some pretty girl to arrange in a shapely vase, you are very careful to leave the roots undisturbed, you only harvest the surplus. Most of the young fellows who go out on the hills to gather bouquets are plant-killers, and indeed most of the girls are quite as bad. I have walked along a cañon after a party of picnickers and tracked their course by the broken shrubs, the clumps of bulbs pulled up, the rare ferns destroyed, and the trampled, uprooted annuals. When the picnickers are shut out of a ravine, the rarer species begin to grow again, but it is slow work. I do not see why any one can wish to pull up a fern root, when the fronds are so easily picked, nor why a lily stem should be pulled up, and the bulb ruined, nor why the azalea bushes — as on Howell Mountain, for instance — should be fairly broken to the ground by pleasure parties and thrown away an hour later. But then I never was a sportsman, and perhaps I do not understand these things.

April in the Elizabethan poetry is change-ful, sweet, and coquettish; it is like the Februaries that we know so well in California. April here is the first radiancy of the full rose-garden, the farewell of the scarlet quince, and the purple lilacs. Wide open the gates of garden-land are flung, and growing vines fasten them back till December comes again. It is at last the California June-season, this April with its grass green slopes purple with dodecatheons, brown and golden with violets, snow-white with gilias, and blue with heavenly azure of nemophilas. Break the chains of habit, good sir; bring back the dreams of your childhood; walk abroad in the sunlight, and cease to think of how you can circumvent your neighbor.

A month ago, the most beautiful things that I could find in the foothills of Tehama, Butte, Merced, and Alameda were not flow-

ers, but branches and buds, yellow willows, purple and smoky-hued dogwood and black-berry vines, scarlet of madrone, dark green of mountain lilac. I think that no other American flora is so rich in color of buds and stems as the Californian. If the delicate pinks, scarlets, yellows, and purples that beautify the winter landscape here, could only be varnished so as to retain their brilliancy, no finer decorations for rooms could be devised. But the charm of color is as evanescent as it is attractive. With the first breaking of the buds, the delicate shades disappear, and all the stems approximate to shades of green. The mysterious buds, which one could pull apart, and discover to be shell-tinted and lovely, become growing leaves and flowers, or sturdy young branches which mean to be stiff and thorny by summer. The winter's purple thickets have greened and whitened into spring-time hedges. The deep tints of the almond and apricot twigs faded long ago, and they settled down to the practical pursuit of developing what fruit the late frosts have left them.

Yet California has such varieties of climate that one can still find the rich colors of leafless wild-rose thickets by climbing far enough towards the snow-line. Beautiful, too, aside from color, are leafless shrubs, as the amateur photographer knows. His delicate bromide prints, or better still, his negatives held up to the light, make of these dull looking briary hills a joy forever, even if there are no flowers to speak of.

But April! This is California's fairest holiday, and cheeriest season, — though May and June press April hard, and not until July have we a right to say that blossom-time is passing in the valleys. Even in July, on the cloudy mountain heights of the east, in the realms of quartz and granite, above the last pine and oak, the wild flowers are hardly ready to bud, and the new grass is springing in the melted snow drifts. These April days the San Joaquin farmer can stand in his pink-blossomed apple orchard, and watch such mountain rivers as the Chowchilla and Mariposa hurry past his ranch full to the brim with Sierra

snows, — wild torrents each afternoon, but hardly waist-deep at daybreak. Perhaps, down the river, torn from the hillside and floating heavily, come yellow-stemmed *Carpenterias* from fifty miles away, dark-leaved, with large snow-white flowers; or the lilac spikes of the yerba santa, from mountain beapastures, or the great golden blooms of the *Fremontia*, or even as I have seen them, tree-trunks uprooted, and still bearing masses of earth high over the floods, with turf of mountain grass, starred with delicate mountain blossoms.

In the great lowland heart of the State, where slow rivers wind about tule-bordered islands, the farmers are planting their potatoes and sowing their wheatfields. But on the hills of Stanislaus the farmer's potatoes are blossoming, and his wheat is half grown. California Aprils are crowded with such contrasts. In a couple of weeks the emerald heads of chevalier barley will be bursting their pea-green sheaths, and in the maples birds have rented summer lodgings.

North, in the upper Coast Range, the season is a month later, but towards the south it is a month earlier, and the roads are already dusty, though spring is still in its prime. It is the month of scarlet oak leaves in the foothills, and if one climbed far enough, the mittened school-children going by could tell you of an Eastern April.

Imagine trying to write in one paragraph about April throughout Western Europe! That would be easier than to tell what April days are like from Oregon to Mexico, from the tules of Rio Vista to the scarlet snow-plants growing on Lassen.

Those who go to the woods will understand; as for the rest, they are useless for the purposes of this article until something grows from their dust. It is better to lie in the April grass while one may, than to know nothing about grass until one helps against his will to nourish it. That is what a philosopher hinted to me not long ago, and on the whole the doctrine seems worth the attention of those to whom all seasons are alike, and all places.

Charles Howard Shinn.

THE ROCKIES.

AROUND the camp-fire's glow,
Wild, dreamy, clear yet low,
Starts the gay song from crag to crag ascending,
Along the mountains bold,
Through still airs keen and cold,
Deep voices with the river's music blending.
By laughing waves beset
The shore's vexed pebbles fret,
While the bright stream, its flashing spume dividing,
In ripples plays awhile
Around each rocky isle,
Then slips away into the shadows gliding.

Now, as our flown words fade
Through murky glen and glade,
A thrilling hush on every stirred heart falling,
Comes silence calm, profound,
Save for some forest sound —
The gale's sigh, wolf's cry, or, in amorous calling,
The lonely elk's low note,
Now near and now remote,
Like weird æolian tones in distance dying.
Sweet as a lovers's lute,
Soft as a low-breathed flute,
The cooing echoes from the rocks replying.

Who would not ever be
Thus careless, wild, and free,
All life by day, through long nights soundly sleeping,
As trustingly we rest
On loving Nature's breast,
Fanned by the night wind's wings about us sweeping?
How lovely is night's noon,
Lit by the silver moon
Through leafy waving branches softly gleaming!
While the calm stars above,
Like bright eyes looking love,
Gaze pensive down upon us fondly dreaming.

G. L. Blood.

THE GREAT BASIN.

THE Great Basin is the name which General Fremont gave to the vast area of interior drainage in the country lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. This region has many strongly marked characteristics which distinguish it from all other portions of our continent, and render it of special interest.

If we designate on a map of the United States the various drainage areas into which our country is divided, we have the Atlantic slope, the St. Lawrence basin, the Mississippi valley, the Pacific slope, etc., all of which discharge their waters into the Atlantic or the Pacific. West of the Rocky Mountains however, and covering the whole of Utah and Nevada, together with portions of Arizona, Idaho, Oregon, and California, there is a vast area which does not send any tribute to the sea. All the water that falls within its boundaries is returned again to the atmosphere by evaporation. This region is the Great Basin. The reader must not infer, however, that it is one vast basin-shaped depression, without relief and without individuality. On the contrary it is exceedingly diversified, and has mountains and plains, rivers and lakes, like other regions; but these have characteristics which place them aside, in groups by themselves, when one attempts a classification of the physical features of our country.

The annual rainfall of the whole of the Great Basin cannot be obtained from accurate data, but recent observations show that it cannot be not far from ten inches; on the deserts it is very much less, but on the mountains must exceed the amount assumed. It will be remembered that the rainfall on the northwest coast sometimes exceeds eighty inches annually; while over the lower Mississippi valley it is from forty to sixty inches, and in the New England States from thirty to forty inches.

To the student of physical geography the

fact that the mean annual rainfall of the Great Basin region is somewhere about ten inches is sufficient to indicate many of its characteristics. A region with abundant rain, at least in temperate and tropical latitudes, will be a garden of luxuriant vegetation, where refreshing streams flow between banks of verdure; and broad river valleys densely clothed with forests separate mountain ranges having rounded summits and subdued contours. In such a region lakes will be rare or even totally absent, unless some disturbing cause, as a glacial epoch for example, has interfered to renew their youth. In an arid region without free drainage all this is changed. Lakes may be present or absent, depending on the balance between rainfall and evaporation, but if present are usually saline and bitter. The rivers too are sometimes alkaline and unwholesome, but their salinity is very moderate in comparison with the brines of the lakes. When they rise in high mountains, as do the Truckee, Carson, and Walker rivers of California and Nevada, and the Bear, Weber, and many other streams formed by the melting snows of the Wasatch and neighboring mountains, they are as pure and clear as mountain streams can be. No matter how limpid they may seem, however, like all surface waters they carry a small amount of saline matter in solution. When the water evaporates from the surfaces of the inclosed lakes into which it flows, the small percentage of mineral matter it contained remains behind and contributes to the salinity of the lake. This is the secret, if a fact known to every one can be called such, of the saline and alkaline condition of the inclosed lakes of the Far West. The plains through which the rivers of the Great Basin flow, instead of being flowery vales where great trees cast their shadows, are shadeless over thousands of square miles, and in many instances are absolute deserts.

On maps published ten years or more ago the words "Great American Desert" will be found printed across the vast indefinite area lying west of Great Salt Lake. As exploration has advanced, this desert has contracted its imaginary boundaries, until now it is about fifty by one hundred miles in extent. This is a barren waste, and fulfills all our expectations of what a true desert should be. Although but a fraction of the desert area represented in the geographies of our youth, it is yet of quite respectable dimensions, as any one will admit who has traversed its dreary expanse. On some of the trails crossing it the distance "between drinks," or, more accurately, between springs, is sixty miles. Before this portion of Utah was as well known as at present, many immigrants were lost on this desert in attempting to reach California by the old overland route, which passed through northern Utah. The Central Pacific railroad, after leaving Great Salt Lake, crosses the extreme northern portion of what is left of the Great American Desert; and travelers over this route may there have a glimpse of what an American desert is like. One can scarcely fancy, however, when seated in the comfortable railroad cars of today, the experiences of the lonely bands of immigrants who, without maps and without guides, traveled over nearly the same routes in ox carts twenty-five years ago, when the unknown and exaggerated dangers of the route were enhanced by threatened Indian raids.

The desert we have selected as an example of the barren plains of the Great Basin was once flooded with water and would be again submerged should Great Salt Lake rise but a few feet. A desert is generally considered as a barren waste of sand; probably on account of our familiarity with descriptions of the sandy deserts of Egypt. The American deserts however, are flat mud plains, the beds of ancient lakes, and are but seldom covered with drifting sand. During the dry season, when not a drop of rain falls on their surfaces for four, five, or even six months at a time, they become dry and hard, and broken in every direction by intersecting shrinkage cracks.

At such times they bear a striking resemblance to some of the old Roman pavements made of small blocks of cream-colored marble.

When in this condition one may ride over them without leaving more than a faint impression of the horse's hoofs on their smooth, glossy surfaces. In the stillness of night — and no one can appreciate the stillness of a desert until he has slept alone with only the boundless plain about him — the hoof-beats of a galloping horse ring out as on the pavements of a city. As the summer's sun dries the desert mud, the salts that the waters bring to the surface in solution are left behind, and gradually accumulate until they are several inches thick, and make the deserts appear as if covered with snow. This illusion is especially marked when one traverses the deserts by moonlight.

During the long, hot days of summer, when the dome of blue is above the deserts, without a cloud the strange, delusive mirage transforms the landscape beyond all recognition, and makes it appear tenfold more strange and weird than it is in reality. At such times bright clear lakes, with rippling surfaces and willow-fringed banks, allure the unwary traveler, and would lead him to destruction should he believe them real. The mountains around the desert are also deformed by the mirage and made to assume the most extravagant and fantastic shapes.

During hot summer days the monotony of the desert is varied by dust columns, formed by small whirlwinds, which sometimes reach such magnitudes as to be decidedly uncomfortable to the traveler who chances to be in their path. Many times these columns are two or three thousand feet in height, and have an approximate diameter of from thirty to fifty feet. The fact that they are hollow, whirling columns of dust is indicated, even from a distance, by their spiral appearance and by a light line in the center of each. These bending and swaying columns moving here and there across the desert landscape, impart a novel feature to the plain, and call to mind the genii of Arabian tales.

Such in brief are the deserts of the Far West

during the arid season. In winter they change, and become impassable mud plains or shallow lakes. Sometimes the rains of a single night will form a lake many square miles in area on the nearly level surface of the desert, which will vanish as quickly as it came when the warm sunlight touches it. The deserts are thus not without their seasonal changes, but how different are these from the varying colors of leaves, flowers, and fruit of more humid regions! On the deserts, all the seasons are alike gray or russet-brown except just after the rare snowfalls.

The varying condition of the desert's surface owing to changes in the weather is sometimes a matter of grave importance to the traveler, as may be illustrated by the following incident:

The writer was once crossing the Sevier desert, Utah, with a pack train, in April, after a few weeks of cloudless weather, during which the desert surface had become sufficiently hard to be traversed with ease. When midway across the plain a sudden storm of snow and rain swept down from the neighboring mountains, and in a few moments changed the hard surface on which we were riding to a sea of plastic mud, into which our animals sank deep at every step. The desert became almost impassable even for men on foot, and had the storm been of much duration our condition would have been critical.

Deserts having the characteristics we have briefly described occur in very many of the valleys of Utah, Nevada, and Arizona, and are found also in the adjacent States and Territories. These are the secondary drainage areas which combine to form the Great Basin. Separating the desert valleys are narrow and extremely rugged mountain ranges, of a character unknown in the Atlantic States, which rise to elevations of five or six thousand feet or more, above the neighboring plains and have sharp serrate crests and extremely precipitous slopes. These are truly desert ranges, and have scarcely more vegetation than the plains they separate. They are as different in form, color, contour and relief from the forest-covered Appalachians, as mountains

could well be. Unlike the mountains of the Atlantic coast, too, they have not been formed by a folding and crumpling of the various rocky layers of the earth's surface, but are due mainly to profound fractures which have broken the earth's crust along a great number of nearly parallel lines. The rocks on one side of the breaks thus formed were upheaved and now stand as mountain ranges, while the depressed sides of the fractures underlie the deserts. The mountains of the Great Basin are thus monoclinical, that is, are composed of beds which slope in one direction. They present a steep face of broken rock on the side bordered by the break, and slope more gently in the opposite direction. An example of this structure may be seen in the Wasatch mountains which form such a magnificent panorama in the neighborhood of Ogden and Salt Lake City; the bold western mountain face is in this case the upheaved side of a great fracture, or "fault." The eastern face of the still grander Sierra Nevada is another example of this structure. Again, in the scores of lesser mountain ranges intervening between these bordering walls of the Great Basin, monoclinical blocks in great varieties may be observed.

This type of mountain structure was not well understood before the Great Basin was explored, and is now known as the Basin Range structure.

As we have said, the desert ranges are extremely rugged and angular, bare of vegetation, and as silent and lifeless as the deserts around them. Many of them are of volcanic origin, and unlike the deserts have nearly every combination of color that nature has been able to devise. We must say, however, that her taste has at times been extravagant and her colors bizarre.

Under the intense light of the midday sun, the soft mingling of gray and brown on the deserts, and the brilliantly contrasted colors of the mountains, are alike obscured and deadened by the glare of light. At such times the mountains seem wanting in relief and are not attractive in form or color; one may ride for hours among gorgeous hills and not be aware of the grandeur surrounding

him. But as soon as the sun approaches the western horizon, and the shadows of the serrate range begin to creep across the plains, each mountain becomes a complete picture and reveals every shade of color that its rocks possess and each ravine and cañon that has been carved on its rugged sides. The distant peaks assume a purple tint, which deepens and seems to be reflected from range to range as the shadows lengthen, until every mountain mass in view is of the deepest and richest purple. In the dry air of the Great Basin, the colors of evening do not appear, as in more humid climes, to be caused by a curtain of blue, drawn in thicker and thicker folds about the hills until they are lost in the night, but the rich purple seems to emanate from the rocks themselves, and the mountains appear self-luminous. The reader is, of course, aware that the soft lovely blue of the Virginia hills and the deep royal purple of the Nevada mountains are due alike to atmospheric effects.

No scene in nature has ever appeared to the writer more attractive or more worthy a sacred corner in the memory than the bare, silent, lifeless deserts of the Great Basin as seen at sunset from some commanding pinnacle. The reader must not suppose, however, that these scenes are all desert and sky, like the familiar pictures of the country back from the Nile. On the contrary, rugged mountains are always in sight, and many times appear in serrate ranks stretching away, range after range, as far as the eye can reach. The colors that blend and harmonize with each other in these medleys of plains and mountains have a richness of color and depth of tone that is seldom if ever seen in moist, forest-covered regions. Late in the evening when the desert plains are seas of purple shadows, the mountains of brilliantly colored rock rise from out of the unfathomable depths, like the gilded spires and minarets of some dreamland city, and repose against the soft warm tints of the sky with a subdued grandeur that is all but supernatural. Long have I lingered on the cliffs commanding such a view as is suggested above,

until the light has faded from the sky, and my camp-fire shining out in the darkness far below called me to a wanderer's home.

So clear is the air in the desert regions that at night the sky overhead seems almost black, shading off to deep blue at the horizon. The stars shine out with great brilliancy even low down near the earth and when they vanish it is all at once; they are eclipsed in their full splendor by the mountains as the earth turns on its axis.

The desert region of the Far West which is so different from other portions of our country, is eight hundred miles in length from north to south, and five hundred miles broad. Its area is about 208,500 square miles. It is crossed by the Central and Southern Pacific railroads, each of which has thrown out branches into the desert valleys. Barren as this land seems to the traveler from most other regions, it is not all a hopeless desert. Where water can be had for irrigation, the soil is productive, and large crops of grain, hay, or fruit can be raised. In Utah the Mormons especially have demonstrated that thousands may have comfortable homes in a region which the early explorers thought was utterly valueless. The great wealth of these desert regions, however, lies in the mines of gold and silver and other metals found within its borders. In the desert plains and in the saline and alkaline lakes there are accumulations of salt, borax, carbonate of soda, and sulphate of soda, etc.; which at no distant day will form the basis of a great industry.

Interesting and instructive as is the Great Basin of today, it has even a greater charm in its geological revelations.

What follows relates to its condition in what is known as the Quaternary period of geological history; or the time that immediately preceded the Recent period, in which we live.

We have already shown that the Great Basin is today a vast area of interior drainage, where the rainfall is small, the valleys desert-like, the mountains rugged and barren, the lakes frequently without outlet and highly saline.

Geologists have ascertained that this region

during the Quaternary period had a more humid climate than at present, and that many of its now desert valleys were then filled with broad and deep inland seas.

The largest of the ancient lakes at present known is Lake Bonneville, the second in size has been named Lake Lahontan.

Lake Bonneville was situated on the east border of the Great Basin, principally in Utah, and extended from a few miles north of the Utah-Idaho boundary three hundred and fifty-six miles southward. It flooded all the valley of Great Salt Lake, together with the Sevier and Escalante deserts in southern Utah. It was one hundred and twenty-five miles broad and a thousand feet deep, where Great Salt Lake is now situated. The site of the Temple at Salt Lake City was then submerged eight hundred and fifty feet.

Lake Bonneville overflowed northward and became tributary to Snake River, which flows into the Columbia. At various stages its waves and currents formed terraces and gravel bars on the mountain slopes which confined it. These still remain as fresh and perfect as when they were formed, and are in part the records from which the geologist has been able to determine the history of the ancient lake. We know that it rose with many fluctuations until it had a depth of about nine hundred feet, but did not overflow. Then a change of climate caused it to contract its borders, and possibly to become completely desiccated. In the lower stages of this desiccation it was broken into separate water bodies which must have been more or less saline. Another great climatic change caused the basin to be refilled to a higher level than before and to overflow. The water found an outlet at the north end of Cache valley, Idaho, and as we have said, became tributary to the Columbia. The lake continued to overflow until the waters had cut down their outlet three hundred and seventy feet. During this period, unless there were some peculiar conditions near the point of discharge, the lake must have been fresh. The discharge of the lake was finally stopped by a climatic change which lowered its surface below the bottom of the outlet, and again the

basin became partly if not wholly desiccated. This second low-water period has continued to the present day, and Great Salt and Sevier Lakes are the representatives of ancient Bonneville.

The largest of these representatives of the ancient sea is Great Salt Lake. In 1850 it covered 1,750, and in 1869 2,166 square miles. Its maximum depth is about fifty feet, and its mean depth approximately fifteen feet. These recent changes in area are due to small variations in climate, similar in character to the changes which produced the great expansions and contractions of the lake in ancient times. With change in volume there is change in density; that is, the strength of the brine increases with decreased area, and decreases when the lake expands. In 1850, its waters contained about twenty-two parts, by weight, of saline matter in solution to a hundred parts of water. In 1869, the saline matter had decreased to a little less than fifteen, and in 1873, to a little more than fourteen per cent. This change in salinity was accompanied by increased area.

The waters of the ocean contain three and five-tenths per cent of total salts in solution. Great Salt Lake, therefore, in 1850, was six times as saline as the ocean. Like the ocean, too, it holds many substances in solution; the principal ones are common salt, or sodium chloride, and sodium sulphate; besides these there are small percentages of potassium, magnesium, etc.

The influence of temperature on the solubility of certain saline substances is well illustrated by this Dead Sea of Utah. In summer its waters are clear and transparent, but as cold weather comes on it becomes milky or opalescent, owing to the precipitation of sodium sulphate in an extremely fine condition. In the depth of winter when the temperature of the atmosphere above the lake falls far below freezing, an immense quantity of sodium sulphate is precipitated and is thrown ashore by the waves until thousands of tons accumulate on the beach. When the temperature rises, the salt thus precipitated is again dissolved. This natural process of fractional crystallization pro-

duced by a lowering of temperature, is instructive, and should suggest to those who are attempting to manufacture salt in Utah a practical method of treating the natural brines in order to obtain common salt free from sodium sulphate. Lake Sevier is also highly saline, and during the arid season sometimes evaporates to dryness.

The region that drained into Lake Bonneville, or its hydrographic basin, comprised an area of fifty-two thousand square miles, and included the Wasatch Mountains, which, then as now, were the main condensers of the region. On the west this hydrographic basin joined the area draining into Lake Lahontan. These two drainage basins occupied the entire space between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada in the region now traversed by the Central Pacific railroad.

Lake Lahontan, the companion of Lake Bonneville, occupied many of the valleys of northwestern Nevada, together with small portions of Oregon and California. It was extremely irregular in outline, and inclosed a mountainous island seventy by one hundred and forty miles in extent. The north end of the lake was a little north of the Nevada-Oregon boundary, and it extended southward to the southern end of Walker Lake valley, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. In its widest part it was one hundred and eighty miles broad. At the present site of Pyramid Lake it was a little less than nine hundred feet deep; and five hundred feet deep on the Carson desert.

Unlike Lake Bonneville, the great Quaternary lake of Nevada never overflowed, but underwent concentration during its various fluctuations. It had two high water stages, separated by a period of desiccation, and followed by a second arid period which has continued to the present day. These great changes of level correspond with the oscillations of Lake Bonneville. As Lake Lahontan never overflowed, its waters became saline and alkaline, and deposited large quantities of calcium carbonate or "tufa." What became of the common salt, sodium sulphate, and other less soluble salts carried into the lake is

perhaps not certainly known. It is supposed, however, that they were absorbed and buried by the clays and marls brought into the basin during periods of extreme dryness; but this conclusion rests on the hypothesis that lakes can be freshened by desiccation.

The vast quantities of tufa deposited from the waters of Lake Lahontan still remain, and add many novel and interesting features to the scenery of the desert region in which they occur. About Pyramid and Winnemucca lakes and on the borders of the Carson desert, especially, crags and castle-like masses of tufa may be seen which contain many thousands of tons of carbonate of lime. These deposits present three varieties of tufa, named in the order of their deposition, and in reference to their structure, lithoid tufa, dendritic tufa, and thinolitic tufa. In the towers and castle-like masses of tufa standing here and there on the deserts, these varieties may be seen as concentric rings when horizontal sections of the deposits are exposed. Besides the main divisions, the tufa deposits present a great number of minor variations which record small changes either in the composition or in the temperature of the solution from which they were precipitated.

When Lake Lahontan was lowered by evaporation it became divided into a number of independent water bodies; and at the present time is represented by Honey Lake, California, Pyramid, Winnemucca, Humboldt, and Walker lakes, Nevada.

An interesting feature in the chemistry of the existing lakes of the Lahontan basin here invites attention. They occupy depressions in the bed of the former lake, which, as we have seen, did not overflow, but lost its waters by evaporation. We should expect, therefore, that the present lakes would be highly saline. On the contrary, analyses of their waters have shown that in no instance do they contain more than a fraction of one per cent of mineral matter in solution. It is evident, therefore, that the present lakes are not mother liquors from which the less soluble salts have been precipitated, and cannot be considered as remnants of the old lake, remaining after long concentration. An esti-

mate based on the percentage of saline matter contained in Walker Lake and in the streams supplying it, has shown that under the present conditions it would not require more than three hundred and fifty or four hundred years for the lake to become as saline as we now find it. A similar calculation in reference to other lakes in the Lahontan basin has led to similar results. From these considerations it seems safe to conclude that the last high water stage of Lake Lahontan was followed by a period of aridity, which caused its basin to become completely desiccated, at least at intervals, during a long period of time. During these periods of low water the salts previously contributed to the basin were buried and absorbed by the sediments deposited. When the basin began to refill and the present lakes came into existence, a new start was made and another cycle of concentration begun.

Besides Lakes Bonneville and Lahontan there were at the same time many other water bodies, some of them several hundred square miles in extent, in the Great Basin. Of these more than thirty have been explored and found to harmonize, so far as their

records can be deciphered, with the histories of Bonneville and Lahontan. The more important of the smaller Quaternary lakes occupied Death, Owen's, and Mono, Goose and Klamath valleys, California; Silver and Summer-Abert Lake valleys, Oregon; and many of the larger valleys of Utah and Nevada lying between or south of the drainage areas of Bonneville and Lahontan.

Space will not allow an extended description of the ancient lakes of the Great Basin, but enough has been presented to show that it was once a lake instead of a desert region, and that it has been subject to great oscillations of climate.

The intimate relation that existed between the expansion of lakes Bonneville and Lahontan and the ancient glaciers of the surrounding mountains is another extremely interesting and instructive branch of our subject, but one which cannot now be dwelt upon.

Considering what has taken place in the past, it is not perhaps beyond hope that precipitation may again increase over "the Great American Desert," and portions at least of the arid region west of the Rocky Mountains become of agricultural value.

Israel C. Russell.

A WESTERN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE appointment of a noted American humorist to the court of Constantinople calls to mind an ambassador from a western power, who visited that city some nine hundred years ago.

How much the mediæval hopes of the envoy were set on winter sunshine no history explains, but his own report reveals that he found more summer heat than suited him, and in the midst of it a thing or two to laugh at. He trod, moreover, the ruined halls of an effete monarchy with so firm a step, and made them echo now and then with such a caustic wit, that we may be excused for calling him out for a moment from the depths of German history.

It was in the reign of the Byzantine empe-

ror Nichephorus and his notorious queen, Theophano, that Otto I., King of Germany and Emperor of the Romans, sent an offer of marriage to the young princess Theophano, in behalf of his promising son, Otto the Second. One effort had already miscarried, on account of a difference on the question of dowry, but only the matter of a province or two, and the debatable question of whether the Pope ruled the whole world or only half stood in the way, when Liutpraud, Bishop of Cremona, begged to be sent on that mission as peacemaker extraordinary. Liutpraud was in some directions one of the most influential men of his times, and hoped, by virtue of a previous visit to Constantinople, and his general acquaintance with Grecian affairs,

to scatter the war clouds then overhanging unhappy empires.

He arrived with his train of followers at the Golden Gate of the city on the 4th of June, 968, in the midst of a pouring rain. Tired, travel-stained, and dripping they applied for admission and were invited to wait.

It was rather hard on a man of influence, but they waited. They stayed there, in fact, till the eleventh hour of the day, when permission came to enter, but only on foot, and the horseless embassy, conducted to a sequestered palace, was left for the night in charge of armed guards. Accommodating themselves as best they could to a house which was so open to the weather that it kept out neither heat nor cold, they awaited the daylight, only to find that no members of the suite except the Bishop would be allowed to go out, and visitors would be rigidly excluded.

Scarcely pleased with this welcome, our episcopal diplomat, losing his breath in the effort, made his way to the royal palace to meet the Lord Chancellor and make known his errand. He immediately fell into a heated discussion with that gentleman over the imperial title. For the chancellor spoke rather slightly of Otto as "king," and the doughty ambassador informed him at once that his master was an emperor. He might use what terms he saw fit, but the facts were the same.

This language put the court official in such an amiable state of mind that he refused to receive the envoy's credentials himself, but ordered them to be first handed to the interpreter for inspection.

After this feat of diplomacy the Bishop retired, to await an interview with Nicephorus himself. This affair took place the following day in the throne-room of the palace. Notwithstanding his anticipations, Liutpraud was not greatly impressed with the Emperor's personal appearance.

"A monstrosity," he noted; "a dwarf, with a big head and the eyes of a mole; disfigured by a short, broad, thick, half-gray beard, a finger's length of neck, and a long, shaggy head of hair; in color an Ethiope;

one whom you would rather not meet at midnight. . . . He was clothed in a faded cotton robe, used up with age and daily wear, and Sicyonian shoes. In speech, boisterous; for treachery, a fox; for lying and perjury, a very Ulysses."

The ruler thus attractively described began by saying that he was willing to receive the ambassador with all kindness, but the wicked behavior of his master had made it impossible. He had invaded his rights in conquering Rome, had deposed his vassals, and brought fire and sword upon his subjects.

To which Liutpraud replied, that instead of enslaving Rome, his lord had freed her from the yoke of tyrants. If Nicephorus or his ancestors were such powerful emperors why had they not come over and released Rome from the petticoat rulers who ruined her? What had they ever done for the Church but plunder it?

Not so his master. He had come from the ends of the earth to replace the Holy Father in honor upon his throne. As for these vassals, they had long since abjured the Eastern Empire, and were in rebellion against Otto.

"But," said Nicephorus, "one of Adelbert's knights is here who denies this."

The Bishop's valorous blood leaped. "If he says this is false," he retorted, "he shall prove it tomorrow with one of my followers, in wager of battle."

With these words and more of like soothing nature, Liutpraud argued the case of the rival empires, and having as he thought prepared the way, ended the storm by making the offer of marriage.

Nicephorus suddenly observed that it was time for high mass. He would answer at some future time.

The Bishop had nothing else to do then but to stay and watch the procession. He did this, and wrote down in vinegar what the occasion brought forth. The crowd which had come to the celebration was a mass of shop-keepers and obscure persons, who lined the street like a wall on both sides, from the palace to St. Sophia's church.

They were, as a general thing, armed

with little thin shields and paltry lances, and to the increased magnificence of the procession, mostly barefoot. The courtiers, who accompanied the Emperor through this shoeless multitude, wore great robes of state which were threadbare and tattered with age. It would have been better if they had come in their every-day clothes, for there was not one whose dress was not old when his grandfather had it.

No one was adorned with gold or precious stones, except Nicephorus himself, whom the imperial regalia, made for the persons of his ancestors, rendered all the more hideous.

As this phenomenal retinue crept forward, the singers set up a clamor: "Behold, the Morning Star! Eous rises, and darkens with his gaze the beams of the sun! The pale death of the Saracens! Nicephorus, the King!" and in the midst of such flattering pæans, for which Liutpraud would have substituted far different expressions, the Emperor entered the church. Here the two young princes whose rights he had usurped bowed to the earth and received the kiss of peace.

What religious services took place the Bishop fails to say. His report turns at once to the court dinner which immediately followed, and to which he was invited for the first time.

In the royal hall he found the feast spread upon a long, narrow table, which was covered for only about the width of a plank, and for half its length had no cloth at all.

With none of his followers present, nor even at call in the palace, Liutpraud, Bishop of Cremona, Man of Letters, and Ambassador Extraordinary of both Ottos, was shown to a seat at the fifteenth remove from the Emperor, and entirely beyond the consolations of the table-cloth. To add to the enjoyment of the tedious meal, which reeked with oil, fish gravy, and obscenity, Nicephorus plied the Bishop with questions about his native country, and when answered, promptly told him he lied. He remarked among other things that the clumsy Franks could not fight in their heavy armor, and were brave any way only when drunk. He

would come presently with a host like the waves of the sea and swallow them up. They were no Romans; they were nothing but Lombards.

At this the doughty prelate could contain himself no longer. Not heeding the Emperor's motion to be silent, he pitched into the Romans, from the fratricide Romulus down. They had never been anything but robbers and fugitive slaves, said he, compounded of all vices, and a by-word to the noble race of Germans. Come over and he would find out what kind of fighters these were.

This kind of talk was of course highly delightful to the would-be father-in-law. He succeeded at length in calling a halt, however, and brought the festivities to a close.

Two days later the ambassador, overcome with vexation and heat, fell sick. His quarters left much to be desired. The house was in the first place so far removed from the royal palace that the Bishop, deprived of his horse, exhausted all his patience and breath in getting to court, and when he came wearily home, found rest for his episcopal person not on hay, nor straw, nor even the earth, but on a couch of hard marble with stones for pillows. Sufficient good water could not be bought for money, while the Greek wine was almost undrinkable for mixtures of pitch, resin, and gypsum. Their daily necessities were supplied by a guardian of the house, whose like for charges, thievery, and other inflictions Liutpraud thought could only be found in Inferno. The company saw lingering starvation and alien graves slowly open before them, but at length by a heavy bribe the household persecutor, was induced to carry a petition to the Chancellor that the embassy be allowed to go home. A Venetian ship was about to sail, and the Bishop would like, at least, that his body might reach his native soil. He was told to present himself at court in four days.

On making his appearance he found a company of the most learned men of the realm gathered together to discuss the royal proposal of marriage. After some preliminary talk, they said it was an unheard of thing,

for a princess born in purple to a father born in purple to marry a foreigner, but the matter could be arranged if the right price was paid. They named Ravenna and Rome with all the territory between, up to the borders of their provinces, as sufficient remuneration.

The bold envoy scouted the idea, and struck right and left into their royal purple and their royal claims on Rome. Other strangers had married their daughters, and if Nicephorus cared so much for the Church why did he not give her back the possessions he had stolen?

He would do that when Rome was obedient to him, would he? Once there was a man who prayed the Lord to avenge him on his enemies. The Lord said, "I will do it in that day when I reward every one according to his works." "Alas," the poor man sighed, "how late!"

At this everybody laughed except the Chancellor. That lean and pious fraud broke up the interview, and Liutpraud, conducted back to his leaky house and ravenous family was kept under guard for the rest of the month.

The feast of the Apostles having arrived, the Bishop, although in ill condition, was summoned to celebrate the day, and to dine again at the royal board.

He found himself once more at the bare end of the table, and to his inexpressible disgust, below a newly arrived Bulgarian ambassador. This creature, gotten up like a barbarian, unwashed and unshaven, wore only an iron chain about his neck and, as the Bishop more than suspected, had never been baptized. To come after this unchristened heathen was too much. It was an insult, of course, not so much to him, Liutpraud, as to the Emperor Otto. He rose and left the table. As he angrily withdrew, the Chancellor and others hastened after and endeavored to explain. According to an ancient marriage contract, they said the Bulgarian ambassador was given precedence over all others at the court of Constantinople. If it was so very unpleasant, they begged him to go to a public house with some of the attendants, as he would not be allowed to go home.

Too mad to answer, he followed where they proposed, and the Emperor, to soothe him, sent tid-bits from his own table. A piece of fat kid, for instance, from which he he had himself eaten, stuffed with garlic, onions, and leeks, and besmeared with fish sauce, was a delicacy which the sarcastic Bishop wished his master might live to enjoy.

A week later, as though he set great store upon the honor, the invitation was repeated. On this occasion, they speared him with religious questions. But he was ready for them, and thanks to the inspiration of the hour answered everything "*eleganter*."

The same day, as the Bishop was laboring up to the palace again in the afternoon, his haggard appearance awakened much feminine sympathy among the populace. Heretofore, the women on the street had stopped their work to admire his stately appearance, and he had heard them call out to one another, "Look, mother, look!" But now pity filled their eyes; they beat their breasts and cried, "Poor man! Poor man!"

Unutterable things he called down from high heaven that day upon Nicephorus, the author of his miseries, yet could but laugh to himself, when the little, insignificant Emperor made his appearance on a very large and frisky horse, looking for all the world like one of the dolls which in Germany the Slavs used to tie to a colt to make it caper.

Three long exasperating weeks now passed in which the sick and hungry embassy saw no signs of their promised departure. The Emperor tried to make the ambassador concede the disputed boundary questions, but Liutpraud refused to go beyond his written instructions. He begged only to be allowed to go home. But as day after day went by, and no dismissal came, the Bishop began to lose some of his boldness. He no longer assumed the lofty carriage and resolute demeanor which the representative of a vigorous western power should sustain at the court of a crumbling monarchy, but descended to diplomacy and even attempted the politic.

When at one interview Nicephorus, hav-

ing expatiated upon the obedience due him, said at last, "Go home to your master, inform him of these things, and if he complies, come hither again yourself," the delighted ambassador replied, "Let your sacred Majesty but arrange that I return at once to Italy, for I am convinced that my lord will do just as you wish, and I shall come back to you rejoicing."

He bowed himself to the earth and was reverently departing, but alas! the Emperor had noticed the irony. He smilingly nodded, and — invited the envoy to dinner!

As usual, Nicephorus spiced the ill-scented meal with sport at the expense of the Franks. Among other things he demanded of Liutpraud where the bishopric might be. "Cremona, said he, "near the Po, one of the greatest rivers of Italy. Since your highness thinks of sending a fleet thither, I hope it may be my fortune to see and know you there. Grant peace to the place, that through you it may flourish, since it is not able to resist you."

The Emperor lowered his eyes as though he had noticed no sarcasm, and swore with his hand on his heart to send him back at once with the fleet to Ancona. But the unhappy Bishop discovered that the Greek could be ironical also.

During the next four days he received no supplies whatever, and there was such a famine in Constantinople that three large gold pieces could scarcely obtain a single meal for the company. On the fifth, the Chancellor, summoning the envoy into his presence, announced that the Emperor was on his way to Arabia with the army, and asked if he yet harbored the desire to see his majesty, and had anything new to communicate.

The disgusted prelate replied that he had no desires of that kind. See the king? The only thing he did want to see was the much promised harbor of Ancona. Whereupon the Chancellor swore by the head of the Emperor, by his own life, by the lives of his children—Liutpraud noticed that the Greeks were always ready to swear away the heads of their fellow citizens—that the thing should be done.

But the Lord Chancellor lied; for a few days later the Bishop was ordered to meet the Emperor at a point about eighteen miles from the city, and laboriously reached it only to hear the same old demands renewed.

It was on this occasion that he was taken to see the royal preserves and the wonderful herds of wild asses. The Greeks had lauded these pets very highly, and he was anxious to view them himself. The park was very large, very hilly, and full of underbrush, so the ambassador rode. He had just got into hot water with an attendant on account of this unlawful proceeding, when a drove of deer with a number of asses approached. The Bishop could not for the life of him see how they differed from the tame beasts of Cremona, but like a true diplomat, exclaimed, "I really never saw such animals as those in Saxony!"

This was enough. His Greek companion said at once that if the Emperor Otto would only submit, Nicephorus would give him a whole lot of those donkeys to keep. It would be no small honor to possess what his forefathers had not even seen.

The inducement was not sufficient, but the polite words of the envoy having been reported to the Emperor, he was rewarded with a brace of venison and another permission to leave.

Before he reached Constantinople, however, he was informed that it would be impossible to forward him home at present as the Saracen pirates then held the sea, and the Huns blocked the land passage,—both of which statements were egregiously false.

Placed once more in the bosom of his raging family, guards were so stationed that neither the Bishop nor any of his companions could go out, nor could outsiders approach. Even beggars, who received alms in response to their broken Latin supplications, were beaten and thrown into prison.

Not even the interpreter was allowed to make purchases in the market. The cook might go, but speaking no Greek could only make signs and pay four prices for supplies. When friends attempted to send in food or

delicacies, their gifts were thrown away and their messengers thanked with cudgels.

Under woes thus daily accumulating, the spirits of the embassy sank daily to lower depths of despair. But the crowning misfortune was yet to come.

In a mood to endure almost any humiliation to gain their release, they, doubtless, would have been willing to worship the Emperor by whatever title he chose to name, if it would have brought them the free air of Italy. At this point messengers suddenly arrived from the Pope, with a letter addressed to "The Emperor of the Greeks," advising him to join in parental and fraternal relations with his dear spiritual son, Otto, "Emperor of the Romans."

Heavens! What a bomb in the camp of the languishing Franks! They could see their last hopes shatter in blast which this insult would fuse.

"Grecian Emperor!" cried the court. "The barbarian, the poverty-stricken Roman! That he should have the face to call the August, the Mighty, the Ruler of the Universe, the only Nicephorus, an 'Emperor of the Greeks'!" How the unhappy bearers of the message escaped immediate death, the Bishop could scarce understand.

"What shall we do with these vile creatures?" raged the Greeks. "They are nothing but low-born menials, and if we kill them we but soil our hands in their blood. Oh that one were a bishop, or the other a marquis, that we might give them a taste of the lash, pull their beards out, sew them up in sacks, and sink them in the sea!"

They were thrown into prison instead, while the unlucky Bishop, trembling in his captivity, saw no escape but by the gate of the gallows. At home he regarded himself a poor man, but after the arrival of this papal embassy, whose poverty had been their only safeguard, he felt like a Cræsus.

The letter was forwarded to the camp of the Emperor, and the company, filled with exasperating uncertainty, awaited the return of the courier.

A month having dragged its weary length through the heat of summer, an answer from

Nicephorus finally arrived. Liutpraud was summoned into the presence of the Viceroy. "The Pope of Rome," said this official, "if such a person ought to be called Pope, who has given aid and comfort to an adulterous and apostate vassal of ours, has written a letter as worthy of him self as it is unworthy of our Emperor, in which he calls him 'Emperor of the Greeks,' and not of the Romans, and there is no doubt but that he did this at the suggestion and request of your master."

"My time has come," thought the Bishop. "This road leads to the block."

"But we know you will say," continued the Greek, "that the Pope is the greatest fool on earth, and we agree with you there."

"Not I," exclaimed the Bishop, suddenly recovering.

"Hear me," resumed the Viceroy. "This stupid, idiotic Pope does not know that Constantine brought the imperial scepter, the whole senate and military force of Rome to Constantinople, and left behind nothing but fishermen, candy-peddlers, bird-catchers, bastards, and slaves. He never would have written this letter, if your lord had not put him up to it. They will both find out what perils overhang them, if they do not soon come to their senses."

The Bishop was nothing if not courageous, and could scarcely listen to these slanders. But his experience of Oriental hospitality was beginning to teach him a little discretion, and he now brought into play all his hoarded astuteness. He replied, that the Pope was, in reality, distinguished for candor and sincerity, and had written this letter to praise rather than disparage the Emperor. For, although he knew that Constantine had built this city, yet he recognized that with their eastern customs and speech, the name Roman was as little suitable for them as for their times. "But in future,"—and this he regarded as his master-piece of subtlety,—"the address of his letters shall be, John, Pope of Rome, to Nicephorus, Constantine, and Basilius, great and mighty Emperors of the Romans."

He calculated that unless a letter were thus ceremoniously directed, it would be un-

likely to reach the Emperor at all, and intended to counsel the Pope to be polite on the outside of his next epistle, but to fill the inside with thunders and threatenings, to arraign Nicephorus for his crimes, and hurl the anathema at his wicked head.

For once the Greeks did not notice the stratagem. They rejoiced at such a great concession, and told the Bishop that he was the only Frank they loved, adding, that when he came back to Constantinople he should be richly rewarded.

But the next minute Liutpraud nearly upset the whole pottage, when they asked him if his master really desired to join in a treaty of friendship and marriage.

The seventeen weeks of hungry captivity, the indignities put upon his rank and precedence, the taunts of the Greeks, all trooped in procession through the mind of the ambassador. Although he had not heard a single word from his sovereign since arriving in Constantinople, and Otto might be coming across the country on his knees to sue for his bride for all he knew, yet he answered loftily, "That was, indeed, the desire of my lord when I first came here. But since on account of your meanness he has been unable to get letters from me all this long time, he thinks I am held captive and in chains, and rages like a lioness robbed of her young, waiting for the hour of vengeance. Marriage he now abhors. He would sooner empty the vials of wrath on your heads."

The Greeks replied, briefly, that if he attempted any such measures, they would hire all the nations of Europe, and "smash him" like a potter's vessel. Furthermore, by the way, they understood he had purchased numerous eastern costumes which he intended to carry away. He would please bring them in for inspection and such as were found suitable for him to keep would be marked with a leaden seal. The others would be taken away and the price returned, as foreign people were not permitted to wear the Grecian purple.

The Bishop was outraged. The Emperor had given him permission. No matter; the Emperor had forgotten the law.

But Italian merchants sold this clothing freely and it could be seen any day on minstrels and abandoned women.

The traffic should be stopped at once. He would please exhibit whatever purple he had acquired either by gift or by purchase;—and in spite of the wrath of the prelate, ambassador of the glorious emperors, Otto, father and son, the wicked Greeks went through the episcopal baggage and took away five costly robes which he had designed for the church at Cremona.

A letter, written in gold, from Nicephorus was then entrusted to the ambassador for his royal master, and for the Bishop of Rome, who was not considered worthy of an imperial answer, an epistle in silver from the Lord Chancellor, which was thus sent back by Liutpraud instead of the menial commissioners, in order that Gregory might better perceive that unless he mended his ways he was a lost Pope.

Whereupon, with much kissing, which to the Bishop was especially sweet and delightful, they bade him farewell, almost forgetting to say, as he left, that under the circumstances horses would be provided for the company but not for the baggage.

Our worthy minister succeeded, however, by means of an enormous bribe in getting his impediments forwarded, and having first vented his spite in twenty lines of ponderous Latin verse upon the walls of the house in which these one hundred and twenty unhappy days had been spent, set out for sunny Italy.

After many vicissitudes he arrived at his destination and made the report from which we have gathered this tale.

Four years later, through the efforts of a new ambassador, a wedding took place, in which Theophano and Otto were the principal figures.

Liutpraud doubtless wondered to the end of his days how the business was managed.

John Martin Vincent.

BONNY FIFTEEN

THE sea wind waves the garland
Of olive in thy hair,
The sea wind, flown from far land
Of maiden fancies, where
All song shall be love's singing,
No love repentance bringing,
A doubtful, dreamborn star land,
Devoid of death and care.

Thy brown feet press the shingle,
With fretful step and slow,
Thy joys with tears commingle,
Thy passions come and go.
To what high loves aspiring,
What prideful bliss desiring,
Makes thy young blood to tingle,
And thy pale cheek aglow?

The light of play and laughter,
Is dead within thine eyes.
Thy childhood gone, and after,
What shall there be to prize?
Shall evil hours fly fleeter?
Shall stronger wine taste sweeter,
Than that the maiden quaffed, or
Shall woman's craft devise

From hate a cause for loving,
One pang of bliss from pain,
Or, memory removing,
Make peace with peace again?
And sang you ne'er so loudly,
Nor stepped the dance more proudly,
Shall not thy soul, reproving,
Thy cheek with teardrops stain?

Fair dreams of that the world
Denies and childhood craves!
As ships with white sails furled
Glide down the inland waves,
To storms and tall masts crashing,
And rocks, and breakers dashing,
And battered dead men hurled
Ashore to sand-swept graves.

Oh! would it were as praying
 Would have the future be,
 Long loving, and glad playing
 For all of us and thee;
 Then we would know no fears,
 Our eyes would shed no tears,
 Faith would dread no betraying,
 And love no jealousy.

That shall not be! Caresses
 Shall lessen and grow cold;
 And love, and lover's kisses
 Grow stale as we grow old.
 Song can no longer warm us,
 Eye glances no more charm us;
 Sleep on our eyelids presses,
 And summer nights seem cold.

This is, and has been ever,
 The scornful gods' decree,
 That man shall hope, but never
 Shall hope's fulfilment be.
 And dream of boy and maiden,
 By doubt and fear o'erladen,
 Shall be as faltering river,
 That fails to reach the sea.

Shy laughs at life's beginning,
 Low eyes and tim'rous breast;
 Soft tempting, and sweet sinning,
 And love by hate possessed;
 Fierce effort, bitter failing,
 And tears, and loud bewailing,
 And but one prize worth winning,
 The end of all,—and rest,

P. Y. Black.



RECENT FICTION. — I.

WE find before us for review this quarter several admirable collections of tales, a few English reprints, some dozen new American novels, — none of which are very notable, and a few of which are altogether worthless, — a number of new editions of popular novels of the last few years, and some half-dozen important translations.

Of the worthless stories, we are sorry to say the most worthless bears a California imprint. It is called *Winklebach's Hotel*,¹ and is a confused and inane attempt, ignorant, unintentionally vulgar, and unreadably dull. *Paradise*² is a very different production as far as mere skill in writing is concerned, and has occasionally some really bright points; but it has also occasional vulgarities, and no reason at all for existence. It seems intended for a sort of burlesque on Chicago and divorce. Then there are two sufficiently weak tales, published in a "Fireside Series," with ornate covers — *Brother against Brother*,³ a story of two brothers who took different sides in the Civil War; and *In Thrall-dom*,⁴ a "psychological study" of a young woman — or, more properly, a maiden fair — who was mesmerized into marrying the wrong man. Both stories have very black and potent villains, very virtuous good people, and very volcanic passions, all depicted with much rhetoric.

Among the collections of short stories, we strain a point to name *South County Neighbors*,⁵ for the studies therein contained have in but a few cases enough narrative quality

to be called stories. They are rather descriptive and anecdotic sketches of the country folk of the Narragansett region. They are conscientious studies, and show incidentally an educated hand, but either the rustics of that district several decades ago were far more uncouth and uninteresting than in other parts of New England, or else the fine insight and sympathy that Mrs. Cooke and Miss Jewett and others have brought to the description of rural Connecticut and Massachusetts has here been wanting. To judge from these "South County people," Roger Williams's experiment in toleration did not work so well in building up a prevalent type of religious character as the less liberal methods of his neighbors; for a sad confusion of squalid and impotent religious vagaries seems to take the place of the steadying force of the "orthodox" church in most New England stories. *Free Joe*⁶ is also a collection of local studies, this time all properly stories also. Some if not all have been in print in periodicals, and no author is better known than Mr. Harris among the half-dozen Southerners who have caught the trick of the modern short tale, and appreciated the value of their home environment as "literary material," and are interpreting the life of planter and negro and "cracker" to an interested North. He has a good method, makes a picturesque story, and doubtless knows his subject; more than this he does not often attain in that line of writing, and of the five sketches in the present volume, "Free Joe" is the only one that is likely, by virtue of significant human truth or pathos, to cling in the reader's mind. We have another volume of his sketches, a fourth edition of one published earlier, *Mingo, and other Sketches in Black and White*,⁷ to which

¹Winklebach's Hotel. By A. M. Fleming. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

²Paradise. By Lloyd S. Bryce. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

³Brother against Brother. By John R. Musick. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. 1887.

⁴In Thrall-dom. By Leon Mead. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. 1887.

⁵South County Neighbors. By Esther Bernon Carpenter. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁶Free Joe, and other Georgian Sketches. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁷Mingo, and other Sketches in Black and White. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

much the same praise with the same limitations applies; but the four sketches that make it up — "Mingo," "At Teague Poteet's," "Blue Dave," and "A Piece of Land" — are, we think, stronger than those in the latter volume.

"Octave Thanet" has no such name among the critics and no such wide circle of readers as the author of "Uncle Remus"; yet we cannot but consider the nine stories contained in *Knitters in the Sun*¹ as of decidedly higher literary quality than those in either of Mr. Harris's volumes noticed above. Four of them are also Southern. Indeed, her geographical range is rather unusual. "The Ogre of Ha Ha Bay" is Canadian — and bright enough to stand reading a good many times over; "Half a Curse" is of Florida; Arkansas and South Carolina appear in three stories; and the rest are Western. Everywhere the writer has an easy and competent air of knowing her ground, and one is constrained to trust the truthfulness of her drawing; everywhere the thought and manner is not merely admirably well educated and well bred, but speaks of real mental power; and there is a good deal of simple and real human feeling, which bears no suspicion of stage effect.

But the master of short story telling, if one does not desire a serious vein, is undoubtedly Frank Stockton. Nothing could be more inimitably and inexhaustibly delightful than the sheaf of "fanciful tales" collected under title of the first, *The Bee-Man of Orn*.² The nine here included were printed originally as children's stories, but we are disposed to think that older people appreciate even better than children their demure and elusive humor, as they do that of "Alice's Adventures." The book is full of people who are entitled to become classic figures — the Bee-Man himself, the Languid Youth, the Very Imp, the Griffin and the Minor Canon, Old

Pipes, the Jolly-cum-pop, and the rest of the genial and plausibly impossible train. Mr. Stockton's sunny fancy has done more than to give a great many people pleasant half-hours from time to time; it has really added a distinct charm to literature, and, so far forth, to life.

One more collection of tales remains — this time translated from the German. It is called *German Fantasies by French Firesides*,³ and the title is explained to mean that the author — a distinguished surgeon — composed the tales in the evenings spent quartered in French houses while in attendance with the army during the Franco-Prussian War. The tales are mostly of the parable sort, somewhat dreamy and involved, but very pretty, after the German fashion; some of them are the merest fancies, with a good many suggestions of Andersen. We should judge the translation to be especially good, though we cannot compare with the original.

More True than Truthful,⁴ *Diane de Breteuille*,⁵ *Only a Coral Girl*⁶ and *Herr Paulus*⁷ are all reprints from English stories; and the first-named is so exactly like a great many other English stories that it is difficult to find any comment to make on it. The story is of some babies "mixed up" during the Indian mutiny, and getting back to their due rank after proper tribulation and disturbance of the course of true love. *Diane de Breteuille* is a really pretty idyllic love story of the old-fashioned sort under modern conditions; and *Only a Coral Girl* has a certain touch of earnestness and sweetness in it that lifts it above the average of the weekly reprint. We see from the last named that

³ *German Fantasies by French Firesides*. By Richard Leander. Translated from the German by Pauline C. Lane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. For sale in Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁴ *More True than Truthful*. By Mr. Charles M. Clarke. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1887.

⁵ *Diane de Breteuille*. By Hubert E. H. Jerminham. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1887.

⁶ *Only a Coral Girl*. By Gertrude Forde. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1888.

⁷ *Herr Paulus: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall*. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1888.

¹ *Knitters in the Sun*. By Octave Thanet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

² *The Bee-Man of Orn, and other Fanciful Tales*. By Frank Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Harper & Brothers are issuing a new series of their "Franklin Square Library" in more manageable form, and with paper covers of a serviceable dull blue color. *Herr Paulus*, printed in the same form, is ingenious and strong, as was to be expected of Mr. Besant. It is a story of mesmerism and spiritualism, but not of at all a fantastic order.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's two summer stories, "An Old Maid's Paradise" and "Burglars in Paradise," both of which were reviewed in the *OVERLAND* at their first appearance, are re-issued by the publishers in cloth, with the joint title of *Old Maids and Burglars in Paradise*.¹ The earlier story is one of the pleasantest things Miss Phelps has ever written; and the other has a good many of the same qualities, though it has some of the usual defects of an attempt to repeat a success.

A number of other successful novels of a few years past are re-issued by another firm in a "paper series" of convenient form, agreeable appearance, and good type. Mr. Howells's *A Modern Instance*² is among these — a book that reviewers and probably most other readers somewhat resented when it first came out, finding in it, in spite of Mr. Howells's great power and charm, a decided tinge of unpleasantness. It seems to hold its own with the public, however, for this is the fourteenth edition; and to the present reviewer, who shared in the dislike mingled with admiration that the book at first excited, it proves to have very permanent qualities of interest and value. There is not much of Mr. Howells's work that will not stand a good deal of re-reading and yield each time some new proof of sound insight and wonderful skill of workmanship.

Miss Howard's second story, *Aunt Serena*³ is in a twenty-fifth edition in the same paper series, but it was not read first as a serial

by some hundreds of thousands of people, as all Mr. Howells's stories are. It is just the sort of thing, however, to be popular, and it deserves a good deal of its popularity. It came between "One Summer" and "Guenn," and marks very well an intermediate stage in growth between the crude yet noticeable little summer novel, and the really strong and tragic study to which its author proved able to rise. It is a girl's story, and girlish enough in mood and thought to provoke an occasional smile; yet there is enough strength and tenderness in the young ardor to touch the reader sincerely, and an occasional real shrewdness that evidently records experience of human nature. It was shrewd to tell a man, "You all think a fresh complexion means purity of soul; often it means only good digestion": and a pretty trick of manner that certain sympathetic folk have is neatly expressed when Miss Lennox hears Gertrude's statement of her age "with a little air of encouragement and approval. It seemed as if there were something praiseworthy in the mere fact of being nineteen."

Mingo, mentioned above, is in this series; and also Maurice Thompson's *A Tallahassee Girl*,⁴ which with the two collections of Mr. Harris's stories, and the Southern portion of "Knitters in the Sun," makes planter, and negro, and cracker seem very frequent figures in the season's fiction. Mr. Thompson's book was what may be called "clever" — though it and its success (it is in a seventh edition) by no means justify the author in assuming to know more about novels than Mr. Howells. There was painstaking work in it, pleasant local color, and a good deal of thought and intelligence; still it is not likely to remain very deeply impressed on a reader's memory. Mr. Howe's *A Moonlight Boy*,⁵ is so recent that we should have taken it for one of the new novels occasionally issued in the series, but for the note on the title page that it is a fourth edition. It does not seem to us a very worthy or interesting story,

¹ *Old Maids and Burglars in Paradise*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

² *A Modern Instance*. By William D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³ *Aunt Serena*. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

⁴ *A Tallahassee Girl*. By Maurice Thompson. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

⁵ *A Moonlight Boy*. By E. W. Howe. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

and we fear that Mr. Howe's unexpected success with his first novel — a success due partly to its curious and unusual tone, partly to a certain unconscious pathos, and partly to one of the bursts of enthusiasm in which Mr. Howells, the critic, allows the literary likings of Mr. Howells, the individual, so free expression — will bring him disappointment in the end. He does not fail, however, to achieve from time to time a telling bit of description, as when the hero "always thought of Barton's home as a disagreeable boarding-house, which he could not get rid of, and where he was compelled to pay not only his own board, but the board of all the other guests, although they were not congenial." Moreover, Mr. Howe shows good taste and judgment in quitting the subject of ugly crimes and desperate melancholy, and in modifying very considerably his imitation of Dickens. *Miss Ludington's Sister*,¹ Mr. Bellamy's charming and very original story, reviewed a few years since in the *OVERLAND*, is still another republication in this series; but *Damen's Ghost*² we take to be a new story. It is by the author of "Agnes Surriage," but the writer, not having an excellent historic plot ready to his hand this time, has made one for himself out of the legal complications attending the ownership of a piece of real property in New York city. It is worked out in a careful manner and without any serious fault of taste or style; but it is rather dull, and it does not give one much feeling of reality in its characters; nor can one's sense of justice altogether go with the apparent sympathies of the writer in the matter of the law-suit, wherein there seems to have been some equity on both sides.

*Flag on the Mill*³ is another new novel that needs no extended notice. The title refers to the signaling of a ship in the bay by a flag on the wind-mill, for the hero is a sea-captain, and the re-appearance of his ship

from time to time, after successive voyages, is the event of the story. It is a gentle, well-bred, old-fashioned book, in which friendship and homely duty play quite as much part as love; and if it contains nothing for which a critical person need desire to read it, neither does it contain anything to make him warn anyone else against doing so. *A Princess of Java*⁴ is likewise a story of no importance, but takes a certain interest and air of originality from its novel subject. The "local color" of Java seems to be put in by one who knows her subject; but the Javanese girls themselves talk and think remarkably like American ones. The story is the old-fashioned one of love *versus* parental authority, set in surroundings of Mohammedan harem and Javanese forest, and is very innocent and simple in its spirit. There is enough of Javanese geography, customs, products, and so on, worked in to give it a certain value as a lightly instructive treatise. *The World's Verdict*,⁵ also, may be passed over without extended notice. It is a sufficiently readable, intelligently written story of dilettant Americans living abroad and enjoying themselves in the society — apparently not too rigid in its standards — of similar unoccupied people. The author records a mild protest against this method of life by having his hero and heroine fall in love with earnest people outside their social lines, and throw the conventionalities over to wed and go to work; but it is all rather ineffective, and has a youthful sound — youthful not as "Aunt Serena" is youthful, by a surplus of young ardor and faith, but rather by that thinness of thought and feeling that seem rather oftener than the other mood to indicate youth's emotional power.

In *Button's Inn*⁶ we think Judge Tourgee has made some decided improvements of

¹ *Miss Ludington's Sister*. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

² *Damen's Ghost*. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

³ *Flag on the Mill*. By Mary B. Sleight. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

⁴ *A Princess of Java*. By Mrs. S. J. Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Co.

⁵ *The World's Verdict*. By Mark Hopkins, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by John W. Roberts & Co.

⁶ *Button's Inn*. By Albion W. Tourgee. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

method upon his earlier novels. These always showed a degree of conscientious effort to reproduce life, instead of merely to construct a story; and the author evidently tried hard to be fair to political opponents. But a partisan himself, and dealing with subjects upon which partisan feeling was intense, and upon which he himself had ground for personal bitterness, he could not bring his stories into the region of faithful and artistic studies from nature. Moreover, he was inexperienced and crude as regards matters of construction and expression. In this last respect he has decidedly improved; and as *Button's Inn* is written with a purely artistic motive, he is not hampered by political bias. Unfortunately for good ideals of the novelist's art, a book that can catch attention by false means, by what is roughly called "sensational" quality, is safe to bring in more money and praise than much sounder merit that still falls short of really high excellence. The lasting place in men's praise, and usually the best revenues, too, are won by the virtues of books; but if a writer is not able to produce more than fairly good ones, he is unfortunately apt to find that they are better recommended by their faults. The campaign document quality—which was a real fault—in Judge Tourgee's earlier novels made him a success; the really better literary quality of this latest book, not being after all enough to demand admiration, will probably win him scant attention. It is a somewhat conscientious study of the lives of some plain people in western New York at the period—the author explains in a preface—when the epoch of religious speculation in rural neighborhoods was giving place to the epoch of material interests. How far the author is right in his theory of these two epochs we do not know; the study is at all events careful and interesting. It includes some psychology of early Mormonism.

Miss Phelps's *The Gates Between*¹ adds one more to the strange, imaginative studies—at once spiritual and passionate—of love

and death and the mystery beyond death that so fascinate her pen. It is impossible not to be moved by these; it is probable that there are few books over which more contained and experienced people shed tears. It is surprising to find the same fervor and freshness of one emotion, one longing, so retained year after year in a human mind, and constantly expressed afresh, undiminished. It is years since "*The Gates Ajar*" appeared; but ever since Miss Phelps has been the prophetess of love when it reaches out arms into the darkness where the beloved disappeared, straining eyes to pierce it, until it makes out of its own yearning a picture of the other side. With a singular union of daring speculation and religious faith, she constructs visions of a hereafter such as human hearts ache for, and with passionate conviction places these before readers as at least probable suggestions of what is to come. As in other kinds of writing, her fervor sometimes overbears her sense of proportion and of humor, and she draws situations at which the inexperienced in sorrow sometimes smile; but these slips never prevent her books being profoundly touching to the experienced. Moreover, her intelligence, her education, and her own firm conviction, enable her to avoid sharp clashes with what we *know* to be impossible, and make one ashamed to question how the spiritual hand that cannot make itself felt on a human shoulder can take hold upon newspapers, or leave its mark upon a blotter; or a hundred other more uncomfortable questions that her ardently idealized materialism raises. It is impossible to tell, however, where she intends symbolism to end and realism to begin. *The Gates Between* is in a sterner mood than former books, and holds out, to some extent, the threats of the law against those who do not cultivate faith in God, humility, and disinterestedness on this earth. It threatens them with a very hard and lonely time in learning to be happy, or respected, or of any use, in heaven; and it certainly shows with remarkable force the situation of the worldly-minded man of success there as miserable enough to make a very sufficient purgatory.

¹The Gates Between. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco, by Strickland & Pierson.

In *Knight Errant*¹ the art of Edna Lyall seems to drop a little below her former work. Through all the smooth and fervid charm of the flowing story there are intrusions of rough and even awkward passages. The circumstances do not cohere, or the ingenuity of the reader is called upon to supply what the author has not written. Occasionally the stage machinery of the plot is obvious, and sometimes creaking is heard. But if, as some hold, art is to be measured solely by its effect, and the noticeability of its methods is to be disregarded, or rather lost in the effect, *Knight Errant* may be fairly placed beside her "We Two" and "Donovan." Like them it traces up to the ideal, which is so rarely seen in life that when seen it becomes historical. Like them it is steeped in such noble enthusiasm that the hours of its reading are dream moments, from which one awakes at the close with a half sigh in returning to common life. The story is of a young man who attempts to lead in all things the life of the Crucified. The difficulty of such a story is heightened by mobilizing the hero in an Italian of twenty years ago and an opera-singer. It opens by depicting him, at the moment of assuming his family profession, as a handsome young Neapolitan, an idol of society, the heir-apparent to great wealth, a worthy possessor of friendship, and the accepted lover of one whom every reader will love. But his sister had eloped years ago to marry a theatrical director, and at this moment re-appears, as about to betray her husband for the baritone of his troupe. Carlo Donati perceives that he can save her only by offering himself as the baritone in place of her lover, and traveling with her in the troupe until the safe time comes for her, if indeed it can ever come. To do this, he loses his profession, his fortune, and his love. He can retain only one friend, and must be parted indefinitely from him. Worst of all, the sister, who is made of nothing better than poor moral jelly, does not really care to be saved, and treats him as an intruder upon her life. To all others this

costly pursuit which he purchases with himself seems mere knight-errantry; to him it is what he cannot and would not avoid. Over and over again he is compelled to make the one preference. Each good thing in his life comes by itself to be retained or renounced, and is renounced in its turn. Succeeding years bring up successive crucial temptations, but his purpose remains steadfast. Each temptation as it appears and disappears is a turn of beautiful kaleidoscopic life. The idea of self-abnegation, which we have thought to be so trite, comes out in fresh, durable color. And it is always worth while to be reminded, whether by thinking or by reading, that this is the only life that has any contents.

*Seth's Brother's Wife*² is hardly a pleasant book, but it is one of considerable strength and skill. Except in the disagreeable — and we must think exaggerated — dialect of the central New York rustics, it has no touch of crudity, though we believe it is a first book. Its situation is daring, and the temptations of a young man and an indiscreet woman are more frankly treated than we are accustomed to in English; yet there is nothing indelicate about it, and the whole motive and lesson of the book is toward uprightness and virtue. Its incidental political situations are far better managed than in any one of the several novels that have heretofore tried to deal with the present situation. In many details of construction — the introduction of minor characters, the keeping of due proportion between important and unimportant incidents, and so on — a steady and competent hand is apparent. We shall find an interest in noting whether farther work over the same signature comes up to the expectation justified by this book.

The book just noticed was first introduced to the public as a magazine serial. So also was *Paul Patoff*.³ This is generally a pretty safe recommendation for a book: the few

¹ *Knight Errant*. By Edna Lyall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1887.

² *Seth's Brother's Wife*. By Harold Frederic. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³ *Paul Patoff*; By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

leading magazines are several shades more fastidious in their acceptance of novels than even the most fastidious publishing house — as they can afford to be, since out of all that are offered only three or four annually can be accepted. *Paul Patoff*, like two or three other stories published serially by Mr. Crawford, is decidedly better than those we have seen first in book form. It ought to be accepted as settled by this time that Mr. Crawford is very uneven, and occasionally writes an admirable thing, and occasionally an incredibly weak one; that he is not to be looked to for any of the wonderful achievements in letters that were prophesied by the ardent critics who are so ready to cry, “Lo, here,” and “Lo, there,” as they watch for the coming novelist; but that any new volume from his pen may be taken up with a decided preponderance of hope over fear. *Paul Patoff* is by no means the best thing Mr. Crawford has done; but it is a well written romance, interesting as a narrative, and pleasant reading as a piece of good English. For its being a romance rather than a novel he puts the often put argument gracefully and not without force and originality: “My true stories are all sad, but the ones I imagine are often merry. Could I not think of one true and gay as well? There was once a bad old man, who said that when the truth ceased to be solemn it became dull. Between solemnity and dullness you would not find what you want, which, I take it, is a little laughter, a little sadness, and when it is done the comfortable assurance of your own senses that you have been amused and not bored. The bad old gentleman was right. Whenever our lives are not filled with great emotions, they are crammed with insignificant details, and one may tell them ever so well, they will be insignificant to the end. But the fancy is a great store-house filled with all the beautiful things that we do not find in our lives. My dear friend, if true love were an every day phenomenon, experienced by everybody, it would cease to be in any way interesting; people would be so familiar with it that it would bore them to extinction. . . . It is because only one

man or woman in a hundred thousand is personally acquainted with the sufferings of true-love fever, that the other ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine take delight in observing the contortions and convulsions of the patient. It is a great satisfaction to them to compare the slight touch of ague they once had when they were young, with the raging sickness of a breaking heart; to see a resemblance between the tiny scratch upon themselves which they delight in irritating, and the ghastly wound by which the tortured soul has sped from its prison. To tell the truth, they are not so very much to blame. Even the momentary reflection of love is a good thing; at least it is better than to know nothing of it. One can fancy that a violin upon which no one had ever played would yet be glad to vibrate faintly in unison with the music of a more favored neighbor.” *Paul Patoff* is, as thus foreshadowed, a tale avoiding both the tragic sadness and the dullness of realism by the easy expedient of strange adventures. It is all told, however, in a simple, quiet, veracious manner, and there is an assumed thread of psychological study of insanity running through it — the scientific value of which, remembering Mr. Crawford’s historic erudition in “Zoroaster,” and political in “An American Politician,” we take the liberty of doubting. Most of the action takes place in Stamboul, which gives room for some effective orientalism.

*The Second Son*¹ is really the best novel in substance, and the most workmanlike in manner, of any before us this month. The dual authorship raises an interesting question as to how much is Mrs. Oliphant’s work and how much Mr. Aldrich’s; but well known as both hands were before in separate work, it is impossible to distinguish them here. It can only be said that the joint result is stronger than Mr. Aldrich’s wont, and more graceful than Mrs. Oliphant’s. The story has much interest, and the characters are drawn with clear and firm lines, and each successive scene is admirably managed; but the quality that to

¹The Second Son. By M. O. W. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Co.

us seems the most valuable in the book is a sort of permeating accent of high intelligence, a thoughtful, wise, and fair attitude toward life, a perception of its intricacy, its mystery, its possibilities of misery and of happiness, and its vastness. Whenever a novelist seems to bring to his readers, with their sight of his group of characters and their fates, some

perception, also, of these as fractions in the infinite and incomprehensible whole of human life, we are disposed to grant his work some touch, however faint and partial, of that quality that we call greatness.

Several important translations remain to be noticed; but these we must postpone until next month.

ETC.

THE long and strenuous struggle that the Copyright League has for years been making in behalf of an honest system of international copyright, has been allowed to pass with very little attention on this coast, because there is really no book-making interest here. An occasional book is published, but for the most part the abundant literary impulse of California has gone into periodical writing, or has been tributary to Eastern publishers. The bearing of copyright laws upon this coast is a matter of the future. But the future ought to be considered and provided for. Nor can it be a matter of indifference to any good citizen that our country should remain in a discreditable position. Senator Chace's bill, now before Congress, is accepted by the League, and, so far as we have seen, by all competent to judge in the matter, as entirely satisfactory; and for the sake of our own future, of present justice to writers in England and in other sections of our own country, and of the national good name, the writers and journals of this coast should use such effort as they can to aid the passage of the bill.

THE discovery has lately been made that but a small per cent of the women who have graduated from colleges in this country are married, and the question of the effect of college learning upon domestic life seems about to be as gravely discussed as was the now dead one of its effect upon feminine health. The Vassar catalogue is the text oftenest quoted, but Vassar is only one college, and it is better to take the register of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, which contains the names of 659 women, graduates of the fourteen leading women's colleges and co-educational colleges in this country. Of these women, 177 are married, less than 27 per cent of the whole. "If only 27 per cent of the girls who go through college are to marry," people ask, "is not domestic life being sacrificed to higher education? Is the gain equal to the loss? And why is it? Does intellectual training reduce the emotional powers, leaving women indifferent to love and maternity? Does it rouse ambition, making them eager to take part in the struggle of

business and professional life? Or is it only that it raises their standards of marriage, making them more exacting judges of men, and unwilling to marry merely for home and support and escape from spinsterhood; while at the same time their increased ability to achieve for themselves independence and a position of honor releases them from the need of such half-hearted marriage? Is the reduction in their marriage rate, in short, more than would be produced by the elimination of unhappy and mercenary marriages from the average rate? And if this is so, is it a bad thing? Is the increased life and health rate in the children of college women [about two per cent, we believe] and the increased proportion of wise and happy marriages a sufficient compensation for the loss in total number? Or was the late Reverend William M. Baker right in teaching that "any husband was better than no husband?" Or, on the other hand, is it all a matter of no option with the girls, and due to a dislike of learned women on the part of men? and if so, is this because the higher education really makes them worse wives and mothers, or because men are vain and still largely imbued with the Oriental idea of women, desiring to companion with inferior minds, that they may be looked up to and deferred to? And is this a permanent or a transition state? Have the early college women, who were compelled to struggle against exasperating opposition and misrepresentation to get their intellectual rights, developed defiant traits that will disappear before generous recognition? Or will men learn to desire a more equal partnership as the happier in the long run?"

SUCH questions as these we have, in our turn, considered. We were able to make at least some tentative answers to them. This much we could pretty positively say: Any extended personal acquaintance with educated women, as with educated men, shows that the emotional nature tends to grow with the cultivation of the intellectual, but at the same time to become less hasty and uncontrolled. Feelings are deeper, but based more upon sound judgment. Partly

for this reason, and partly because the college graduate is necessarily not a very young girl, reckless marriages, or marriages in which the woman is totally imposed upon as to the character of her love, are practically unknown among them. Again, personal acquaintance can give but one answer to the question whether college life replaces the domestic disposition in women by ambition: and that is, that on the contrary the quiet and earnest pursuits of college develop to unusual strength in them the taste and fitness for home life and for the occupations and companionship of a happy marriage; that any influence toward the losing of domesticity and drying up of unselfish affection through a student's ambition seems to be infinitesimal, as compared with the same influence through the ambitions of society and display, which the student escapes. But this very disposition toward refined home life and worthy companionship makes them more fastidious in their choice of a companion, and would seem by that much to lessen the probability of their marrying. The ability to "get along" without marriage, provided none that is for its own sake desirable offers, seems, in actual observation, to give full effect to this fastidiousness. It seems evident, too, that many men dread or dislike the idea of college women: but we doubt if this affects their opportunities of marriage perceptibly, for it regulates itself—the men who seek their society are the ones who do like college women; and in any case, so far as we have been able to observe, the dislike is far more to college women in general than to Portia or Aspasia in particular, and does not seem to interfere especially with falling in love with her. It is common enough to see intellectual men choosing wives of little mind or knowledge; but it is also common to see them, when older, wearying of the insufficient companionship, and consciously or unconsciously needing the friendship of intellectual men and women outside to supplement it. It seemed, therefore, a question whether it is desirable to society that the grade of marriages should be raised, at some cost to their number.

At this point, however, we made a little inquiry as to how great was this cost to number, — with somewhat unexpected results. It is evident on a moment's consideration that there are some misleading things about the bare statement that but 26.9-10 per cent of the enrolled *alumnæ* of the United States are married. In the first place, the great majority of these women are graduates of Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Boston University. Of the whole 659, these colleges, together with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Wesleyan University, have graduated 512. All of them except Vassar are in New England, and Vassar is on the borders thereof, and was for some years the only important college open to women, except Oberlin, and therefore was largely attended by New England girls. 277, that is 42 per cent of the whole number of enrolled *alumnæ*, are at

present resident in New England. As every one knows, women are greatly in excess in the population of New England, and the per cent of unmarried women in all classes is greater there than elsewhere; and in fact, of those graduates now living in that section, only about 18 per cent are married, while outside of this section the per cent is more than 33, and in the middle West, over 51.

AGAIN, Oberlin and Vassar being the only ones of these colleges that have long been open to women, the excess of women lately graduated over the older graduates is very large. Only 28 of the 659 graduated in the thirty-three years before 1870; and only 258 in the forty-three years before 1880, to 401 in the eight years since. Naturally, the proportion of unmarried women among recent graduates is much greater than among older ones; and the disproportionate number of younger graduates brings down the per cent of marriages more than one would suppose. College women evidently marry later than others; and in all classes more women marry in their late twenties and thirties than the novels would admit. As nearly as we can learn, twenty-two is the average age of graduation. If the last three classes, then, be ruled out of the estimate, it will give very fairly the per cent of these women married at the age of twenty-five and over; and this proves to be about 32 — a per cent that would be increased, as above shown, by the exclusion of New England. Of those who have been as much as eight years out of college, and therefore have for the most part reached thirty years of age, 40 per cent are married; of those thirty-five years old, 51 per cent are married; and of the 28 women whose age can scarcely fall below forty years, 16 are married — about 57 per cent. These last figures are too small to be of much value; yet there seems no reason why, as college education becomes a less singular and hard-won thing among women, the proportion of marriages should not be greater rather than less than among these 28 Oberlin and Vassar girls; or that from 60 per cent upward will prove to be nearer the proportion of college women who marry sooner or later than 27 per cent.

IN order fairly to compare this with the marriage rate of girls educated on the older plan, in boarding schools, we give the figures for the *alumnæ* of two institutions in the same section of the country — our own University and Mills Seminary. The University has graduated 67 women, in the years 1874-87, of whom 18, or about 27 per cent, are married. Taking as nearly as we are able the same period of time for Mills, we find that in 1874-86 there were 231 graduates, of whom, at the close of that time, 69 were married, — nearly 30 per cent. Throwing out the last three classes — that is, the young women presumably under twenty-five years of age — there have been 50 *alumnæ* of the University, 18 married, just 36 per cent. Throwing out the same three classes from the

Mills list, 67 graduates out of 183 were married, a little under 37 per cent. Throwing out eight classes, we find that of 16 alumne of the University, who have nearly all reached thirty years of age, 8, or just 50 per cent, were married: while of 92 Mills graduates of the corresponding period, 47, or over 51 per cent, were married. It is to be remembered that the average age of graduation from a seminary is about three years younger than from a college; so that when the allowance is made that a college graduate may be expected to be some three years older at the time of marriage than a seminary graduate — that is, that either will marry at about the same time *after graduation* — the conclusion seems indicated that there is no material difference, in California at least, between the marriage rates of college and seminary women. The proportion married of Mills graduates earlier than 1874 rises rapidly; but the comparison cannot be carried farther back for lack of University graduates. There may have been in both cases marriages unreported for the catalogue; and in any event the basis of calculation is too small for a really valuable estimate: this tentative one, however, constitutes at least a suggestion worth stopping to consider, before any farther deliberation on the spinsterhood of college women is in order.

The First Legal Execution in San Francisco.

ON Friday, December 10, 1852, the first legal execution took place in San Francisco.

As a matter of course, a number of men had been hung, often deservedly, by *vigilantes* in different portions of the State, but now for the first time in the history of San Francisco did Jack Ketch perform his unwelcome duty in the forms of law.

The gallows had been erected on Russian Hill, and long before daylight a motley crowd of men, women, and children had wended their way to the execution ground, where they remained several hours, anxiously waiting for the ghastly event.

At about 11 o'clock the gallows was removed about a hundred yards from the top of the hill, and notwithstanding a slight rain, a continuous stream of human beings pressed on the entire morning, some of them on horseback, others driving round in their carriages as if going to a picnic. Fathers and mothers came with their young children, till at noon at least three thousand, five hundred people had assembled. The smaller boys played marbles and other games, while those of larger growth indulged in dog fights and pugilistic encounters. Their parents in the mean time amused themselves by spinning long yarns about their experience at former executions.

At about 12.30 the Marion Rifles, Captain Shaef-fer, marched on the ground, and charging on the crowd, soon cleared an open space around the gallows. Sentinels were posted, and nobody was allowed to pass the line.

At 1 P. M. taps of the drum were heard announc-

ing the arrival of the "California Guard," Captain Lippitt, which acted as an escort to the prisoner. He was seated in a large wagon drawn by four coal black horses. Beside him were the sheriff and other officers of the law.

Immediately on arrival at the foot of the gallows, the prisoner, who possessed a wonderful degree of nerve, jumped out and ran up the steps of the gallows unaided.

The executioner was rather dilatory in adjusting the rope, and the sheriff having read the death warrant, informed the prisoner that he was now at liberty to make what remarks he chose.

José Forni, the prisoner, then spoke for a few minutes in Spanish in an unusually loud and clear tone, which was distinctly heard by the crowd. The following is a literal translation:

"My friends! you have come to see an innocent man die. I die for having killed an assassin. He attempted to rob me; I resisted; he stabbed me and fled. Maddened and smarting from my wounds, I pursued, overtook, and killed him. I am a native of Valencia, Spain. I have but few friends in San Francisco.

"I have resided in Cuba, where I have many friends. I was tried by a judge and jury who were utter strangers to me. I could produce no witness in my favor. What led to my killing my assailant is known only to God and myself. What I have said is true. After I have spoken these few words I shall never speak more. No doubt those who tried me acted justly according to the testimony. They could not have known the truth. The Americans are good people; they have ever treated me well and kindly; I thank them for it. I have nothing but love and kindly feelings for all. Farewell, people of San Francisco! World, farewell."

At the conclusion of this speech the culprit's legs were tied, and his arms pinioned. The noose was then adjusted, the black cap drawn over his face, and in a few seconds Forni was dead.

A few minutes before he had left his cell for the scaffold, he made the following confession to a newspaper reporter:

"On the 12th of September, I went to the place where they had been digging sand. While there, I was joined by the servant of Don Ventura Miro, a manufacturer of charcoal. The servant touched me on the back and said, 'What are you doing here?' to which I replied, 'And so you bring coal to these places?'

"He then asked me to take a drink, which I declined. He then left to take his drink. Not feeling very well, I retired to recuperate. I took off my sash and knife; my sash had \$325 or \$330 in it. I took the money out, and removed about four yards from the sash and knife. While thus engaged, I was surprised to see this man suddenly rise up from behind a little hillock.

"The first thing he did was to take up my knife

and observe, 'What a beautiful knife this is, *paisano*.' He then advanced towards me and demanded my money. I replied that I had but four or five dollars, and started to run from him; but my foot slipped in the sand, and I fell on my face; at the same time he made a blow at me, but did not reach higher than the calf of my leg, which was perforated.

"As soon as he perceived that he had stabbed me, he seemed to become frightened, so much so that he dropped the knife and ran. I instantly recovered the knife and pursued, but he being sound and unhurt outran me.

"It was about a quarter to five in the afternoon ;

he ran towards the houses, but as he approached them, slipped and fell. Before he could recover himself I stabbed him repeatedly with the knife which I then held in my hand.

"The money was mine; he attempted to rob me, and tried to assassinate me. I am now going to die. I shall soon have to meet him; I am not afraid to do so, as my conscience is clear.

"Publish this to the world, so that although I die a felon's death, the world might know I am no felon. God forgive all my enemies, if I have any, as freely as I forgive them. Farewell."

J. P. C. Allsopp.

S. Francisco Xavier's Hymn.

O DEUS ! ego amo te :
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Aeterno punis igne.

Tu, tu, Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulisti clavos, lanceam
Multamque ignominiam :
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem : et hæc propter me
Ac pro me peccatore.

Cur igitur non amem te,
O Jesu amantissime ?
Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Nec proemii ullius spe :
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te :
Solum quia rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es.

O GOD ! I love but Thee :
Not that Thou canst save me,
Nor that not loving Thee
In flame Thou 'lt punish me.

Thou, Jesus, all for me
Embraced the cruel tree.
Endured the nails, the spear
The ignominious jeer :
Innumerable woes,
The bloody-sweat and throes
Of death : and this for me
A sinner far from Thee.

And why not love for Thee,
O Jesus, slain for me ?
Not that Thou canst save me,
Nor lest condemned I be,
Or hope rewards to see :
But as Thou lovedst me,
I love and will love Thee ;
Because my King Thou art,
Accept as God my heart. AMEN.
J. G. McMurphy.

Dies Iræ.

[A New and Literal Translation.]

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Jûdex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

The day of wrath ! Upon that day
The world with heat shall melt away,
Vouch David's psalm and Sibyl's lay.

What fears and terrors will accrue,
When Christ the Judge shall come anew,
To weigh the world in balance true !

The trumpet spreads its thrilling tone
Among the tombs from zone to zone,
Compelling all to near the throne.

Both death and nature stand aghast,
As man the creature wakes at last,
His Judge to answer for the past.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit :
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?
Quem patronum rogaturus ?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Rex tremende majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplici parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ :
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce Deus ;

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

AMEN.

A written book, at judgment call,
Is forward brought, containing all,
Whereby each man shall stand or fall.

Then whilst the Judge sits throned in light,
All hidden things are brought to sight,
Nor aught escapes his venging might.

What then shall I a culprit say ?
To what good patron shall I pray,
When even saints are in dismay ?

Great King of awful majesty,
That savest free who saved shall be,
O Fount of Mercy, save Thou me !

Remember, Jesus dear, I pray,
That I have caused thy toilsome way ;
Condemn me not upon that day.

Thou wearied sat while I was sought :
Thou on the cross my ransom wrought :
Let not such labor come to nought.

Just Judge, the right belongs to Thee,
Of vengeance or remission free :
Before the trial pardon me.

Like culprit doomed, I sigh and moan ;
With blushing brow my guilt I own :
Spare me, O God, a suppliant lone.

By shriving Magdalen in grief,
And showing mercy to the thief,
Thou bringest hope to my relief.

My prayers to worth dare not aspire :
Yet, gracious Lord, deal not in ire ;
Nor let me burn in endless fire.

Among the sheep, at thy right hand,
Give me a place where I may stand,
Divided from the wicked band.

And when the cursed, put to shame,
Are given to the angry flame,
Then with the blessed call my name.

Bent low in prayer, I suppliant cry,
My heart consumed, like cinder dry ;
Secure my end when death is nigh.

A mournful day, that day of gloom,
When guilty man shall from the tomb
Again arise to meet his doom.

O God ! from me thine anger ward ;
And Thou good Jesus, loving Lord,
To souls departed rest accord.

AMEN.

F. J. Sullivan.

Chidher.

[From the German of Rückert.]

Chidher, the ever young, thus spoke : —

I journeyed past a city gate.
 A gardener from his fruit trees broke
 Rich clusters for the market great.
 "How long hath this fair city stood?"
 "This city hath stood here of yore,
 And shall stand here forever more."

Thither again my pathway led
 When full five hundred years had sped.

I found no trace of town or throng,
 A lonely shepherd piped his song,
 And fed his flock in pastures green.
 I asked: "Where has the city gone?"
 He careless answered, then piped on:
 "No spot so rich in herbs is found;
 Forever here my pasture-ground."

Five hundred years, and yet again
 My way led to the self-same plain.

Where once the rustic clown I met,
 Of surging waves I heard the roar,
 A boatman boldly cast his net
 Deep in the main, then dragged ashore.
 "Since when this mighty sea?" I cried:
 He with a mocking laugh replied:

"This port is famed both far and near;
 They fish and fish forever here."

Five hundred years elapsed once more,
 I wandered to the self-same shore.

There found I now I a wooded space,
 The tenant of the solitude,
 A woodman felling trees apace.
 I questioned him: "How old this wood?"
 Said he: "It hath been here always;
 Here ever have I spent my days:
 No mortal may these forests raze."

When still five hundred years had sped
 Again my pathway thither led.

A city there I found, and loud
 The market rang with bustling life.
 In vain I spoke; the struggling crowd
 Heard not my words for noise and strife.
 "By whom this city built, and when?"
 Wood, sea, and shepherd, what of them?
 So went it there in days of yore,
 And so shall go forevermore.

Five hundred years to come, and then
 Perhaps I may go there again.

Mary Stuart Smith.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Briefer Notice.

THE announcement of a new facsimile of the First Folio of Shakespeare's¹ was welcomed by scholars, but the Shakespeare critics express disappointment at the Funk & Wagnalls edition, saying that it is not a new reproduction, but it is from the same plates as a previous and somewhat unsatisfactory English facsimile. Nevertheless it is a gain to have even this edition placed in the hands of American readers in convenient shape and at a moderate price.——Professor Dolbear's manual² of experiments in projecting images on the screen by means of lights of various kinds appears in a new edition with an appendix on the newer applications of the electric light. The experiments are many of them extremely interesting,

¹The Works of William Shakespeare in Reduced Facsimile from the Famous First Folio Edition of 1623, with an Introduction by J. O. Halliwell Phillips. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

²The Art of Projecting. By Prof. A. E. Dolbear. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

and Professor Dolbear gives clear and practical directions for making the apparatus and performing the experiments.——The general reader, and even more the scholarly reader, is apt to turn away from a book on discovering the word Elocution on its title page. It must be admitted that such a course is a wise one, for no other department of intellectual activity has been left so entirely to second rate minds, who reason from false premises toward an artificial result, and strive to fasten cumbrous and mechanical systems on an art that must be free from these to be enduring. The prime fault of most elocutionists lies at the very foundation of their endeavor. They think of their art as a means whereby they may exhibit themselves, their delivery, their gesture, their training. No man can read well with such an object. It is only when his mind is bent entirely on bringing out the author, feeling with him and thinking his thoughts, and if external motive be necessary, doing this solely for the pleasure of the listener, that elocution is an art that is worthy of admiration and respect. This may seem a truism, but a review of all the elocutionists the pres-

ent writer has heard and of all the books on the subject, brings up exceeding few that bear this test. But there is at hand a book¹ by a professor of elocution who holds this theory in its fullest extent, and backs it up by consistent practice,—Professor John Murray, known to many of the *OVERLAND*'s readers as a reader that never tires an audience worth the pleasing. This little book is a consistent plea for naturalism—the art that conceals art—and self-forgetfulness in reading. Those that have been through the experience in younger days of being told to count one after every comma, two after a semi-colon, three after a colon, and four at a full stop, will welcome a book like Professor Murray's.—This book² is a history of the struggles of the abolitionists in the State of Maine, together with a connecting account of the whole anti-slavery movement in the United States. This last mentioned part of the book undertakes to be something more than an incidental narrative of abolitionism in general, and thereby merely intended to explain fully the bearings which the movement in Maine had upon the whole controversy. It undertakes to narrate and discuss the whole congressional history of the question, the attitude and actions of the South, the wrongs and cruelties of slavery, both the more familiar and the less familiar events connected with the formation of the Anti-Slavery Societies in the North and West, and their propagation of an abolition sentiment. It aims to give an account of the "origin, arguments, principles, and early history of the Liberty Party, and the religious history of the cause." It is written with a good deal of the vehemence and passion with which the author may have discussed all these burning questions in his anti-slav-

ery paper during the heat of the struggle. We quite agree with the author in believing that the period of the emancipation movement will be regarded in history as a very great one. And we can hardly expect one who was an actor in the fierce agitation to write with perfect calmness. Perhaps the author's zeal, and his again-aroused fire, enhance the interest of the book. The most important portion of the volume is the account of the movement in Maine. Contributions on this special topic of our nation's history are likely to be of most value when of a limited and local bearing. And the history of the cause in Maine seems to be justly claimed to be particularly interesting, valuable, and significant. We therefore gladly receive this account, as written by a prominent Maine abolitionist and as augmented by material from other sources, documents, and the testimony of various anti-slavery advocates of greater or less renown. The author says in his preface: "The two reforms of temperance and freedom were carried on jointly, and a true history of the Maine law—how it was obtained, saved, executed, and made of great benefit to the State and the world,—is here given. In view of the prevalent mistakes on that subject it is hoped this may be of service to that and other reforms."—It is not the *OVERLAND*'s custom to notice in these columns anything outside of the strict line of literature, but we have before made an exception of the beautiful cards that Messrs. Prang & Co. issue for the great Christian festivals of Christmas and Easter. The custom of sending these cards was exceedingly graceful in its beginnings and was universally adopted. Like all such customs it has been carried to extremes, and the primal grace lost in expensiveness and ostentation. Nothing has saved it but the efforts of such firms as Messrs. Prang & Co., who by the continual freshness and beauty of their designs in inexpensive cards appeal irresistibly to all lovers of the dainty and the beautiful. The issues for Easter of the present year well sustain the previous record.

¹ *Elocution for Advanced Pupils.* By John Murray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

² *The History of the Anti-Slavery Cause in State and Nation.* By Rev. Austin Willey. Portland, Maine: Brown Thurston, 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. (SECOND SERIES.)—MAY, 1888.—No. 65.

SOME WESTERN CARICATURE.



It is a peculiarity of the Western character that it is seemingly more sensitive to ridicule than to any other influence. The fear of being laughed at will often make a Californian change his mind and go down into his pocket, where an appeal to the

ple on the streets move faster than they do in Eastern cities. The business man comes in the moment to a decision on financial questions of such weight and gravity, that in older communities they would be decided only after the most cautious and mature deliberation. It is the custom to think quickly and act quickly; and it is this habit of crowding so much into a limited time, this restlessness lest the greatest advance possible is not being constantly made, this feverishness of effort that allows no rest, which is the most marked as well as the most dangerous characteristic of the West.

justice or necessity of the case would fail utterly to enlist his financial sympathy.

This is not so much due to a lack of the finer feelings and sentiments in the make up of his mind, as to the way in which he lives his daily life. The Californian has been noted always for his open heartedness and general carelessness of self; and if he stops to think, no man is more considerate toward that which appeals to his reason or his sympathy.

But the trouble is that as a rule he does not stop to think. The Californian is perpetually in a hurry. Whether it be in business or in pleasure, life seems fuller in the West of what in the terse slang of the native is denominated "go." The peo-



WANTED.

ety, it is a business as distinguished from a literary community. Not that it has no literature or art. It is rather that its literature



HE LAUGHS BEST.

and art are governed by and subordinated to strictly business methods. The popular taste has no love for anything intellectual which cannot be taken in at a glance, and as a result caricature has always held a high place in the Western estimation.

On the other hand the spirit which created the demand has reacted to give a keener edge to the local satire and point more pungently the local wit. The inspiration of Western caricature has been always fresh and individual. The peculiarities of Western life have made possible several distinct lines of humor not to be found in other sections, and even in the commoner walks, where the treatment must of necessity be more or less hackneyed and conventional, there is a crispness of handling that serves to keep the work distinctly up to grade.

The danger in this "hurrying" tendency lies in its discouragement of that depth of investigation and patient persistence of application which alone produce valuable and lasting work. Brightness is substituted for earnestness, and the effort becomes one to please rather than to improve.

But this mental preoccupation of the West has saved it from that following after "fads" which is a distinct characteristic of older and more deliberate communities. There are no "dudes" nor Anglo-maniacs in California. The women of the community are much less prone than their Eastern sisters to give themselves over to the vanities of shallow self-

cultivation, the injurious excitement of "slumming," or the vagaries that go to form the attitude of mind distinguished as "intense."

As a consequence, the caricature of the Coast does not busy itself with these phases as it does in the East. It is with the more serious occupations of life that it has its most frequent dealings. Politics, of course, have always afforded it a legitimate field. But the work in this line has been largely local, and the interest in each cartoon of necessity died as soon as its "timeliness" was past.

Each attitude of daily life, however, has received its meed of attention. The church, the press, stock gambling, mining, athletics, music and the drama, have all in turn figured grotesquely under the artist's pencil, and there is hardly a line of local business which has not found at some time a comic interpretation.

It is a pleasant feature of this Western work that so little of it is cruel and unkind. Small reverence as the average Californian has for the commonly sacred things, there is no malice coupled with his fun. A kindly feeling of



WHO LAUGHS LAST.



CATCHING THE WRONG JACK.

sympathy always runs through his wit, which deprecates the class of satire whose primary object is to wound. Sometimes to be sure, in the heat of political contests there are thrusts given that cut like knife-blades. But aside from politics the field is comparatively free from wounded, and even there a close examination will show that when the daggers have been drawn it was in a proper spirit of indignation toward some improper pretension, rather than the simple delight of the artist in the caricature as such.

The happy-go-lucky life of pioneer days was particularly favorable to the uses of the caricaturist. There were so many ups and downs, so many sudden changes from wealth to poverty, so many new and different conditions to be met and endured, that the philosophical spirit of laughing at whatever came was of necessity universal, if men were to get any comfort out of life. This spirit naturally was reflected in the illustrations of the day, and the native gradually came into such a habit of treating everything about him

as a huge and constant joke, that it is to be feared that his gravest statements today concerning things Western carry suspicion to the Eastern mind that there is still something in them of exaggeration.

The most striking feature of this early work is the absence of skits directed at women. This is not so much because the masculine mind of that period rose superior to interest in feminine foibles and disparagements, as to the fact that there were not enough women in California in those days to



THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

make them objects of familiar interest. "Out of sight out of mind," applies as well to this case as to any other; and to state the matter bluntly, men were then so occupied with other things, that for the time being the gentle sex dropped out of their lives, and failed to interest them except in individual cases.

Charles Nahl drew a few humorous sketches in which women figured, but for the most part they were recollections of the past rather than experiences of the present. Of the three cuts presented here containing women, two were evidently reminiscences of the same lady, and the third a recollection of an experience had elsewhere than in California.

This latter, "The Right of Way," exhibits in both of its figures a cut and style of dress entirely foreign to the easy-going society of pioneer days. The early miner did not as a rule wear a frock coat and high beaver hat. It is a very tender recollection, however, of the days when crinoline were an anguish to men's souls, and women of necessity became "a thing apart."

"Crossing the Isthmus" had in it the same broad vein of exaggerated humor without being very characteristically Western. Any one who has seen the burro struggling with a heavy load, will appreciate the agony of mind expressed in the bent legs of this



CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

one, and his general insignificance of size. In the third sketch the female figure is only an accessory, and has nothing particular to do with the humorous idea.

It was the doings of men that interested the early pioneers, and naturally the most common — because the most familiar — of these doings, came to be the objects of their caricature. All the processes of mining, the experiences of inland travel, and the different animals of California with their peculiarities and traits, were new and original material for the humorist's exaggerative pen.

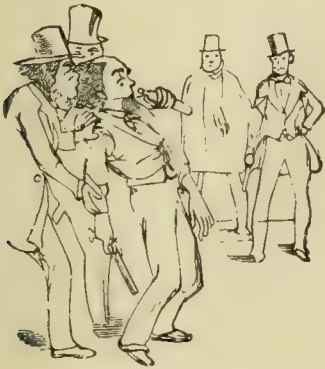
The bear easily stands first as the representative Western animal. His individuality is so great that an almost infinite number of subtle shades of meaning can be drawn into his normal outline; and he has gone into comic art as the star representative of Western caricature.

There is something in the spectacle of the sudden and uncompromising overthrow of the human dignity by brute force that tickles the inmost sense of the ridiculous in the looker on; and there is that about the bear when he is really interesting himself in the matter, that is almost instantaneous in suggesting to the coolest of men that it would at least be just as well to keep a look out for a handy tree.



BROKE.

As might be expected, human vanity has for the most part chosen to depict the man as ultimately victorious in these contests of wits, but in some cases the phase chosen has nothing to relieve the humiliation for the biped. The range of emotion depicted is very wide. At one extreme is the exaggerated calmness of the stutterer in the "Sazarac Lying Club," who when pursued by a bear refuses even to quicken his gait or raise his voice "lest it might alarm the boys," but strolls back into camp just ahead of his savage pursuer, and pausing at the edge of the circle long enough to remark in his natural tone of voice, "B-boys, there's a b-bear a-com-in'," passes on through the circle into the woods on the other side, leaving them to settle with the bear.



BUT A POOR FIGHTER.

At the other extreme is the frantic demoralization of the tourist, noted here in the plate called "Treed." His tree of refuge is so small that if he lowers his legs he will be within reach of the bear, and if he attempts to go higher the sapling will bend over and let him down.

In the scale between these two is the double picture, "He laughs best who laughs last." The expressions of amusement and triumph, as contrasted with the consternation and despair depicted alternately in the beast and in the man, are calculated to appeal successfully to the intellect of the dumbest reader.

Of men alone, the caricature of the "broke" miner was probably the most pop-



A GOOD TALKER.

ular. Perhaps more men in those days actually had a fellow feeling with that public character than with any other. At any rate, there was not a magazine or an illustrated sheet on the Coast that did not, sooner or later, publish some picture illustrating this idea. A type was soon developed, and later work differed from the earlier only in the piling up of gloomy details.

The specimen inserted here has about all there is to show of depressing surroundings. Unkempt and ragged he stands at the dividing of the ways, with dead bones at his feet and rocky graves behind him, his hands in his pockets, utterly disheartened and broken down, and evidently puzzling over the problem where to go and what to do next. The one redeeming feature, which if omitted would have made the picture more gloomy, is that by the sign-board the suggestion is



THE RIGHT OF WAY.



TREED.

given that there is some place to which he can go and start over again in life.

The Indian sketch is a reminiscence by some artist who had crossed the plains, and is not peculiar to the coast. It has found a place because of the wonderful intensity of the action and its exaggerated suggestion of earnestness of purpose.

In the crowded settlements of pioneer days hotel accommodations were hardly of the best. There were three men for every bed, and three prices for every man. It cost from one to ten dollars to be allowed to bring in your blankets and sleep on the floor, and the fleas and roaches were omnipresent. As a rule, the only comfort the miner got out of his hotel experiences was in seeing them caricatured in print; and cuts illustrative of inn discomforts were only less common than those relating to bears.

There were few societies and organizations of pleasure in those days, and as a result the public wit was seldom exercised in showing up their peculiarities or deficiencies. The Academy of Sciences, with its investigations

into primal remains, came in once or twice for a touch, both in picture and in verse; but of music, drama, religion, or art but little or nothing was said until a later period.

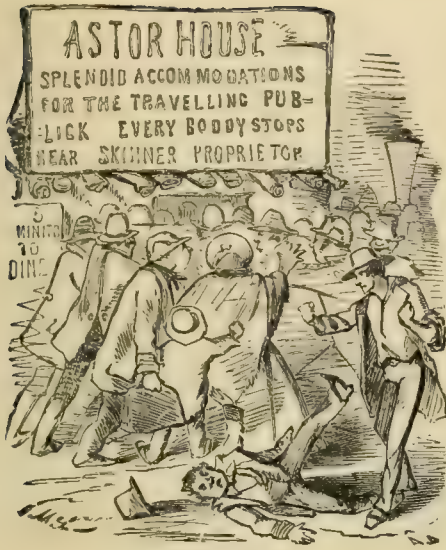
So far, all the early caricatures which have been presented have found their exaggeration in distortion of the drawing of the figures and backgrounds of the pictures. Equally popular, however, was the class in which the drawing was correct and pleasing, and the exaggeration lay in the idea presented. This class of work being more artistic than the first, and requiring more time and careful labor in its rendition, is not so frequently met with as its more grotesque counterpart. When it does appear, however, it is always attractive and interesting, and a certain delicacy of humor and satire is made possible by its use, that would have been entirely missed in the coarser overdrawn of the other method.

For instance, no exaggeration of expression could have given to the figure in the initial letter of this article half as perfectly as the natural method has done, the expression of intense home-sickness which characterizes him. There is absolutely no overdrawn in the picture, but it is so surcharged with those ideas which suggest home-sickness that



HUNG UP TO DRY.

the intention is more than clear. More than one gringo in those days was wont in the first depression of his loneliness to go out to the end of the wharf, and mounting the farthest-most pile gaze wistfully out over the watery track that lay between him and his friends. It is the time when no new ties having been



A QUIET HOTEL.

formed, the memory of the old tugs so bitterly at the heart-strings, that the only comfort possible lies in getting as far away from the present and as near to the past as circumstances will allow; and this last stanchion is the physical realization of that mental *Ultima Thule* to which his affairs have come.

This cut, designed by Charles Nahl, was printed in the *Wide West* in 1853, and owes its preservation, together with several other specimens of early work printed in this article, to the interest in early caricature of Mr

A. T. Dewey, by whose permission they are presented here.

Another of this same class is the double picture representing the man whose splendor of virtuperative diction outshines his courage in times of real action. As before, the drawing is true to life. The main figure was a real type of early California, and for that matter there is more than one specimen of this genus in existence yet. Bret Harte's Colonel Starbottle is a variation on the same theme. The original was Southern, with commanding appearance and great natural dignity. His hair was black and worn long, and black whiskers ornamented his chin. His clothes were as a rule black and somewhat seedy, and his flow of language was something tremendous. It was only when cornered, however, that he could really be got to fight, and even then only a liberal administration of corn juice really steadied up his knees and "saved his honor."

Horsemanship, in its various phases, naturally received much consideration from the pioneer mind. Horses, mules and burros were more than plentiful, and the picturesque variations from Eastern methods caught from the Spanish and Indians who first occupied the country, soon stamped themselves on the local life as something distinctively and characteristically Western. "Bucking" in all its seven phases, packing with the ludicrous



THE LAST LAP.

ye Lawyer.



incidents of slipping and cinching, the throwing of the lasso, and the more ordinary mishaps resulting from breakages and falls, all passed in prompt review under the pen of the local caricaturist. "Catching the wrong Jack" had the element of experience in it that made it more popular than many others, but the public never seemed to tire of variations on the old theme, and probably with the exception of the bear cuts, the skits at horsemanship are more numerous than those on any other subject.



With the decline of the pioneer spirit there was a corresponding decline in those things which had held the attention of the vagrant population of early days. New interests

arose, and the oddities of cruder society that had furnished the basis for its caricature gave place to the more civilized peculiarities of the present day.

These are of course in large part the same as those of other American communities, and the things produced which can be stamped as peculiarly and distinctively Western are few and far between. Our picturesqueness

is departed, and if we are more quiet in our ways, more civilized in our actions, more cultured in our instincts, we are correspondingly less individual, and grow less and less interesting as we draw nearer to the dead level of Eastern civilization.

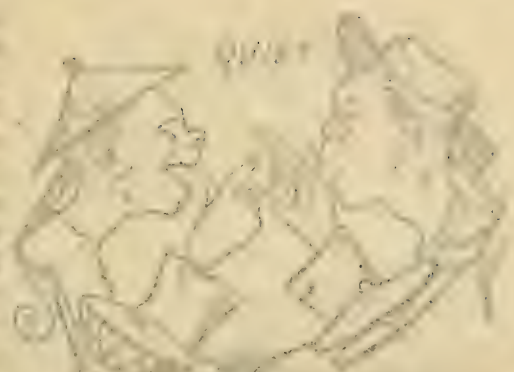
One feature of Pacific Coast life, however, can yet be touched on as undoubtedly of the soil. This is the delineation, either serious or humorous, of the Chinese features and character. No Eastern periodical has yet published pictures of the Chinese that have caught enough of their traits and peculiarities to render them recognizable as such without a label. The effort has often enough been made, but the Eastern artists, not being conversant with the heathen in the flesh, draw all the individuality out of their faces, and while the results are good pictures from an artist's point of view, they can hardly be called good Chinamen. It is a sort of poetic justice that the predominating air of these Eastern-made Chinamen is aggressively Irish — which, considering the irrepressible conflict between the two races here, is a bit of unconscious humor scarcely to be expected from the humanitarian East.

But in California the Chinaman is always with us. There is no occupation or amusement of life with which he is not nearly or

distantly connected. His traits are as many as the hereditary tendencies of centuries make them. His meekness and uniformity, his gravity and apparent lack of sense of humor, his shaven head and slouchy dress, his honesty in great things and dishonesty in small, and the innate selfishness and wonderful facility of imitation which he out-competes his Caucasian brother, all combine to render him a constant target to the humorist's pencil and pen.

With one exception the pictures of this class noted here give simply the facial expression of the Chinaman under different conditions and feelings. That one has less of caricature in it than any other picture presented; but it contains a satire on the ways of the Western young man in dealing with his laundryman that makes it appeal successfully to the Western sense of humor. The patient meekness of the heathen, the guarded way in which the debtor holds the door ajar, the colorless accent of the "You catchee some change today?" together with the distinct suggestion that the washing will yet remain unpaid for, are all characteristics of the Coast, and — it is to be regretted — very near the truth in daily life.

Of the heads there is little to be said except that they are overdrawings of types familiar to every inhabitant of the Pacific Coast. The peaceful "high-binder" with his dagger and pistol, the "temperate" smoker, whose



cadaverous features and slim outline of bust betray his addiction to opium, the disgusted heathen whose wrath has for the moment surprised his features out of their usual phlegmatic calm, the orderly dandy with pointed finger nails of abnormal length, the fat and contented philosopher, and the young boy whose face is yet a perfect blank, — all these and many more could be adduced as examples of this peculiar line of Western life and caricature.

It is not the object of this article to touch on the men who have figured as black-and-white caricaturists in the West. For the most part the work in this line has been a matter of relaxation for the artist from harder and more serious occupation. With one or two exceptions there have been no canons in the comic field, and the work done represents almost as many artists as there have been caricatures drawn. Jump and Loomis in early



life; and art, music, the drama, the deg society, the pursuit of culture for culture's sake are gradually making their civilization felt upon him. He caricatures things of course, and laughs at them; submits to them one by one, and sooner or later he will come to be proud of them. Things as distinctive as any thing in this caricature is the idea of setting forth the harp as the typical instrument of music in the West. As usual, however, there is an element of truth in the matter that will not admit of denial. What the harp is to Erin, such is the accordion to the West.

There is of course a cultus in the larger



DISGUSTED.

days, and Niles, Strong, and Saalsburg, in later times, have made this work to some extent a specialty. But the main array has been of "one-picture" caricaturists, for whose just mention and discussion too much space would be required. What is intended is to show in a cursory way the scope of the work in caricature on the Pacific Slope, and to suggest those lines that seem to be characteristic to the West.



INGENUOUS.

cities that understands and appreciates true music. There is a much larger class throughout the State that think they appreciate music, whose voices mingled with the voice of the piano and the organ are forever abroad in the land. But when the populace, as such comes to be taken into consideration, there is no choice but to yield the palm to the accordion both for multitude and popularity.



Aside from the Chinese work it must not be expected that the subject matter will present much that savors of novelty. The Western man of today is interested in the same pursuits and callings, and given over to the same diversions and amusements, as is his brother of the East.

Athletics in its phases of foot-ball, baseball, sprinting, bicycling, and lawn tennis, have come to have a regular place in his



In the tenement houses of Tar Flat and the Barbary Coast and the mining claims of Shasta, it is alike the interpreter of the sentimental outpourings of the Western musical soul. Its portability and cheapness long ago established it in popular favor, and its peculiar delivery brought it a change of name from its proper appellation to the more striking, if less euphemistic one, of the "wind jammer." There is something too about the breathless pauses and the general uncertainty of its music, that makes it a fit and sympathetic accompaniment to the untrained human voice. People do not expect as much from the soloist who sings to an accordeon obligato, as they would under other and less trying circumstances.

It must not be gathered from this article



that more than the usual proportion of the caricature of the Coast is worth examination. There is the same dreary multitude of witless efforts, the same pathetic host of attempts to be funny which were not funny, to be found in Western as in Eastern caricature. The proportion of good to bad, however, is fully up to the average of other sections, and both in point of conception and execution this class of work is something of which the West may well be proud.

Some of the most clever sketches of later days originated with the under-graduates of the University of California. Their year book, the Blue and Gold, has contained some of the brightest caricatures ever done here; and taking year after year, it outranks in point of cleverness any similar publication issued from the colleges of the East.



It is essentially the students' book, and in it they pay off all the scores of the year, laid up against the faculty and each other. Most of the subjects are of necessity local, and therefore devoid of interest to the public at large. But many of the little touches are so human that everyone is compelled to smile at their humorous malice.

For instance, it is customary each year to publish in it a list of the faculty, followed by some cut emblematic of their estimation in the student mind. When the class of '81 in its junior year was debarred from attendance for some misconduct, the Blue and Gold promptly came out with the usual list, followed by a cut of a pair of suspenders, which spoke louder than words as to what one of the faculty's actions during the year had most impressed the student mind. At a later pe-





It is a curious thing what an exaggerated idea of his "honor" a college undergraduate has. He is all the time expecting to be treated as if his manliness would prevent him from doing anything out of the way, and yet at the same time his immaturity is leading him into all sorts of pranks that require a strong check to keep them within the limit of the law. Suggest to him that he is being watched, and he is in arms in a moment to prove that it is necessary. The examination scene herein — taken from life — illustrates this case very well. The personal supervision of the instructor was such that the students felt that they were expected to cheat ; and more than one sly thing was done by men who had no need to go outside of themselves for help, solely on principle, because it was expected of them.

riod, after some disagreement in which the boys fancied they had come out ahead, the list was followed by the significant cut reproduced here, of a hand holding a test tube, and vainly endeavoring to shut off the gas with its thumb.

Equally good is the "Student Beverages" used as a tail piece to this article. There is about as much real truth in the allotment of Bourbon to the Senior's use as in that of milk to the Freshman's. The Western student is not a drinking man, and no college could be more free from "social convivialities" than the one at Berkeley. But it has pleased the popular mind in the past to ascribe to the University an infelix reputation for intemperance mainly because the boys refused to take the efforts of the reformers in their behalf in a proper spirit of seriousness, and finding that it kept them before the public, the callow fledglings have made bold to pose on paper and in print, disguised in a lion's skin of wickedness and dissipation that really does not belong to them at all. In the present sketch, however, there is the further suggestion of the advance in the quality of knowledge taken in, from the "infants' food" of the first semester to the "strong drink" of the commencement term.



"THE WIND OF THE WESTERN SEA."



UMPIRING.—AN APPEAL FROM THE DECISION.

Under the head of "educational caricatures" come the hits at the professions. Doctors and lawyers are much the same here as elsewhere, and equally touchy as to their foibles. There is more of a sting in the fling at the latter than in the picture devoted to the doctors here. The lawyer always comes in for a suspicion of graspingness and dishonesty, and it is no doubt true that the popular mind in California distinctly associates these qualities with them as a class.

The doctor, however, is rarely suspected of purely mercenary motives. When the average Californian gets under the weather, he calls in a physician with much the feeling of the man who started to cross the river on the ice. He hopes it will hold together till he gets across, but he rather expects it won't.

The caricature of things medicinal, therefore, generally takes the shape of a good-natured banter concerning his methods and ability, of which the cartoon of the doctor "practicing" on the wooden manikin with its feet in a mustard bath is a fair example.

In athletics much of the old straw is trodden over. It is more a question of the way things are put, the variations in the distortion of the figures in the drawing together, with the rearrangement of the regular stock fig-

ures in different groupings, that serve to make them worthy of attention. Saalsburg's "Umpiring" is suggestive but not new. The "Last Lap" is interesting only from its exaggerations of the heel and toe step of the professional walkers. Brighter is Niles, punning sketch on the "full backs" of foot-ball. This latter, however, is not a special class caricature, and is more deserving because it is



THE RESULT OF PRACTICE.



harder to get the humorous effect out of the field of general work.

Of this field of general work, space has been found for only two examples. These — the "Incentive to Action," and "The Beginning of March" — depend for their effect entirely on that general bond of sympathy that is common to all humanity. The knight who conquers by gentle means instead of by force of spur is the real hero of modern chivalry, and it is not an idea peculiar to one or two alone that a donkey can be oftentimes better induced to go by feeding than by driving.

It is a curious feature of caricature in California that it should confine itself so largely to local subjects. Similar work in the East is comparatively devoid of earmarks. At least it is as common for it to be national as narrowly local. But in California there seldom if ever appears a skit devoted to outside affairs.

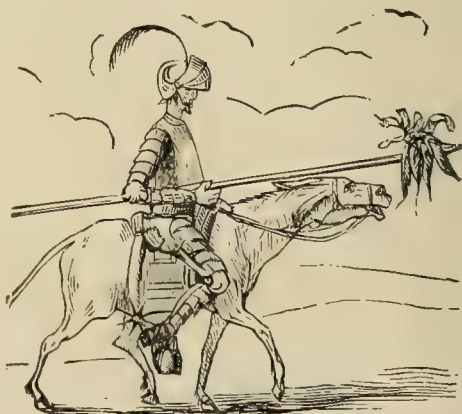
This is all the more curious because the population is so truly cosmopolitan, and on any established race principle ought to be alive to the politics at least of the mother countries that gave them birth, and interested still in all that concerns their welfare.

Probably the solution of the matter lies in the comparative smallness of the population as a whole. The great chains of mountains lying between California and the East have

acted as barriers between the two sections more than most people are willing to admit. It is not probable that the Germans in the West have forgotten their fatherland, or that the French, or Italians, or other foreigners here are less in touch with their old home sympathies than are their brethren in the East. But there are too few of each nationality yet in any one place to make the caricatures that appeal to only one nationality popular. Caricature to be successful must present something familiar at a glance to everybody. Just as we are too small a community yet to have class newspapers, so we are yet too small to support class caricatures. Only that which is local appeals to all, and therefore that which is local has gained almost exclusive ground in Western caricature.

In pioneer days this was not altogether true. There was such a constant influx of men from the outside world, and such a constant outgoing from the gold fields of those who, having made their fortunes or satisfied themselves that there was nothing to be made, turned their backs on the new El Dorado and returned to their earlier homes, that practically there was nothing local to take their attention and sympathy from what interested the communities from which they came.

Some very excellent work of truly national spirit was done by Charles Nahl, and during war times there was naturally a wide-spread interest in national affairs. But when the



AN INCENTIVE TO ACTION.



PRACTICING MEDICINE.

later artist came to approach outside affairs, as a rule his work took a turn that appealed to the general spirit of humanity, and the foreign personages and locality used became merely a setting for the more colorless idea.

For instance, during the Russo-Turkish war, a local artist was inspired to draw an exceedingly good caricature whose setting was Russian throughout. But the foreign element ended there. The spirit of the conception lay in an appeal to something that any one not familiar with the war might understand.

On the one side stood Diogenes with an empty lantern, which he was holding up to the inspection of a file of Russian soldiers.

His face had more than its usual expression of disgust, and in the legend beneath he is made to say: "It is n't that I expect to find an honest man among you, but I really think you ought to replace my candle you have eaten."

Of the present outlook in black-and-white caricature in the West, perhaps the less that is said the better. There is no regular paper on the Coast devoted to its publication, and that which is printed sees the light in a desultory way through the medium of programmes, circulars, and special publications. The Bohemian Club which has attracted to its fold all that is brightest, wittiest, and best in artistic and

literary circles, takes delight in inventing for its mystic "Jinks" entertainments elaborate programmes, on which the humorous taste of its members has been allowed to run riot. Some of these are marvels of beauty as well as fun, but, like many other things granted to the elect, they are guarded jealously from the public at large, and are seldom seen and enjoyed outside of a limited circle of the initiated.

Probably the best caricature today in California is unconscious. It is not confined to pictorial representations but walks the streets and illustrates more than one phase of life. We have taken to acting instead of printing our caricature.

Francis E. Sheldon.



STUDENT BEVERAGES.—STRENGTH VARIES INVERSELY AS THE SIZE OF THE VOLUME.



IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

"GRACE, mercy, and peace
From God the Father, and our Lord
Christ Jesus."

Most sweet and sad, most sweet and sad,
The dove's far cry from fruiting orchards came,
And shining poppies, strong and glad,
Waved with the graveyard grass their orange flame.
White locust branches crossed the blue
Each open window framed, and lightly there
A fragrant air came loitering through,
With softest stirring in the silver hair
O'er reverent brows, and in the drift
Of fallen petals on the window sills.
Far off, where shadowy orchards rift,
The wild oat feathers all the distant hills.

Ah heart, and only restless pain within !
Ah brain, and only endless striving o'er
Thy cruel wilderments that win
Answer, nor help, nor peace forevermore !
Hard love, hard life, that everywhere
Find out the captive heart and draw their chain
Through futile walls of azure air,
And drifting bloom, and benediction vain !

"Grace, mercy, and peace,
From God the Father, and our Lord
Christ Jesus."

R. Moore.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAGPIE.

THE peninsula of Lower California is generally considered to be a desert, rainless, devoid of cultivation, and worthless; not to be accepted as a gift. It is the only territory of Mexico, unless we consider the Federal District, which is scarcely entitled to be so called. Not very many years ago it contained upwards of a hundred thousand Indians, of whom not one is left of pure race, all having perished from disease, principally small-pox. Thus for hundreds of miles not a living soul is to be found.

Toward the southern extremity of the peninsula, around Cape St. Lucas, and from thence running a line northeast to the gulf, some thirty thousand people are settled, mostly Mexicans, engaged in stock raising. The peninsula is not more than sixty-five or seventy miles in breadth at this point. About the center, or somewhat nearer the gulf than the ocean coast, there is a very fine range of mountains, the highest peaks of which reach between six and seven thousand feet of altitude. At the base of this range, both east and west, are found the only unfailing streams of water that the country possesses, and in the vicinity of these the only land suitable for cultivation according to present methods. In the long narrow valleys formed by these streams, there are sugar plantations, a few rice fields, and orchards of oranges, citron, bananas, and other tropical fruits. The sugar is not refined, but the juice of the cane is run into moulds, and used or exported in the form of *panocha*, which looks somewhat like our crude maple sugar.

From the sea, the country looks barren enough, but it ought not to be estimated by our standard. If land will not produce turnips and cabbages, we are too apt to pronounce it worthless. In fact, the soil produces a fine, nutritious grass, dry though it appears during nine months of the year, and the undergrowth of the acacia variety bears a bean and tender shoots upon which the stock browses eagerly.

Aromatic herbs of many kinds abound, so that the beef, and more particularly venison, in the season, has the most delicious delicacy and flavor. Hence the country, — that portion of it which is inhabited, at least, — is principally devoted to stock raising.

The rainy season begins in July, and is supposed to end in December. This must have some significance which the inhabitants have not yet discovered, for nothing is planted to depend upon these rains, — the sugar planters irrigating their crops. In the mountains, the valleys are apt to open into a series of round basins in which the bed rock forms so as to collect the water, thus forming natural reservoirs, inexhaustible except during seasons of extreme drought. No use has ever been made of these except by the few "foreign" miners, who there find abundant water for their mills long after all surface moisture has disappeared. When men shall study with intelligence the full meaning of these new conditions under which nature presents itself, Lower California may prove to be as productive in its way as Alta California. We do not know as yet what are the products for which these conditions may be particularly adapted, but one day these subjects will be studied and made clear to all men.

The political struggles which have been the curse of Mexico sometimes reach even this remote locality. They are generally occasioned by the unpopularity or arbitrary conduct of the governor, appointed from the City of Mexico. In the troubles which ensue, the San José men, as the rancheros of the gulf coast are called, are generally found on one side, and the Todos Santos men of the ocean coast on the other. It has passed into a proverb that

"Nations intercepted by a narrow firth
Abhor each other."

So these worthy ranchmen, *panocheros*, cattle raisers, or what not, separated only by

the narrowest of mountain ranges, were constantly in dispute. Whichever side the San José men espoused, the Todos Santos men opposed; and as this feud has lasted for generations, it was rarely that the inhabitants of one valley visited those of the other, except during a *pronunciamiento*, when they would sometimes invade each other's territory, as loyalists or rebels, as the case might be. The bloodshed was not generally great on these occasions, at least not during the prevalence of hostilities, but after a "battle," or at the close of a campaign, the victors were sometimes disposed to make short work of their political opponents, on the principle that dead men cannot hit back, and that "to the victors belong the spoils."

The very highest authorities, namely M. de Guillemin of France, and Baron Hubner, of Germany, have declared the mountain range which follows the gulf coast of the peninsula to be a continuation of the main Sierra Nevada range. Certainly, so far as explored, it has proven to be very rich in minerals of all descriptions, and it has also been demonstrated that the eastern slope bears silver and the western gold, as in Alta California. All the northern portion of the peninsula adjacent to the gulf is practically a *terra incognita*, even at this late day, but in the foothills of the noble range which separates San José from Todos Santos some quite extensive mines have been opened, and several hundred native miners have been at work upon them for many years, under the direction of foreigners, so called, principally Americans and Germans. These industries are of great importance to the prosperity of the country, since they produce a regular amount of treasure, pay their hands weekly in coin, and make money comparatively plentiful where once all was stagnation and poverty.

Most of these concerns were pretty strong, too strong to be in much danger of molestation during the *pronunciamientos* alluded to. Occasionally a timid manager was persuaded into granting a *prestamo* of a few hundred dollars, but generally their neutrality was respected; perhaps lest they should unite and prove too formidable for either or both beligerents.

One evening a young German, well mounted and armed, rode slowly up the head of the San José valley. His horse had gone lame, and was tired out, so much so, that the young fellow had abandoned all hope of reaching the mines that night. Presently he met a ranchero, whom he saluted, and asked if there was any place in the vicinity where he could find accommodation for the night.

"*Si, Señor, El Rancho de La Chachalaca.* There you will sup well, and be well entertained." There was a merry twinkle in the ranchero's eye, as he replied, which did not escape the traveler's observation.

"Magpie Ranch! I did not think there were any magpies about here; there are some south, I know, but I never heard of any in this vicinity."

"There is *one, Señor,*" said the ranchero, with a broad grin.

The traveler looked puzzled, but seeing that there was nothing but good nature, and perhaps a little fun concealed, he inquired for exact directions to the house, and thanking his informant rode on his way. Soon he reached the summit of the hill, when he beheld the ranch, which he immediately recognized from the description as his destination.

It was a comfortable old farm-house, built of adobe, plastered and whitened. It had a slanting roof of palm thatch, laid upon rafters of slender palm, the thick and thin ends alternated. It had, too, a good broad shelter in front, also thatched with palm, and a "saddle rail," which served also to support the up-rights. The kitchen was detached some three or four paces from the back-door. A number of heavy Mexican saddles, *sudaderos*, blankets, etc., hung upon the rail. The up-rights had wooden pegs, upon which were suspended bridles, halters of horse hair, and spurs. A number of huge, clumsy pack saddles encumbered a corner of the portico, if it might be called such.

There was a spacious corral in front of the house, in which were a number of animals. From the knoll one could see the fields of sugar, the small presses, worked by mule power, and the distant range of mountains, the summits taking the most exquisite tints and the shadows the most delicate tones, as

the light gradually receded. A few cattle came slowly up the road, lowing as they advanced, answered by those in the corral and occasionally from the distant fields. There were no stacks of hay, — no barns, or store-houses, or stables. The mild climate rendered them unnecessary. The horses and mules are never housed, and no provision of hay or grain is ever made. Practically there is no winter. The stock is never fed except as it grazes in the fields, even the mules and horses being taken from the pasture and turned loose when their work is done.

Upon entering the house, the stranger was speedily met by a good-looking, smart señorita, who advanced with elastic step to receive him.

Like most Germans abroad, he was an excellent linguist, and spoke Spanish fluently.

"Could you accommodate me with supper and a bed for the night?" he said. "My horse is foot-sore and too far gone to reach the mines this evening, I fear."

"*Si, Señor,*" she replied, speaking with extraordinary rapidity, "with much pleasure, — why not?" Then clapping her hands rapidly, and producing a sound from them which could be heard quite a distance, she called, "Pepé, Tomás, Vicente, *muchachos!* Come ye, *venga, venga, venga!* Ye slow ones!" Then as they did not immediately appear, she uttered an exclamation of impatience, and excusing herself to the traveler, flitted off through the back door, and as speedily reappeared leading a clumsy, half-grown boy by the ear.

"There, Pepito, take charge of the gentleman's horse. Lead him to water, and then feed him well. No, do not mount him," she said, — but Pepito had already sprung upon him, and regardless of his lameness, had started at a good pace for the spring.

She then hospitably insisted upon taking the traveler's hat and spurs, and going to an adjoining room brought him, with evident pride, an American rocking chair. She then bustled off to give some instructions in the kitchen. As she did so, the traveler noticed that she moved with such rapidity as to make her short skirts fly, and if there was any very

light object close by, the wind produced by the speed of her movements would set it in motion. He could hear her tongue rattling away in the kitchen with corresponding speed, producing, particularly when heard at a distance, a curious uniformity of sound, — a certain rapid clack, clack, clack, which suggested a magpie, and at once furnished the young German with a key to the name of the ranch, and to the amusement of the worthy ranchero he had met upon the road.

Presently, having started the machinery of the kitchen to her satisfaction, she reappeared, and placing a seat quietly in front of her guest, who was reclining comfortably in the rocker under the portico, she proceeded to question him with surprising directness:

"Where do you come from, Señor?"

"From San Francisco."

"Where are you going to?"

"To the mine of *Las Chureas*. I am engaged as secretary there."

"You are German?"

"*Si, Señorita.*"

"You speak excellent Spanish. All Germans speak good Spanish. I like the Germans. *Son muy caballeros*, and very intelligent. What is your name?"

"Frederick Eberhaus."

"Then I will call you Don Federico. We shall be neighbors. It is only a short ride over to your mine. I have been there. It is a good mine, they say, and a rich company. My father cuts wood for the company, and sometimes carries freight for them. They are very good friends, but the Americans call him *El Vapor*, — the steamboat, and the boys, *Los Vaporcitos*, the little steamboats. That is because my father always starts off in a great hurry, — though he does not always arrive. The boys too do not arrive, except Pepito; he arrives always; one can fix oneself upon him, and —"

"And you, Señorita, — you always arrive, I am sure," said the young German, interrupting her and looking at her quizzically.

"*Si, Señor Don Federico,*" she said conscientiously. "*Siempre me llevo!* I am never wanting. What would become of us without it. But excuse me, I go to the kitchen."

She flirted off suddenly as before, the wind from her skirts upsetting something on the way, and presently the hand clapping resounded throughout the house, with loud calls for Pepito, Tomasito, Vicente, and other Vaporcitos too numerous to mention.

Presently El Vapor himself arrived, and was presented to Don Federico by La Chachalaca.

"Señor," he said, "I am at your orders. Do me the favor to count my house, my servants, my family always at your service. I have the confidence of the company, *Si, Señor*. The Americans are wonderful people, Señor, they can do anything. I am most zealous in their service. *Nunca me falto*, I am never wanting. If they say 'Don Alejandro, go thou,' I go, — and if 'come,' I come. It matters not if it is morning, noon, or night. I know their energy, and that their work must proceed, — *Si, Señor*. They can always count upon me — and you Señor Don Federico, rely upon me. In any emergency call for Don Alejandro, and you will find me ready and zealous. My house, my family, my animals, my resources, all at your command. *Si, Señor*."

This speech was addressed to the young German by the Vapor, hat in hand, with much rapidity and energy, and a certain puffiness, which at once showed how appropriate the name which the Americans had bestowed upon him. He went off, under full steam, puff, puff, to see that his guest's horse had been properly attended to, muttering some Spanish proverbs by the way; as, "The good horse will die for the master he loves: — *Si, Señor!* I go, zealous to care for him. The eye of the master fattens the steed, — *Si, Señor!*" — but being called upon by La Chachalaca to perform some trifling duty, he forgot all about the horse, — and as his daughter would have said, 'did not arrive'!

It was not long before supper was made ready. As customary in Mexico the guest was served alone. La Chachalaca herself waited on him, and certainly not a want of his escaped her lynx eyes. Before he could express a wish — almost before he realized it — it was anticipated. And such cooking!

Now Don Federico was somewhat of a *bon vivant*, and having made a long dreary journey over a rough country on a lame horse, he was prepared to enjoy himself when opportunity offered. Course after course appeared and dish after dish, La Chachalaca flitting from dining room to kitchen, and kitchen to dining room meanwhile. At length the most delicious dishes could tempt no longer, and after a cup of black coffee, the like of which he had never tasted, the guest lit a cigar, and lolling back in the American rocker under the portico, elevated his heels upon the saddle rail, and surrendered himself to bliss.

Here La Chachalaca joined him, and drawing up her chair as before, said:

"How do you like this country, Don Federico?"

"Very much, — particularly your cooking; it is beyond all praise."

"Ah, Señor, you deceive me; but the Germans are *muy caballeros*, and speak such good Spanish. The Americans too are *muy simpático*. The Señoritas all like them very much, — *los Señores, no tanto*, — but that is because they are jealous. There is Teresita Robles, she is *muy afectada* to Señor Field, the rich American from Boston, who owns the Esperanza mine, and he is very attentive. But they say that some enemy of hers has written to his relatives, and that his father or his uncle is coming out to take him home. Some say that he does not care about her, that he is only amusing himself, but that she is love-sick. I believe it. She plays the guitar to him every night, and sings love songs. It is a fact. She is a shameless creature. Don Cérilo of the *Rancho del Toro* gave her the guitar. It is all inlaid with silver; and it is certainly very graceless to accept a guitar from one caballero, and play upon it to another. And she sings to the American the songs that Don Cérilo taught her. I wonder she is not stricken dumb.

"Then there is Lola Perez. She is making love to Don Guillermo, the *contador* of the Santa Gertrudis mine. But he will never have her. What would a handsome young man like him take a little insignificant thing

like her for? She is very proud because her father was once *diputado*. But she need not make herself vain about it, they would not recognize him, and after staying at the capital until he had spent all his money he had to come back home again. They say Don Guillermo's family is very rich! *Sin duda*, all Americans are rich; but they have also plenty to do with their money. They will not send it here for him to marry Lolita.

"Then there is the widow Valdez. She is trying to marry the rich Italian storekeeper. He is very avaricious, — sells you the goods, and also charges you for the box. It is true. He once sold Don Alejandro, my father, a box of American soap, and then charged him two reales for the box. That is not the sort of man to marry a widow, unless she has a fine ranch and plenty of stock, but the widow Valdez is only a poor *panochera*, and —"

Here a number of the boys, having finished their supper, came running in. La Chachalaca introduced them as "*Vaporcito, numero uno, — numero dos, — numero tres, — quatro, — cinco,*" — etc.

"Which is the one that arrives?" said the guest. "He is the most interesting one?"

"This, Don Federico, — Pepito! Pepito, have you looked after the gentleman's horse."

"*Si, señorita.*"

"And fed him?"

"*Si, señorita.*"

"Yes, Don Federico, he is a good boy — and as I was telling you about the widow —"

But here Don Alejandro called her to supper, and as she lingered, evidently anxious to continue a repast more to her liking, he called a second time in a very imperious manner, "*Mercedita, Mercedita, why do you not respond when I call you?*"

"*Si, Señor, I come, I come,*" she replied, and flitted off, her skirts nearly upsetting the smallest of the *vaporcitos*. It was evident to the guest that Don Alejandro might not "arrive," from an American point of view, but that nevertheless he was not to be trifled with at home.

"Who is master of this house?" the young German heard him ask his daughter.

"*Usted, Señor,*" she replied dutifully.

"Well then, if I am, pay attention to my commands," he replied in a menacing tone. "Leave the caballero to himself. He has had enough of your tattle; or I will go in and entertain him; he will be glad to inform himself of something useful."

In the morning before sunrise, after a cup of excellent coffee, Don Federico, started for the mine. He was accompanied by *vaporcito, numero tres*, dispatched by Don Alejandro as guide: — not that a guide was necessary, the distance being so short, but the position of contador of a rich American company was one of importance, and El Vapor knew on which side his bread was buttered.

"I do not want the boy," said the young German. "You tell me I can see the smoke from the furnace at the next ridge. I can find my way very well."

"*Si, Señor,* — no doubt. But a person of consideration should not ride unattended. Vicente, take good care of the Señor. Your horse is no longer lame, Don Federico. I myself alleviated him. I have an infallible balsam. It has descended to me from my parents. It, and all I possess, — my house, my lands, my family, my resources, — always count at your command. I am the faithful friend of the Americans, and of all foreigners. They are the intelligent capitalists of this country. *Señor, adios! Siempre a sus ordenes,* — rely yourself upon me! — *Si, Señor! El amigo de los estrangeros.*"

The young German found a very nice set of fellows at the mine. He was cordially welcomed, and his position was comfortable enough except in one respect; the food was coarse and the arrangements of the table repulsive to a dainty person. All sat down to meals together, — the superintendent, his officers, and all the foreign employees; miners, millmen, and others. The nature of the labor in the mill did not permit much attention to the toilet. It had been found almost impossible to retain a cook. The Chinamen after a few weeks proved unreliable and insolent, others incapable, and still others thievish. A Frenchman, "*François,*" was *chef* when the secretary arrived. A harm-

less, inoffensive, industrious fellow when sober, but a noisy, crazy, red republican communist, nihilist, anarchist, and everthing else that is worthless and bad, when drunk. For a week or two the cooking was passable, then François "went off," and the company had to breakfast, dine, and sup upon the Marseillaise. The secretary reveled in the recollection of the dinner prepared by La Chachalaca until the contrast became unbearable, when fortunately remembering how short was the distance, and that he had a good lively horse in the stable, he rode over, taking care to arrive just about meal time. La Chachalaca beheld him the moment he appeared on the summit of the ridge, and immediately put herself in motion in a manner that set the skirts flying with even greater commotion than usual. The smallest of the vaporcitos was bowled or blown over two or three times, but instantly picked up, with many *pobrecito niñito's*, and other expressions of endearment. The youngster was used to it, however, and took it all as a matter of course.

Don Federico's reception was so cordial, so deferential, there was so much surprising recollection of his tastes, that he could but feel flattered and gratified. "How fortunate," he thought, "that this delightful place is so near; why, my horse brought me over in twenty minutes! What is to prevent me galloping over at any time! Nothing that I see." So gallop over he did, so often that finally La Chachalaca thought there must be something wrong at the mill if a day passed without a visit from the young secretary.

Of course, all this did not escape the attention of the superintendent of the mine, the mill foreman, or any of the officers and employees for the matter of that, but the secretary was already quite popular, so that any remarks which were made were very good-natured.

"What do you suppose he goes over there so frequently for?" said the superintendent to the mill foreman.

"To get a good dinner," replied the latter promptly.

"That's so! She's a splendid cook, that

Magpie, as they call her, and knows more than the old Vapor, and all the steamboat family put together. They say she feeds up her visitors to get them in a receptive condition, and then tattles all the scandal in the country."

"Well, I wish she would come over and feed us, I would listen to it. Eberhaus's head is level. He knows what he goes for, and he gets it, you bet!"

"Yes! and she knows what she wants and she will get it, or I'm no prophet. She will 'arrive,' take my word for it, and gamble on it, if you want to."

As for the rest of the community, though there was some intelligent criticism, the exploits of François caused it to harp very much upon the views expressed by the mill foreman, and the secretary was considered a lucky fellow to have the time and opportunity to escape, or at least supplement, the feasts of the Marseillaise.

The young German had been at the mine about a year, becoming every day more popular with the employees, officers, and men, and still more so with the Mexicans, when one morning he received a letter from La Chachalaca marked "*muy urgente*," entrusted to the care of Pepito, the *vaporcito, numero uno*, who never failed to arrive.

"What's the matter, Pepe."

"*Los pronunciados, Señor*. They have arrived themselves with an army, and are going to shoot everybody."

The secretary opened the letter which confirmed the bad tidings. On this occasion the Todos Santos men were opposed to the government and the San José men loyal. It was generally turn and turn about with them. Thus it was a revolutionary party which had surprised the Rancho de la Chachalaca just before dawn, and who according to Pepito threatened to extinguish all the vapores and vaporcitos without regard to age or sex. The Vapor himself had very nearly succeeded in making his escape. He had crept down to the corral and saddled a horse, but in his haste to get away had started at full speed, forgetting to untie the stout raw hide lariat with which the animal was fastened. The

consequence was a total wreck,—the Vapor being carried up to the house by his enemies, groaning and calling upon the saints under the conviction that he had broken every bone in his body. Only Pepito had escaped, with a hasty line from his sister calling upon Don Federico to aid her. The boy had been too prudent to attempt to take an animal from the ranch, but had slipped down the hill, and reaching cover, had made his way to a neighbor's, spreading the alarm and securing a horse to enable him to carry out his sister's instructions.

It did not take the secretary long to mount and start to render all the assistance in his power. To his surprise, Pepito would not wait to return with him. "No, Señor," he said simply, "*tengo otro negocio*," and rode off in the opposite direction.

When the secretary reached the ranch he found La Chachalaca and the entire establishment under high pressure, cooking and waiting upon the *pronunciados*, running here for eggs, and there for chickens, and elsewhere for vegetables, etc., etc. All the vaporitos were pressed into the service, except the youngest, who seemed to enjoy the activity and excitement, and toddled around among his enemies happily unconscious of their disloyal and formidable character. Some twenty or thirty, all the tables would hold, were in the full enjoyment of La Chachalaca's admirable cooking, of which, to do them justice, they were loud in their praise. Others were strutting around in full martial array, looking very formidable indeed, dressed in short jackets, rough goat-skin leggings with the long hair outward, and with a couple of revolvers, mostly ivory handled and silver mounted, upon every man. Broad, straight-brimmed sombreros and immense silver mounted spurs completed their costume. The commander of the party was Don Apollonio Guerro, the son of a sugar planter of Todos Santos. Being of an adventurous disposition, and averse to the monotony of life upon a Lower California sugar plantation, he had early escaped paternal control and pushed his fortunes in Sinaloa. There he had alternated between the government and

the revolutionary parties, and after some years of service, had returned to the peninsula with the title of colonel, to take part in every disturbance, and to create revolutions if they did not occur naturally with sufficient regularity. He was a fine looking young fellow, of slight, elegant figure, long oval face, a carefully trained moustache, curling upward, a mild voice, and prepossessing address.

"As mild a mannered man as ever took a purse or cut a throat."

He sat at the head of the principal table, and to him La Chachalaca devoted the greater part of her attention. A lot of gay young fellows of his own stripe sat near him. The excellent breakfast had put them in high spirits, and they were full of jest and banter, in which La Chachalaca, with a heightened color but with no other evidence of disturbance, heartily joined. El Vapor, lay upon a cot in an adjoining room, and his groans occasionally reached the party, but met with little sympathy,—indeed, they seemed to add to their merriment.

The very unexpected arrival of the secretary was evidently unwelcome, but the officers rose upon his being introduced by La Chachalaca, and saluting, gave him a cordial invitation to join them. At a sign from her he promptly did so, and so intimate had he become with their language and manners, that in a few minutes he was perfectly at home, jesting and uttering cynical criticisms with the best of them. He could see that for some reason La Chachalaca wished them detained, and so he lent his energies, and joined her in entertaining them, with abundant success, as the loud laughter at that end of the table repeatedly testified.

At length, the feast having been prolonged until mid day, and all in turn having eaten most bountifully, preparations were made for departure, and the bugle called the men to arms. Don Apollonio then took La Chachalaca aside, saying :

"Señorita, you will pardon me if out of consideration for the sufferings of your estimable parent I address you on a matter of business. I desire to confide to you that our

resources are very low, and that we find ourselves under the necessity of calling upon our friends for a loan. We expect to reach the capital in a few days, when I shall no doubt establish myself as *Gefe Politico* and *Comandante Militar*. I will then give you orders upon our treasury for the amount. You have entertained us so bountifully and so gracefully, that I will name a very small sum, lest it should discommode you, — say six hundred dollars, the temporary loss of which Don Alejandro will not feel, I am convinced."

"Señor Apollonio," replied La Chachalaca, her lip quivering under the effort to preserve her self control, "you estimate our resources too high. We have not six hundred cents in money among the whole family. Our little *panocheria* gives us but a bare subsistence, and if my father did not work for the American company, I do not know what would become of us. You must be thinking of the rich valley of Todos Santos, and the estates of the Guerros, when you speak of having six hundred dollars about the house in coin."

"Señorita, perhaps your father has not communicated to you where he deposits his treasure. All fathers do not confide in their daughters, even when they are so intelligent as la Señorita Mercedesita. Do me the favor to consult with him."

"No, Señor," said La Chachalaca firmly, "he is wounded and suffering; I will not cause his wounds to reopen —"

"Then," said Don Apollonio stiffly, "I must reopen them myself," and striding hastily up to the cot occupied by the sufferer he said, "Don Alejandro, when you caballeros of San José last did us the honor to visit us at Todos Santos, you assessed our family at three thousand dollars. Certain it is therefore, that I now let you off very cheaply at six hundred. I have been speaking upon the subject to the Señorita Mercedesita, but she does not know where you deposit your treasure, or will not communicate it without your authority."

El Vapor, who had begun to groan very loudly upon the approach of the colonel, now

seemed to feel his pains absolutely unbearable, so that his sufferings would have moved the sympathy of any one but a pronunciado short of money; but they had no effect upon Don Apollonio. "I give you five minutes," he said, "we are on the eve of departure; or perhaps you would prefer me to relieve your sufferings before I go. Captain, call up half a dozen of the troop with their carbines."

Then the young German called La Chachalaca aside, and offered to give her an order for six hundred dollars, believing her father's life to be in danger, but his daughter knew better. Don Alejandro only groaned more dolefully than before. Suddenly the colonel seemed resolved to depart without proceeding to extremities, for making a most significant gesture of contempt toward El Vapor, he saluted La Chachalaca and the secretary very politely, and started to mount his horse which had been brought to the door ready saddled. The youngest of the vaporcitos, who had been much attracted by his brilliant attire and equipment, and had toddled around after him, was now close by his side.

"A very pretty little boy," he said, stooping as though to pet him.

"Sí, Señor," said La Chachalaca unsuspiciously, and much elated at their triumph over the spoiler.

"What is his name?"

"Alejandrito, Señor, *a la order de usted*."

"Well, Alejandrito," said the colonel, suddenly hoisting the child on to the broad, plate-like pommel of his richly mounted saddle, "we will take a little ride together," and he mounted quickly, as the horse began to prance and curvet, impatient to be gone.

But La Chachalaca suddenly screamed hysterically, the servants all came running out of the kitchen, and also the mother of all the vaporcitos, an immense woman weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, whom the secretary had never seen.

"Give me my child," she cried almost choking with emotion, "you will find the money buried under the cot beneath Don Alejandro. Give me my child and take it, robber and villain!"

Don Apollonio immediately dismounted, his face wreathed in smiles; two or three of his officers joined him. El Vapor was unceremoniously transported to the opposite corner of the room, groaning in the most heart-rending manner, while one of the soldiers proceeded to disinter the treasure with a machete. It was speedily unearthed, — two hundred gold ounces!

"Three thousand, two hundred dollars," exclaimed Don Apollonio joyfully, "Don Alejandro, you are a just man to return the interest as well as the principal of the sum which you borrowed from our family during your last visit."

"Señor Apollonio," said El Vapor, shedding abundant tears, "I swear to you that I had nothing to do with it. I am no pronunciado, but an honest, hard working man. I joined the party under compulsion, — not one dollar did I receive, as I hope for salvation. I have always been the friend of the people of Todos Santos. I love my country, and all the sons of my country. I am the friend of every one, Mexicans and foreigners, *Si, Señor!* and if you are going to deprive me of my all, better take me and shoot me, as you threatened."

But here one of the pronunciados came rushing in, shouting, "*La tropa! La tropa!* save yourselves." Don Apollonio made a sudden grab for the sack of money, but the secretary seeing his opportunity, seized it, and drawing a revolver looked dangerous. The sound of shooting now warned the pronunciado that there was no time to lose, and in a moment with incredible activity he was on horse and away, discharging his pistol at the regulars, as they advanced. Unfortunately they were on foot, and the few horsemen who accompanied them did not care, evidently, to venture too far away from them.

Pepito soon presented himself, having "arrived" once more in the nick of time, although the credit of the plan and of their opportune arrival was in the main due to his sister, who had fortunately known just where the soldiers were stationed, and who had dispatched her brother to call them to the rescue.

So far as could be ascertained, no one was

seriously hurt in the skirmish. Two or three horses were killed, and as many more wounded, no doubt. Several pools of blood, around which the youngsters gathered, very much awe stricken, attested this. Blood had been shed! There could be no doubt about it. Already rumors were afloat that it was the blood of some of the pronunciados. Perhaps it was, after all. *Quien sabe?*

The trials of La Chachalaca were not yet at an end. Having fed and entertained her enemies, she had now to feed and entertain her defenders. As regards appetite there was no choice between them, so that the resources of the ranch were pretty thoroughly exhausted by the time all the hungry men were fed. Fortunately the Mexican veteran has not a dainty appetite.

The officers expected the best, of course, but Mercedita was equal to the occasion. With color still a little more heightened she flitted around, the skirts flying even more coquettishly than before. She cooked, waited at table, laughed, gossiped and flirted, and seemed to possess the faculty of being everywhere and of doing everything at once.

Fortunately, the youngest of the vaporitos was not around to be bowled or blown over. His mother had taken him into the kitchen and tied him to the leg of the table. El Vapor furnished his portion of the entertainment in groans, obtaining almost as little sympathy from his friends as from his enemies. The secretary, now that La Chachalaca was safe, would have returned to the mine but she would not hear of it.

"What could I have done without you, Don Federico?" she said, looking at him admiringly. "Who would have thought you were so brave, — you so amiable and sympathetic. I felt sure you were going to shoot that *maldito* Apollonio when you drew your pistol. Ah! how I admire a brave man. The vapores are not brave, — only Pepito. Pepito is a valiant one. The foreigners are valiant — the Americans and the Germans. That is why all the Señoritas like them so much. Oh! Don Federico, what should I have done without you? But I must go. Entertain the captain and the lieutenants,

Don Federico. Oh! what an appetite these soldiers have. *Valgame Dios.*"

At length all were fed to their full content, and in the evening, just before dusk, they took their departure. La Chachalaca accompanied the officers to the door, laughing, bantering and coquetting to the last moment; then, when all were fairly out of sight, she suddenly gave a little scream, and fell back in a faint, fortunately falling into the arms of the secretary. The young German was very much concerned and alarmed, being entirely without experience of that character. But the mother came to his aid, and together they bore her to her room and applied restoratives. At length she opened her eyes, and fixing them upon the secretary, exclaimed:

"*No me quitas, Don Federico.*"

"No! no! I will not leave you, do not be afraid," the young fellow exclaimed; and having received this assurance she went off again with a long sigh and a little shudder.

The secretary now insisted upon giving her a glass of good Spanish wine. This restored her once more, when she immediately repeated,

"*No me quitas, Don Federico!*"

Whereupon the kind-hearted young fellow reassured her as before. What could he do

under the circumstances, even had he been the most hard-hearted of men?

"I suppose you have heard the news," said the superintendent to the mill foreman, a few weeks later. "Are you going over to the wedding?"

"Of course I am," he replied. "I understand we are all going. There will be a high old time. We shall get something to eat; I cannot keep the Marseillaise on my stomach, so you can count me in, and swear by it."

"I never thought he would have married her," said the superintendent, "but she will take good care of him."

"Take good care of him!"—looking up with a significant expression and hesitating, evidently finding words unequal to express his emphatic approval of the sentiment,— "take good care of him!"—with a deep sigh,— "I wish I was in his boots!"

"But here is a note from the editor of *La Voz de la Baja California*, asking for an item about the wedding; the full name of the parties, etc. What shall I say? How shall I head it?"

"Call it 'The Arrival of the Magpie,'" said the superintendent. "That is about the size of it!"

Henry S. Brooks.

ANTECEDENTS OF SWISS FEDERALISM.

AMONG the many small republics of Europe which came into existence in the popular revolt from feudalism, those of Switzerland are conspicuous for the thoroughness and persistence of their republicanism. The lands whose union was the beginning of the Swiss Confederation held, before their alliance, a position in relation to the Empire not greatly unlike that which the British colonies in America sustained towards the government of England. They acknowledged the supremacy of the Empire, and it was no part of their early purpose to renounce this allegiance. The British colonies, also, in their first movement towards union, did not propose to sever

their connection with the supreme government; they sought to control those affairs which, from their point of view, appeared to concern merely themselves. The conflicts which arose in the two cases had certain features in common. In each case it was a struggle between the spirit of feudal domination on the one side, and the spirit of democracy on the other. The primitive cantons directed their opposition, not against the supreme authority, but against the feudal lords who had acquired immediate suzerainty over them. So the British colonists, while they stoutly maintained their loyalty to the king and the English constitution, prepared with great

determination to resist the governors who were sent among them. In the resistance offered by the people to the governors we observe the beginnings of a democratic war on feudalism. "The governors came over with high ideas of their own importance, and with not a little of the feudal spirit, which regarded the possessors of power as the holders of so much personal property that they might turn to their own private uses; while the assemblies were imbued with the spirit of the great idea that government is an agency, or trust, which was to be exercised for the common good."¹ In spite of the professed loyalty of the cantons and the colonies, and their original determination to form unions without changing their relations with the supreme governments, they nevertheless, in both cases, assumed positions and established institutions which were absolutely irreconcilable with the lingering feudalism that still found exponents in the emperor and the king.²

But the general circumstances under which liberty was developed in the two republics were different. In Switzerland, it grew up in a population which, on the same soil, had been subjected to feudal rule. Among the British colonists of America, it grew on a new soil, in a field free from the embarrassing traditions of earlier social forms; in a field, moreover, whose population was in large part composed of those, or the descendants of those, who had fled from the disagreeable religious and political restraints of an older society. In the one case, liberty was developed in the immediate presence of rejected authority; in the other case, its growth was encouraged by the leveling influences of frontier life, and by a wide separation from the seat of the supreme power. The two subsequent phases of development in both cases were the same. Having obtained independence, a loose confederation was formed in each case, with a single assembly as the sole organ of confederate authority; and, as a third phase of political growth, the confederate congress was supplanted by a federal organization. In

the United States, the transition was made in 1788; in Switzerland, in 1848.

The first important event in the history of the Swiss republics was the union of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, in 1291. The movement by which this union was effected was not an isolated undertaking, but was in some sense characteristic of the age to which it belongs. Other phases of it are seen in the organization of city republics, and their attempts to acquire a recognition of their liberties; and in the formation of leagues of cities, like the Hanseatic League or the League of the Rhine. At the time of their union, the lands which became the three primitive cantons of Switzerland had released themselves from all obligations to feudal superiors, and attained a position with respect to the Empire essentially like that of the free cities of Central Europe. Uri acquired this position in the early part of the thirteenth century; Schwyz and Unterwalden a little later; and since 1240, the practical independence of all three has rested on an unimpeachable legal foundation. Though practically independent, they remained directly subordinated to the Empire, and neither their individual striving nor their united action aimed to liberate them from this position of subordination. The union was formed rather to maintain this relation and to check the encroachments of the House of Hapsburg.

After the death of Frederick II., in 1250, the Imperial power rapidly declined, and the dependent princes and estates of the Empire sought on all sides to extend their dominion. When Rudolf of Hapsburg, whose hereditary lands embraced a part of the present territory of Switzerland, was made Emperor in 1273, it was his weakness that chiefly recommended him to the electors. It was hoped that he would not be able to check the tendency to particularism that had been gaining strength during the previous quarter of a century. Rudolf occupied the throne for eighteen years, and died on the 15th of August, 1291. A few months before his death he purchased for his son, Duke Albrecht, certain rights of feudal jurisdiction over the city of Luzern and its outlying lands. The knowledge of

¹Frothingham, "The Rise of the Republic of the United States," 127.

²Frothingham, 161.

Albrecht's zeal in enlarging the Hapsburg dominions made the free cities and cantons solicitous for the preservation of their liberties. Shortly after Rudolf's death, therefore, the citizens of Zurich, then a free city, resolved that the town "should not fall to any lord, except with the common consent of the community." A week later, on the 1st of August, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden joined in a perpetual union, and adopted articles of confederation.¹

The parties to this alliance sought by means of it to be "better able to defend themselves and their property, and more readily to preserve them in their proper condition"; and to the attainment of this end they promised to coöperate with all their means and ability. To oppose all encroachments of enemies, they promised, moreover, to render aid, at their own expense, to any member of the Confederation according to its needs. Their oath involved a refusal to accept a judge who had purchased his office, or who did not belong to and reside in the canton. In case of strife arising within the Confederation, the more prudent men should step forward to allay the discord in such a manner as might seem to them most expedient; and if one party would not accept this mediation, the others acting together should enforce submission; and it should be the duty of all to uphold those charged with the enforcement of obedience. If a person should take the life of another, he should be executed, "if not able to show his innocence of the crime";² and if perchance he had fled, he should never return. It was further provided that any one who might succor and defend such a criminal should be banished from the lands of the Confederation until he should be "deliberately recalled by the parties to this compact." The incendiary should be deprived of his civil and political rights, and the property of any one who might succor or defend him should be confiscated for the satisfaction of the injured party. If any one should

deprive another of the allies of his property, or injure him in any way whatsoever, the property of the criminal should be confiscated and kept for the satisfaction of the person injured, in accordance with justice.

The formation of this union was the first step in the political development of Switzerland, and the articles of union became the historical basis of the Republic. By it primitive political groups were permanently united, illustrating the first phase in the growth of a nation. By establishing certain relations between the united cantons and external powers, and by determining conditions of internal administration, it indicated the double field of sovereign activity which the republic was later to enter.

The second step was the enlargement of the union through the addition of five other confederates, joined to the original cantons by special treaties. In November, 1332, Luzern became the fourth member of the Confederation. This city was then under the suzerainty of Austria. It recognized its subordination, yet at the same time, in forming an alliance with the cantons it acted in opposition to its legitimate superior. The alliance was the first step towards the rejection of Austrian supremacy. In May, 1351, Zurich united in a perpetual union with Luzern and the three cantons. Its wealth and important position as a free imperial city gave it great influence among the allies, yet it held no legal superiority. The next year Glarus and Zug were added, and in March, 1353, by the alliance of Bern, the union reached a point of its growth in numbers at which it remained for one hundred and twenty-eight years, till 1481. The period which ended here was the heroic age of Switzerland. At Morgarten (1315), Sempach (1386), and Näfels (1387), the Swiss people gave unmistakable evidence of a determination in favor of liberty.

The third step was marked by the addition of five other members. Bern had retained in the Confederation her own policy; and her efforts to range the other cities, Zurich and Luzern, on her side, were so far successful that there appeared a city party and a country party. This divergence of policy was,

¹Bluntschli "*Geschichte des Schweizerischen Bundesrechtes*," I, 59, 60; II, 1, 2.

²"*Nisi suam de dicto maleficio valeat ostendere innocentiam*," Art. 6.

however, in a measure the outgrowth of different social and political conditions. In the one case the people lived in isolated dwellings, scattered along the valleys and over the sides of mountains; in the other case they were confined to the narrow limits of crowded cities. The constitutions of the rural cantons were strongly democratic; those of the cities were aristocratic. The most important feature of the government in one case was an assembly of all the freemen; in the other case a council of distinguished citizens. When Freiburg and Solothurn sought admission, the two parties found opportunity to express their antagonistic views. The cities favored the application, while the rural cantons opposed it. It was clearly seen that the proposed enlargement of the Confederation involved a still more complete transfer of the balance of power to the cities; and this fact, which was for the cantons a ground of opposition, was for the cities the basis of their advocacy. In 1477 the three cities formed a perpetual alliance with Freiburg and Solothurn, and this act only added intensity to the jealousy and indignation of the rural cantons. A breach between the parties appeared imminent, but was averted by the agreement effected at Stantz, in December, 1481. By this agreement the members of the Confederation engaged to use no violence towards one another, nor to allow violence to be used by their dependents, but to aid one another in bringing their refractory subjects to obedience. At this meeting also party strife was allayed, and Freiburg and Solothurn were admitted to membership in the Confederation. Twenty years later, in 1501, the cities of Basel and Schaffhausen were added, and in 1513 the canton of Appenzell. After the admission of Appenzell, no further increase in the membership of the Confederacy was made for nearly three hundred years, till 1798.

In these early steps towards the formation of a national government, the Confederation had to determine two points: 1, its ability to preserve its independence against encroachments from without; 2, its ability to maintain a lasting union of its several parts. The first point was practically determined by

"the eight old cantons." When, however, the number of confederates had been increased to thirteen, and the danger of being overwhelmed by hostile neighbors had been set aside, the forces of internal discord became manifest. To the social and political differences which appeared in the contrast between the city and rural cantons, there were added, as a consequence of the Reformation, the antagonisms of different religious creeds, subjecting the Confederation to a strain that threatened to destroy it. This was the critical period in the development of the Swiss Republic; for the preservation of liberty was dependent on the preservation of union.

Between the admission of Appenzell, in 1513, and the establishment of the Helvetic Republic in 1798, the number of members in the Confederation remained unchanged. It does not follow from this fact, however, that the amount of territory under Swiss dominion remained unchanged. On the contrary, it was considerably enlarged, and that chiefly in two ways: 1. through acquisitions by individual cantons; 2. through alliances, in which the Confederation, or a canton, or several cantons together, retained a superior position, while the other parties to the compact held subordinate positions. Before the end of the sixteenth century, a number of cities, rural communes, and small principalities had fallen into this list.

These subordinate allies were not actual members of the Confederation, but through their connections with some or all of the cantons, they participated in the fate of the whole. Although the early alliances out of which the completed Confederation grew were formed with no design of opposing the authority of the Empire, yet long before the independence of the Confederation was formally acknowledged by the European nations, through the Treaty of Westphalia, it had attained to practical independence, and to the exercise of the powers of a sovereign state. As an independent state, Switzerland has held two positions with respect to the international politics of Europe: that of an ally, and that of a neutral. As an ally, the Swiss achieved more military glory than political

advantage. "The first time they interfered on a large scale in foreign affairs, they were disgracefully misused, and inflicted upon themselves the greatest injuries. Their military victories were at the same time political defeats. Without any grievance of their own, led away entirely by foreign suggestion and foreign money, they undertook the war against Charles the Bold. And while they broke the power of the Burgundian Duke without appreciating how completely they were acting in the interest of the French King, they destroyed an important middle power not only between France and Switzerland, but also between France and Austria. Had the Duke of Burgundy retained essentially his position, Switzerland as a consequence would have won in him a natural ally in opposition to the great powers of France and Austria, and much friction between these two powers would have been prevented. But for the sake of temporary advantages, the Swiss overlooked the lasting interests of their independence and peace. After this they fell more and more under the influence of the French policy, and were more completely subjected than before to the fluctuations produced by the nearness of France to Austria."¹

The rôle which they played in the Italian wars was scarcely more to their credit or advantage, although at one time the fate of the Duchy of Milan was practically in their hands, and they were momentarily moved by the ambition to win for themselves a place among the great powers of Europe. They were, however, not organized for conquest, nor were they the chief representatives of any one of the great peoples of the continent. They became conscious of these facts, and recognized that their military renown had been gained chiefly in struggles for their liberty and independence, and that it was the maintenance of these which constituted the proper end of their military activity.

As long as the Confederation was surrounded by unfriendly neighbors, its unity was secured by the force of external pressure. The first serious danger of dissolution overtook it

when it had made peace with all the world, and found opportunity to develop internal antagonisms. The early contrasts presented by town and country aroused for a time the spirit of disunion, but the attitude of neighboring powers furnished a superior reason for united action. Yet when the Reformation had thrown among the people the fire-brand of ecclesiastical controversy, an explosion appeared imminent. Under the influence of an antagonism of creeds, the old order of things was so far broken up that there appeared one diet for the Catholic cantons and another for the Protestant cantons. Gradually, however, the breach was healed, and a single body continued to act for the whole Confederation.

The Diet of the thirteen cantons was the sole organ of the Confederation. In the earlier times it had no definitely fixed form nor fixed times and place of meeting. Besides the assembly of delegates from all the cantons, there were assemblies of delegates from only such cantons as were concerned in the business to be brought forward; and after the Reformation, meetings of the Catholic and Protestant cantons separately. The meetings of the Diet were held "at the most diverse times of the year, as the business to be transacted demanded, and lasted usually only one or a few days, but were easily and often repeated, so that in a single year there often occurred a whole series of different sessions."² Later, the place and time of meeting were both prescribed, and at a single session the business of the whole year was considered. At first, any canton might summon the Diet, but later it was provided that the regular call for a meeting should be made through the *Vorort*, Zurich. Each canton, still in the sixteenth century, often sent only one delegate; after this, however, it became customary to send two, yet there was no legal determination of the number it might send. It was, in fact, a matter of slight importance, inasmuch as the voting was not by persons but by cantons, each canton having one vote, without regard to the extent of its territory or the amount of its population. The subordi-

¹ Bluntschli, 265.

² Bluntschli, 392.

nate estates, however, that were represented in the Diet, the abbot of St. Gallen, the city of St. Gallen, and the city of Bienne, were not permitted to send more than one delegate. The powers of the Diet were not those of a representative body, but rather those of an assembly of ambassadors, in which each member acted according to instructions given by his superior. But the assembly was not limited to a prescribed circle of activity; it was competent to discuss all matters of interest to the Confederation. It was the medium through which all negotiations between the Confederation and other states were carried on. "It received the ambassadors of foreign powers, listened to their addresses, and made reply; it also sent ambassadors now and then to foreign countries. It made war and peace in the name of the Confederation; and, in the case of war between neighboring powers, it made the necessary provisions for defending its territory and neutrality. It negotiated alliances with foreign states, which each canton, however, remained at liberty to accept or reject."¹ Yet no canton was at liberty to conclude alliances with foreign states without the consent of the Diet. But the fact that ambassadors were received by the Diet did not prevent them from being accredited to, and received by, the individual cantons. The Confederation had no resident ministers at foreign courts, but sent ambassadors as the occasion seemed to demand. This power was also exercised by the several cantons, and it sometimes happened that a number of cantons had ambassadors near the same court at the same time; and in the case of the renewal of the alliance with France, each of the cantons had its representative near the French court.

In order that the Confederation might be in a position to exert upon its neighbors either a moral or a physical influence, it was necessary that internal harmony should prevail; and the task of securing this state of things fell upon the Diet as the only organ of the united cantons. Not having the powers of a sovereign over subordinate societies, the Diet was obliged to rely chiefly on me-

diation; and it regarded interference by this means a duty, even when not appealed to by the parties in conflict. The chief weakness of the Confederation with respect to internal affairs lay in the fact that the principle of majority rule was adopted only to a very limited extent. Each canton voted with perfect freedom, and was not obliged usually to follow the decision of the others. In the course of time it came to be accepted that the minority should accede to the will of the majority, in cases where the articles of union or special agreements of all concerned gave the majority the right to form conclusions. The acceptance of this principle was a consequence of a growing sense of common interests and a common destiny, coupled with the conviction that no one canton should be allowed, through its stubbornness, to jeopardize the well-being of the whole.

The early history of Switzerland shows no more unity in military than in civil affairs. "Each individual canton had a military organization of its own. And when a common war was undertaken by the Confederation, each canton sent its troops under its own standard and under officers appointed by itself."² The army thus constituted had no single officer in supreme command. The plans of campaigns and of battles were evolved and adopted by the chief officers in council. Sometimes the soldiers of the cantons were attended in the field by several members of the cantonal councils, who participated in the discussion of affairs, and formed, as it were, a diet in the field. Sometimes also the members of the councils, the officers, and the whole army met for deliberation in a great confederate assembly. These provisions for the control of the army were necessarily found inefficient. The exigencies of war demanded a centralization of authority, and for great emergencies and for the overcoming of peculiar difficulties, a single officer was given the supreme command, either by the direct action of the Diet, or by the action of the chief cantonal officers, or by the action of a single canton authorized by the Diet. In such cases the military

¹ Blumer, "Handbuch des schweizerischen Bundesstaatsrechtes," I, 14.

² Bluntschli, 409.

leadership was likely to fall to the canton that enjoyed political preëminence.

The sixteenth century, with its ecclesiastical antagonisms, threatened the Confederation with dissolution; but during the next century a strong reactionary tendency was manifest, and European states sought to realize the principles of absolutism in their organizations. In so far as this movement affected Switzerland, it emphasized the need of centralization. Its effect in Germany was to make the states of the Empire imitate the absolutism of France. It thus weakened their support of the central power. The Thirty Years' War and the encroachments of France on her neighbors made the Swiss feel more than ever the need of a common agent of defense. An important step towards the creation of such an agent was the establishment of the Defensional, first brought forward in 1629, but not fully carried out till during the wars of Louis XIV., in 1668. Under the provisions of this agreement adopted unanimously by the Diet, each canton was required to hold itself in readiness to furnish, whenever they should be called for, a certain number of men and a certain amount of munitions. The total number of men provided for was forty thousand and two hundred, in three divisions of thirteen thousand four hundred each. Of each of the three divisions Zurich was to provide fourteen hundred men, Bern two thousand, Luzern twelve hundred, the Abbot of St. Gallen one thousand, and the other cantons different numbers, ranging from one hundred to eight hundred. The second and third divisions were of the same size, and to be furnished in the same way.

In spite of this attempt to form an effective union for defense, the indifference and mutual jealousy of the several cantons rendered the Confederation practically defenseless and made its disruption by a foreign power an easy task. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the aristocratic elements had increased at the expense of the democratic, and against this dominant aristocracy the French democracy directed its propagandism. It prevailed here, backed by

the French army, as it had prevailed in Holland and Italy. Overwhelmed by the French forces, there was no alternative for the cantons but to submit to the dictation of their conquerors; and thus, in violation of their history and traditions, there was established the Helvetic Republic, a centralized state modeled after the republican government then existing in France.

This was the fourth step towards the formation of a national administration for Switzerland. It was a complete revolution in both the form and the theory of the government. Whatever had existed hitherto was the product of a growth along historical lines, in which ancient traditional rights had been preserved, and the sovereignty of the several cantons had remained inviolate. Under the constitution of 1798, established through the interference of France, the historical ground was abandoned, and a basis was sought in the doctrine of natural right. The cantons were deprived of their independence, and there was set up a "representative democracy resting on the abstract ideas of liberty, equality, and popular sovereignty."¹

The characteristic features of the new constitution were the following: "The sovereignty resided simply and solely in the totality of the citizens of the Helvetic Republic as an indissoluble state, in which the cantons formed merely administrative districts. The people exercised its sovereignty, however, only in adopting the constitution and in appointing electors, in the primary assemblies, one for each one hundred active citizens. The electors of each canton assembled for the election of the deputies of the two houses of the legislature, the members of the cantonal courts, and of the bureaux of administration. The legislative power of the republic was exercised by the Great Council, which at first consisted of eight deputies from each canton, but afterwards was to be constituted with reference to the population, and by the Senate, composed of those who had held the office of Director, and of four deputies from each canton, who were required to

¹Blumer I. 10; Bluntschli II. 305-322, for the constitution of 1798.

be thirty years old, to be married or widowers, and to have already held some one or more of the higher offices. The Senate was empowered to accept or reject bills passed by the Great Council. The two councils elected the executive Directory of five members, the manner of election being, that for each place to be filled one of the councils, determined by lot, formed a list of five candidates, from which the other council named the Director. The Directory, supported by four ministers designated by itself for the different departments of the administration was the proper 'government' of Switzerland. Its organs were the stadtholders in the cantons, the under-stadtholders in the districts, and the agents in the communes. The affairs peculiar to the cantons found certain although inadequate consideration in the bureaux of administration, which were charged with the immediate execution of the laws relating to finance and trade, art, labor, agriculture, food, the maintenance of the cities, and country roads. The administration of justice was carried on through district and cantonal courts and one supreme court. The last, consisting of one member from each canton, tried cases involving charges against the members of the legislature and the executive, decided in the second instance important criminal cases, and was empowered to set aside the decisions of the lower courts in civil cases on account of technical informalities, want of competence, or violation of the constitution. The division into cantons maintained for the most part the boundaries of the former confederated cantons and the subordinate lands; yet the extensive territory of the republic of Bern was divided into four new cantons: Bern, Oberland, Aargau, and Leman; while on the other hand the three original cantons were united with Zug, forming the new canton of Waldstätten. Glarus, Gaster, Uznach, Rapperschwyl, Upper Toggenburg, Sax, Gams, Werdenberg, and Sorgans were united in the new canton of Linth; and Appenzell, the city and land of St. Gallen, the Rheinthal, and Lower Toggenburg formed the new canton of Säntis. The avowed purpose of this

transformation in interior and eastern Switzerland was to weaken the old democracies, which appeared as the seat of the opposition to the new order of things." 1

The adoption of this constitution was a long step away from the previously existing loose confederation, towards a centralized state. It was a longer step than the Swiss were prepared to take alone. The form of government imposed upon them was in no sense an expression of the degree of political progress which they had made. The Helvetic Directory acted under instructions from Paris, and its pretensions to independence were a hollow sham. Switzerland was forced into an alliance with the French Republic, and was obliged to see her lands overrun and her treasure carried off by the troops of her ally. The constitution of 1798 was created by the Directory of France, and had to be upheld by its creator. Its existence was, therefore, terminated by the fall of the Directory. It lasted long enough, however, to make on the minds of a considerable part of the population an impression favorable to a more centralized government than had hitherto existed; and when it ceased to be in force, in the beginning of 1800, it left the Swiss divided into two parties, the Centralists and the Federalists. The Federalists adhered to ancient traditions and sought to revive the old confederation. The Centralists, on the other hand, had come into existence under the Helvetic Republic, and were the advocates of centralization. The political events of Switzerland during the following three years were strongly colored by the contentions of these two parties.

The crisis in France, through which the Directory was supplanted by the Consulate, showed a drift of power towards a single point in the organism. But the strength of the Federalist party made it impossible for Switzerland, of her own will, to follow the lead of France in this direction; and the First Consul, however arbitrary his dealings with the Swiss, manifested no desire to divert them from the course of development marked out by their historical traditions. On the con-

1 *Bücher* I. 19-20.

trary, he pointed out the fact that what they needed was a federal constitution, "equality of rights between the cantons, a renunciation of all family privileges, and the independent organization of each canton." To frame for themselves a constitution was then the task immediately at hand; and in the meantime, while the task remained unfinished, the powers of the state rested in a provisional government, consisting of a legislative council of fifty members and an executive council of seven members. During this period of transition several constitutions were formed, but inasmuch as they were formed under the dominance of those influences which had determined the character of the constitution of 1798, they for the most part emphasized the scheme of centralization embodied in that instrument. They were all, however, either still-born or had only a brief and hopeless existence. But these unsuccessful attempts indicate that, during the years of agitation and confusion produced by foreign interference, the national idea had gained in strength and clearness. It was no longer possible to go back to the old organization. Even the Federalists who insisted on organizing the state as a union of more or less independent cantons, saw clearly the need of greater centralization than had existed under the old confederation.

As long as French troops occupied the country, the Centralists kept the upper hand. But in 1802, after the treaty of Amiens, these troops were withdrawn. This left both parties without foreign support, and also without foreign restraint. Although the Swiss had had democratic institutions for some centuries, yet, in reference to questions of general concern, the minority had not learned to submit peaceably to the majority. Party conflicts over these matters, therefore, meant civil war. Through foreign intervention, the Swiss had been placed in a position from which they seemed to be unable to extricate themselves, and it is not to be supposed that in withdrawing his army Napoleon intended to leave them to work out their own salvation alone. He had become indispensable to them, and he wished the fact to be recog-

nized. The uproar and confusion produced by the contending parties after his withdrawal, gave him the desired opportunity to appear as a mediator. He again sent an army into Switzerland, commanded a cessation of hostilities, and called delegates of both parties to meet him in Paris, for the purpose of discussing the fundamental principles of a new constitution. In the conference which followed he showed a remarkably clear and just comprehension of the real needs of the people for whom he proposed to legislate. In spite of his identification with the movement towards unity in France, he decided with great definiteness of opinion in favor of federation for Switzerland; and it must be set down as evidence of his political insight that he indicated, as desirable for the Swiss, a position among the nations essentially the same as that which they hold at the present time.

The result of this conference was the Act of Mediation, a fundamental law which marks the fifth phase of the governmental history of Switzerland. Its promulgation put an end to the hopeless attempt to transform the loose alliance into a centralized state, and established federalism as the principle of subsequent political growth. The number of cantons was increased from thirteen to nineteen. Those previously existing retained their ancient limits, except that Aargau and Vaud were composed in part of territory taken from Bern. The constitutions of the democratic cantons were restored, modified only with respect to the age required of voters, and with respect to the initiative in legislation. The six new cantons were: 1. St. Gallen, consisting of the city of St. Gallen, the territory of the former abbey of St. Gallen, and the districts of Rheintal, Sax, Gams, Werdenberg, Sargans, Gaster, Uznach, and Rapperschwyl; 2. Gränbünden, comprising most of the territory of the three Rhætian unions; 3. Aargau, made up in part of territory which formerly belonged to Bern, and in part of territory acquired from Austria; 4. Thurgau; 5. Ticino, embracing the Italian possessions; 6. Vaud, comprising lands formerly belonging to Bern

and Freiburg. Of these *Granbünden* retained its ancient constitution, modified only in certain particulars to adapt it to its new circumstances. The other new cantons, Aargau, St. Gallen, Ticino, Thurgau, and Vaud, received constitutions providing for a system of representation, but a system in which the method of election was even more complicated than in the city cantons. As to the manner of election, the members of the great council were divided into three classes. The members of the first third were elected by a direct election from certain districts, the only qualification being that the candidates should be thirty years of age. "For the other two thirds, lists of candidates were formed from other districts, and indeed according to two different principles, that of wealth and that of age. For the second third a considerably higher property qualification was demanded than in the other cantons; on the other hand, for this class the age of twenty-five was adequate. The members of the last third were required to be at least fifty years of age, and at the same time to possess a certain amount of property. From the list of candidates thus formed from rich and old men, the actual members of the great council were drawn by lot."¹ Inasmuch as these cantons had not hitherto enjoyed equal rights of membership in the Confederation with those that had been admitted before the Revolution, Napoleon was able to deal with them freely without interfering with any rights that had been sanctioned by time.

The period of centralization under the constitution of 1798, however brief and stormy, undoubtedly removed to a certain extent the ancient jealousy of the cantons of one another, and made them less reluctant than formerly to accord to a central power the control of common affairs. The interference of Napoleon thus initiated on the part of the cantons the habit of looking to a superior to whom they all held a common relation; and in so far as this had any bearing on their political development, it brought them into a more favorable position for accepting the

plan of a federal organization. The cantons "mutually guaranteed to one another their constitutions, their territories, and their freedom and independence, not only against foreign powers but also against the encroachments of other cantons and individual factions." Under the Act of Mediation, moreover, there were established certain fundamental provisions: 1. There should be no more lands subordinated to the cantons, those previously existing having been made cantons in the Confederation; 2. All privileges of place or of birth, whether of single persons or of families, should be set aside; 3. Any Swiss should be allowed to settle freely in any canton; 4. No internal duties should be collected, and no impediment should be put in the way of the free circulation of food, live-stock, and merchandise; 5. The Diet should establish a proper standard of coinage; 6. No canton should afford refuge and protection to criminals fleeing from other cantons, and no exception under this provision should be made in favor of political offenders; 7. Cantons should not form alliances among themselves nor with foreign powers; 8. Cantonal authorities should be held responsible for their violations of laws established by the Confederation, and the complaints in such cases should be brought before a tribunal composed of the presidents of the criminal courts of the cantons not under accusation.

These specifications indicate that the cantons had lost somewhat of that complete independence which they had enjoyed before the Revolution; and this loss by the parts implied a gain by some organ or agent of the whole. The central organization which came into existence through this revolution still bore marks of cantonal jealousy, as seen in the fact that the seat of the central authority was changed from year to year, being temporarily established in succession at Freiburg, Bern, Solothurn, Basel, Zurich, and Luzern, each of the cantons here named taking in turn the position of Directorial Canton. The chief magistrate of the Directorial Canton became, for the time being, the head of the Confederation, with the title of *Landamman* of Switzerland. He retained his

¹ Bluntschli, I. 469; Blumer, I. 36.

position in the canton, however, and at the same time stood as the representative of the national organization. He kept the seal of the Republic, received foreign ambassadors, conducted diplomatic negotiations, laid before the Diet the necessary communications on the affairs of the Union, and with the consent of the government of the Directorial Canton disposed the troops in the interests of internal order. Without his consent no canton could raise more than five hundred soldiers. In case of conflict between cantons, he could provide for a settlement of the matter by appointing an arbiter, or by referring it to the next session of the Diet. He warned the cantons of threatening danger. He supervised certain departments of public works, as streets, roads, and improvement of river beds. As the head of a state which still had many of the features of a loose confederacy, many of the functions of the Landamman were those of a mediator.

In spite of the loss of certain functions, the Diet under the Act of Mediation retained many of the characteristic features of the diet of the thirteen cantons. Like that body, it was an assembly of ambassadors, not of representatives. As in that body, moreover, the members of this acted on instructions from the cantons which had sent them. Instead of each canton having one vote, however, as formerly, those of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, as Bern, Zurich, Vaud, St. Gallen, Aargau, and Granbünden, now had two. Yet in spite of this provision, Bluntschli says that "external equality of all the cantons remained the fundamental principle." The Diet was empowered to declare war, make peace, and conclude alliances, but decisions in these matters to be valid required the assent of three fourths of the members. The Diet had, moreover, the authority to make commercial treaties, and military capitulations. It exercised control over the cantonal contingents of the troops, appointed the general of the army, and took such measures as were necessary to the security and peace of the country. It decided in cases of conflict between cantons, when the mediator could not solve the difficulty, but in these cases the

members pronounced judgment freely and without instructions.

There were also involved in the central government a chancellor and a secretary, elected by the Diet for a period of two years; but inasmuch as they were eligible for reelection, they were usually continued in office for a number of successive terms. They were paid by the Directorial Canton, as was also the Landamman of Switzerland.

During the period in which this constitution continued in force, Switzerland enjoyed unusual peace and prosperity. It entered into a close alliance with France, through which certain commercial and military advantages were to accrue to the two nations. By a later military capitulation, France was permitted to enroll sixteen thousand Swiss in her army, but by a treaty formed in 1812 the number was limited to twelve thousand. Although Napoleon acknowledged the complete independence of Switzerland, yet France under him exercised over it the powers of a protectorate. Herein lay an unfortunate circumstance for the Republic. The new constitution satisfied fairly well the political wants of the Swiss people, but it had come to be regarded not as an expression of an independent European power, but as a contrivance of the First Consul imposed upon the nation. In the public mind of Europe it became identified with the interests of the French government, and by this means it became exposed to the suspicion and hatred of the Allies to such an extent, that the fall of Napoleon necessarily carried with it the overthrow of this piece of his handiwork.

Soon after the defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig, in 1813, the Allies invaded the territory of Switzerland, and in December the Swiss Diet met at Zurich and formally set aside the Act of Mediation. At the same time it declared in favor of retaining the new cantons in the Confederation; in favor of providing a constitution which should embrace all the cantons in a common union; and in opposition to holding any cities or lands in a subject relation. The reactionary party rejected these propositions, and under the leadership of Bern sought a revival of pre-revolutionary

conditions, and demanded that a diet of the thirteen cantons should be convoked as the only legitimate power in the Confederation. Zurich and her followers held to the Confederation in its largest and latest extent, while the reactionary party withdrew and called a diet of the "eight old cantons." "This outward separation was, however, soon abolished by the pointed declaration of the foreign ambassadors, that the Allies had determined irrevocably to preserve the integrity and independence of all the nineteen cantons, and would recognize no other diet than that assembled at Zurich."¹ On the 6th of April, 1814, the Diet at Zurich embraced delegates from all of the nineteen cantons. The actual antagonisms, however, were not allayed, yet the opposing parties were placed in such relations to one another that it was possible for them to work towards union. The questions at issue had reference chiefly to the position that should be accorded to the new cantons, and to the amount of power that should be given to the central organization. The democratic cantons wished as complete local sovereignty as possible, and their opposition made it necessary to relinquish much that had been won for centralization since 1798.

The disappearance of Napoleon from the political field left Switzerland in somewhat intimate relations with the victorious Allies. They were disposed, however, to leave the Confederation free to work out the details of its internal organization, only requiring certain general conditions to be fulfilled. In the first treaty of Paris, in 1814, it was stated that "Switzerland as an independent state will continue to govern itself." In order to remove the conflicts between the cantons regarding their territorial limits, the Congress of Vienna invited the Swiss to send ambassadors to Vienna, to treat with the representatives of the allied powers there assembled. The Congress then laid before the Swiss ambassadors certain propositions, on the acceptance of which the Allies promised to extend to Switzerland a formal and legal recognition of her perpetual neutrality. These propositions were: 1. That the nineteen cantons

as they stood on the 13th of December, 1813, should continue as the basis of the Confederation; 2. That Wallis, the territory of Geneva, and the principality of Neuchâtel should be embodied in Switzerland as three new cantons; 3. That the Bishopric of Basel should be added to the cantons of Bern and Basel, and the city of Bienne to the canton of Bern; 4. That the territorial claims of Schwyz, Unterwalden, Uri, Glarus, Zug, and Appenzell against Aargau, Vaud, Ticino, and St. Gallen should be met by the payment by the latter cantons of five hundred thousand francs; 5. That a yearly stipend should be fixed for the Abbot of St. Gallen. These propositions were accepted, and Switzerland received from Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden the desired documentary guarantee of her perpetual neutrality. As in the Treaty of Westphalia, after the Thirty Years' War, the powers of Europe recognized Switzerland's independence of the Empire long after it had been established as a fact, so here at the close of the Napoleonic wars the powers represented in the Congress of Vienna acknowledged the neutrality of Switzerland, which, according to the Swiss view, was a recognition of what had long existed in fact, and of a principle that had long been fundamental in Swiss politics.

After much wrangling and hesitating, a new constitution for the Confederation was completed, and finally accepted by the twenty-two cantons, August 7 1815. As compared with the Act of Mediation, it laid little stress on the central authority. Under the preceding organization the individual cantons recognized their obligations to conform themselves to the principles of the federal law, and it was definitely stated in the Act of Mediation that the cantons should exercise all those powers which had not been expressly delegated to the federal authority. But in the constitution of 1815, limitations on cantonal sovereignty were made less conspicuous. The cantons are described as united for the "maintenance of their liberty, independence, and security against the attacks of foreign powers,

¹ Blumer I. 46.

and the preservation of internal peace and order." They mutually guaranteed their constitutions and their territories. They provided for a common military force of two men from each one hundred of the population. They established the principle of arbitration for settling intercantonal disputes, prohibited the existence of subject lands as they had previously existed, and determined that the several cantons should form no alliances detrimental to the Union or to any canton. But alliances between cantons were not definitely prohibited, as they had been by the Act of Mediation, nor were the several cantons prohibited from making certain military capitulations and treaties on commercial affairs and on police affairs with foreign powers, but it was required that such treaties having been made they should be reported to the Diet. "The Act of Mediation did not by any means organize Switzerland as a *Bundesstaat*, but there was in the Landamman a standing central organ through which a series of measures for the protection of the common interests could be carried out. The essential character of the new articles of union lay in this, that they made the Confederation once more purely a *Staatenbund*, placed the sovereignty in the cantons, and made no mention whatever of the central power, or at least crowded it into the background."¹

Under this constitution, "the enjoyment of political rights was never to become the exclusive privilege of a class of the citizens of a canton." Moreover, the inequality of cantonal representation in the Diet, which had existed under the Act of Mediation, was set aside, and the ancient equality restored, in spite of the vigorous opposition of the larger cantons. Each canton had one vote; still, the superior moral weight of the larger cantons made itself felt on the course of events. The ambassadors of the cantons in the Diet voted, as previously, according to instructions; but, in contrast with the previous condition of things, the principle of majority rule was gradually gaining acceptance. In certain cases, however, such as decisions relative to war

and peace, and alliances with foreign states, the specified majority of three-fourths required under the Act of Mediation was here continued. The powers delegated to the Diet extended to the formation of commercial treaties with foreign states, the appointment of ambassadors, the determination of the organization of the troops, the control of the army, the appointment of the generals, the officers of the general staff, and the colonels of the confederate army, the supervision of the discipline and equipment of the troops, and to all measures for the external and internal security of the Confederation.

The office of Landamman of Switzerland fell with the Act of Mediation. It became necessary, therefore, to provide an organ for the administration of general affairs between the sessions of the Diet. It was proposed to make Zurich the sole *Vorort*, and her burgermeister the president of the Diet and of the Confederation; and to entrust him with the daily correspondence and the current business of the general administration. This proposition, however, together with all the provisions of detail depending upon it, failed of acceptance. Bern opposed with special vigor the plan to make Zurich the sole *Vorort*. It was finally determined to make three cities, Zurich, Bern, and Luzern, in turn the seat of the general government, each exercising for a period of two years the powers of the *Vorort* before 1798. The burgermeister of the *Vorort* stood at the head of the confederate administration, but under certain circumstances the Diet might commission a body of six representatives, one from each of six groups of cantons, to take in charge the affairs of the Confederation. These representatives received instructions from the Diet, which determined the period of their activity. In any case their power ceased at the reassembling of the Diet. The agreement of two-thirds of the members was necessary to authoritative action. They were paid from the treasury of the Confederation. Besides these arrangements for a central administration, it was also provided that the general secretaryship, as it had existed under the Act of Mediation, should be continued.

¹ Von Orelli, "Das Staatsrecht der Schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft," 19.

The constitution of 1815 was at best only a compromise between more or less antagonistic interests; and the fact that the Swiss people lived in peace and quiet under it for fifteen years is not necessarily to be taken as evidence of its adaptation to their political wants. The political peace following the Revolution was rather the result of a reaction from specially troubled times, under the revived force of cantonal traditions. During this period political activity was almost exclusively confined to the affairs of the cantons, in several of which new constitutions were framed and adopted. These new constitutions involved important fundamental principles. They recognized popular sovereignty, limiting its exercise to making elections and adopting or rejecting proposed amendments of the constitution. They transferred to the great council the power of making laws, of levying taxes, of instructing delegates to the Diet, and of supervising the general administration and the administration of justice. They removed the previously existing legal inequality between the cities and the rural districts, yet in some cases favored the capital towns with respect to representation. They established in most cases the direct popular election of members of the great council; provided for short terms of office; separated the judicial from the executive power; ordered freedom of the press and the right of petition; and in many of the cantons pledged the authorities to improve the public instruction.

Down to 1830, except during some portion of the Revolutionary period, the several cantons had been regarded as independent political societies. The articles of union were of their own creation, and became binding on any canton only by its voluntary action. The doctrine of State-rights was accepted without question. On the 27th of December, 1830, the Diet declared "that every canton in the Confederation, by virtue of its sovereignty, was free to undertake such changes in the cantonal constitution as might appear to it desirable, in so far as these changes were not in opposition to the articles of union, and that the Diet would not interfere in any manner in such constitutional reforms as had

already been made or even proposed." The adoption by the Diet of a policy of non-interference, left the cantons without any sufficient guarantee for their constitutions. The desire for such a guarantee, however, coupled with the inefficiency of the Diet, led to the establishment of new alliances for this purpose in different groups of cantons. In the Spring of 1832, the seven cantons of Luzern, Zurich, Bern, Solothurn, St. Gallen, Aargau, and Thurgau agreed mutually to guarantee their constitutions, and pledged themselves, in case strife should arise among them, to exercise the office of mediators and to secure to one another protection by force of arms. This was the first *Sonderbund* within the Confederation, and a prelude to the later unions and the so-called War of the *Sonderbund*. Besides aiming to furnish mutual security, it was also an attempt on the part of the then dominant radical-liberal party to form a more compact and effective organization in these cantons. This action of the seven liberal cantons was followed not long afterwards by the formation of the League of Sarnen, embracing Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Wallis, and the city of Basel, in which the conservative party was dominant. The members of this union withdrew from the Diet, but the remaining cantons, acting through the existing general organization, raised an army of twenty thousand men, compelled them to dissolve their separate alliance, reënter the Diet, and recognize the division of Basel into two half-cantons. The formation of these separate unions emphasized the existing party differences, and made apparent the need of a more efficient central authority.

The project to revise the articles of 1815 had already been several years under discussion, when the League of Sarnen was overthrown in 1833, and the results of these discussions showed a marked bias in favor of increasing the power of the central organization, and of establishing a genuine federal government. The draft of a federal constitution which was submitted to the popular vote in the summer of 1833 had been formed under the influence of the liberal party, and consequently met with an opposition from

the side of the conservative or reactionary cantons, which made its adoption impossible. Later, party differences were increased by involving religious differences, and in 1846 the Confederation went asunder, the Catholic cantons becoming united in a separate union, which was virtually a revival of the League of Sarnen. An immediate object of this union was to defend the cause of the Jesuits, whom the Liberals wished expelled from the Confederation, as the cause of the recent internal troubles. Both parties soon went beyond the point where compromise was possible, and Switzerland became divided into two hostile camps. The Catholic cantons in the union, disregarding the articles of confederation of 1815, had "engaged to defend each other by an armed force, and appointed a council of war to concert all necessary measures for joint action." But their defeat was a foregone conclusion. Their army comprised about 50,000 men, while that of the Confederation was twice as large. The Confederation, moreover, had a superior moral support in that it represented the national idea. The triumph of the national-liberal party, which came speedily and without great effort, prepared the way for a new constitution.

The business of revising the constitution was taken up in earnest by a commission in February, 1848. This commission was composed of the first of each canton's ambassadors at the Diet, and all the cantons and half-cantons were represented, except Neuchâtel and Appenzell-Interior. In May the work

of the commission was finished, and the draft of the constitution was brought before the Diet, where it was carefully discussed and amended, and finally submitted to the several cantons. Fifteen and a half cantons voted to accept it.¹ These affirmative votes embraced not only a majority of all the cantons, but also a large majority of the Swiss citizens. On the 12th of September, the Diet announced that the constitution had been adopted, and invited the several cantons to elect members of the two legislative assemblies. All of the cantons without exception acceded to the will of the majority, and acted in accordance with the invitation of the Diet. By these steps a federal government was put in the place of the previously existing unstable union of cantons; and the organization thus established has been maintained till the present time without fundamental modification. The changes of 1865 and 1874 were in the form of necessary extensions of the constitutional law. In the great reform of 1848, Switzerland was specially favored by the revolutionary movement of the time, which engaged the attention of her neighbors, and by the measurably successful example of a federal republic in America.

Bernard Moses.

¹These were: Zurich, Bern, Luzern, Glarus, Freiburg, Solothurn, Basel, Schaffhausen, Appenzel-Exterior, St. Gallen, Graubünden, Aargau, Thurgau, Vaud, Neuchâtel, and Geneva. The fourteen and a half cantons which voted for the amendments of 1874 were: Zurich, Bern, Glarus, Solothurn, Basel, Schaffhausen, Appenzel-Exterior, St. Gallen, Graubünden, Aargau, Thurgau, Ticino, Vaud, Neuchâtel, and Geneva.



AMBITION.

(On Lone Mountain, San Francisco.)

UPON the rugged peak I stand at last,
Above a world as hushed as though in prayer.
All that can make life sweet is met and passed,
And my uplifted hands grasp only air.

The mountain's base with dew-filled flowers was sweet;
Onward I pressed, nor wished to linger there,
Crushing them all beneath my eager feet,
To find the summit desolate and bare.

That cross, which from below shines so divine,
And stands so strongly out against the flame
Of sunset clouds, proves but a wooden sign
On which each comer dares to hack his name.

And have I climbed for *this*? Climbed but to feel
The fierce wind beating my defenseless head?
Climbed but to have the drifting fog reveal
The distant graves of my forgotten dead?

O hands, whose loving, gentle clasp I loosed
When first this weary journey was begun,
If I could feel your touch as once I used,
How gladly would I wish my work undone!

How better far to tread the path, flower-strewn,
Hand clasped in hand of one whose heart you know,
Than stand upon the barren crest alone,
With naught beyond, and life and love below!

Stretch down thine arms, dear God, to where I stand,
Lift up the mists of doubt,—I cannot see,—
Or have I lost Thy ever-pitying hand,
And strayed away at last from even Thee?

Herbert Kenyon.

K. G. C.—A TALE OF FORT ALCATRAZ.

X.

As the winter of 186— wore slowly on, though it could not be said that Dillon grew in any manner more reconciled to the loss of his liberty, still he became inured to it, and submitted philosophically to the inevitable. His daily life was not materially altered in detail. Mrs. Seymour's little acts of civility and attention had continued, until they reached a point when he felt the constantly increasing obligations could not be permitted; and he was constrained to show that they were not longer acceptable. The captain had recognized this fact, but his wife was apparently only the more determined. She neglected no opportunity to inform her acquaintances of the story of the duel, and on account of it appeared to have assumed a certain sense of proprietorship as to her relations with Dillon.

Her vanity and self-love were so abnormal in character that she was unconscious of the changes time had wrought; she was not aware the youthful charms which had so attracted Dillon were present no longer. She believed that but for her married state he would still have regarded her with the admiration of former years. This, however, did not diminish her desire for attention from mankind in general. But her ever watchful eyes were constantly directed toward Dillon and his affairs. By means of a system of obtaining information peculiarly her own, she gratified an unbounded curiosity, and learned through the servants and "the back door" of the daily movements of nearly every person at the post, but more especially those of Dillon.

The friendly relations that had been early established at the doctor's continued, notwithstanding the obstacle at first encountered. In fact, by degrees this became almost the only place that Dillon cared to visit. Miss Warren's enthusiastic devotion to the Union

was not abated by the numerous discussions that had followed between these two. Unlike the contestants in most controversies of this kind, however, each had seemed willing to concede to the other all that had been fairly won.

To Dillon it was a new experience to find himself intellectually pitted against a woman, one too who as he soon discovered asked no quarter on account of sex, and whose directness of purpose and vigorous alertness of intellect kept him constantly on his mettle. He had always believed no woman could disregard the emotional nature; but here he encountered the logical mind and cultivated reasoning powers that he had associated only with the sterner sex; with it also, the absence of that of which men are so in dread, "strong-mindedness." On the contrary, a refinement, delicacy of organism, a loyalty to all that was good and true, that he had never seen excelled.

Though their intercourse had been confined to the discussion of this one subject, upon which they differed so radically, gradually they found themselves upon more congenial ground. The Virginian realized that even the experience of a prisoner was not without compensation, and began to speculate with a new and different interest as to the possible length of time he might yet remain at Alcatraz. He was conscious of a new and strange emotion: a love, not such as he once had known, transmitted through the senses, but such as comes to an honest man who has recognized a congenial counterpart in the opposite sex.

The subject of marriage was one that had rarely entered Dillon's mind since the old days at the San Pablo ranch, and had not formed a part of any of his future plans. Though an eligible match in the eyes of the few mothers who had marriageable daughters at Los Angeles, and a man upon whom probably not one of these maidens would

have looked with disfavor, yet he was considered not a marrying man, and he had come to consider himself in the same way — if, in fact, he gave the matter any consideration. But now he wondered at the depths of affection that might be reflected from the earnest eyes of this strange daughter of New England, could he once secure her as his bride. Nor did he feel without a hope that the prize might yet be his; more than once he had caught a sudden light that had come into her eyes, and observed the heightened tint that had suffused her cheeks when he had come to her unexpectedly.

Reader, this is not a tale of love — rather of the fierce passion of hate; but as the tender sentiment insinuates itself even here, it becomes the duty of the chronicler of these events to give it place. Without it the story would be incomplete. But how the South man wooed the North maid will not form a part of this narrative.

The charming month of February had come; so beautiful in California with its emerald hills and valleys dotted with the variegated and ever changing hues of the wild flowers of spring. The bay of San Francisco with its green islands and headlands, the expanse of calm water shimmering in the morning sunlight, flecked here and there with the white sails of the pleasure-seeker or the Italian fisherman, was a picture not soon to be forgotten. Even the barren rock of Alcatraz with its frowning guns had a less forbidding aspect than was its wont, and contributed its small share to the grand picturesqueness of a scene that would have brought gladness into the life of a misanthrope.

It had this effect upon Dillon, as with a light heart and elastic step he climbed the long flight of stairs leading up from the little wharf at Alcatraz to the higher and occupied part of the island above. He had just bid good-bye to his affianced bride. Before permitting her to start on a contemplated journey, he had told his love and had been accepted.

Miss Warren was now to be absent but a short time on a visit to the interior; and he

had been advised that within a few days he would be at liberty. He would go to Los Angeles, and on the appointed day return to claim his promised wife.

The announcement of this engagement was the occasion of unusual interest in the small community. By noon that day all had heard of it. It had not been a matter of very great surprise, yet for twenty-four hours there was little else talked about. At the bachelors' mess it was a subject of particular interest at dinner, and was discussed with a minuteness of detail that could not have been exceeded by a corresponding number of maiden ladies, — though men never gossip!

"So the rebel secured the prize after all," said young Parker, a lieutenant whose company had recently come to the island from Benicia. "He is a lucky man, and a good fellow too, if he is a secessionist. I am glad of it, so long as I could make no impression."

"I am told she has an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year," said Lieutenant Gilbert, a bachelor of thirty, who was of a practical turn of mind, and rather oracular in the expression of his opinions as senior member of the mess. "Dillon's income from his law practice is fully equal to, if not in excess of that amount already, and I don't think it quite fair that so much should fall to him, when the rest of us need it so badly, — though I have nothing against him personally. I wonder how old Sneyd will feel about it when he gets back from Vancouver? I understand the night before he went off with the recruits, he offered himself to her for the second time, and would not take 'No' for an answer, but told her to 'consider the matter' until he came back. It is hard for him to believe she really means to reject an officer of the regular army, and of the artillery at that. With some of you gentlemen of the volunteers it might be different," he added jestingly.

The garrison, it may be explained, was composed of both regular and volunteer troops, officers from both of which were present. It was said the particular officer now under discussion, Lieutenant Sneyd, had sought

duty on the Pacific Coast, and had voluntarily transferred from the army in the field. Gilbert, on the contrary, had been badly wounded in one of the engagements of the Army of the Potomac, and finding himself unfit for further duty in the field, had reluctantly consented to an assignment to duty in California, rather than to go on the retired list. Like many other good men, he had a habit of placing himself in an unfavorable light; as in this case an admitted willingness to marry for money, when as a matter of fact a mercenary marriage was something he would have been incapable of. Mr. Sneyd was his especial aversion, for the double reason that he believed him to be a fortune hunter, and that he had shirked a soldier's duty when the opportunity had come to him. This officer was also an object of general dislike with both regulars and volunteers, all of whom looked forward with equal satisfaction to the discomfiture that it was now anticipated he would feel on his return.

"I wonder how it is," said an infantry lieutenant, "that Dillon has been allowed the limits of the island, as he has since he came here. Those fellows who were here before he came were kept in the casemates under guard all the time, and only allowed to go about under charge of a sentinel. If he had been treated in the same way, some of you fellows might have had a better opportunity. I shall suggest to Sneyd that he put in a protest."

"Dillon has some personal influence with the commanding officer, I hear," answered Gilbert, "through his law partner, who is a cousin of the colonel's, I believe. When he came here he was permitted to go at will about the island on certain promises of his own. The only condition to remind him that he was a prisoner was that he should sleep and eat in the casemate. He told me this when I invited him to take his meals with us at this mess, as you may remember."

"I heard some of the men say in the guard-room the other night, — and they are usually correct somehow, I suppose they get their information through the clerks in the adjutant's office," — again remarked Parker,

"that he might have been released a month ago if he had been willing to let this partner of his give a bond that he would not be guilty of any more disloyalty; but he refused. I believe now that he is engaged to the young lady he has consented to do this, and will be released when his case has had time to come back from the War Department. Perhaps there was method in his madness after all, when he refused to let the bonds be given for his release before. I presume they will be married as soon as he returns to Los Angeles and gets things fixed, and she has had time to get ready."

"I don't believe he will handle much of her money, at least for the present," again remarked Gilbert. "The doctor says she denies herself almost everything in order to give to the sanitary fund, and gets along with only what is indispensable. It will be a strange combination; a house divided against itself, on one side a K. G. C., and on the other a devotee of the Union."

"There is one person in this garrison who will make things lively when she hears of this engagement," remarked the infantry lieutenant who had spoken before, "and I would hate to be in my captain's shoes when that time comes."

"That is so," said Parker. "I had not thought of that. Poor old Seymour; I am inclined to think now he wishes Dillon had married with the pretty Spanish girl instead of himself, down in Southern California so long ago, if the story is true. I hope nothing will occur to put a stop to the suppers and champagne over at the engineer quarters on account of it, though. Nobody else on the island can do anything of that kind, and we can't afford to lose the madam. Do you know, I sometimes think Seymour himself does not enjoy that sort of thing much after all," he continued. "He seems to me of late like a man who is under a constant pressure of some kind. I asked him into Squarza's when we were over in the city on Saturday, and I had to remind him twice that the waiter had brought his punch. I wonder what makes the madam dislike Miss Warren so," he continued meditatively.

The day that had begun so promisingly in the morning had gradually become overcast ; heavily charged clouds seemed to be driven through the Golden Gate by an unseen force raging out on the broad Pacific, and by night a blinding storm of wind and rain was beating violently against the rocks at Alcatraz.

Dillon had remained indoors, so much engaged with his own affairs that he had scarcely heeded the bluster of the elements or the pelting drops of rain as they were forced into the mouth of the embrasure, and struck loudly against the panes of glass in the solitary window at the casemate. He had finished his dinner, and was about to resume his occupation, when a soldier brought him a note, the handwriting of which he recognized. He was annoyed, for he had intended to occupy the evening with the necessary correspondence that his changed prospects and relations had occasioned. He knew that the captain had remained in the city when the boat had left in the afternoon, and somehow anticipated this to be a summons from Mrs. Seymour. Opening the envelope he found the note to read :

Dear Mr. Dillon :

Will you please come to our quarters this evening ? The Captain is in the city, but I have something of importance to tell you that will not admit of delay.

Truly your friend,

"MATILDA SEYMOUR.

"I wonder what she wants now ?" he said to himself, at the same time returning an answer that he would come as requested.

Mrs. Seymour apologized to Dillon when he came later in the evening for her appearance in a morning gown of rich material ; she explained that owing to the storm, which made her nervous, she had not dressed for the evening. She hoped he would excuse the want of conventionality, and had presumed on the good nature of an old friend.

"Please be seated," she said, indicating a comfortable easy chair before the cheerful coal fire burning in the grate, at the same time seating herself near him, but on the opposite side of a table on which stood a German student lamp.

"You are no doubt surprised at my request

that you should come here to-night," she said, after a few remarks about the storm ; "but I think what I have to say will prove quite a sufficient reason" ; and suddenly dropping her voice to a confidential tone, she continued : "The relations that once existed between us are, I know, a thing of the past, and should not be referred to, though I have always wished you had been made acquainted with *all* the circumstances that were the occasion of what you saw on that terrible Sunday at the *Casa Vista*."

"Excuse me," said Dillon, rising, "I am not willing to enter into the subject ; there is already an understanding that the past should be allowed to rest so far as this matter is concerned, and in justice to Captain Seymour at least, if for no other reason, I am not willing to speak of it in his absence."

"You are mistaken," she said, smiling composedly, "I had not intended to say any more on that subject, and only wished to assure you of a continued interest in your personal welfare." Then with more energy than she had at first shown, she added quickly, "You have good reason to hate these Yankees, whose kind are trampling upon your kindred and wish to subjugate the brave people of the South. Am I not right ?"

He hesitated ; the question was a surprise to him, and lawyer though he was, he was at a loss to determine its purpose. A few short weeks before he might have answered readily, but it was different now. Was he losing his loyalty to the South ?

But he was not pressed for an answer. She glided quickly from the room into the hall, and opening the front door, peered out on the darkness. No person was about ; the storm seemed to have increased its violence. Softly closing and locking the door, she turned down the light suspended in the hall, and re-entered the room, where she rapidly adjusted the window curtains in a manner that would exclude all light from within ; as quickly she turned down the burner of the German student lamp, and stood before him, her figure and attitude faintly discernible by the red glow from the coals in the grate. Standing thus she gave a sign and pass-word,

and seizing his hand, before he was aware of it had revealed herself to him as a member of the secret organization, the Knights of the Golden Circle,—such an one as he was bound by an oath never to fail to recognize.

Resuming her former position and without a re-adjustment of the lights, she said : “You must now admit that I certainly have a claim upon your attention ; and I wish to serve you.”

Dillon had felt compelled to answer her hailing sign as a member of the secret organization, though at a loss to know how it had been possible for a woman to have come into possession of the information that had enabled her to approach him by this method. He replied :—

“I am very much surprised at what you have communicated to me, and would gladly avail myself of the organization for assistance ; but I am not now in need of any. I have assurances that I shall soon be released, and allowed to leave the island.”

“Released ! Yes,” she said. “But on what conditions ? With your hands tied ; and so bound you will be helpless to serve the cause you have sworn to support, an opportunity for which will come sooner than you know of.”

“How ? What do you have reference to ?” he asked in surprise.

“I mean this,” she answered. “I am in regular communication with the Southern leaders on this Coast, the principal one of whom—as you know—has his headquarters over in the city, and I know whereof I speak. Since you have been here, a prisoner on this island, a plan has been matured that it is hoped and believed will yet give California to the Confederacy and insure the independence of the South. The plan is, briefly, that on a certain date not far distant, but not yet fully determined upon, a fleet of Confederate cruisers and privateers will appear off the Golden Gate sufficiently large to force itself into the harbor of San Francisco past all obstructions. A steam pilot boat already in our service will be kept far out at sea and will bring the tidings, which will be signaled to the city in advance, so that

almost the hour of the approach of the fleet will be known to the friends of the Confederacy ; I shall know it here ; they will have been already informed of the defenses of the harbor, but more especially of this island. When this fleet enters the channel, but few guns on Alcatraz will be in condition to fire upon it. Simultaneously will the flag of the Confederacy be raised at various points in the interior—one of these, Los Angeles ; and around this standard will assemble brave Southern men in such numbers that the force will be sufficient to take California from the handful of Union troops which are its only protection. When the time for action comes, where will you be found ? Either still a prisoner here, or with the partial freedom that the conditional release you have in mind will afford, fettered by bonds that you have voluntarily allowed yourself to be placed under, and powerless to help your friends in the hour of need. I can set you at liberty.”

“How ?”

“By aiding you to escape from the island at once. Tomorrow night at this time I can have a boat in waiting at the little beach near the fog bell. Once in the city you have only to remain quiet until the time for action comes ; then join the assembling forces, and assume the rank I am told has already been assigned to you, should your services become available.”

“Your scheme might be practicable,” he answered, “but for an insurmountable obstacle : I am here, as you know, in the status of a prisoner on parole. I cannot attempt to leave the island or entertain any plans to that end without violating the word I have pledged as a condition to my personal liberty while here. It is true I might relinquish the parole, but that would only result in close confinement, beyond the hope of escape ; the situation would not be improved. No, it is impossible. I shall have to remain. Neither can I further entertain your proposition.”

“It is as might have been anticipated,” she said. “There is an attraction that holds you here, which outweighs the duty you owe your countrymen. You do not wish to leave Alcatraz, excepting under those conditions

that will afford you an excuse for not bearing arms against the people of this woman whom you expect to marry."

Dillon was so dumfounded that for more than a minute he was quiet. When he spoke, he said :

"Madam, I see it all now ; the scheme of treachery you have so cunningly devised to tempt me to dishonor, and induce me to escape from here like a thief in the night, is clear. That you have by some means — what I do not know — become acquainted with the secrets of an order of which I am a member, I cannot deny ; you have tonight given me proof of this. But in the imputation you have just made lies the further proof of your treacherous soul. I have had no communication with Southern men since I came here last fall ; but I do not hesitate to pronounce the plan you have outlined a baseless fabrication, its origin only in an imagination inspired by the unaccountable hatred you bear toward one whose name your perjured lips are unworthy to speak."

Rising from the chair he had so far continued to occupy, he turned up the burner of the student lamp, and allowed its rays to light the room again. She had also risen, and as their eyes met she stood opposite him, disclosing a countenance which the dark lines of evil passions had rendered such an object of desperate wickedness as Dillon had never before seen. The strongest imagination could not have depicted so baleful a deformity ; distorted by the conflicting passions of hatred, jealousy, and rage, each struggling for the mastery ; a very fiend incarnate. And she laughed at him derisively.

"So ! I half expected as much," she said. "Where now is your Southern manhood ? your loyalty to the South ? The honor and chivalry that has ever been the boast of such as you ? At the feet of an adventuress ; the first Yankee woman you ever knew ; one whose main characteristic has been an avowed hatred of the very people whom you so ignobly represent. Do you know this woman whom you would make your wife ? She is an impostor, an actress ; her apparent devotion to the Union is a piece of transparent

artifice, by which she had hoped to secure a husband from among the officers she meets here. The story of the money — that she had it, but denied herself its use in order that she might give it to the sanitary fund — is but another transparent cheap advertisement. She has in turn attempted to practice her arts on every unmarried officer who has come to this island — ask Mr. Sneyd — and now, failing in all these, she is willing to accept you, — you, a Southern gentleman ! — God save the mark !"

Unwilling to prolong this interview, and realizing that words would but continue to inflame an anger that already verged on madness, Dillon moved toward the door, and unlocking it passed quietly out into the night. As he did so a voice elevated to a pitch of hysteria followed him into the darkness, and could be heard above the roaring of the elements :

"Yes, go ! but do not imagine you will so easily escape a woman's vengeance ; nor that your adventuress will yet lose her occupation !"

In spite of the storm which raged with unabated fury, Dillon did not return straightway to his quarters. The strange conduct of the woman he had just left had put him in a frame of mind far from that of his usual calmness ; and he chose instead to take a footpath that passed around the seaward end of the island, by which route he reached the casemates a half hour later ; but with the last words of the baffled, angry woman still sounding ominously in his ears.

Captain Seymour returned from the city early the next morning, having employed a boatman to bring him over from the dock near the Sacramento boat landing, by which means he reached the island in advance of the mail. He brought with him the morning papers which he had obtained from the newsboys, and proceeded directly to his own quarters, where his early appearance was a surprise to his wife as she was about sitting down to breakfast.

His reception was not an affectionate one, yet his better half manifested a sufficient interest — or perhaps, curiosity — to inquire why

he had come so early, particularly as the water was still very rough owing to the storm of the night before, which had not entirely subsided. Replying briefly, he seated himself, and producing a copy of one of the papers said :

"Mattie, I am afraid our career here is about at an end; I only hope we may be able to get away safely." Without waiting for her to speak, or attempting further explanation, he began to read from the paper he held in his hands :

"WASHINGTON, February — th. The War Department has just learned of treachery in the harbor of San Francisco. Among the papers recently captured from the rebels *en route* to Richmond, has been found a complete diagram of the defenses of Alcatraz, showing the exact locality and calibre of every gun that could be brought to bear on an attacking fleet in entering the harbor; every weak point in the defenses, and in fact the most minute information that would be valuable to the rebels in an attack on San Francisco is carefully given. It is said this document bears unmistakable signs of having been prepared by some person at Fort Alcatraz, and a rigid investigation has been ordered."

From another column of the same paper he read :

"The startling information that comes from Washington and is published this morning, will be the cause of surprise and alarm not only in this city but all over the Coast. We are already aware of the importance of the Pacific States and Territories as an acquisition to the Southern Confederacy, and of the secret methods which have been employed by the Secessionists since the beginning of the war, with the hope of inaugurating civil war among us here. Union men must increase their vigilance, and be constantly on the alert and watchful of the secret enemies by whom they are surrounded. The military authorities will do well to look more carefully into matters at Alcatraz, as well as the other defenses of the harbor. It is well known that the secretly organized rebels greatly outnumber the Union troops on this Coast, and that

they only wait the opportunity to rally to the cause of disunion, where thousands will join them. Let no one believe the danger is past because previous plots have been discovered, for so long as an armed rebel remains at the South, so long will the hope be continued of taking this State out of the Union; and to allow ourselves to be lulled into a peaceful feeling of security because we see nothing, is like the foolish ostrich which hides its head in the sand in the face of danger."

Without comment, he produced another paper, and continued to read :

"In connection with the matter at Alcatraz; it has been learned on good authority that Henry Dillon, the well known Los Angeles rebel, who was sent to Alcatraz last fall for openly expressing disloyal sentiments and denouncing the government, has been permitted to go at large about the island ever since. He is a prisoner in name only; and what better opportunity could there be for gaining information valuable to the Secessionists in California than through such means? An officer of the army who would permit such a condition of affairs must be false to his trust, and ought himself to be arrested. The general commanding must look to this matter, or the people of California will question his loyalty. That this information is true seems almost incredible; yet it comes from a source that cannot be doubted."

Other papers which the captain had brought contained similar comments; in one — *The American Flag* — the commandant at Alcatraz was denounced in violent terms. He was said to be an officer of the regular army who had married a Southern wife, through whose influence he was disloyal. He could not be trusted in the field against the enemy, and had been sent to California, where he only waited a favorable opportunity to betray the Union cause.

"Well!" said his wife, when Seymour had ceased to read. "What of it all? I don't see that it need concern us especially; nor that it will interfere with our plans in any way. That this will end our 'career' here, — as you see fit to call it, — is simply fool-

ish. If you had ordinary courage you would not whine so easily, and begin to talk about getting away '*safely*.' Because Dillon finds himself in trouble, it is no affair of ours; and for my part I am glad of it — matters could not have taken a better course to please me. I have groveled long enough with you, and now that our heads are above water for the first time since my father's death — no thanks to you — you are the first to complain. Perhaps if I had married Mr. Dillon I might have been properly supported in all these long years."

"But Mattie! you certainly can't wish to see Dillon made to suffer for this business," he said. "Besides, there is the colonel; if the truth is not discovered he will be disgraced, and perhaps dismissed from the service."

"What do I care for either of them?" she answered. "They are both Americans, and I despise the whole race; North or South are nothing to me. I do not see why a foreigner like you should imagine he had anything to do with the quarrels of these people — a soldier of fortune to whom their affairs are a mere bagatelle."

"That may be true," he answered, "but I cannot forget that I was at least born a gentleman; and not all the money the Confederate agents are willing to use to get possession of California would repay me for the self-abasement I have suffered in the last twelvemonth on account of the part I have acted here. In any event, I think ultimate discovery is certain, and we had best leave here while we can. There is sufficient money left to enable us to reach Mexico or Australia."

"We will *not* leave here while Dillon remains," she said, "and it is useless for you to insist on it."

She was preparing to say more, but an orderly at the door summoned Captain Seymour to the adjutant's office, and she did not finish.

At the adjutant's office he found the post commander in a state of excitement, the cause of which he was of course able to anticipate.

"Captain," he said, "have you seen the morning papers, and read what there is in them concerning our affairs here?"

"Yes, colonel, I have," he answered, his usual assurance returning — leaving no indication of the mental condition he had exhibited but a few minutes before. "I came over from the city this morning, and the newsboys were crying it on the streets as I left."

"No doubt of it!" replied the commandant. "All that is bad enough, but unlike most such matters, the worst of it is it is true: that is, it is true that the War Department is in possession of the information given in the morning papers; and I am called on to make an immediate explanation, — if I have any to make, which I have not. I have just sent for the prisoner, Dillon, to see if he can throw any light on the subject, and I wish you to be present at the interview. I cannot believe he has played me false; but this is the only direction in which it seems possible this information could have been obtained. I would have been willing to risk my life on his honor, after the guarantee that was given me."

"Here he is," he added, as Dillon came into the outer office. "Come in," he continued, speaking to Dillon, who came in as requested.

Proceeding at once to the business at hand the colonel began: "Mr. Dillon, I do not know whether you have heard the news this morning, but here is a communication that has just reached me from the War Department. As you will see, it is of vital importance, and affects my reputation as an officer, as well as my loyalty to the government. I wish you to state plainly whether or not you have any knowledge of this matter."

Dillon took the paper from him, and after reading it carefully, at length said:

"I was not unprepared for this, having already seen a newspaper this morning, and read what is said about you, and about myself. I regret exceedingly that your treatment of me has had an influence in placing you in a false position before the public. I can only

state positively that the word I gave you when I came here has never been violated, in letter or in spirit. I have communicated with no person off the island, excepting by the letters that have passed through your hands; nor have I sought to do so. What I have unavoidably learned of the strength and defenses of Fort Alcatraz I regard as an inviolable secret, which nothing could induce me to disclose, either while I remain, or after my release."

"Then do I understand you to say," continued the commandant, "that you have no knowledge or theory as to how this information could have left the island? You must admit that it originated with some person here among us; and you are the only person who would seem to have an interest in it. You say you have communicated with no person *off* the island; have you communicated with any person *on* the island about any such matter?"

So searching an inquiry as this caused Dillon to hesitate for an instant, but he answered:

"To your question as to whether I have any knowledge, I answer, No. Any theory, — Yes. As to whether I have communicated with any person on the island concerning matters of this kind, I cannot answer; but can assure you again, as I have already done, that I have kept absolute faith with you. I am aware that in making these admissions my position can only be made to appear untenable, and I cannot blame you if you disbelieve me entirely. But I have no further explanation to offer."

"Then," continued the colonel, "I am to understand in plain words, you have a theory or belief, as to who has furnished this information; and you do not deny having had communication with some person concerning this matter here on the island; but you will not explain anything further. None of these conditions could have arisen but for the parole I accepted from you; and now, mainly on account of what has apparently grown out of my relations with you, I am called to a just account, which may cost my commission, and disgrace me for life. Yet you ask me to believe you have kept the let-

ter and spirit of your word. If such is the honor of the South, may I never again be obliged to deal with one of its *gentlemen*."

"Pardon me, colonel," said the Virginian coloring, "I do not ask you to believe this; I only offer it as the only explanation I can give."

"Then you shall feel the consequences," said the colonel, who up to this point had preserved an even temper, but was now becoming angry. Calling the orderly he sent for the officer of the day, who was instructed to place Dillon in close confinement in the casemate he had already occupied. Further instructing this officer, the colonel continued:

"Place a sentinel over the casemate, who will remain on day and night; the prisoner will not be permitted to leave the casemate excepting under guard; no person excepting the officer of the day — or Captain Seymour here, under whose especial charge he will be — will be allowed to visit or speak to him without my authority. No writing material or newspapers will be allowed to come into his possession, under any circumstances. I wish him to realize he is a prisoner in the full sense of the word."

Turning to Seymour as the prisoner was conducted from the office he said:

"Captain, you will see to it that only the necessary articles are permitted to remain in the casemate, and will make an immediate inspection to see that all the fastenings are secure. At night the iron shutter that covers the mouth of the embrasure must be closed and locked. His food may continue to come from the sutler, but I wish you to inspect personally each meal before it is taken to him, in order to prevent any communication through this means. I will have the sutler instructed to send his meals to you first, which will prevent the necessity of your going so frequently to his casemate, and you can have old Sergeant Crow — the ordnance sergeant — then take charge of them and be responsible that they reach the prisoner without passing through any other hands. I do not want it possible for him to have communication with any person hereafter without my knowledge. Perhaps after a few days of

this sort of thing he may not be quite so reticent as to what he knows. Damn it! I can't believe he is guilty of any of this business; and yet what else am I to think from the indications?"

Seymour had witnessed the interview with a great deal of anxiety and apprehension. It seemed clear to him that Dillon if he did not know, at least suspected the source of the information that had wrought the mischief, and he went away in a troubled state of mind. Following Dillon to the casemate, he occupied the remainder of the morning in an attempt to make the place less gloomy, at the same time secure, as he had been directed.

The relations that had existed between these two men since Dillon had come to the island had been decidedly friendly, though not intimate, and these relations were not now disturbed. No reference was made by either to the developments of the morning, and Seymour finally left the casemate, wondering to what extent his own safety depended upon the silence of the prisoner under his charge.

The remainder of the short day was already spent when the captain found himself at his own quarters. Here he found the trusty ordnance sergeant and a man from the sutler's with the prisoner's dinner, which was waiting his inspection. Mrs. Seymour had caused the food to be taken inside the house until her husband's return, herself personally superintending the matter. The examination was quickly made by Seymour, and the meal dispatched to the casemate without further delay.

The events that have just been narrated took place on Saturday. Sunday at a military post is not a day of rest, and is generally regarded as one of the most irksome of the week, owing to the tedious inspections and military exercises which are deferred until this day. It was perhaps in anticipation of the delay that might be thus occasioned, or possibly owing to the fact that Seymour had passed a sleepless night, the condition of the lonely prisoner being constantly before his mental vision in a way that ren-

dered sleep impossible; but for whatever reason, the smoke of the morning gun had scarcely cleared away when he had found his way to the casemate.

Causing the heavy iron doors to be unlocked he entered. The strong odor of a burned-out lamp permeated the air. The place was dark, and gave forth no sound save that made by his own feet as he moved on the granite pavement. From the outside could be heard the measured tread of the sentinel on the iron floor of the corridor. He called, but there was no response. Walking to the embrasure, he took from his pocket a key, and removed the brass padlock by which it had been secured by the officer of the day the night before, and proceeded to open the iron shutter with the mechanical apparatus that had been fitted for the purpose.

He had already accomplished this so far as to permit some of the rays of light to reach the iron bedstead which occupied a corner of the room a few feet away, when a white face with open but sightless eyes met his astonished gaze. A silent visitor had been there, against whom neither bolts nor bars could prevail.

Horried, he relinquished his hold on the mechanism, and allowed the half opened shutter to close upon the terrible sight. He called the sentinel from the corridor, and the two men moved the bed to a point opposite the door, both sides of which were now thrown open to admit the light. The body was cold and rigid. Henry Dillon was dead. He was still dressed in the clothes he had worn the day before, and had apparently lain himself upon the bed from whence his life had departed, leaving no visible sign of a struggle. But for the wide-open eyes, which no longer reflected the life within, he might still have been thought to be sleeping, so calm and peaceful was his expression.

Captain Seymour bent over the body, and dropped a tear on the white face of the man whose life he had once been willing to take; and silently he closed those eyes forever. As he did this, he was conscious of a strange bond which seemed to have bound him to

the dead man ; and his place he would gladly have exchanged for his own.

This death was so unaccountable that a coroner's jury was immediately summoned from the city, the body in the mean time remaining undisturbed in the casemate. Evidences of poison were detected, and a verdict of "suicide" was returned.

A day later all that was mortal of what had been a just and upright man and gentleman was quietly laid to rest in the little military cemetery across the narrow channel at Angel Island. His remains were followed to the grave by nearly every officer, and many of the soldiers of the little garrison at Alcatraz. A single block of granite still marks the spot where he was laid on the green hillside which faces the quiet water.

"I am ready to leave here now," said Mrs. Seymour to her husband, after his return from the burial. And they went away ; where it was never known.

The casemate that had been a chamber of death was never after occupied ; for months it remained closed in the same condition as upon that fatal morning. It was only when it became necessary to examine it with a view to changes which were in contemplation, that the large iron doors were again thrown open and the broad light of day allowed to penetrate within its musty walls. The officer who now raised upon its rusty hinges the iron shutter that closed the embrasure was surprised to discover something that had been cut with a diamond into one of the panes of glass belonging to the window on the inner side of the embrasure. Removing the accu-

mulated dust and cobwebs, he was able to decipher this :



The sentence had not been completed ; evidently the hand which had in trembling letters inscribed these words, had been stayed ere its work was finished.

Weird stories were repeated by the soldiers long after this at Alcatraz ; and the lonely sentinel on his midnight "relief" was said to have been at times startled by strange unearthly sounds from the gloomy walls of the "haunted casemate." Years ago, in the modifications that became necessary in extending the military prison, the identity of this casemate was lost. But the "Poisoner's Window" — though removed from its original place — is still preserved, an object of sad and curious interest to the chance visitor.

F. K. Upham.

THE END.



CALIFORNIA MISSION FRUITS.¹

CULTIVATED fruits were first brought into California from the south. Mission work among the Indians of Lower California was actually begun by the establishment of the mission at Loreto by Salvatierra, Oct. 19, 1697. The following years horses and cattle were brought from Mexico, and from this introduction came ultimately the vast herds which roamed the hills and plains of California.² Probably the first seeds and plants of cultivated vegetables and fruits came about the same time, for there was a small garden and a few fruit trees at Loreto in 1701.³ But Loreto was not fitted for horticulture, and in the same year an expedition in charge of Father Ugarte, who is called the founder of agriculture in Lower California, crossed over the mountain to a more suitable location at the mission of Vigge Biaundo, which had been destroyed some time before by hostile Indians. Ugarte restored the mission, made irrigating ditches, and planted fruit trees and vines. This effort was successful from a horticultural point of view; for in 1707 Ugarte made more wine than would suffice for mission use, and sent some to Mexico⁴ in exchange for other goods. Thus began the export trade in California wine.

The Jesuits continued their establishment of missions in Lower California until there were fifteen missions, at five of which there were vineyards,⁵ and presumably as many or more which had gardens with fruit trees. It is recorded that in 1728 Father Luyando established the northern mission of San Ig-

nacio, of which was written in 1759: "Exotic plants in that barren land thrived well; and others, which were native of it, thrived under his culture."⁶ Luyando likewise planted vines, olive trees, fig trees, and sugar canes, all of which seem to have succeeded and proved of great service to the mission.⁷ Fruit culture seems to have early engaged the attention of residents of Lower California, aside from the padres; for accounts of voyages made during the latter part of the last and the beginning of this century contain mention of the delicious fruits bought in the harbors of Lower California, and the pleasant experiences of sailors who strayed inland and visited the valley fruit farms.

The variety of fruits grown in Lower California was small. They had figs, oranges, citrons, pomegranates, plantains, and some olives and dates. There were no North-European fruits, with the exception of a few peaches, which however did not appear to thrive.

The Jesuits were supplanted in Lower California in 1768, by the Franciscans. The Franciscans, led by Junipero Serra, at once pressed northward and entered the territory which is now the State of California: their first establishment was at San Diego in 1769. Thence they proceeded northward, braving many perils and undergoing great hardships, establishing missions through the coast region of the State. In all twenty-one missions were established, the last at Sonoma, in 1823. The late John W. Dwinelle, who gave much attention to the history of the missions, said: "Gardens, vineyards, and orchards surrounded all the missions except the three northernmost, — Dolores, San Rafael, and Solano, — the climate of the former being too inhospitable for that purpose, and the two latter, born near the advent of the Mexican revolution, being stifled in their infancy. The other mis-

¹ The writer has given his leisure time for a number of months to the preparation of a book on California fruit-growing, which is now nearly ready for publication. Introductory thereto will be a chapter on the history of our horticulture. Part of the data collected for this chapter is used in the preparation of this paper, in the hope that any reader who has other interesting facts will communicate them.

² Hittell's History of California, I, 177.

³ *Loc. cit.*, 190.

⁴ Venegas's California, (1757) I, 321.

⁵ Bagert, cited by Hittell, I, 283.

⁶ Venegas.

⁷ Forbes's California, (1839) p. 50.

sions, according to their latitude, were ornamented and enriched with plantations of palm trees, bananas, oranges, olives, and figs, with orchards of European fruits, and with vast and fertile vineyards, whose products were equally valuable for sale and exchange, and for the diet and comfort of the inhabitants of the missions."¹

It is of no little interest to ascertain how great a variety of fruits was grown in these mission orchards. Vancouver in 1792 found a fine orchard at Santa Clara, with apple, peach, pear, apricot, and fig trees, all thrifty and promising.² He also describes at the mission of San Buena Ventura apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, grapes, peaches and pomegranates.³ Robinson described the orchards connected with the mission of San Gabriel as very extensive, having among their trees oranges, citrons, limes, apples, pears, peaches, pomegranates and figs. There were also grapes in abundance.⁴ Edwin Bryant noticed at San Luis Obispo mission the orange, fig, palm, olive and grape. At the Mission San José he found an enclosure of fifteen or twenty acres, the whole of which was planted with trees and grape vines. There were six hundred pear trees and a large number of apple and peach trees, all bearing fruit in great abundance and in full perfection. The quality of the pears he found excellent, but the apples and peaches indifferent.⁵ E. S. Capron, in a general enumeration of the fruits grown at the missions, includes cherries.⁶

The decline of most of the mission orchards and gardens followed the secularization of the establishments in 1834. There were some exceptions, where the mission lands fell into enterprising Spanish or American hands. But as a rule, as Fremont wrote in his observations in 1846, "but little remains of the high and various cultivation which had been attained at the missions. . . . Fer-

tile valleys are overgrown with wild mustard; vineyards and olive orchards decayed and neglected."

During the years of neglect the more tender trees died, and the more hardy survived. The pear and the olive vied with the vine in withstanding drought and the trampling and browsing of the cattle that roamed unmolested through the deserted gardens. These pears, as will be described presently, were turned to good account by the early American settlers; the olive and the vine furnished cuttings for most of the plantations made during the first twenty years or more of American occupation.

Concerning the old olive trees at the Mission San Diego, Mr. Frank A. Kimball of National City, in a paper read before the American Horticultural Society at its meeting during the New Orleans exposition, wrote as follows:

In 1869, when this orchard was a century old, I counted 347 trees at the old Mission of San Diego, and not a single perfect specimen could be found, — a large number having been burned to a greater or less extent by camp fires while the Mission was occupied by United States soldiers, at the close of the war with Mexico. The ancient walls having been broken down, this grove was open on all sides to the incursions of herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats. Many of the older trees had been cut down and used in the mess fires of the soldiers; the tops of many others had been cut or broken off and fed to sheep. For so many years had the fruit fallen and decayed, the accumulation of pits was so great that a spade could with difficulty be forced into the ground. The whole grove was overgrown with malva, and this so rank that a man on horseback would be hidden by it; and so full was the ground of holes, made by badgers and other animals, that one almost ran the risk of broken limbs in riding or even walking over it.

This state of things was almost instantly changed when the grove passed into the hands of Thomas Davis, under a lease from the Catholic Church; and so profitable did the grove at once become that the lease was terminated for the purpose of securing a larger share of the profits, in which the representative of the Church was not successful, and the orchard was again practically abandoned, but not until half the trees had been denuded of every young and thrifty branch. For years past this grove has been in the hands of those whose "tender mercies are cruel," and it is fast succumbing to the forest of gigantic malva; and today the wonder is that there exists a monumental olive tree to mark the spot where Juni-

¹ Colonial History of San Francisco, p. 44.

² Van Couver, III, 24, cited in Hittell's History of California, II, p. 474.

³ Fremont's Memoir, p. 14.

⁴ Hittell, *loc. cit.*

⁵ "What I saw in California in 1846-7," p. 376.

⁶ History of California (1854), p. 111.

pero Serra laid the foundation of the first mission in California.

It is impossible to arrive at full statistics of the fruit trees and vines in bearing at the period of greatest prosperity at the missions. At the time of the secularization inventories were made of the mission properties. The statement of the Santa Ynez mission includes 987 fruit trees, valued at \$1 each; San Fernando, 1,600 fruit trees, valued at \$1.50 each; San Gabriel, 2,333 fruit trees, with no valuation; San Diego, 517 olive trees.¹

Though the earlier Spanish population had the example of successful horticulture before them for half a century at the missions, they did not seem inclined to emulate the efforts of the padres upon their own grounds, except in occasional instances. Hittell says:

Horticulture and gardening were confined almost exclusively to the Missions. . . . Hardly a ranchero or a colonist from San Diego to Sonoma planted a fruit tree, and gardening was not attempted except on a very small scale, and only for such vegetables as could be produced with very little labor.²

The exceptions were, however, notable and deserve mention. General Vallejo planted fruit trees in Sonoma Valley as early as 1830, and of his place it is said: "It is an old and well cultivated place, well known in all the northern portion of California while this State was still Mexican territory."³ Exceptions there were also at the South. The old fruit garden on the Cumulos rancho in Ventura County has become famous. Fremont, writing of his observations in 1846, says:

Among the arid, brush-covered hills south of San Diego, we found little valleys converted by a single spring into crowded gardens, where pears, peaches, quinces, pomegranates, grapes, olives, and other fruits grew luxuriantly together, the little stream acting upon them like a principle of life. . . . A single vine has been known to yield a barrel of wine, and the olive trees are burdened with the weight of fruit.⁴

Of the later history of the mission orchards it is recorded that not all of them were permitted to fall into decay. In 1846 Bryant

found at the Mission San José two gardens enclosed by high adobe walls. The area was from fifteen to twenty acres, all of which was planted with fruit trees and vines. There were about six hundred pear trees and a large number of apple and peach trees, all bearing fruit in great abundance; the quality of the pears being excellent, the apples and peaches indifferent.⁵ Other visitors to some of the mission orchards between the events of secularization and American occupation speak of being regaled with pears and milk, a dish which seemed to them ambrosial after their weary journeys overland across the deserts, or after months of ship fare.

Concerning the condition of the mission orchards during the decade preceding the American occupation, I have been fortunate in securing the following statement from General John Bidwell. It is the most explicit account I have ever seen, and I believe it will rank as an important document in the horticultural history of California:

CHICO, Nov. 16, 1887.

E. J. WICKSON, BERKELEY, CAL.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 15th inst. received. The date of my arrival in California was 1841. At that date all the fruit, with few exceptions, was grown at the missions, or at points that had been occupied and improved by the missions. The most important exceptions were:

The orchard at Fort Ross, planted by the Russians some time during their thirty odd years' occupation, and prior to 1841. This orchard consisted of apples and peaches, all seedlings, I think, and covered possibly half an acre.

Edward McIntosh, near Bodega, had a few grape vines, the eighth of an inch perhaps, not in bearing at the date (1842) when I first saw them.

At that date there was a small vineyard between Bodega and Fort Ross, half an acre in extent. This had been planted and owned by a Russian gentleman of leisure, by the name of "Don Jorge." These grapes were said to be of a better variety than those cultivated at the missions; but though they had borne fruit, yet the pruning and little attention I was able to give were not such as to restore them. The place was too shaded by the redwood forest, the soil too wet, grass too luxuriant, deer, hare, and cattle too plenty, fences too poor, etc.

General Vallejo had at that date a few grape vines where he resided at or near the old mission of San Solano (the place now known as Sonoma). He had also a few fruit trees, but I did not see them in bear-

⁵ What I saw in California.

¹ Bancroft, History of California, III. 619, *et. seq.*

² Hittell's History of California, II. 474.

³ Report California Agricultural Society, 1858, 247.

⁴ Geographical Memoir, 39.

ing and cannot recall the kinds, whether apples or pears. There were, I think, other instances on the north side of the bay, where a few vines were seen; but of this I am certain, namely, the only fruit I saw in 1842 was found at the missions and at Fort Ross.

The mission of San Rafael had the best grapes, — the "mission" grape, but better than elsewhere; it had also apples and pears.

The mission of San José had an orchard and vineyard, five or six acres perhaps. The principal trees were olives and pears. The best early pear was called "Pera de San Juan." This mission I first saw in 1841. The trees were mostly seedlings, I think, at least the fruit was mostly inferior.

The largest orchard as well as the largest trees, mostly pear trees, were at Santa Clara and San José (now the city of San José). These, however, I did not see till 1844. There were also grape vines. All, both trees and vines, had belonged to the mission, and were of the kinds found at the other missions.

The mission of San Juan Bautista, near Pajaro valley, had also an old orchard, at least a few trees.

In January and February, 1845, I saw more or less of attempts to raise vines and fruit trees at other points, namely, missions of San Miguel, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Ynez. The trees, like the missions, were in a condition of neglect and ruin.

Santa Barbara was better cared for; but the state of all the missions that I saw was to a greater or less extent that of neglect and decay, including San Buenaventura, San Fernando, and San Gabriel. In 1845 Los Angeles had the largest vineyards that I had seen, and the vines were the most thrifty, even as thrifty as those of San Rafael. Wine was also abundant, — even the Angelica. Los Angeles had orchards also, mostly of oranges. The largest orange orchards at that time (Feb., 1845) were those of Wolfskill, Carpenter, and Louis Vigne (known as "Don Aliso," from the large sycamore tree standing by his house).

About the last days of February or first of March, I visited the mission of San Gabriel, and found old vineyards and orange orchards, but all in a neglected condition. The orange trees had evidently been injured by frost, but not perhaps wholly killed.

In returning to the Sacramento valley we entered the mountains about thirty miles this side of Los Angeles, and reached the San Joaquin valley by the Tejon pass. Captain Sutter had procured a few olive and orange shoots, cut off at or a little below the ground, without roots, but with a little of the root bark; also a few grape vines. The padre at the mission of San Fernando assured us that the shoots would grow, so we carried them on our pack animals to Sutter's Fort, and there they were planted. We even watered them with buckets. The vines lived, but not the olives nor the oranges.

The next year, 1846, the Mexican war occurred. That year I again saw Los Angeles. I saw oranges growing at Williams's ranch (about 30 miles from Los

Angeles), also a vineyard and trees at Ocampo's ranch. Ocampo had wine and brandy which he had made. I also saw a fine vineyard at Santa Margarita, owned by Pio Pico, the last governor of California under Mexican rule.

At the mission of San Luis Rey there were orchards and vineyards, but everything in neglected condition, — magnificent ruins, I might say. There were the remains of olive orchards even then gone to utter ruin, hundreds of acres in extent. Pala and Temecula were dependencies of that gem of a mission.

The old mission of San Diego had the finest of olives and pomegranates.

In answer to your question I will state that it was in 1848 that I went to San Rafael to get pear trees and grape vines. I obtained them from Don Timoteo Murphy, who for many years under Mexican rule had been the *Administrador* of the mission. This was the first week in March, 1848, and I carried with me the news of the discovery of gold by Marshall at Coloma the last week in January. At least, no one whom I met on the way or at San Francisco (for I went over to that place on my trip), had heard of the discovery till I told him.

In conclusion let me say, I have written at random. Please discard whatever may be found not pertinent: winnow out the chaff and save the wheat, if any there be.

In haste, and very respectfully yours,

JOHN BIDWELL.

The record which General Bidwell makes of the thrift and excellence of the fruit at the mission of San Rafael is especially interesting, because it has been described as lacking in this respect by Mr. Dwinelle, in a quotation already given in this paper.

Among the planters north of the bay was perhaps Yount, who planted vines in Napa valley in 1838¹ and other fruits later. John Wolfskill of Winters saw grapes and peaches at Yount's in 1841, and J. M. Pleasant took peach pits from Yount's over into Pleasant's valley, Solano County, 1851.

Doctor Marsh on his place at the base of Mount Diablo, had, according to Bryant, an "extensive" mission grape vineyard in 1846.² John Wolfskill visited Dr. Marsh in 1842, and tells me that he saw the Doctor's vineyard at that time, and that it was more than an acre in extent, and in good bearing. He thinks the vines were planted about 1838.

¹ Report California Agricultural Society, 1856, p. 13.

² What I saw in California, p. 303.

Mr. Wolfskill planted a few vines on Putah Creek in 1842, but did not plant fruit trees until about ten years later.

General Bidwell did not specially notice peach trees at San José. They probably had fallen prey to neglect, for forty years before his visit they were apparently numerous. It is written¹ that that scarcely had six years elapsed subsequent to the settlement of the pueblo of San José on its present site, before the inhabitants were enjoying the benefits of luxurious fruits. More was grown than could be disposed of in its natural state. It seems that Don Manuel Higuerra had more peaches than he could use, and knowing the law, secured the following document from the capital :

The individual Manuel Higuerra has permission to make as much as one barrel of peach brandy.

Monterey, 10th day of August, 1805.

NORIEGA.

After the incoming of Americans in 1849 some of the old mission trees were secured by enterprising men, and made to renew their youth by pruning, cultivation, and irrigation, that they might minister to the great demand for fruit which sprang up among the gold seekers. The trees richly reciprocated the care and attention given them. The reports of the visiting committees of the State Agricultural Society have accounts of the new life of these old trees. Two instances are selected :

Thomas Fallon, of San José, has the best producing pear trees probably, in the State, having fruit of remarkable size and quantity, many of the pears measuring over fourteen inches in circumference. He has four old pear trees, planted by the old Spanish missionaries over sixty years ago, and grafted in 1854 with Bartlett, producing three thousand pounds this season, which sold for six hundred dollars.²

¹ History of San José, by F. Hall (1871), p. 91.

² Report California Agricultural Society, 1857, p. 42.

W. M. Stockton, near the Mission San Gabriel, has about three hundred pear trees, thirty or forty years old, all of them California seedlings, many of them of little or no value, and most of them becoming barren and going to decay. In March, 1851, he took the place in this condition, and began to prune and irrigate, both of which had been for a number of years neglected. In June of 1854 he began to bud and graft, and has continued until this time (1856). Six pear trees have been budded and grafted with twenty-five varieties of apple, and seventy pear trees with twenty-five varieties of pears. These apples and pears are very choice fruits, large, of excellent flavor and very fine in appearance. One tree of California pears produced this season [1856] to the value of two hundred and fifty dollars.³

The first fruits offered for sale in the San Francisco markets were from the pear trees of Santa Clara and San José missions, and from the mission grape vines of the same localities, and of Los Angeles county. These grapes packed in sawdust came up the coast by steamer, and were then reshipped to the mining camps, arriving for the most part in good condition, and were very popular. It is recorded that fifteen hundred tons of these grapes were sent from Los Angeles county to San Francisco and the mines in 1852.⁴ As another instance in which thrift followed neglect is seen in the fact, that in 1858 Don Andres Pico, who succeeded to possession of the orchard at the San Fernando mission, did a considerable business in drying pears and other fruits, using the labor of the Indians.⁵

At the present time vestiges of the old mission orchards still remain, the pears and olives still bearing, and in some cases the old date palms guarding the desolate scenes, or standing as reminders of the old regime, while the new life of California is surging up around them.

E. J. Wickson.

³ *Loc. cit.*, 1856, p. 20.

⁴ J. S. Waite, in Patent Office Report, 1853, p. 299.

⁵ Report California Agricultural Society, 1858, p. 294.



MARGARET'S ROOM-MATE.

I.

THERE are many people who dearly love a hillside home in the city aside from any sanitary notions, or wish for seclusion. And in this city, to the other privileges of a hillside home is added that of a fine view, whether at night when the red glare of town sifts through the low-lying fog, or the full moon comes through the mist — mist, always mist — like a misshapen oaf of a moon, or by day when the cutters and fog go scuttling before a zephyr, or when the eastern hills are purple at dawn, or the Marin Hills come plunging to the water at sunset, shrouded in the tinted hazes that in warmer climates seek the skies. Wherever it be, who would not envy our hillside people ?

Among those who did was a Tennessean bred in the Blue Ridge, who had later lived a season in one of our interior towns, and who had finally arrived in San Francisco alone, with but a few acquaintances to relieve the desolation that she felt. And her first choice for a home was Rincon Hill, whose homes are fallen, whose approaches are broken, and invaded by dray carts and sawdust from the mills, and to whose garden walls the arms of the valley now reach. The rippling hills of Alameda are full of gray outcroppings now, the southern stretch of bay is yet free from towns ; but has it the virgin clearness it possessed before the rivers ran red with mud, and the air grew brown with contamination ? Its view has gone from it. But though noble and poetic memories cluster thick on almost every foot of the hill, our friend knew nothing of them. It simply pleased her by its quiet, its height, its refined age, and its trees.

She selected rooms on the hillside in the upper story of an old brick house. The windows were large and bowed ; white curtains were drawn over them, and from the back ones she had glimpses of two gardens and

several cypress trees, one so near that when the wind blew the top tapped on the window pane, and she thought it the sweetest music. She had but one room, a large one ; the ceiling was painted with a golden railing from which fell festoons of pink roses, and panels of the same wreathed their way up the walls between the low white doors, whose transoms were closed and nailed. A high oaken mantel, with a comfortable fire-place, and two low steps dividing the room across the center, gave the mellowness of age to its otherwise simple aspect. The landlady, a most comfortable person, was indifferent as to renting, close in her concessions, and patronizingly superior. Margaret Lane was a telegraph operator, who had come from one of the interior towns as a substitute. She had long cherished a desire to come to the city, and now that she was here, by some steadiness and application, she held her place. The first six months of her city life brought little accretion to her, beyond a little weariness of town life, and yet a little more eagerness to stay.

And now she was attacked by a desperate loneliness. She was accustomed to solitude, — she had been bred in it ; but for a long time past she had felt a sluggishness and dullness creeping into her busy moments, while they mastered entirely the idle ones. A distaste for the very sunlight haunted her now, and taking counsel with herself while, rather enviously, one evening, watching the couples and groups starting for some place of amusement, she determined to have a room-mate.

As a rule she had little to do with women, but a room-mate would be a good tonic to rid her of this false nausea of solitude, she thought, and she would after a little experience come back to her loneliness better comprehending its pleasures, better content with it. The next morning she left an advertisement at a branch newspaper office.

Three successive mornings it appeared ;

and the third evening, when she had given up the hope of hearing from it and was sitting at the window, debating within herself whether to leave her supper-table standing until morning, as her brothers, when hunting and when she had kept house for them, had taught her, she caught the flash of some tan-colored ruffles skimming up the steps, and a moment later her landlady knocked, and entered to say that a young lady wanted to see her.

A girl some years her junior came in. She was inquiring about the room, she said, and Margaret showed her through it. She seemed well pleased, declared at once that she would stay, and then drew from her jacket-pocket half a dozen cards, which she ostentatiously presented as her references.

Margaret put them on the table without glancing at them, and said that she had none to offer.

"O, I saw right away that that would n't be necessary, and I was *so* glad; I want a room-mate, a companion, and the most of 'em are nothin' but dressmakers, covered with threads and always out of humor. Dress-makers are detestable creatures. I like all the telegraph girls I know, because they hold their heads up and try to be somebody." She then frankly admitted that she was a dressmaker, and hated her business, only she did have a knack that way, and was sensible enough to stick to it.

So it was arranged that they should take a sort of cupboard off the hall for a kitchen, and the young lady should move in the following day. When she was gone Margaret turned the cards over; but the girl's appearance was sufficient reference, together with her name, Maud, the soft sound of which made Margaret think it especially appropriate for its owner.

Until far into the night she moved and arranged her belongings in the rose-paneled room, humming to herself, doubtful of the future, yet glad that such a bright-eyed, joyous girl should be her companion. She gathered all the threads from the floor, remembering Miss Maud's detestation of threads, and when this was done surveyed the room.

In the interior of the State, a thoughtful

woman had trained her mind and fingers too to deftness, and the results of stray hours were apparent here in simple adornments, a few engravings of faces, and with truly commendable independence of this Brussels-dominated age, there were no carpets on the floors, but a few deer and wolf skins, some of them relics of her hunting days in Tennessee, others gathered in this State from the plenitude of such things in the mountains. One old-time rocker, a spider-legged table, and a square one holding a work basket and books, completed the details of the front room, — for Miss Lane had drawn a curtain above the steps, — while the night dusk coming through the back windows revealed only a broad, high bed, a white-painted stationary stand, and another rocker. Clearly Margaret had not forgotten the rawhide-bottomed chairs, with knotty points under the knees and long sweeping rockers, of her mother's time.

She was inclined to think well of her to-be friend. There was the gush and flightiness that seemed common to all girls. She did not know that she would have preferred a heavy country girl, with sagging skirts and a slouching walk, such as she herself had not so very long since discarded. If Miss Maudie were a bit flighty, why they nearly all were so; and if not carried to extremes, a little childishness sat well on a pretty girl. She had formed no definite idea of her room-mate beyond this. It was late the following evening when Maud arrived; and she came on the express wagon that brought her trunk and one or two bits of furniture. Miss Lane's landlady, with whom Margaret was talking, flushed and paled and said deeply, "My horrors, is that your new friend? On an express wagon! Is n't she able to walk?"

Margaret knew enough of city etiquette to understand this delicate point about which her landlady distressed herself. Though she thought that indignation petty, she was sorry Maud should be so careless, when the standing of women like her depends upon just such trivial details. "Perhaps the poor child is tired," she suggested, feeling a sufficient proprietary right already in Maud to defend

her, "and there's no good way of getting here; or the expressman may be an acquaintance."

"Expressman! She *looks* like a lady. Tell her how unbecoming such conduct is—I see she is quite young. There are a dozen people looking at her."

Meanwhile Maud had jumped down from her seat, and came up stairs quite breezily. When her trunk had followed, she paid the man and sank on the sofa.

"I'm glad you had a friend to bring your things," said Margaret, feeling she must say something in her landlady's interest.

"O, he was n't a friend of mine. I never laid eyes on him before; but I was that tired I said I would n't walk, and I coaxed him to take me up on the seat. It was a fine ride down Market to Third,—rather common turnout, but I'd ride in a wheelbarrow if I was starved for a ride."

Margaret said she would make tea, and then they would set to rights, but Maud, revived after arrival, and with a due regard for Margaret's arrangement of the room, placed another spider-legged stand, a paper bracket of indifferent workmanship, and a tarnished metal card case, and was unpacking when Margaret returned.

II.

THEY supped in what they called the parlor. Maud proved an inexhaustible talker. Before they had finished their tea, Margaret knew all about her different landladies, the shops she worked in, the girls, the customers, the goods, and the young men generally stationed on her homeward route. It seemed to Margaret so perfectly natural that she should go into this young girl's confidence that she did not stop to consider the oddity it ought to have had.

There were no intermediate stages in their friendship. From the moment Maud made her first stiff bow and stepped into the rose-paneled room she made Margaret a part of herself. It was "Marg" and "Margy dear," and all sorts of personal familiarities, that were agreeable rather than otherwise. It

pleased Margaret's thoughtful slowness to have so much dancing sparkle about her,—albeit it did drop its g's and handle the merits and demerits of strange young men so freely.

"Now since we've got to be good friends and know all about each other, it strikes me that I ought to tell you something," began Maud sweeping her eyes about the room; "that is, if you don't mind my tellin' you. Of course its perfectly friendly, or I wouldn't dare to say it, but it seems to me that you've got a notion into your head that because you can't have the finest things in your room, you're going to leave it empty. Now I would n't. I know how you feel. You've read nice descriptions in stories, and I guess you've seen the inside of some fine houses, but I just b'lieve in makin' your furnishin's fit your house. Now I'm goin' to show you what I've got, and I've taken lots of care in gettin' them together, too. But if you don't like 'em I can put 'em away; it's your room, you know."

In a few moments the room was transformed. There were fans of all brilliant and dull esthetic colors, chromos framed and unframed, painted shells and bits of glassware, rosettes and curtain bows tacked to small three-cornered and round picture-cards, and lastly a card pinned to each front window, facing outward, and representing the moon rolling up among gorgeous cloud-banks,—no doubt for the comfort of passers-by, who, too lowly to lift their eyes above the house-tops to see the moon itself, unhampered by clouds, might at least have this consolation nightly until the young ladies retired. Poor Margaret's brave rose-panels faded and withered before this onslaught of "fixin's."

"Of course," said Maud, standing back, "it ain't real fine. We can't afford real fine things, and these cheaper things are lots better'n a cold, bare room. Don't you think so? It's no use wishin', though I do sometimes at the houses the madam sends me to. I hate 'em, and envy 'em too,—they've got every thing, it seems to me. But I'm sure with your things these make the room look real cosy. Don't you think so, Marg?"

Margaret was speechless. Such an array of spots and splashes she could remember never to have seen, unless in the adobe walls in the country when the whitewash took to peeling off. She liked simplicity, pure in color, and strictly in harmony with her taste, and her position as well. Was this the quality of her room-mate's inner self — a jumble of gaudy trash? She had expected faults; she had prepared herself for everything, she thought, except this simple point of good taste, and now this seemed to her to mean everything.

She was very quiet, to placidity, in her nature, so she answered, "Let them be. I had n't thought much of the walls. These panels seemed almost enough for me, but I reckon you're right."

"They're such impossible things. Who could have fancied such heaps of roses scrambling over his walls? Rich people used to live here on this hill, and I think they just go huntin' after funny things. The ladies do that at the shop. The madam's at her wit's ends to think up funny things for 'em, and I s'pose their mothers lived here. But I see you're like Ben. He detests to see a woman furnish a room, he says. He has scolded me fifty times because I would have these things on the walls. He says I'm patternin' after trashy women's trash; but I fix 'em my own way, an' that ain't patternin'. He's kind of slow an' potterin'. All these machine men are. But he's a good fellow. They brought me up, as I was goin' to tell you, an' when I was sixteen, I did n't think it was fair to make the old folks keep me any longer (and they dressed me lovely, too, and I did n't have hardly anythin' to do) so I went to be a dress-maker, just like any noddle-head would do; and" — after a long, meditative pause and stroking of her chin, — "I don't see any way out of it but marryin' Ben. Now, what would you do?" But Margaret was silent, not prepared to answer such a question off-hand; and Maud not waiting for, scarcely expecting, an answer, nodded once or twice, then fell asleep in her chair, woke up, laughed heartily at her stupidity, and went to bed.

It was not eleven, but Margaret put aside

her work, and taking up a book tried to read. She scanned its now unmeaning pages restlessly, and threw it aside; then she went to one of the windows.

To Margaret, unused to great bodies of water, the bay at all times possessed a solemnity that mastered her, overpowered her in her arrogant moods, and soothed and strengthened her when she was humble to despair. The night was clear and almost starless. She could not see the bay nor distant shore-line. A half-moon curve of ship-ping lights wound round the hill, and a stray one here and there flashed on the water.

Now that the waters seemed almost deserted, the fleets of small craft tucked away in their berths, and the pirouetting tugs laid to rest for a few hours; now that the stillness of the water came up the hill and held even the trees in a watchful waiting, she could stretch out her hands for the beautiful serenity, and resign herself to its enervating but tempting promise of irresponsibility. She wanted to become a part of the calm, physical world below her, to shoulder her cares and the responsibilities her natural gifts brought her upon that limitless, burden-carrying power, to become for the time a dumb atom, and feel the delicious lightening of spirit as the weight slid from her.

And all this physical world urged her on, she thought. The winds, and stars, and trees, the hazes of the sky, all these seeming mute things stopped upon their round of duty when she would come to listen, to tell her what they saw in the laws of the universe, and to warn her against eating out her short span of life in self-inflicted pain. They recalled to her mind the monotone of her professional duty, the dullness of her associates in the office, her disappointments, her involuntary self-denials, all the cramped circumstances of her social life, and asked what exchange she made for these things; what had she to show for what she bartered away? They made her hunger for the high, warm dusky woods of Tennessee, for her old friends, its wild denizens, for her freedom there, which now seemed little removed from savagery, and yet had been so sweet. She

had dreamed away her days in those woods. There was no housework to do at the cabin ; the most she did was to husk the corn, feed the cows and pigs, and milk the cows afterwards. But oh, the other hours, delicious ages, that she had done nothing but live,—yes, that was the word, live. She did not live now. She was being hurled through a tedious, leaden-hued nightmare, and every moment she spent in commune at these windows made her feel it more certainly.

These were her inner self's struggles to be free. All these influences about her soothed her, untangled the knots into which her puzzled groping wound her, charmed physical pain from her, and with the eloquence of their many magic tongues counseled and encouraged her. O, they were good, patient friends. The woods in Tennessee had only sung, and rippled, and sighed ; these recognized her weariness and weakness, explained away the hard problems she brought them, and sent her to bed with the serenity, almost the innocence, of childhood.

Our Tennessean, though she admired the many-hued, complex, wonderful machinery of metropolitan life, wanted to be no part of it. With a love of law, of symmetry, of grandeur, of the wonderful, she could stand aloof, and never weary of studying its ever-developing dynamics ; but to be an active part, a ceaseless, tireless cog, lost in the complexities of its work, — a mere cog bathed in dust and grease, ceaselessly jarred by the power that moved its smothered undertone of the motive-agents that from her present distance, made the charm she felt in the whole, — ah, no, not she, who had led almost the wild life of her beloved gray squirrels, and in whose veins ran the blood that had fled, despised, forbade, and fought, the very circumstances and influences that her city career was bringing upon her, and that would end in — cogdom. She hungrily rushed to her silent night friends for relief, and they promised it to her. They adopted her as their child, and promised her the dreamless nothingness that she longed for.

And yet, when morning came, however soothing the night's communion had been,

with daylight, and humanity, and its slaves, with the wreathing smoke and the tugs upon the water, the gardener and the romping children under the garden trees, her poor soul tangled again into the forms and contortions that duty compelled. It seemed cowardly, criminal, not to do what her conscience demanded, and what thousands were so cheerfully doing. "I can't help it," she would sometimes whisper apologetically to the bay, "I want to be passive, and I can't. I would be a nullity if I could, but these things drive me on. I reckon it's my duty to follow the rest. They hear you too, perhaps, but they know their work."

III.

MAUD, as you may guess, did not love needle-work any too well, and when of an evening she had talked out her stock of news and reculled it, she not infrequently went to the kitchen, and Margaret to her reading, until pleasant odors stole in upon her, and she went passively to enjoy the proceedings. Maud was wonderfully fond of cooking. She loved all her apparatus, and in a furtive manner, fearing Margaret's economical displeasure, introduced various new patented contrivances to her already shining store. When all the world grew irksome, where was there such a fortress against depression as this cubby of a kitchen. And here Maud stretched her narrow income to its utmost. Here, after any little whiff of shop cares, Margaret was sure to find her, red-eyed, with fluttering nerves, a beaming stove, and table laden with promise. A queer little hobby for a modern girl you say, — one of the kind who delighted in gay bracelets and fragile wrists, in slender-waisted, flowery women. A queer hobby for one who had cried and laughed, teased and pouted, with Phyllis, and Lilian, and Golden Heart, and Winnie, and Lady Madeline, and a hundred more, and who divided her spare moments in the kitchen with some fair heroine of this gay galaxy. But it was so, and Maud was proud of her accomplishment. It browned her hands and scorched her face, it was not the accomplish-

ment of pretty girls, who, like her, enjoyed the pretty airs of flirtation, yet she was proud of her proficiency. She was naturally neat, and one of those rare women who fit thoroughly and agreeably into a kitchen. A big apron wrapped almost twice around her revealed the fragility of her waist, but left conspicuously bare the immaculate and stylish front of her dress from that point to her neck. It was a pleasure to look at Maud when she was her merriest and most graceful.

She had been at her new home but a few days when she left at dusk to see the old folks, and bring Ben back with her if possible.

Ben lived on Howard street some distance out, so she took the Third street car and changed at Howard; the objective point the while of tired, dull, yet feebly curious eyes, which sized her up from the pointed toes of her shoes to the two large plumes on her hat. She was just conscious enough to know how to carry herself gracefully, and make the most of the profuse trimming of her dress, and the various trinkets on her person, which sparkled in the smoky carlights. She did not attempt to avoid the honest stares of men and women, and peered through the windows occasionally, but seemed mostly to look inward. Finally she signaled the conductor with a wave of her hand. Her silver bangles all jingled musically, her beaded cape took up the refrain, and she glided out with sunny echoes from silvery jingles; and the people in the car missed her, for it is pleasant at least to sit near a fine lady, and with her scarred fingers hidden, and pleasant thoughts uppermost in her mind, who would have imagined that she was but a shop girl?

She ran up the steps of a low old house, and opened the front door whose knob rattled and turned loosely, as though it had given way before the hundreds of such impetuous charges, and stood there a mockery of itself and a deception to passers-by. She passed through a drugget-covered hallway, and down a couple of steps into a dining-room, where at a well spread table a rusty little old man, two fine looking boys, and a big-boned woman were supping.

"How d'y'e do, father?" she said cheerily;

"an' you, mother how's your eyes now? they 're worse, ain't they?"

"No, they ain't worse."

"I thought I saw you blinking," dropping into a chair.

"It's that candle-stick — move it outen my eyes."

Maud did as she was bid, and pulled the elder young man's curly hair. She did not kiss the old folks, though the old gentleman looked up at her fondly, and called her his "honey." It was in her nature to be cheering, not loving, and now she did no more than brush down his coat-collar, and eat a bit of bread lying at his plate, and crumble the rest, and throw at the curly-headed young man, who had leaned back in his chair on her arrival to bandy words with her, and perhaps enjoy the pretty picture that she made. His brother (they looked much alike) went on eating after the manner of big boys, who have shouldered some of the responsibilities of manhood, all of its airs and pretensions, but none of its courtesies and weaknesses.

"Where's Ben?" Maud inquired.

"He's down country on some business. He telegraphed he could n't be back for a day or two. What do you want of him?"

"To come and see me. I want him to see my house."

They asked a number of questions about her room-mate, and though seeming to like her, they appeared indifferent as to her new situation and circumstances. Though she had been reared in the house from her childhood, when she passed from their immediate and daily presence, like most people of their class, they found her interests were no longer theirs, and they evinced but languid interest in her careless replies.

She wiped the dishes which the younger son washed, whipped both boys with the dish-towel in response to their chaffing, and then left, positively declining the escort of either of the young men.

Margaret was little curious about Maud's much discussed friend. After all descriptions of him she understood him to be a fat, quiet fellow, with a pretty moustache, a proper submissiveness to Maud's whims, and

a fanatical love for his business (he was foreman in the iron foundry). He came one evening immediately upon his return to town, and bore well the embarrassing features of the introduction.

He was dressed with medium good taste, was rather stout, but gentlemanly while not polished. She noticed that his self-possession was that of a prosperous, confident man, rather than that of a well-bred man. Lines about the brow and mouth marked the process of an intellectual grapple with hard problems, as his hands attested their physical labor. He allowed them now to rest easily on the chair arms, while he listened to the volley of small shot that poured from Maud; and there was a patient, gentle indulgence in his face, as though making allowances for flaws in a weak but valued vessel.

Maud in her running chatter appealed to

Margaret frequently, with a deference that betokened her opinion, and at those times Ben turned towards her, and Margaret felt that he was anxiously scanning her for the merits by which she had a right to be Maud's counsel and support until his turn more fully arrived. He was one of those men who are all angles and sharps and blasting winds in their public life; who bring to their daily vocations a ruggedness and harshness that are borne equably enough by the people whom they meet, as the natural outcome of a man's crosses and successes, but that would astound their families; and who at home are yielding, and gentle, and patient to the point of weak folly. Margaret was amused by the changing expressions flitting across his countenance as he turned with sunny smiles to Maud, while his eyes flashed a keen question in her direction.

Ida H. Ballard.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CAUGHT IN A SIERRA SNOW-STORM.

THE winter of 1861-2 had not only set in very early in the Sierra Nevadas,—snow beginning to fall as early as October,—but all through the two succeeding months there were heavy storms, and the New Year found me almost “snowed under” in my rude but comfortable cabin, which I had strengthened with huge logs during the preceding summer. I had been at that time, several years prospecting and trapping in that wild region and had done fairly well. Profiting by experience I had laid in an abundant supply of food and fuel for the present winter. The food was in a cellar dug under the cabin, the fuel was packed in a “lean to” I had built, and in a big pile at the side of the cabin. So, though the snow was on the 1st day of January, 1862, full twenty-eight feet deep on a level,—and no one knows how much deeper in the gulches where it had been blowing,—I was very comfortable in doors. I managed to keep the front—and only—entrance to the

cabin clear by extending out from it a sort of porch. I kept adding to the height of the chimney, until it was a regular “shaft” by the time the snows melted in the spring.

Of course I kept my traps and “deadfalls” set all the time, visiting them whenever the weather permitted, and a rich harvest of fine skins I secured that winter. In moving about on the snow I used snow-shoes as a matter of course. Not the broad, clumsy “oxbows”—as we used to call them—that the Canadians wear, but the long, slender, Norwegian shoes made of a thin piece of yellow pine or spruce, about seven feet long and four inches wide, turned up at the toe like a skate, and having “leathers” fastened in the center which laced over the foot securing it to the snow-shoe. The soles of these “runners”—as they were called—were always smoothly polished and then rubbed with “dope,” a greasy compound, to keep the snow from sticking to them, and also to make them slip eas-

ily along. I had practiced a great deal on my shoes, and being very supple and strong in those days I was n't afraid to travel anywhere, or race with any one in that region. I had invented, too, a kind of dope I called "lightning," because when I gave my favorite pair of shoes a good coat of it they were not merely "runners," they were "flyers" and no mistake. I've been particular in describing those snow-shoes so that you'll better understand a little adventure I had on them that winter, that I'm going to tell you.

I was out one day in January looking after my traps, and had worked round to a hill opposite the cabin, and sat down there for a little rest. It was a fine day, — the sun shining quite bright, — but cold. The wind came in little puffs, catching up the light spangles from the snow crust and sweeping them round like white dust. All around me there was nothing to be seen but one broad stretch of pure white, out of which the pines and tamaracks rose, their big trunks just showing a little above the snow, and their limbs all weighed down. All the young growth had disappeared. All the gulches were filled: the little hollows right up level full, the big ones changed into smooth depressions. The big range of granite opposite where I sat looked like an enormous mass of soft white clouds, rolling down into the deep cañon of the upper Yuba river.

Way down in the bottom of that cañon I could see a darkish looking spot, and I knew that was the cabin at Fordyce Dam, where there were two men, who, like myself, were wintering in the mountains. Between me and them was pretty near three miles of just nothing but clear, beautiful snow, covering everything but the tall tree-tops; and when I made out, as I could in that clear mountain air, a thin curve of smoke rising from their cabin chimney, I all at once made up my mind to make them a call. The slope into the cañon was tolerably steep, but the way down was clear of everything but large trees, and those I could avoid, I knew. I examined my snow-shoes, they were in the best of order; glanced at my watch, it was just noon; slung my rifle well over my shoulders,

wound a sort of sash tightly around me, and stepped to the slope of the hill; then, getting my runners pointed in the right direction, I half squatted in the most approved racing attitude, and with two or three stout strokes of my steering pole, started on my downward journey.

"Journey?" No, it was n't that; it was a flight, and a swift one, too! As I went over the slope, the hill seemed to drop from under me!

There was the whistle of the keen wind as I darted down, and in front of the runners a fine jet of powdery snow was thrown into the air. At one instant I saw far before me a deep "dip" in the surface; the next moment I was sailing over it, and felt the slight shock of landing on the snow crust on the other side. Thin as was that crust I did not break through, — I had n't time to do so, — but glanced on, down, down, down, faster and faster!

Once or twice I found myself tearing through tree-tops, never plunging into them, but brushing the bent branches close enough to catch now and then a stinging lash across the face, and a whiff of the balsamic odor from the needles. Some of the jumps I took were tremendous. There was one in particular, when I shot off what in summer time was a big ledge of granite with a face about forty feet high. At its foot was one of the little lakes you meet with so often around here, and on the other side the granite cropped out in great rounded masses. When I went flying over that hole where the lake was I caught my breath. It seemed as though I was never going to touch the snow crust again, — but I did in a second or two, a good fifty feet from the ledge. From there to the edge of the dam it was just one jump after another, ending in a grand slide over the level snow-field that covered the lake, and a plunge into the drift that the cabin was almost hid in. I tell you, I was glad to get there. As soon as I could dig myself out I looked at my watch. I had been just *seven minutes* in going that three miles, and most of the time in the air!

Of course the men in the cabin were glad

to see me, and we had a good dinner and comfortable smoke. They wanted me to stop until morning, but it began to look as if before that time it might come on to storm; and so about two o'clock I started back again for my own cabin. There was n't any trail to be seen, (that was under twenty feet of snow), but I had been backward and forward so many times that I knew every tree, and as the snow-crust was solid, I calculated to make my cabin in two hours, easy. It was all up hill, to be sure, but I was used to that, and at the end of the first hour I had made half the distance very comfortably. The sun, which I kept on my right as I went along, was getting pretty well down towards the high range in the west, but its light was yet quite strong. Once I stopped for a moment to look at it, when I saw a thin veil of vapor sweep over the sky, and felt the air grow suddenly chill.

"Hello!" thought I, "the storm's coming, sure enough. This won't do. I must n't be 'caught out,' for if I am, — good-bye to the old man!" And I hurried forward as well as I could.

My route led me through a tolerably thick growth of pines, and when amongst them, the sighing and moaning of the rapidly rising wind made an awful dreary sound. It began to grow much darker, too, than it ought, and I knew by that that the snow storm, with a heavy fall of snow, was close at hand. Feeling mighty nervous, I pushed through the clump of pines, and then the whole scene burst upon me.

In the west the sun was blotted out by a huge lead-colored mass of whirling vapor, from which fell a dense bank of snow. On the other side I could make out the outline of "Old Man" mountain, around whose rugged peak there swept another storm cloud. Before me there lay one vast stretch of snow-field, which I must traverse to reach my cabin. As yet, the two great storm clouds had not met on this wide expanse, but I knew that it would soon be their battleground. Half turning to see whether it would not be better for me to retrace my steps, I saw that the whole of Fordyce Dam was blot-

ted from sight by the storm which was raging, so there was nothing left for me to do but push on.

And so I did, but had gone but a few hundred feet before a savage gust of wind dashed a cloud of snow crystals into my face. Another and another followed, — first from this side, then from that, — until the mere effort to hold myself up against them was fast tiring me out. Then there came a lull, and I was able to make a few rods more in advance, but only a few, before the fierce gusts were whirling about me again.

By the time I had made perhaps half a mile in this fashion, and had gained the shelter of another clump of tree-tops, I paused for a moment to tighten the straps of my snow-shoes and look about me for a little. Old Man mountain, which I knew ought to be on my left, was completely hidden by the advancing storm; and in the west the clouds were so thick that the sun was totally obscured. All the light there was seened, curiously enough, to come from the thickly falling snow itself. Not that I suppose the snow was luminous, but I know it seemed to me as though if it stopped snowing it would be totally dark.

I did not waste much time over these thoughts, though, for it was intensely cold when the wind blew, and though pretty warmly clothed, I felt myself shivering at every blast. So, with a last glance around, I started once more. Slowly I toiled along over the snow-crust, wading at times through newly formed drifts, into which I sank a foot deep in spite of my snow shoes; and again standing motionless for a moment, bracing myself with my guide-pole against the terrible blasts of ice-laden wind which tore up the gorge.

Thus I struggled on — the storm seemingly increasing momentarily in violence — until to my dismay I realized that night had come on, and with the darkness the last hope of being able to see my way had disappeared. I think I realized this all at once. So intently had my senses been occupied with the task of getting on at all — every step being a fierce battle against the whirling winds — that I could think of nothing else, and it was

only when I paused for an instant alongside of a huge tree that it flashed upon me that nothing but the instinct of a hunter would serve me in finding my way from that spot to my cabin, if indeed I ever got there.

And from that moment I honestly believe that it was that instinct that saved me. I was dreadfully tired for one thing, and this, probably, reacted on my mind and plunged me into a sort of mental stupor. But I did not feel then — as I have heard people often do under such circumstances — like “giving up,” and being willing to lie down and die. I felt sure of reaching my cabin at last, — but when? That, and the knowledge that I had a severe struggle yet before me — troubled — I may say, vexed — me. I felt, so to speak, too lazy to undertake the job. In fact, I am not sure that I did not have quite a quarrel with myself, as one might with some one who was perfectly able but too indolent to go on with some necessary task. Of course this hesitation did not last more than a moment or two, (I know now if it had continued a little longer I should have dropped into the sleep of death,) and then I yielded to my hunter’s instinct.

In the first place I unbound my sash and unslung my rifle. Then groping about the tree trunk I fastened the weapon by its strap to a limb, preferring to take my chances of finding it again to carrying its weight any longer. While doing this I carefully noted which side of the tree was covered with moss, as this always grows the thickest on the north side, and I would thus start, at least, in the right direction. Then I readjusted my sash, and pushed forward again.

Gods! how it stormed! It seemed as though the two storm clouds had met to fight with each other. The wind fairly howled as it whirled down from the inky sky and drove great volumes of snow before it. So strong were these gusts, and so heavy with the weight of snow they bore along, that I could not lift my snow-shoes properly, but had to shuffle along as well as I could, bracing myself with my pole. Slowly and painfully I moved on, every moment feeling my strength growing less and less, every blast of the icy

wind chilling me more and more. At last I found myself stupidly arguing with myself as to why I should go any further. I could not get through, — I remember thinking, — at least, not until I had rested a little. And still, to stop meant death, and to save myself I must push on.

The thought roused me again, and I pressed on a few rods farther through the tempest. Then it occurred to me that, after all, it was worth while to risk even death for the sake of just a few moments’ rest. I could not go on much farther, — what was the use of struggling more? My cabin I should never reach, and it was just as well to lie down now while there was yet time to enjoy the sleep I longed for before death came!

As I thus struggled on, fighting each step against the pitiless storm without and the despairing thoughts within, my snow-shoe struck against a prostrate tree-trunk, and I fell heavily. The shock partially aroused me and irritated me too, I know, for the first thing I said as I tripped was, “Damn that log!” The next sensation I experienced was a feeling of surprise that a felled log should be on top of the snow, and then a great rush of hope sent the warm blood tingling to my finger tips. That tree-trunk log must be one I had felled but a day or two before! If so my cabin was not a hundred feet away. “But where?” I thought as I scrambled to my feet, — “and has this tree been felled or has it blown down?” Hastily I felt along the trunk to its butt. Yes, there were the marks of the axe! there was the stump still showing a little above the snow! In a moment I recalled its position in reference to the cabin, — the next moment I had torn loose my snow-shoes, — one of which had been broken in my fall, — and was wildly plunging knee deep in the soft snow towards the shelter.

The storm was at its height as I floundered through the drift that covered the cabin. Frantically I ploughed my way over the mound above the roof, and with one plunge found myself in the wide chimney, down which I scrambled like a second Santa Claus, dropping at last on the pile of warm ashes

with which I had covered the fire before starting out that morning. It did not take me but a moment to pile on to the embers an armful of "fat" pine knots, to dash from my eyebrows, beard, and hair the icicles that weighed them down, and to get off my heavy outer coat. Then as the cheerful blaze from the pine knots filled the room with warmth and light, I drew out my watch and looked at the time. It was half past eight. I had been over six hours battling with the storm in coming back over the track down which I had slid that morning in about as many minutes.

F. L. Clarke.

THE FATES.

HAVE you seen them?
 The weird sisters,
 They who sweep on ebon pinions
 Thro' the darkness,
 Thro' the stillness
 Of night's horror,
 Over farm and city,
 Over sun-curst desert.
 And they whisper
 Thro' the blackness,
 Thro' the white mist,
 Downward to the souls of men
 "Death! Despair! Dishonor!"
 Terror stricken
 Some have heard them
 And have heard no joy-sound after;
 Some from slumber
 Never wakened;
 Some in vigil
 Shivering, fearful,
 Have seen hope die
 With the echo
 Of the voices;
 Some with horror
 Knew their souls lost.
 Till the chill dawn
 With deathless motion
 Of planets drift they,
 Still whispering,
 The weird sisters.
 Have ye heard them?

George Le Moine.

A PROSPECTOR'S STORY.

THE hero of the adventures here narrated, almost in his own exact language, has been the victim of a continuous round of disappointments in prospecting for many years, in nearly every new mining camp from British Columbia to Mexico, yet is still buoyant and hopeful that there is a bonanza awaiting him somewhere in the hills, and that he will yet, either by accident or design, find the place where it lies hidden.

He is now investigating the mineral resources of Central Arizona with his usual sanguine expectation and his usual want of success. Here it was, a few days ago, that he related in my hearing the following incidents of his prospecting life in Montana.

It was yet early autumn ; the rains had set in ; the summit of the Cœur d'Alene range was white with snow on the higher peaks, but still the valley of the Pend d'Oreille afforded good grazing for stock, and was quite a rendezvous for prospectors, who spend their summers in the mountains and seek the lower country to avoid the deep snows, and find pasturage for their riding and pack horses in winter.

In childhood I had often heard my father, a Canadian farmer of French extraction, tell of the far Northwest, of the Hudson Bay Company's posts at Hell Gate, Missoula, and Kootenay, and had longed then, and after I became a man, to go there and participate in the wild life of the people whom he described, and of whose adventures he took special pleasure in telling us wonderful stories.

This desire was intensified in me after the news went abroad, and reached our Canadian home, that all the hills and mountains of that country were literally filled with gold and silver.

Suffice it to say that in the autumn of which I speak, 1877, I and my partner, a Mr. Byron, found ourselves after an unsuccessful summer's prospect at Horse Plains

on the Pend d'Oreille uncertain in mind whether it was better to remain in the valley among the few half-breed French-and-Indian settlers who had collected there, and who wished us to remain because of the fact that we could speak their language, or whether it would not be better to make our way down as far as Walla Walla, or even Portland, in order to be ready when spring opened to strike out into the Cascade mountains, where we had heard it reported that new diggings had been found, just as the first snow storm of the season had driven the discoverers out of the high range into the Willamette valley.

The sky, on the particular evening of which I speak, was obscured by thin clouds, through which, here and there, the stars were dimly seen. The air was chilly but not really cold, yet sufficiently disagreeable to make the small fire of sticks and brush which we had kindled near the tent quite comfortable, as we sat or rather crouched about it, changing position to avoid the smoke, which the veering wind from time to time blew into our faces.

The evening was wearing away and we had begun to prepare to "turn in." The horses, of which we owned two each, one to ride and one to pack, were brought up and picketed on the grass near the tent ; when a settler, whose cabin was half a mile away, hailed us from the darkness, and in the French language, or what in that country passes for French, asked permission to approach, — a precaution that is always observed in these wild regions, and is necessary to prevent being mistaken for hostile Indians, or thieves, who are as likely to be shot down, if unannounced, as though they were panthers or wolves prowling in the night, seeking prey.

He proved to be a half-breed, or perhaps three-quarter Indian and one-quarter French, whom we had met and become acquainted with on a former trip through the valley, and whom for convenience I shall call Lolo.

He had been away from home on a trapping expedition, and on his return learned of our neighborhood to his cabin, and lost no time in paying us a visit, in order, he said, to bid us welcome, and learn the news from the civilized world, with which we were supposed to be on such terms of intimacy as to be in communication. I shrewdly suspected that he might also wish to learn whether it might not be possible that we had brought along something stronger than water, or even black coffee to drink. In passing Spokane Falls, a week before, I had added to our commissary stores a bottle of fairly good brandy, to be used strictly as a medicine, as neither of us has ever become addicted to the habitual use of ardent spirits.

We were soon hovering about the fire, which had by this time burned low; the fine rain, or rather heavy mist, had increased somewhat, and the clouds had grown more dense, so that the little light given out by the still glowing embers threw dimly fantastic shadows on tent and sward around us. Lolo was a native of this country, knew every stream, every path, hill and mountain pass within a hundred miles in any direction, and seemed anxious to impart to us all the knowledge he possessed upon these and all other matters.

Our chief interest was in the mining possibilities of the country, and as to these we hoped he might enlighten us; but up to this point he seemed never to have given the matter of minerals a single thought in his life. By way of refreshing his memory, I left the party for a moment, and going into the tent brought out the bottle of brandy, which I uncorked and handed to him with the remark that it was a part of a special importation from France, the vintage of many years ago, which I had accidentally gotten through the kind offices of a friend.

He took it, held it to his nose, then tasted it, and although he knew no more about the relative qualities of various kinds of liquors than a wild Apache, he ventured to remark, in imitation of the clerks and agents of the Hudson Bay Company, that it certainly excelled anything in aroma, taste, and apparent

age, that he had ever sampled, notwithstanding it had once been his good fortune, when a young man, to drink from a bottle of brandy imported from Paris for the special use of the commander of the post at Hellgate, which had surreptitiously found its way into the hands and finally down the throats of a number of trappers, of whom he happened to be one. "Ah!" said he, as he took a long pull at the bottle, "this is the real old stuff. It beats the commander's bottle by a long ways."

After the brandy began to warm him up a little, his heart evidently warmed even more towards us, and he grew more and more confidential, until his friendship and desire to do us an important service had materially and unmistakably increased.

The mist continued to fall until our clothing was stiff and heavy with the dampness. The darkness and gloom still thickened as the clouds grew heavier; and the night wind, under other circumstances, would have been anything but agreeable. But we were too intent on gaining the information we sought to mind, or even observe, the inclemency of the weather, or the rapid disappearance of the medicine in the bottle. We drew nearer the fire, partly by instinct, for the benefit of the little warmth that remained in the coals, but more particularly to be able to converse in low tones, as our guest now intimated that he had something so important to communicate that the strictest secrecy must be maintained.

He scarcely spoke above his breath, and we, readily catching the infection, reduced our voices to subdued whispers. It was hardly possible, certainly not probable, that any other human beings were within several miles of us; still he and we, without perhaps realizing that it was so, were unwilling that our voices should reach the ears of the horses, or that the winds even should hear. There we sat as weird looking a trio as ever conspired to perpetrate the most heinous of crimes, our heads sometimes actually touching each other, as we bent over the smoldering embers, and he proceeded to deliver himself of the mysterious revelation he had to make.

"A long time ago," said he in husky whispers, "before my squaw died I left Hell-gate Ronde alone to trap for otter and beaver. I went down the Jocko river to its junction with the Flathead or Pend d' Oreille, crossed and descended that river to the mouth of a small stream, now known among the Americans as Vermilion or Red river." This he had ascended for several days, until he came to a point where a land-slide four miles in length had completely filled the stream, and laid bare the rocks on the mountain side almost a mile in height.

As otter and beaver signs were plentiful, he determined, if possible, to surmount the difficulty of crossing the slide, in order to set his traps in the dam or pond that he knew must be formed above. The trees and brush had grown up in such a tangle in the slide that he was two days in working his way through it, and when he finally succeeded in reaching the stream above the drift, he was amazed to find the perpendicular wall that rose up out of the water to be made not of stone like the rest of the mountain, but a solid mass of silver; and on looking into the stream he was much more astonished to find the bottom paved with bright, beautiful, shining gold.

Not being a miner himself, nor having any inclinations that way, he had never revisited the place nor mentioned it to a living soul, lest an influx of miners and prospectors might drive away the game on which he depends for a subsistence, and ruin the business of trapping to which his life is devoted.

It was now long after midnight; the rain began to fall in torrents, and we bade our guest good-night, with thanks for his information, gave him the bottle with its remaining contents, and retired for the rest of the night. Notwithstanding the patter of the rain on the tent, and that the river sang a lullaby as it babbled over a rocky riffle near by, there was little sleep for us.

The sun arose bright and clear, the rain had ceased, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, as we crawled from under the blankets and began preparations for breakfast. The horses were turned loose to graze, bedding spread out in the sunshine to dry,

and all nature seemed to smile on us and the prospect we had in view, based upon the revelation of the night before. The day was spent in discussing the possibilities of success, and the probabilities of the weather's remaining favorable. It was finally decided that Lolo was honest and in earnest, and that what he told us was true; and moreover, that there was no time to waste in preliminaries, if we would secure the prize that was to render us independent of the financial cares of the world for all time to come, — if, indeed, we were not destined before the snow should fly to be the wealthiest men on the whole earth.

Lolo's cabin was visited, and — notwithstanding the brandy was all gone, and he suffering with a violent headache, which he had not been prepared to expect, even as the result of excessive indulgence in the use of so fine an article of imported goods — he more than corroborated all that he had told us, and gave more minute directions as to the route, and the obstacles we must prepare to surmount.

On being told that it was our purpose to make the attempt, he very kindly volunteered to advise and help us in getting off. Two horses, one each, he thought quite enough, which would insure us two fat ones on our return, in case they should be needed. This we afterwards found was a good precaution. He was to take charge of the two surplus horses, and store the tent and spare provisions in his cabin until our return.

Everything was in readiness for an early start in the morning, and we retired to dream of our good luck, not daring to doubt the successful issue of the enterprise.

Notwithstanding a wakeful night and exciting day had been passed, and we were sorely in need of rest and sleep, the latter did not come readily to our relief, and instead of dreams my mind was occupied with waking visions of immense wealth, and the uses to which it was to be applied. My aged mother was thenceforth to occupy an elegant mansion, at her pleasure, and travel in special cars when weary of the palatial splendor of her home. Cottages with the modern

appliances and improvements at various watering places were to be hers in her own right. She was to select her own associates, who were to travel with her at her expense, or remain with her at home as suited her fancy. A possible marriage, which would, of course, involve trips to Europe and the Holy Land, was considered. The madam was to have a bank book of her own, with an unlimited deposit to draw against. Shorthand reporters were to accompany numerous excursions gotten up at our expense. Facile, historical, and descriptive writers were to sound the praises of their benefactors and patrons in the public press. Schools, churches, and scientific institutes, bearing my name, were to be established.

But tired nature must recuperate, and the mental as well as the physical system must have rest. Yielding at last to these natural demands, I fell asleep to dream of the difficulties and eventual success of the undertaking upon which we were about to enter.

Early the next morning we were up and off. We followed Lolo's directions to the mouth of the Vermilion. Here we encamped on the banks of the Pend d'Oreille. A roaring fire beside a fallen tree lit up the dark aisles among the tall cedars and tamaracks that stood "like giants of eld" along the banks of the two streams.

Supper was not more than half prepared when the low muttering of distant thunder came rolling up the main river from toward the lake. In the evening sky dark clouds could be seen lifting their threatening heads above the horizon, and ere long drops of rain began to descend, increasing each minute; until, before the coffee came to a boil, or the slapjacks were done, the campfire was deluged with rain, so that it was impossible to proceed with the culinary arrangements, and we were obliged to content ourselves with lukewarm coffee, raw bacon, and half-cooked dough by way of bread. This was eaten under a leaning cedar that partially protected us from the pelting rain.

Here also we spread our blankets and slept until after midnight, when my partner awoke me with the announcement that his body,

from his shoulder to his heels, was afloat. Investigation proved that he was not far wrong in the matter, as I found a sluice-head of water by my side; and it was evident that there was no alternative left us but to mount the log that served as a fireplace, and perch like roosting grouse in the rain until morning. Our poor horses remained all night exposed to the fury of the storm, with nothing better to stay their stomachs than the bushes to which they were tied.

Next day the storm continued without cessation. No fire was possible, and our breakfast, dinner, and supper consisted of raw bacon, with flour stirred in water in tin cups. This latter we took as cold broth, or gruel. Nevertheless we pushed on up the Vermilion all day long, working our way as best we could through the brush, until the approach of night admonished us that it was time to seek a camping place, which we were fortunate enough to find under an overhanging rock in the side of a cliff. Of course there was no shelter for the horses, who again had to be content with the browse that grew within the length of their ropes; but our roof was perfectly impervious to the rain, and we were on the leeward side of the hill so that the winds did not disturb us.

A dry cedar afforded fuel, and here we spent the evening baking bread in the frying pan, to provide against future contingencies when no friendly rock should come to our relief. Supper over and a goodly pile of sodden loaves in our packs, we spread our wet blankets and slept soundly on the soft side of a flat rock until morning.

It now became a matter of the utmost concern to us to accomplish the object of the trip before, with the advancing season, the rain should give place to snow, and either force us to return or perhaps compel us to remain and perish in its depths.

The rain continued, as before, and we pushed on through brush and over rocks and logs until nearly nightfall, when we again encamped in the timber without shelter, ate our bread and raw bacon, and slept as best we could in the rain on the highest and driest place we could find. The horses fared a lit-

tle better than usual here, as there happened to be a few tufts of coarse grass among the rocks near the stream, which they ate with great relish as though it had been sheaf oats from their native fields in the valley of the Santiam in Oregon.

In this manner, camping at night and riding in the rain in the daytime, we continued on up the stream for four days, laboring through cliffs, rocks, and rain-laden brush, until we were finally rewarded by the sight of a monster land-slide directly in our front, which was at once recognized as the one described by our friend Lolo. Now we felt that after all our labor, privations, toils, and trials we were about to be rewarded, and our efforts crowned with success.

It was plainly evident as Lolo had declared, that horses could be taken no farther than this point, and although it was not yet night we decided to return a few miles down the river to dryer ground and make camp, and prepare to attempt the passage of the great "rack heap" in the morning.

A hut was hastily constructed and covered with bark, which we found no difficulty in peeling from logs found in the drift. In this way a tolerable shelter was provided, a fire kindled, and bread baking was soon under way. The fresh bread was so palatable, after subsisting on water-soaked loaves for nearly a week, that in a spirit of pure thankfulness I selected two of the largest loaves from the smoking pile, and after allowing them to cool, gave one to each of the horses; and they ate them with a gusto that it gave me real pleasure to witness.

After a comparatively comfortable night's rest under our bark roof, and a cup of strong, hot coffee with bread and broiled bacon for breakfast, I felt quite equal to the task before me, at the end of which I was more than ever confident lay untold wealth and ultimate luxurious ease.

Not so, however, was it with my partner, who upon crawling from under the wet blankets found he had contracted rheumatism, and was unable to proceed at all on foot, even if the road had been good, — unable in fact to do more than remain in camp and move the

horses from one bush to another, as they denuded them of the browse that now constituted their only forage.

I took a tin cup and a loaf of bread, and just after it became light enough to distinguish one object from another started on my difficult, not to say perilous, trip.

In an hour my clothes were nearly all torn from my body and limbs by the brush, vines, and brambles. The rain had kept my skin wet so long, especially my wrists and hands, from my dripping coat-sleeves, that it had become so tender that each brush or even twig that touched tore it as easily as though it had been parboiled; so that my arms and hands were as bloody as though I had been engaged in butchering, and my face was in but little better plight.

I pushed on, however, through the brush, climbing over rocks and under logs, falling into the water, bruising and cutting my flesh on the sharp edges of stones, and rending it with snags, until in my anxiety to get through I found that I had completely exhausted my physical strength, and was obliged to lie down on a flat rock to rest and recuperate.

After a time, having recovered somewhat from my fatigue, I arose, and proceeded slowly and painfully in the direction of what I felt I almost knew to be the realization of my hopes.

The blood had dried on my face and hands as the rain had ceased, and the sun was once more shining — the first time I had seen his face for many days — and I began to feel feverish and exceedingly uncomfortable. This I partially overcame at a pool of water, which I was obliged to wade, and in which I washed my face thoroughly.

After this I felt much refreshed, and acquired new vigor in the pursuit of my purpose. I even felt that the difficulties of the trip were, after all, not so great as I had before considered them. I could leap from log to log, stone to stone, or tuft to tuft, with an ease and agility that really astonished me; the brush and vines were more easily separated than before; and I had attained such headway and made such progress that before I was prepared to expect it, I found myself

at the upper end of the slide, with a broad sheet of pure water, clear as crystal, stretching away in front of me, and an almost perpendicular wall, lifting itself to a great elevation on my right.

Now, I could not doubt, I was near the very spot of all others on earth on which my hopes and desires were centered, and which had cost me so much effort to attain. I felt that my most extravagant expectations were about to be more than realized. If for a moment the ghost of a doubt crossed my mind, it was crowded out as suddenly as it came by renewed hope, — even though in the conflict of contending emotions my nerves were unstrung, and my limbs set to trembling like one in a fit of ague.

It was in a tremor of anticipation like this that I passed over the sharp edge, or ridge, of stone down to the water, to a rocky point beyond which the treasure was supposed to exist. I felt my way carefully down, hardly daring to look in the direction of my hopes, until I felt that I was safely landed on the flat earth by its side. Satisfied that I was at the right place, I deliberately turned my eyes in the direction of the bank, where a sight met their gaze that beggars all attempt at description. The whole perpendicular face of the mountain was one solid and continuous mass of bright and apparently burnished silver.

My heart stood still for a moment, then fluttered wildly and convulsively. I could hear and feel it beat tumultuously, as if trying to break away from its prison to where it could have more room and greater liberty to rejoice, until it seemed to wear itself completely out, die away, and cease to throb for a time. I gasped for breath, as if the lungs were involved in the excitement; my brain whirled round; I was bewildered and overcome with the joy of success, until the very bliss of the situation became painful, as I stood there as if petrified and grown to the spot.

Having at length partially recovered consciousness, I turned to look into the water on my left, where it passed over the smooth bed of the stream at its edge, before entering

the great drift; and there, to my utter and intolerable amazement, between the transparent water, was a pavement, as it were, of pure, bright gold, which shone like a great yellow mirror, as it reflected the light from the sky.

This was too much; my mind was in no condition to endure this new strain upon its credulity. My brain reeled; I staggered and fell to the earth as if violently attacked with vertigo, but did not entirely lose consciousness.

There I lay helpless on the ground, half remembering the good fortune that had befallen me, yet half suspecting it was all a dream, until to test its reality I felt my hands and face, and found them really scratched and sore. This token I accepted as evidence that it was not a dream, and that I was not only a bonanza king but the king of bonanza kings, the wealthiest man on earth except my partner, and that all my day dreams and nightly waking visions would be realized ten times over; and as I lay there helpless I had even begun to devise new schemes for expending my untold wealth, when the thought occurred to me that I was a long way from camp, in a feeble condition both physically and mentally, from the exertion of the trip and the intense excitement to which I had been subjected; and I determined to make an effort to work my way back to my partner in the bark hut before the day should be entirely spent.

Before starting, however, I decided to break off a few samples of the treasure with my prospecting hammer, which I always carry in my belt, in order that he might see, and feel, and know, as I did, that it was no illusion, but a genuine reality.

I accordingly approached the metallic rampart with feelings of trepidation, and a sensation of pride, exultation, and awe. This was to be the initiatory step in the great change that was about to come over my existence, and make me a man of consequence among men of consequence all over the world.

I hesitated, but time was passing, and I mustered up courage enough to strike the

yielding mass, — and was at the same time thunderstruck, so to speak, with amazement, disappointment, and chagrin, at finding the substance — instead of being tough and malleable, as I knew native silver ought to be — brittle as glass. It broke off in cubes and chunks as readily as though it had been blocks of coal.

I seized a specimen for examination, and notwithstanding the overwhelming flood of disappointment and despair that was entering my very soul, and paralyzing every fiber of my being, I still had sense enough left to realize the damning fact that it was pyrites of iron with a percentage of galena, which my practiced touch readily recognized, — and in an instant all my fond anticipations were dashed to the earth; hope died within me; I felt that my life was a miserable failure, and the future a blank that I had no desire to penetrate.

Before allowing the situation entirely to overcome my remaining enfeebled senses I turned to the gold in the stream, which proved on investigation to be of nearly the same composition as the bank, with the addition of sulphurets of iron and copper, as often occurs below the water level, which gave it the yellow hue.

I had secured a few samples and stored them in my pockets before the deep disgust that afterwards took entire possession of me had time to do its work; to which circumstance my partner was indebted, on my arrival in camp, for an inspection of the Dead Sea apples that had so nearly cost us our lives, and almost completely turned my brain, at least. In the disappointment that followed the discovery of the utter worthlessness of our supposed treasure, I experienced the exact repetition of all the emotions and heart throbbings that had set my whole frame in a quiver, and made my knees smite each other when I believed the discovery to be genuine silver and gold, and myself the wealthiest man the world has ever known; except that now I felt that of all men I was the most miserable; that of all the outcasts and mendicants of the earth I was the lowest, most degraded, and of the least consequence.

The word *cultus* in the Chinook jargon, which is the most expressive of utter uselessness of any term with which I am acquainted in any language, hardly seemed adequate to describe my condition.

Overcome with these feelings and emotions consciousness forsook me, and I sank to the ground in a swoon, and lay there I know not how long. But when my senses returned to me I realized afresh the necessity of reaching camp, and set out with that intention. My resolution now was one rather of despair than of hope, but it nerved me to desperate action, and before night had entirely shut out the twilight I had scrambled back through the thicket, and was in the open timber, just as a violent snow-storm set in, which, had not the darkness already blinded me, would have made travel by the sense of sight impracticable.

The roar of the creek was my guide as long as it was possible to make any considerable headway through the snow, which grew deeper and deeper as the storm continued, until I was obliged to abandon it for the water, and travel in the stream. In this way, tumbling over boulders, swimming the deeper places, and drifting like so much flood-wood over waterfalls, I reached camp in the gray of the morning, and found my partner anxiously awaiting my return with a huge fire burning, which he hoped, in case I was lost in the storm, might attract me by its light, and be the means of saving my life, — as indeed it did enable me to locate the camp, which otherwise I might have passed without seeing.

I found that he had employed himself during my absence in drying the blankets and baking bread. He soon had a cup of strong coffee ready for me, after drinking which, and eating a few morsels of bread and bacon, I took the specimens from my pockets, hung the few rags that were still left on my body before the fire to dry, and without making any explanation whatever tossed the treasure to him, and retired into the hut with my blankets for a much needed rest and sleep.

The rest was indeed grateful to my tired

body, but the sleep was not refreshing. In my feverish condition the dry blankets, to which I was unused, and the soft bed of fir boughs, which my partner had collected during the day, were all too luxurious for me, and I dreamed of ghosts, hobgoblins, and people with two heads, and of green gnomes devouring little green-haired children just as they were being transformed into beautiful manhood and womanhood; then again of luscious fruits that hung just within my grasp, but when I essayed to pluck them were snatched away by a band of harpies that hovered about the trees and befouled the fruit that they did not devour.

At length I awoke to find that the day was far spent, and it was too late to move camp until morning, notwithstanding the evident and urgent necessity for us to gain the Pend d'Oreille while it was yet possible for the horses to travel in the snow. My partner was sitting in front of the fire with his elbows on his knees, and his face between his hands, and when I roused him from his reverie and his eyes met mine I was startled at the wild, hysterical look he gave me. He seemed in those few hours to have grown many years older, and had a haggard and careworn expression that I had never observed even an intimation of in him before. When, after a while, we entered into conversation, I found that he had gone through all the emotional experiences while I slept that had fallen to my lot at the land-slide and cliff. At first sight he had regarded the specimens as genuine gold and silver, and was of course elated beyond measure; but upon examination had discovered their true character and was correspondingly depressed.

Having had time to recover somewhat, I took upon myself the office of comforter to him, and tried to entertain him with an account of my trip over the slide, the formation of the country and appearance of the miner-

al in place, but he was not inclined to take the least notice of or interest in anything connected with it, and had but one desire, which was to get as far away from it and as rapidly as possible. In this wish I heartily agreed and after another cup of hot coffee, in which I prevailed on him to join me, we retired for the night. I slept comfortably, but he was restless, and experienced some, at least, of the troubled dreams that had interfered with my slumber during the day.

In the morning the horses, which had fared but indifferently on browse, were treated each to a loaf of bread, saddled up, and started in the direction of Horse Plains, from which we had started. My partner was still afflicted with rheumatism, so that the labor of the trip, except such as was required to sit upon his horse through the day, — which alone was more than ought to have been required of him if it could have been avoided, — fell upon me; and after ten days of almost superhuman effort, worn, emaciated, disappointed, discouraged, but not vanquished, we arrived again at Lolo's cabin.

That worthy was again away from home, this time at Missoula, as was reported, on a spree. Of this we were rather glad than otherwise as, although innocently and ignorantly, he had sent us on a wild goose chase, and we did not care to discuss the matter further, either with him or with any one else. We found our tent, horses and provisions, of which we took possession without asking leave, and remaining but one night in the valley turned our horses' heads in the direction of Walla Walla, where in due time we arrived.

Thus ended a prospecting expedition on the waters of the Pend d'Oreille that gave a shock to my mental as well as physical constitution, for which nothing short of the finding of a real bonanza will ever compensate.

T. J. Butler.

ADrift IN THE SWAMPS OF CHALCO.

FOR three days Morphy and I had been tramping idly. We had climbed high peaks, explored the craters of old volcanoes, crawled through the snake-haunted caverns of the lava beds, sweltered under the noon-day heat of the plain, and ended with a plunge into the great waterland, with its labyrinth of canals and causeways back of Chalco, and the great canal, where we were told the gardens floated, and sunny islands, peopled by brown maidens, rocked on the bosom of a tropic sea. We had experimented with this sea of wonder, and concluded that the wonder really lay in our getting safely out of it, when, escaped with our lives from a drunken Indian fandango, we found ourselves landed from a canoe in the outskirts of the town of Chalco. It was far on in the night, dark as Erebus, and raining torrents, and we had already had adventures enough for one night.

Lights could be seen burning very faintly at what seemed a distance of a few hundred yards from the landing-place, and towards these we began to grope our way. Underfoot the mud was knee-deep, and, knowing that the causeway upon which we stood was narrow and apt to be full of sink holes, we advanced with caution. Suddenly there was a splash at my side and Morphy disappeared. He had slipped from the roadway into deep water, and I could hear him, — but not see him, — splashing about like a sea-lion. Instinctively starting to his assistance, I lost my own balance, and presently found myself floundering in water shoulder deep.

It was not a difficult matter for either of us to scramble up the bank again; but the accident caused me to lose my rifle, and Morphy to lose his temper. Standing once more on the causeway, wet to the skin and awfully profane, he enlarged so eloquently on the folly of wading around through a Mexican swamp at the solemn hour of midnight, that I forgot my own sorry plight and fairly roared.

Proceeding again in the direction of the lights, we finally had the satisfaction of feeling firm ground beneath our feet, and a few moments later were pounding upon the great wooden *portal* of a low adobe house, which, as we learned next day, assumed to be a leading hotel of Chalco.

A small wicket was presently dropped, and a voice demanded to know who we were and what was wanted. Satisfied with our replies, the owner of the voice opened the door, and we were conducted by a blanketed, barefooted figure through the *patio*, or open court, to a large interior room, dimly lighted by tallow candles. A table stood in the center of the place, and about it, seated on rude benches, was gathered a motley crowd of boatmen, duck hunters, and muleteers, all intently interested in a gambling game which was in progress. The players eyed us curiously as we entered, and the sullen looks upon several of the faces were not the most assuring to men in our predicament. Aside from this disquieting circumstance, the room itself was gloomy in the extreme. There was a smell of sour *pulque* about it, and a general atmosphere of dampness and discomfort. No fire was to be seen, nor were there chairs to sit upon, nor even pegs upon which to hang our dripping clothes.

The proprietor, who was seated with the other gamblers, arose from the table as we entered and came forward. He was a villainous looking rascal with a bad cast in his eye, but courteous withal and soft of speech. Like those of his companions his feet were bare, and the principal article of his toilet was a red blanket thrown carelessly about his wide shoulders. Taking upon himself the duties of spokesman, Morphy proceeded to explain our wants. Could we get a room — and beds — perhaps?

A deprecatory shrug was the response. It was not possible. His rooms were full, and it was not his custom to provide beds.

Would he make up a fire somewhere, and give us a chance to dry our clothes?

It would afford him pleasure, but he had no fuel other than a little charcoal for cooking.

Could he make us a cup of coffee, or scare together a little something in the way of eatables?

The señora had gone to bed, and such a procedure wasn't in his line. He was sorry, — very sorry.

"There seems to be nothing for it," exclaimed Morphy, turning impatiently to me and speaking in English, "but to lie down on this dirt floor, and wallow around until morning."

Putting on the best faces possible, we deposited our traps in a corner of the room, and prepared to pass the night as best we could. Fortunately it was possible to procure a bottle of *mescal*, an occasional sip of which helped to keep down the chilly sensations resulting from our wet clothes. Sleep was not to be thought of, with these piratical looking fellows quarreling over their game; but we could at least seat ourselves upon the floor with our backs to the wall and fight the fleas. As the night wore on it became evident that there was a disposition among some of the gamblers to give us trouble. *pulque* had been flowing freely, and as the men warmed up under its influence, they grew boisterous and quarrelsome. Frequent allusions to our presence were made in no complimentary vein, and the natural hatred that the Indian feels for a white man was plainly evident in their scowling glances.

The low conversation which we carried on in English appeared also to have an exciting effect upon them, so we decided to stop talking, first assuring ourselves that our pistols were in working order.

A burly fellow finally arose from his place at the table and staggered over to our side of the room.

"Vos son Americanos," he remarked in a contemptuous tone.

"No," answered Morphy, "somos Ingleses."

In making this statement Morphy told just

half the truth. He was British while I was American; but he knew the former title was less calculated to excite the Indians than the latter. Since the war of '47 the word *Americano* is suggestive to the lower class of Mexicans of all things diabolical. During the dark days of the invasion he was represented as a monster, a heretic, and a tyrant. He was believed to be cruel and blood-thirsty, in league with the devil, and capable of any dark crime. The prejudice dies slowly, and its vitality among the lake men is remarkable, for here it is fostered by ignorance and superstition of the grossest type. Many of the Indians believe that the war is still in progress, and they are ready to greet with suspicion and hostility any light-haired foreigner who may venture into their haunts, not knowing but he may be the forerunner of an army of gringo vandals.

Under the circumstances it was wisdom on the part of Morphy to say that we were Englishmen, and my reverence for exact truth did not prompt me to ask that he be more explicit.

"*No es verdad!*" (It is a lie) exclaimed the Indian, "You are Americans."

"Que mueran los Americanos!" (Death to the Americans) shouted a half drunken wretch at the further end of the room.

A murmur of approval met this patriotic suggestion, and half a dozen of the more offensive revelers joined the boatman who had first accosted us.

Morphy and I had risen, meantime, and stood with our backs to the wall, facing the aggressors. Anxious as we were to avoid trouble, there was no disposition on our part to die like rats in a hole, and we held our pistols in readiness. The sight of these weapons caused the crowd to hesitate for a moment; but there is no telling what the outcome might have been had assistance not come to us from an unexpected quarter. The mob was already surging around us, and *machetes* were flashing in the hands of several of the more violent, when a side door opened, and a tall man in a semi-military dress stepped upon the scene.

He seemed to take in the situation at a

glance, for springing between us and our assailants, he ordered them to fall back and put up their knives. His manner was commanding and his tone authoritative. To our surprise the mob obeyed, though sullenly. He then proceeded to rebuke them in the severest terms for their conduct. They were a pack of cowardly hounds. He blushed that his countrymen should thus violate the sacred rights of hospitality. They certainly would not have done so but for the bad liquor they had been drinking. "Go," he exclaimed, "get away from here — every one of you. And remember that any further insult to these strangers will have to be settled with Francisco, the Guard."

There was an implied threat in the closing sentence, the full significance of which we could not understand; but we noticed with satisfaction that the Indians slunk away from the imperious presence of our newly found friend, and we were presently left standing in an almost deserted room.

When all had gone excepting the proprietor, Francisco turned and introduced himself. He was Francisco del Peñon. His business was that of guard on the freight boats plying between Chalco and the capital. He was sorry that we had been treated so rudely, but glad that it had been his good fortune to do us a service. He occupied a small room adjoining that in which we stood. Would we not share it with him for the remainder of the night? It was an humble place, God knew, but such as it was it was at our service.

Charmed with the man's courtly manner, and deeply grateful for his courageous intervention in our behalf, Morphy and I hastened to give an account of ourselves, accepting at the same time with many thanks the proffered hospitality. Francisco del Peñon was evidently no ordinary man. In any other country his environment would have excited comment; but in Mexico it is not unusual to find the bearing of the cavalier in humble places. Grace of speech and perfect courage come naturally to these neglected descendants of a polished race, and more often, perhaps, than elsewhere, they linger when everything else is gone. We were not sur-

prised, therefore, at the character of the man, but wondered somewhat at his influence over the drunken boatmen.

But this wonderment ceased when we learned more of his history. Francisco had been a soldier, and was known through all the lake region for his dash and bravery. For years he had guarded the freight packets plying between Chalco and the city, and during that time had been the hero of numerous encounters with the pirates who infest those waters. Several of them had gone down before his terrible *machete*, and it was known that the old-fashioned musket that he carried had dealt out death more than once to the would-be robbers of his craft. Attempts to assassinate him had been made repeatedly, but he always came out of a fight unharmed, and the Indians thought that a charm was on his life. To this prestige was coupled much intelligence, a native force of character, and a generosity of disposition, which had earned for him the respect of his rough associates as well as their fear.

Most of this was learned in the city several days later, for, as the sequel will show, Morphy and I had occasion to be deeply interested in poor Francisco's history. Fate had decreed that we should come upon the scene in time for the last act in his romantic career, and our memory of him was tempered with sadness and made tender by a sense of gratitude.

The remainder of the night in question passed without incident. Francisco's room was a cell-like place, little better than the larger apartment just vacated; but its hospitable proprietor produced a pair of dry blankets and insisted that one of us should occupy his cot. This both Morphy and I declined to do, contenting ourselves with a nap on the floor, and the satisfaction of knowing that a two-foot wall separated us from our late assailants.

Morning found us somewhat sore in body and bedraggled in appearance, but otherwise none the worse for our night's adventure. We were done, however, with blind crusading through the swamps, and desired to get back to the city as soon as possible.

There were two ways to go : either on foot — a tramp of thirty miles — or by packet through the lake and down the grand canal. Francisco advised the latter course. His own boat started down towards evening, and he would be pleased to have our company. It was not difficult to persuade us, for our feet were sore and blistered, and our ardor for athletics, like our garments, somewhat dampened. So we decided to take the water route. The delay was utilized in drying out our clothing and in fishing up my rifle from its slimy bed beside the causeway.

Nothing more was seen of our tormentors of the night before. They had evidently scattered to their various occupations, consigning us to Hades and the tender mercies of Francisco. But there was nothing to be feared from drunken mobs in broad daylight in such a town as Chalco. To all appearances it was the most orderly of places. As it was the point of shipment for produce destined to the city, its population seemed a busy one, and took small notice of our presence. Boats came and went all day. Long caravans of burdened donkeys filed in and out of the narrow streets, or clustered at the landing place, discharging and receiving freight.

It was the business time for waterman and *arriero* ; and gringo baiting was a pastime for a leisure hour. So Morphy and I looked on, content to smoke the pipe of peace, and be as lazy as the Mexican law allowed.

About an hour before sunset Francisco came to tell us that his boat was ready to push out. Like all the freight boats plying on these waters, his craft was but a scow, some sixty feet in length by eight in width. Amidships it was covered by an awning made of tule mats and stretched on ox-bow rafters like a wagon top. At either end a deck flush with the gunwales served as promenade, and made a runway for the Indian polemen. Neither oars nor sails are used upon these shallow waters. The larger boats are pushed along by poles which strike the bottom of the lake, and the smaller crafts use paddles. The poling process is a slow one, two miles an hour being the maximum of speed with ordinary crews, and packets leaving Chalco

in the evening arrive in Mexico at six or eight o'clock next morning.

A portion of the space beneath the awning on all regular boats is reserved for passengers. Francisco had looked out for us in this respect, and a railed-off section, nicely carpeted with sweet new mats, was placed at our disposal. Spreading our blankets over these, we had as nice a place to sleep as one could wish,—barring the smells that reached us from the section further forward. This was a larger space assigned to passengers of low degree,—a kind of steerage, so to speak. On this occasion it was crowded to its full capacity. Men, women, dogs, and babies huddled in and filled it to discomfort. None complained, however, and all seemed bent on putting in as gay a night as possible. Several of the party had guitars, and late into the night they sang and smoked, while *pulque* flasks went round, and merry laughter rang out over the lake.

From the forward end of the boat came the monotonous pit-a-pat of naked feet made by the boatmen as they ran up and down the deck. There were six of them—brawny, bare-legged fellows—three on either side. Starting at the bow a man would drop his pole into the water, plant the end of it against his shoulder, and throw his weight upon it as he trotted down the deck. Reaching the limit of the run-way, he would lift the pole in the air, pass it above the heads of his companions, and run back to the starting place along the center of the deck. And thus for hours they followed one another round, sometimes stepping to a sing-song chant, and again relapsing into silence, broken only by the splash of poles against the water and the rhythmic patter of bare feet.

Francisco had the post of honor and of danger. He occupied a little platform built above the awning at the center of the boat. It was a conspicuous place and commanded a view in all directions. Seated there with his blanket hanging gracefully about him, his musket on his knee, and his sombrero pushed carelessly back, he made a pretty picture in the evening twilight, with his figure sharply outlined on the sky.

Aside from any sense of personal obligation, Morphy and I had discovered a strange liking for this grave guardian of the lakes, and, long after the sun went down in a blaze of glory behind the mountains, we lingered about the little platform, to keep him company. He did not talk much of himself — as brave men never do — but his life had been full of incident; and while we smoked our cigarritos, and the old craft drifted lazily onward through the starlight, we managed to draw from him many a tale of quaint adventure. It must have been near midnight when we left him. The guitars in the mean time had ceased to tinkle, and all was still except the drowsy patter of the boatmen's feet. Even at this late hour we left him with reluctance, for the night was warm and beautiful, and its witchery was everywhere on lake and shore. But tired nature would assert herself. We had slept but little on the night before, and slumber's hand was heavy on us; so, bidding good-night to Francisco, we crept beneath the awning and joined the snorers who had gone before us to the land of dreams.

How long we slept I cannot say, but we were suddenly awakened by a commotion among the boatmen, followed by several loud reports in quick succession. Angry voices could be heard out on the water, and there was a scurrying of feet along the runways, as the polemen ran towards the stern of the boat.

"Ladrones! Piratas!" came the startling cry; and presently the passengers forward were screaming and trampling upon one another in the fright and confusion of the alarm.

Seizing our rifles, Morphy and I made our way as quickly as possible to the open air. Nothing could be seen at first, for a thin mist had come down on the water, and we, like our fellow passengers, were somewhat dazed and startled by the sudden awakening. It did not take long, however, to ascertain that the scow was threading a narrow passage-way, bordered on either side by tall tules; and as we made our way forward, we could catch the sound of paddles, as though a skiff were making off through the tangled water grasses.

"Que hay, Francisco?" exclaimed Morphy, as he brushed aside several chattering wretches, and sprang towards the platform where we had last seen our friend, "Where are you, man?"

Morphy was excited; but, unlike the panic-stricken horde around us, his was the Saxon instinct to give battle; and Francisco might have had a meaner ally than this shaggy Briton when his blood was up.

But all aid was unavailing to undo the crime that had been done. On reaching the forward end of the boat, we found Francisco stretched out on the runway in a pool of blood. His empty musket was at his side, and his hand still grasped the hilt of his *machete*, as though he had anticipated a hand-to-hand encounter.

Morphy bent over him and peered into the still face.

"Old man," he muttered, speaking very gently, and forgetting to use Spanish in his agitation, "you are hurt, old fellow."

The only answer was a feeble moan. Raising his head up from the deck, we improvised a pillow from our blouses, and tore his shirt open to admit the air. But human hands were helpless. There was a shiver of the prostrate form, — a gasp or two as the life-blood spurted from the wounded breast, — and all was over with our gallant voyager.

For several minutes confusion reigned aboard the little craft; and then it became evident that the assassins, after exchanging shots with Francisco, had retreated through the swamp, and the immediate danger was over. Gradually the people grew more calm, and, with the instinctive recognition of a leader in times of danger, the boatmen obeyed when Morphy ordered them back to their posts of duty. There was fear, however, of an ambush further on; so it was thought best to discontinue poling until daylight, and the scow was pushed into an open stretch of water, and anchored to the tule grasses. Here there was no fear of molestation; for nothing could approach without our notice, and we knew no pirate on the lake would try it where he had to fight on even terms.

It lacked but a couple of hours of morning when the dreary watch began, but we were shocked and sick at heart over poor Francisco's tragic fate, and it seemed that light would never come. As tenderly as we could we wrapped a blanket about the still figure, and laid it on the little platform where, but a few short hours before, we had left him in all the strength and fearlessness of manhood.

It was the old, old commentary on life's vicissitudes; but while we waited for the sun to come, and listened to the sobbing of the women in the pent-up quarter down below, we fell to wondering in a melancholy way if death were really loss to men who die as he had died—sharp at the post of duty and stricken down without a pang.

As soon as it was light enough to start with

safety the men resumed their poles, and once again the lumbering boat crept onward towards the city. Morphy and I remained on watch, but nothing more occurred. A couple of hours' poling carried us beyond the point of danger, and then our boat was drifting down the broad canal, and we could see the church spires of the distant city; but it was ten o'clock before the landing place was reached, and the mournful voyage was over.

Two days later Morphy and I joined the humble throng of boatmen and *cargadores* who followed all that was left of poor Francisco to his last resting-place in the *Campo Santo*. The Indians did not object to our presence, for they had heard our story and they knew our sorrow was sincere.

D. S. Richardson.

PORTIA.

PENELOPE PELHAM, a young friend of mine, sent me the following story a few days ago, in fulfillment of a promise she made last summer when I met her in the Catskills. My friend is a bright, ingenuous girl, with a certain *insouciance* of manner, which conceals a sensitive and impressionable nature.

The experience that she narrates is not especially marvelous, though she thought it so. But it illustrates rather prettily the effect that a forceful character may have on a passive one, especially when the two are on the same plane of emotion. It is not unusual to see reflections more or less distorted, of the strong characters that the world has known either in history or fiction, and it sometimes, though rarely, happens that from a peculiar harmony of temperament, the reflected image defines certain meanings that were only suggested in the original. But I will let Miss Pelham tell her own story.

I do not think that I, Penelope Pelham, have any special histrionic ability; but I made one appearance on the stage as Portia in the

casket scene of "The Merchant of Venice," and I am told that I created a profound impression. This is the opinion of Robert Bethnay, the young artist who made a sensation with that picture which every one says is such a clever portrait of Ellen Terry, realizing as it does all that her characterization suggests. I never saw the picture till recently, and never knew the artist till a few months ago, though I saw him the night I played Portia. This occasion historic in my life was during the first engagement of the Irving company in America, at the Star Theater in New York City. My appearance was entirely impromptu, for though I knew the character of Portia well, and had many a morning danced about the house with her words on my lips, it had never occurred to me to appear before the footlights. In fact, I have always felt that I would get my full share of the tragedy and comedy of life without playing at it. Between Shakspeare's lines I had sober thoughts, that were half vague anticipations of future joy and sorrow, half aspirations as vague for some undefined attainment.

That evening Aunt Agatha matronized a party of young people, and we had a box in the lower tier adjoining the stage. I had never seen Terry before, and when she stepped on the boards I felt my heart in my throat. I could think of nothing but the morning; the sunlight climbing over the hills and dancing down the valleys, till the flowers were all awake and smiled back at him. She was to me the embodiment of the morning of the world, or at least of a mediæval time full of youthful vitality: her step was so light and buoyant, her countenance so transfused with joyousness.

Of course I said nothing of this to my companions; in fact I said nothing at all, till Aunt Agatha called attention to me by exclaiming, under cover of the applause that greeted the actress, "I do believe Penelope is crying." Then I came back to the commonplaces with a little sob and a laugh behind my fan. But I felt that I had lost something; that I, the heir of nineteen centuries, had never had that youth of earlier times which was so strong and happy in its vital forces that even to see it represented was to live with warmer life. I never questioned for a moment that Miss Terry was Portia her very self, full of unconscious and womanly sweetness; full, too, of that unconscious selfishness which it is said belongs to all untrammelled young natures, but of which the world is very tolerant, excusing it over and over again because it is frank, simple, and confiding.

I was fascinated from the first, but when the casket scene was given the enchantment was complete. I was charmed with the grand effect of the apartment in Portia's house. The high ceilings, the graceful draperies at windows and doors, the curtained alcove containing the portentous caskets of gold, silver and lead, the shining marble columns, and the tessellated floor and curious antique furniture, formed an appropriate setting for the graceful yet commanding figure of Portia. Her head had a dainty pose, her bright, fair face was lit up by a pair of luminous blue eyes, and surrounded by an aureole of flaxen hair; and her lissome, willowy figure was

robed in golden satin, looped high at one side over a petticoat of rich brocaded stuff. This was Portia the woman, not Portia playing the part of the advocate, "a Daniel come to judgment," but the bright, quick-witted, high bred woman, strongest in the subtle charm of her womanly nature, and by the very intensity of that nature capable of assuming the toga to save the man who had befriended her husband. But because of the prominence given to the trial scene in dramatic representation, and the part that Portia played there, one is apt to forget that she is one of the womanliest of women.

The play went on and on, and even the prattle of my companions could not destroy the illusion. Not till the curtain went down on the last act did I try to arouse myself from my dream, and then only for a moment. I lapsed again into the illusion of the old Venetian life, when Aunt Agatha told me that I was to go home with her friend Mrs. Rebolt, who was to entertain Miss Terry that night, and that I was to wait quietly in the box till Mrs. Rebolt sent for me.

It was not till I heard the great doors closed and saw the lights turned out that I was recalled to the present. Even then I only smiled at the oddity of the situation, for I still heard voices and footsteps behind the curtain, and felt quite sure that I would not be forgotten. On the whole, it was rather pleasant to be left to my dream world for a few moments longer, for my hostess was a fussy little woman, with no comprehension of moods.

I think people who live much in a dream world sometimes merge a sense of fear in the stronger one of their curiosity. For myself I *know* that this is an evil world, but I do not *feel* it. Mr. Bethnay says that the good fairies were with me at my birth, and that even now they talk to me at times in a language that I seem to understand quite as well as I do my more material companions' good English. It may be: I only know that some invisible armor has always so far surrounded me, and so it happened that even alone in the dark theater I was rather amused than frightened.

But I confess I was startled when I saw the curtain slowly raised. I hastily withdrew to a corner of the box and seated myself on a low stool behind an arm-chair. When I ventured to look out, my favorite casket scene was set, and across an antique chair was thrown Miss Terry's golden silk gown. But, instead of the mimic life of sunny Italy of early days, with its graceful men and women moving about in picturesque costumes, two modern men were pacing up and down engaged in an animated discussion. Or rather the elder of the two was talking enthusiastically while the younger replied briefly and with little apparent interest.

I soon learned that they were both artists, and that the enthusiast, Melburn, his companion called him, had come to make a study of an Italian interior before the scenery was shipped next morning for Boston. It appeared that the younger artist had only come in at that moment, and he was listening to Melburn's animated explanation of the scene, as he saw it from the house during the evening.

"I thought it just what I needed, an opportunity to get these effects in colors (with this gold-silk gown as a key to their harmonies) without going to Italy for them. This noble apartment in itself marks the locality, and if more were needed that glimpse of warm, sun-bathed, lazy landscape, which we get through the open window, would complete it. Do you think I am right, Robert?" he asked.

"I think it is good," was the cautious reply.

"Good! why, boy, you have not a spark of spirit left in you. You might as well have died in the hospital, as to have come out in this dead-and-alive state."

"You are right, Melburn. I never expected to come out; I don't even know that I cared to. It is odd that you should have brought me in here after the play, to signalize my return to life by introducing me to anything so dead as the Italy of the middle ages."

Mediæval Italy dead! How indignant I was with the young artist! How I wished

that I could tell him how all alive it was, and full of force, vigor, and happiness!

But there was no need that I should, for it was soon evident that Melburn had my ideas exactly. He laughed a little at his friend, and told him that it was only because he himself was half alive that he found the world either of the present or the past so dull; and added, "It is a pity you could not have seen Portia tonight. She would have electrified you."

"Then it is a pity," was the reply.

What a stupid young artist! And that, too, in spite of a fine intellectual head, and a face that was wan and melancholy, it was true, but was also handsome. I would gladly have shaken him for his lack of appreciation of life, and of the gifts of God that made him an artist. What right had a misanthrope to be an artist? Could such a man give anything but distorted pictures to the world?

But this time his friend was not so hard with him.

"Robert, my dear boy," he said, "you must take a better view of life. I am sure it will do you good to go to work at once. All is not lost because you have to begin again. Come to my studio tomorrow, and we will see what can be done. For an artist there is nothing like giving expression to ideals; and certainly you must have some theme in your mind to work upon."

"Not a thing, I assure you. Not an idea. If there was anything else in the world that an artist could do I'd try it. For as an artist you may add me up in any way you please, and I am a failure. Even when I was full of ambition and enthusiasm nobody cared for my work. Why should they now, when I do not care for it myself?"

"It is your lack of faith, Robert. I've always said it. In that sense, at least, you are dead."

"So that even Portia could not electrify me?"

"O she could! she could!" I cried, under my breath,—and (as he himself confessed to me long afterward) she did. He said it was a revelation of a life so full of faith in itself that it answered its own complete ends

in merely living, and appealed to the imagination like the perfect blossom of the lily. It was the real, he declared, strong, complete and full of force, that always suggested the ideal; and that nature herself was the gateway to the spiritual life.

But let me go back to my story. I had been so entirely absorbed in the conversation between the artists that it was not until they left the stage and went down to the front, where Melburn's easel and lights had been placed, that I again thought of my curious position. But when I heard the directions given to the watchman to lock the door and return at four o'clock, I began to realize where I was.

What was I to do? Could I tell these gentlemen *now* how I came to be there, and ask them to call a carriage and send me home? I had not the courage. I had already settled in my own mind that there had been some mistake between Mrs. Rebolt and Aunt Agatha, so that neither of them would be alarmed about me. I thought if I could stay quietly till the theater was opened in the morning, I might then slip out without being seen, and without making a sensation, a thing I dreaded.

The artists were now at work, and their conversation was disconnected. Such of it as I could hear did not interest me, and having nothing better to do I went to sleep. I always do go to sleep when, as I say, I have nothing better to do, for Aunt Agatha says it is that much gained over the enemy, Time.

How long I had slept I do not know, when I was awakened by the artists, who had apparently finished their work, and were making ready to go. Again I was tempted to make myself known, and again my courage failed me. Of course the watchman would come and turn out the light, and I did not like darkness; still, after waiting all this time, it would be absurd to reveal myself now, and there was nothing to be done but to wait longer.

The artists were again engaged in an animated discussion, and this time both of them were heated. They were again on the stage, and, to my astonishment, their anger seemed

to be over some question of art; the merits of the pre-Raphaelites, as nearly as I could understand. To this day I do not know why they could not have differed peaceably, though I have been told over and over again that the difference is essential. At the time they seemed to think of nothing else, for they went away talking vehemently. They must have forgotten that they had dismissed the watchman, and that in going out they had left the theater open and the stage lighted.

But though the lights were a comfort, my situation was hardly more safe or agreeable than it had been, and I felt horribly lonely. It was a chance to escape, but I felt safer where I was, and would have been utterly bewildered in the streets at such an hour.

I looked at my watch and found that it would be nearly an hour before the watchman returned. An hour! It was a life time.

But why should it be a life time of simply waiting? What could not one do in such an eternity? Why not play Portia, *be Portia*, rather, for this hour, in the old palace at Belmont by the Adriatic?

It was the inspiration of the moment, and acted upon as quickly as thought of. I made my way to the stage, and slipping on the gold silk gown over my own dress (for I was only seventeen then and very slight in figure), I played to myself that I *was* Portia. I was even startled at my own striking resemblance to Terry, as I saw my figure reflected in a long mirror. My hair was perhaps a shade darker than hers, but like hers it was worn in short, fluffy curls. I had caught her trick of expression, and even the eyes and features seemed the same. So far as appearances went I was as curious a reflection of herself as if I had been magnetized by some occult power and had lost my own identity; or rather, I felt that I had never before known the full force of life, and this it was to live.

I addressed myself to imaginary friends and visitors with bits of Portia's speeches and such interpolated words of my own as served my purpose. It suited me to assume that an antique chair was "my lord Bassanio"; and the curtains my attendant Nerissa. Surely we were all mediæval together, — or at least

we were till the enchantment was broken just before the close of the scene, in the last speech. I gave the lines with all my heart on my lips, as Portia herself might have done. That there was no lord Bassanio made but little difference, for it is said that a young girl often loves more for the pleasure of loving than for the sake of her lover, and I made Portia's pretty confession with all the abandon of my nature :

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich ;
That only to stand high on your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account, but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which to term in gross
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpracticed
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; and happier than this
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed."

As I spoke the last words, a slight noise beyond my imaginary lord Bassanio, with no eyes at all, attracted my attention to a pair of dark luminous eyes, which I recognized as belonging to the young artist. He was evidently startled, — possibly alarmed. I laughed outright at that possibility, for while I was bent upon portraying joyous and triumphant life, he seemed to look upon me as some uncanny thing.

But my laughter, which was certainly not that of an apparition, broke the spell. It brought him from the supernatural, and me from my mediævalisms, to a present which I felt was far too real.

"Portia, her very self, wherever she may have come from, however she may have come," he exclaimed, and then as he took a step hastily toward me he struck his foot against some obstruction, and fell heavily forward.

I wondered if the poor fellow were hurt, and hesitated between a desire to make my escape and an impulse to help the artist, who still lay motionless where he had fallen.

Poor fellow ! I only needed to remember that he had just come from the hospital to decide me. I found him rather stunned than hurt, for as I lifted his head he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize me, calling me "Portia."

"You are not hurt ?" I asked anxiously.

He smiled, and only answered my question by asking another. "You are not a dream, or an apparition ?"

"O no, I am only —" I checked myself just as I had almost spoken my name, but I was sure he must have caught the initial letter. Just then, to my intense relief, I heard the heavy footsteps of the watchman, and hastily whispering, "Some one is coming to take care of you," I ran back to the stage, and threw off Miss Terry's robes more eagerly than I had assumed them, and wrapping my own dark cloak about me I made my way through the wings on the opposite side, and thence quietly to the street, while I heard the watchman exclaiming over the poor artist.

The faint gray dawn was in the sky ; some early carts were rumbling through the streets, and the air was chilly. I had already shaken off the enchantment, and now I shivered in this uncomfortable reality, feeling a pang that one could not live in dreams without such rude awakenings, and a thrill of happiness that at least I had been Portia, — and that not only for myself, but, as I remembered with a little blush, for some one whose eyes had grown luminous at sight of me.

It was nearly four years afterward, and I had almost forgotten that I had ever played Portia, and how I had escaped a dreaded explanation with Aunt Agatha next morning, by returning to find her utterly bewildered in making hasty preparations for an unexpected journey to Europe. No one knew of the adventure but myself. Even the artist who had seen me must have been mystified. Occasionally, as I recalled the incident, I would wonder if I should ever meet him and whether he would recognize me. But two years of travel and study dimmed the impression, till, as I said, I had nearly forgotten

it. Yet I had never lost the effect that the vital, joyous character had produced on me, and an incident that occurred about that time vividly recalled the whole scene.

We were attending an artists' reception, sauntering from studio to studio till the evening was nearly over, when some one asked Aunt Agatha if she had seen "that *pictur  * of Bethnay's." We had not seen it, and Aunt Agatha started at once in pursuit of the newest sensation. When we found the studio, we saw a group of people standing in front of a picture which evidently occupied the place of honor in the room. It was some moments before we could get a view of it, but I saw at a glance that I had found my artist.

"Hum," said Aunt Agatha, looking at it critically. "'Casket Scene from The Merchant of Venice; Portrait of Terry as Portia.' Clever picture, but not a portrait. Miss Terry might have suggested it, that is all. It lacks something of her subtle witchery. It looks to me a little wild, and oddly familiar. Who does it look like, Penelope?"

"Hush, Aunt Agatha, the artist is looking at us," I replied faintly.

"Bah, Penelope, the pictures are put here to be discussed," said Aunt Agatha, turning her rotund figure toward the artist, who was now approaching us.

"Mr. Bethnay," she added in a condescending tone, "They say you have made a hit with this picture. I made up my mind that you would do something worth while when I saw you studying Venice and the Adriatic so earnestly two years ago. One sees the effect of your study in this picture—quite altogether Italian."

"You flatter me, Mrs. Pelham," said the artist, looking curiously at me as he talked to Aunt Agatha. "This perhaps ought to be the result of my Venetian studies, but it is not. It was rather the cause of them. I painted this picture before I had ever seen Italy. Having seen this Portia in New York I could not rest till I had seen Venice, where it seemed to me she belonged, and where I had a foolish hope of finding her."

Some one spoke to Aunt Agatha at that

moment, and I made a desperate effort to talk to Mr. Bethnay, who I saw was still looking at me. In my confusion the only thing I could think of was to ask him if he had found Portia in Venice.

"Not there," he replied smiling, and he dropped his voice as he added, "Do you not recognize this picture as —"

"Oh yes, as Miss Terry," I interrupted. I looked at him bravely as I said it, determined not to admit my escapade.

For a moment I saw he looked puzzled, and he watched me closely while he continued to talk of the picture. "People say that it is a portrait of Miss Terry, and I let it go at that. The truth is, I never saw Miss Terry. But I did see a Portia, vivid and life-like, at the Star Theater during the engagement of the Irving company there. Since then I have looked for her everywhere. May I tell you the story?"

I said faintly that I should be delighted to hear it, but I was far more delighted when Aunt Agatha came back and said it was time to go home.

"You met my niece, Miss Pelham, when we were in Venice, did you not?" she asked, as she invited him to visit us.

I was glad that Aunt Agatha had the high society way of asking a question without waiting for an answer, and paid no attention when he replied, "I believe I once saw Miss Pelham, in an old palace by the Adriatic."

I raised my eyes for an instant, and again I met that intense gaze, which startled me from my dream the night I played Portia.

I was glad to get away from the studio, for the encounter and the picture had brought the scene vividly back to me and had recalled all the emotions of that night.

I felt sure that, in spite of my assumption of ignorance and innocence, Bethnay had recognized me as the original of his picture, and it required all my tact and skill to avoid listening to the story that he had evidently determined I should hear. I saw him now almost constantly, and every time I avoided the story it was with a sense of triumph, and at the same time with the feeling that the

victory would sometime be on his side. And it was.

No, I am not going to tell you what he said, nor how I replied. It is enough that I am glad now that I am not the Portia of old Venetian days, but simply myself, Penelope Pelham, the promised wife of Robert Bethnay of this prosaic nineteenth century.

Aunt Agatha sometimes struggles with the idea that the picture, which is still talked of as the portrait of Miss Terry, resembles some one she knows. Once she asked me how Bethnay could have seen me in Venice, as she was sure he left there before I joined her; and when I replied that he might have seen me in a dream, she gave us both up as quite too romantic.

But it is right that Miss Terry should have the credit of having inspired the picture, for she really did. It was her sensitive, clear, and vivid delineation which so impressed itself upon me that my own individuality was lost in that of Portia, and it was Ellen Terry who created the character. It was under her inspiration that I played; an inspiration of joyous life, of wholesome vitality, of light-hearted happiness expressed in gentle, grace-

ful, winsome manners, in words that bubbled and sparkled with happy wit. It was this spirit that Robert Bethnay had caught in his picture, as if he had imprisoned a ray of sunlight on his canvas and called it "Portia." He said that his own morbid fancies fled before it, and he professes to see in it a resemblance to me even now.

But while I know that the likeness is only in his fancy, I am glad that he saw me as I would be if I could, for it is not often that a girl has an opportunity to be her own ideal of herself as I was; to say with all truth, "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, *such as I am.*"

HERE her story ends. But one who has shaken off that material weight which is of the earth, earthy, and even for a single experience lived in the buoyant air of mental exhilaration can never quite go back to the old dullness; and so this young girl, aroused by the fullness of Portia's life, carries an inspiration about her, as if her life had found as perfect and natural an expression as the June roses on the mountain side among which I first saw her.

Harriet Louisa van Dolsen.

THE SURPLUS.

THE President's message of December 1st, 1887, sets forth that "the amount of money annually received through the operation of present laws from the industries and necessities of the people largely exceeds the sum-necessary to meet the expenses of government"; that "our surplus revenues have continued to accumulate, the excess of the present year amounting on the first day of December to \$55,258,871.19, and estimated to reach the sum of \$113,000,000 on the 30th of June next, at which date it is expected that this sum added to prior accumulations [1885-1888] will swell the surplus in the treasury to \$140,000,000"; that "the situation still continues with aggravated incidents, more than

ever presaging financial convulsion and widespread disaster."

These statements and this prediction of the message cause us to pause and inquire: Does the condition of our national treasury, resulting from the operation of the present revenue laws, "presage financial convulsion and wide-spread disaster?"

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate."

The past is historic, the future hidden; or at best, its so-called results are but probabilities referable to antecedent signs and examples. We doubt not that results similar to those which have taken place from certain causes will under similar circumstances take

place from like causes ; and we are quite as certain that what has not taken place from a certain condition of affairs will not take place, all other things being equal, from a like condition of affairs.

The amount of money in the national treasury December 1st, 1887, as appears by the message, was \$82,258,871.19. Now the statistics of the United States for 1883 show : that the average amount in the treasury on July 1st of each year for thirteen years, from 1871 to 1883 inclusive, exceeded \$190,000,000 ; and on July 1st of each year for six years, from 1878 to 1883 inclusive, exceeded \$256,000,000 ; and that on July 1st, 1883, the amount was \$345,389,902.92.

Thus it is seen that at the specified times the several amounts in the national treasury were, respectively, more than twice, thrice, and quadruple this sum, so alarmingly set forth by the message.

The condition of the treasury during the time specified naturally suggests the inquiry, What was the condition of the country during this period ? Let facts answer.

The last census shows that the increase of the national wealth of the United States from 1870 to 1880 was \$12,105,000,000. Subsequent official reports show that the value of our manufactures rose from \$5,400,000,000 in 1880 to \$7,500,000,000 in 1883, and that there was a corresponding increase in the other industries of the country. Indeed, the estimate that the national wealth increased during these four years approximately \$6,000,000,000 seems to be well supported by the facts.

Now taking increase of national wealth as the criterion by which to judge, it is clearly seen and proved that the condition of our country was highly prosperous from 1871 to 1883 inclusive, when the treasury teemed with the respective sums hitherto given, averaging \$264,000,000 for each year, or more than three times the sum which the message declares " presages financial convulsion and widespread disaster."

This question answered, another supplementary to it is presented :

What has been the condition of the coun-

try during the entire period of the operation of these revenue laws complained of ?

These laws consist of the Revenue Act of March 2, 1861, with its amendments.

The census returns put the national wealth at :

In 1860.....	\$16,159,616,068
In 1880.....	47,475,000,000

showing the increase for twenty years to have been \$31,300,000,000 and upward.

From 1880 to 1883 inclusive, or rather to July 1st, 1884, the estimated increase as hitherto shown was approximately \$6,000,000,000.

The official reports further denote a prosperous condition of the country from 1884 to 1888. Indeed, the fullness of the treasury of which the message complains indicates such a condition. The ability of our people to buy largely for their consumption with still a balance of trade in their favor, as occurred from 1876 to 1883 inclusive, aggregating, as appears by the United States statistics, an excess of exports over imports of \$1,307,229,276, is irrefutable evidence of their great prosperity.

The deposits in the savings banks of the United States, largely the savings of the working classes, average for each year from 1875 to 1882, a term of seven years, \$874,030,180 ; and in 1883 reached the sum of \$1,024,856,787.

These facts evidence in the working classes an ability not only to buy commensurate with their requirements, but to save largely of their earnings in addition.

Reverting to the present amount in the national treasury, \$82,258,871.19, the accumulations for three years, 1885-1888, it will be noted how small it is in comparison with the amount of savings deposited in the savings banks by the working classes chiefly, reaching in the space of time equal to one-third of that named in 1883, as shown, \$1,024,856,787.

Reverting further to the value of manufactures of the United States, amounting approximately to \$20,000,000,000, in the same term of three years, it will be noted that this value is nearly two hundred and fifty times the amount named in the national treasury. The

insignificance of this sum in the treasury is still further seen in its comparison with the value of the agricultural, mineral, and other products of our country for the same period ; or by comparing it with the national wealth, of which it is less than one six-hundreth (1-600) part, — only, as it were, “a drop in the bucket.” It seems an enigma that an affair of so little relative weight should appear in the scales of statesmanship of such huge proportions, and so potent of evil.

To the contrary of being an evil : does not a considerable amount of cash in the national treasury act as a positive good to the country, and has it not always so acted ? Does it not act in giving uniform motion to industry as does a balance wheel in giving uniform motion to machinery ? — act to restrain fluctuation in prices, arising from speculation, as “*corners*” on the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life ? — act to prevent the recurrence of “Black Fridays” and ruined fortunes throughout the land, and to prevent the depreciation of our national securities ? — act to lower the rate of interest on the national debt ? — act as a security in all financial matters at home, and as an efficient defense against foreign aggression ? Indeed, a full national treasury, with the motto, “millions for defense and not one cent for tribute” will command the admiration and deference of the world.

Resuming, we perceive that the greatest prosperity of the country in its manifold industries — the greatest prosperity of the people — has attended the operation of our revenue laws from their adoption, March 2d, 1861, to the present time, notwithstanding the country in the mean time passed through the ordeal of a four years’ civil war, unsurpassed in magnitude and cost by any war recorded in history.

Having found no cause for the predicted danger which the message adduces as its most cogent reason why some of the revenue laws should be repealed and others amended, and having found the condition of the country highly prosperous from their passage by Congress to the present time, and likely so to continue under their action, we pro-

ceed without fear of the predicted “financial convulsion and widespread disaster,” from a treasury replete with cash received as revenue, especially for duties on imports, to discuss other propositions, unmolested by frightful dreams and evil forebodings. Indeed, hallucination and reason go ill together.

We proceed, then, to inquire : Does, as is averred by the message, the money annually received through the operation of present laws largely exceed the sum necessary to meet the expenses of government ? And is it wrongfully received from the industries and necessities of the people ? To answer this question involves another : What are the necessary expenditures of the government ? Those evidently, which, within the scope of the Constitution shall most effectually promote the best interests of the country. The Constitution of the United States answers the question in its grant of powers to Congress in this wise. Section 8 of Article 1 provides :

The Congress shall have power : to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises ; to pay the debts, and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States ; to borrow money on the credit of the United States ; to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States and with the Indian tribes ; to establish post offices and post roads ; to provide and maintain a navy ; to exercise [exclusive] authority over all places purchased by the consent of the legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings.

To a person endowed with ordinary sight, the noonday sun in a clear day seems no more obvious than does the meaning of these provisions to any one not afflicted with a penny wise cataract or partisan blindness. Unmistakably, the security and maintenance of the “common defense and general welfare of the United States” are meant. Post-offices, post roads, a navy, forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings are especially designated among the means for securing that end.

Chancellor Kent, expounding the Constitution to embrace *internal improvements* in the scope of its grant of powers, says :

The rightful power of the general government to direct the improvement of the navigation of the internal waters of the United States for the commercial use of the Union, and to apply the revenues thereof for that purpose, appears to me to result from a sound construction of the Constitution. It is one of its great and essential objects. The Mississippi, for instance, with its millions of inhabitants, the great cities and towns on its banks call loudly to clear and remove obstruction to save navigation. The States cannot do it, and the improvement must come, if it come at all, from the general government. All navigable waters, not land-locked within a State, whether they be rivers, harbors, gulfs, bays, lakes or coasts of the ocean, are and were intended to be, and ought to be, subservient to the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States.

There does not appear to be any just ground for construing the power strictly and within straight and narrow lines. A grant of general power for great national objects ought to be liberally construed, to be made adequate to all future exigencies within the scope of this power. Congress claims the power to lay out, construct, and improve post roads, with the assent of the States through which they pass. They also claim the power to open, construct, and improve military roads on the like terms, and the right to cut canals.

The arguments of Justice Story coincide with these views of Chancellor Kent. John Quincy Adams expresses a corresponding opinion. So, too, does Webster, the great expounder of the Constitution.

Adopting the policy of "internal improvements," which certainly seems wise and legitimate for the government, an amount of money largely exceeding the present revenues of the United States could be annually expended judiciously on public works.

This policy adopted and pursued would give employment at remunerative wages to millions of hands now idle. The money would be distributed where it would do most good among those who most need it, and would still be retained in the country. The country would be greatly benefited by substantial and necessary improvements.

These results, so beneficent and far-reaching in character, certainly seem to prove their causes among those contemplated by the Constitution, to be employed "for the general welfare." If any, however, shall question the policy of governments making "internal improvements," none can the pol-

icy of its "providing for the common defense of the United States."

Here the question arises: What is the condition of the country's defenses?

Our fortifications and navy are obsolete, a reproach to the richest nation on earth, a subject of ridicule for the world. They are but a step in advance of those employed prior to the invention of gunpowder. They might perchance, make some show of resistance to the cross-bow and catapult, providing they could withstand the shock resulting from the discharge of their own guns. They belong to a past age.

So great, in more recent times, have been the improvements in the weapons of warfare, our fortifications and navy, if assaulted with them by an enemy, would prove but death-traps to their occupants.

The progress of science, with respect to iron and steel armor, and war weapons, has been rapid during the last quarter century. Thus, according to Mulhall, the gun-boats built in 1854 for the Crimean war, and clad with 4-inch iron, were perfectly shot-proof. In 1873 the English rifle 9-ton cannon sent a 200-pound shot through 8-inch iron plate; in 1876 the Armstrong 100-ton gun broke 22-inch Crusot steel plates; in 1880 the Krupp gun sent a 348-pound shot through 18-inch iron plate. Statistics further show that in 1883 the Whitworth 20-ton gun sent a 403-pound shot through 18 inches of wrought iron plate, 37 inches of well packed sand, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches of steel plate, some heavy bulks of timber, and then 16 feet more of sand, without any considerable injury to the shot. In 1887 an Elswick 110 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton gun at the New Castle exhibition, carrying an 1800-pound shot, penetrated 33.7 inches iron plate, developing an energy at muzzle of 57,630 foot tons.

In 1854, as hitherto shown, gun-boats clad with 4-inch iron plate were shot-proof, whereas war vessels clad with 36-inch armor are relatively less secure against the guns of to-day.

Then fortifications with 8-foot granite walls afforded ample protection against the shot of an enemy.

Now "the 80-ton gun will penetrate twenty-five feet of granite and concrete masonry, or thirty-two feet of best Portland cement concrete."

Foreign navies plated with iron, not already provided with the most formidable weapons before spoken of, are being rapidly provided with them.

Now there may be "no enemy in sight," but prudence dictates that our house be put in order, so that no Armstrong, nor Krupp, nor Elswick, nor iron-clads shall venture to come in sight, or doing so with hostile intent shall bitterly repent their rashness. We bring against the conditions of our defenses no railing accusation, but simply adduce the facts.

Thus, Major-General Oliver O. Howard, Commander of the Division of the Pacific, alike distinguished for his bravery, sound judgment, and moral rectitude, says: "The time has arrived when something has to be done to protect the \$5,000,000,000 or \$6,000,000,000 worth of property now exposed to the danger of destruction with hardly any defense worth speaking of in the great seaboard cities of the country. It is property constantly increasing in value, and rich cities, easily capable of being looted, have always aroused the cupidity and avarice of hostile nations."

Lieutenant Edwin St. J. Greble, in an able report to General Howard, his superior officer, says: "San Francisco is totally unprotected against the attacks of the navies of any of the European Powers."

The truth of this statement, however startling, will be apparent when the capabilities of 100-ton guns are considered, — when the fact is considered that from a fleet lying four miles off Seal Rock shore, these guns could throw into the heart of San Francisco shot of a ton's weight each, and missiles of dynamite still more destructive; or when the fact is considered that there are no adequate defenses to prevent an iron-clad from entering our harbor and choosing her position with impunity, so as to dictate not-to-be-unheeded terms to San Francisco.

The question here arises: What would be

the cost of adequate defenses to our seaboard cities?

The Board of Fortifications, organized under an Act of Congress in March, 1885, recommended a system of defenses for San Francisco, estimating the cost at \$27,868,150.

Accepting \$350,000,000 as the value of San Francisco property destructible by a hostile fleet, and \$6,000,000,000 as the value of the property of the great seaboard cities of the country alike destructible, and \$28,000,000 the cost of adequate defenses for San Francisco; and assuming that the relation of cost for defenses to the value of property is constant throughout the great seaboard cities of the country, then will the entire cost for the adequate defenses of the property of these cities be \$480,000,000.

This sum may be a little more or a little less than the actual sum required. It is sufficient to know that self-preservation demands the expenditure of a very large amount of money, probably not less than six times the amount now in the treasury of the United States, and complained of by the message as greatly exceeding the necessary expenditures of government.

Now it will be borne in mind that the outlay of this sum of \$480,000,000 is required for coast defense only. A further expenditure for a navy that shall be able to cope successfully with any navy on the face of the globe, and to protect American interests wherever accessible to vessels of war, is also highly requisite. This proposition raises the inquiry:

What is the relative strength of the navy of the United States as compared with the navies of other nations, and what would be the cost of an adequate navy?

Mulhall gives, under the heading "Strength of Navies," the following data for 1882:

	Ships.	Men.	Guns.	Cost.
Great Britain.....	210	58,000	1,481	\$53,500,000
France.....	356	43,000	2,834	34,000,000
Germany.....	81	16,000	570	10,000,000
Russia.....	389	26,000	836	15,500,000
Italy.....	67	15,000	480	9,000,000
United States.....	138	8,000	1,055	15,500,000

And under the heading "Iron-Clad Fleets":

	Ships.	Tons.	Av. Tons.	Plates.
Great Britain.....	51	375,000	7,400	24 inches
France.....	59	309,000	5,200	21 "
Germany.....	24	97,000	4,040	10 "
Russia ...	29	92,000	3,170	18 "
Italy.....	18	81,000	4,450	36 "
United States.....	24	24,000	990	? "

Mulhall puts the cost of iron-clads from \$250 to \$300 per ton.

The cost, however, of the Italian war steamship "Lepanto," 14,600 tons, was \$376.70 per ton. Applying \$300 as the ton cost, there results, for the cost of the British iron-clad fleet, \$112,500,000, and for that of the United States, \$7,200,000, a ratio of 16 to 1.

Great Britain has largely increased the strength of her iron-clad fleet since 1882, and is increasing it. Her engineers and statesmen are urging that it be increased still more rapidly.

Comment on the above showing seems unnecessary. "Look on this picture, and then on that." It is heart-sickening to an American to see on one hand the giant iron-clad fleets and navies of other nations, and on the other hand the dwarf navy of his own country. Even Italy, having a national wealth of only \$11,750,000,000, which is less than one-fourth of the national wealth of the United States, expends 5,500,000 for the war steamer "Lepanto," which amount is nearly equal the entire cost of our, so-called iron-clad fleet, and expends for her iron-clad fleet \$24,300,000, which is more than three times the cost of that of the United States. From the given data, the cost of the navy of Great Britain, including her fleet of iron-clads, was in 1882 approximately \$166,000,000. Since that time its cost has been largely increased, so that at present her entire navy, including iron-clads, has cost probably not less than \$180,000,000. It would certainly be difficult to find a reason why the navy of the United States should not be able to cope successfully with the navy of Great Britain. Such being the case, and since Great Britain will probably improve her navy, as urged by her engineers and statesmen, it seems evi-

dent that the United States requires a navy which shall cost not less than \$200,000,000.

Having shown that the Constitution contemplates that the country, by any and all legitimate means, whether by expenditures of revenues or borrowed money, shall have adequate defenses on land and sea; and having shown that the defenses of the country are utterly inadequate to resist the attacks of a hostile navy armed and armored with the improved arms and armor of today; and having shown that the cost of the adequate defenses would approximate \$680,000,000, or more than eight times the amount set forth by the message to be in the national treasury, we can but conclude that the avowal of the message, that the amount of money annually received through the operation of present laws largely exceeds the sum necessary to meet the expenses of government, does not agree with the facts recited, and therefore cannot be true.

The amount of money received through the operation of present laws referred to, consists of internal revenues and duties paid on imports. This amount, as shown in what precedes, seems too limited to meet the requirements of adequate defenses only; whereas, in fact, a large amount additional is required for removing obstructions to navigation of our rivers and harbors, to facilitate commerce; for the construction of public works; for paying the national debt, and for various other purposes within the scope of the Constitution.

Now as these defenses and other works are necessary, it is imperative that the revenues shall be commensurate with the necessities of the country. Indeed, "Necessity is the law of time and place."

An amount of money exceeding that received through the operation of present laws being a necessity for the purposes specified, it seems inexplicable that the message holds the present limited amount in the national treasury as wrongfully received from the industries and necessities of the people. The Constitution clearly provides that "the Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises; to pay the

debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." Were the Congress not to exercise this power according to exigencies, it would be a betrayal of the trust reposed by the people in their representatives.

The message, in presence of these facts, asserts that

"Our scheme of taxation, by means of which a needless surplus is taken from the people and put into the public treasury, consists of a tariff or duty levied upon importations from abroad, and internal revenue taxes levied upon the consumption of tobacco and spirituous liquors. It must be considered that none of these taxes relating to things subjected to internal revenue taxation are strictly speaking necessary, and there appears to be no just cause of complaint of the consumers of the articles, and there seems nothing so well able to bear the burden without hardship to any portion of the people. But our present tariff laws, the various inequitable and illegal sources of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended. These laws, as is their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subjected to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. Thus the amount of the duty measures the tax paid by those who purchase for use these imported articles.

"The considerations which have been presented touching our tariff laws are intended only to enforce an earnest recommendation, that the surplus revenues of the government be prevented by the reduction of our custom duties. . . .

"The radical reduction of the duties imposed upon raw material used in manufactures, or its free importation, is of course an important factor in any effort to reduce the price of these necessities. It would not only relieve them from the increased cost caused by the tariff on such material, but the manufactured product being cheapened, that part of the tariff now laid upon such product, as a compensation to our manufactures for the present price of raw material, could be accordingly modified.

"Such reduction on free importation would serve, beside, to largely reduce the revenue. . . . When the number of farmers engaged in wool raising is compared with all the farmers in the country, and the small proportion they bear to our population is considered; when it is made apparent, that in the case of a large part of those who own sheep, the benefit of the present tariff on wool is illusory; and above all, when it must be conceded that the increase of the cost of living caused by such tariff becomes a burden upon those with moderate means, and the poor, the employed and unemployed, the sick and well, and the young and old, and that it constitutes a tax which with relentless grasp is fastened upon the clothing of every man, woman, and child in the land,

reasons are suggested why the removal or reduction of this duty should be included in a revision of our tariff laws. . . .

"Opportunity for safe, careful, and deliberate reform is now offered, and none of us should be unmindful of a time when an abused and irritated people, heedless of those who have resisted timely and reasonable relief, may insist upon a radical and sweeping rectification of their wrongs. . . .

"The question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant, and the persistent claim made in certain quarters, that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called free-traders, is mischievous and far removed from any consideration for the public good."

We omit more than briefly to note that the message by appealing to the fears and passions of the people, instead of appealing to their reason, signally fails to impress the thoughtful, that its advocacy is of a worthy cause.

Indeed, the message itself seems not proud of its ward Free Trade; for after defending it to the extent of its ability, as an attorney might a criminal client, it denies its ward's identity. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

The message without exception is pronounced in this country a Free Trade document. Its utterances from beginning to end are hailed in England with jubilant acclamations as those of Free Trade, just such as England herself having the power would have dictated. Names matter little, facts are all important. The message boldly asserts and reiterates the proposition, in various forms of expression, that the money received in payment of duties upon importations from abroad is wrongfully taken from the industries and necessities of the people. To remedy this assumed wrong, it recommends, while at the same time advocating the taxation of the products of domestic industry, that the duties upon importations from abroad shall be reduced or abrogated.

The policies of free and approximately free importations, of high tariffs and low tariffs, have been tested in this country and in most other countries of the world. Statesmen and philosophers have pronounced upon the results. We appeal to their expressed opinions, and the experience of the past as recorded in

history in further answering the question proposed: Is the money received through the operation of present laws wrongfully received from the industries and necessities of the people?

The Tammany, or Columbian, Order in its address to the absent members of its several branches throughout the United States, 1819, said:

Brothers: A deep shadow has passed over our land; a commercial and individual gloom has created a universal stillness. In our utmost villages the hammer is not heard, and in our large cities the din and bustle of thrifty industry have ceased.

The philanthropist, the philosopher, the statesman, the patriot, and the good man of every description inquire the cause. As to the inundation of the country by foreign goods, that is a subject of wide magnitude and most radical interest to the American people. A remedy for this evil would be precious as rubies to him who values the institutions of his country, and glories in its indigenous greatness. Better to encourage a more limited commerce, and to an extent just commensurate to our wants, after the most magnanimous scope has been given to our domestic resources. . . . The remedy against our being surcharged with foreign goods, and the means of introducing manufactures, is to forbid entirely the importations of articles which can be, on any tolerable terms, manufactured by ourselves.

Evidently the sachems of Tammany in 1819 did not regard it unwise and wrongful to the industries and necessities of the people, to tax and even prohibit importations from abroad. The same causes obtaining in 1819, obtain in 1888.

President Jefferson, in a message to Congress, says:

The establishments [manufacturing] formed and forming will, under the auspices of cheaper materials and subsistences, the freedom of labor from taxation with us, and of *protecting duties* and prohibition, become permanent. The great inquiry now is: Shall we make our own comforts or go without them at the will of a foreign nation? He, therefore, who is now against manufactures, must be for reducing us either to dependence upon that nation, or be clothed in skins, and live like beasts in dens and caverns. I am proud to say that I am not one of these. Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comforts.

Evidently, President Jefferson did not regard it unwise and wrongful to the industries and necessities of the people, regardless

of the condition of the treasury, to levy taxes on importations from abroad. The same principles are involved now that were involved then.

Andrew Jackson, in 1824, four years prior to his election to the Presidency, says:

We have been too long subject to the policy of British merchants. It is time we should become a little more Americanized, and instead of feeding paupers and laborers of England, feed our own, or else in a short time, by continuing our present policy, we shall be paupers ourselves.

It is therefore my opinion that a careful and judicious tariff is much wanted to pay our national debt, and to afford us the means of that defense within ourselves on which the safety of our country and liberties depends. And last, though not least, give a proper distribution to our labor which must prove beneficial to the happiness, wealth and independence of the community.

Evidently, Andrew Jackson did not regard it unwise and wrongful to the industries and necessities of the people to levy taxes on importations from abroad. To the contrary, he urged that the tariff on imports be increased; the tariff of 1816 being too tame to meet his views. Principles do not die. Those sound in 1824 are sound in 1888.

Henry Clay, in 1832, says:

If I was to select any term of seven years since the adoption of the present Constitution which exhibits a scene of the most wide-spread dismay and desolation, it would be exactly that term of seven years which immediately preceded the tariff of 1824. And if the term of seven years were to be selected of the greatest prosperity which this people have enjoyed since the establishment of their present Constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of 1824.

Further, in 1842, says the same distinguished statesman:

The tariff of 1824 resuscitated the wealth and power of the country, till it was run down again under General Jackson and Van Buren.

The tariff of 1842 is again augmenting the riches and reviving the energies of the nation. . . . The country has never been prosperous except by the effects of protective policy.

These, facts uttered by Mr. Clay are well known to all who read the records of the past, or who witnessed the occurrences of the times of which he speaks.

Free Trade in 1840 had inflicted upon the country a national debt of \$900,000,000, approximately equal to twenty per cent of our entire national wealth at that time.

The protective policy, though greatly interfered with by free trade advocates, has since that time not only paid that debt, but contributed largely to the payment of the national debt incurred by means of our civil war, and amounting, Aug. 31st, 1865, to \$2,844,649,626.56, and July 1st, 1883, to \$1,538,781,825.15,—after applying to it the cash in the treasury, — which is less, as perceived, than three per cent of our national wealth in 1883.

Further, the United States in 1854 negotiated a treaty with the British Provinces providing for a free exchange of nearly all crude materials, and in 1857 reduced the average import duties to less than fifteen per cent. A great commercial panic and widespread disaster occurring in consequence of this reduction and treaty, the rates of duties on imports were in 1861 increased by Congress considerably beyond the rates obtaining in 1857. The results of these four years' experience furnish another irrefutable demonstration of the ruinous policy of free trade to the United States. On the other hand, the results of the twenty-seven years' experience since 1861 furnish another irrefutable demonstration of the wisdom and justice of the American policy of protection to home industries by levying and collecting duties on imports.

Thus, as hereinbefore shown, the ability of the laboring classes to provide themselves during this time with the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, and in addition thereto save of their earnings so as in one year to deposit in the savings banks \$1,024,000,000 is a fact. So too is it a fact, equally well established, that the national wealth during this period of the operation of the revenue laws complained of by the message has increased as hereinbefore shown, \$40,000,000,000 and upward. In presence of these facts it would seem that no intelligent American in his sober senses could possibly deem the money paid for duties on im-

portations from abroad as wrongfully received from the industries and necessities of the people. Indeed, judging from results the reverse would seem to be the truth.

The operation of these revenue laws, so odious to the message, and so severely denounced by it as "illegal" and wrongful, seems to have promoted the industries as they were never before promoted, and to have benefited the people as they were never before benefited.

The United States presents not isolated cases of free trade on one hand, and of protection on the other. Thus, between 1860 and 1870 twenty-eight commercial treaties involving the free trade policy were negotiated by and among the great commercial states of the world. But universal depression of trade and industry succeeding, nearly or quite all of these treaties, have been terminated, or notice has been given of their non-renewal.

"With the exception of Great Britain, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, and possibly China," says the Hon. David A. Wells, "there is not a state in the world claiming civilization and maintaining commerce to any extent with foreign countries, which has not within recent years materially advanced its import or export duties."

Indeed, Great Britain seems already wavering in her free trade policy. In Holland an association of manufacturers petitioned the government in May, 1887, in favor of speedy legislation on the tariff, for the purpose of protection of home industries. Thus the world seems to have determined by long experience that the policy of free trade, or, in other words, the policy of admitting duty free, or approximately so, the importations of such articles as may be raised at home, is unwise and wrongful, working a hardship upon "the industries and necessities of the people" adopting it.

The results of these experiences compel the world, in opposition to the Utopian Free-Trade theory, to admit the truth of the proposition long since uttered by Joshua Gee, a British writer of great force and clearness, viz :

The surest way for a nation to increase in riches is to prevent the importation of such foreign commodities as may be raised at home.

Heedless of these recent lessons of experience, heedless of the lessons of our country's experience, as recorded by the sachems of Tammany, by Jefferson, and Jackson, and Clay, and the history of events in our country since their time, the message urges with all its force that the duties on importations from abroad shall be reduced or abrogated, especially designating the duties on the importation of wool.

It expresses great solicitude for farmers, providing they do not keep sheep. Its aversion to the American shepherd seems intense. The reason assigned is his insignificance in the economy of the industries.

An appeal, however, to the statistics of the United States for 1882 shows that our wool clip for that year was 290,000,000 pounds, which, at 28 cents a pound, amounted to \$81,200,000.

For the same year, our product of gold and silver, of which our country is so justly proud, was \$74,490,620, showing a balance in favor of the wool clip of \$6,709,380.

Now it must be borne in mind that this \$81,200,000 of annual wool-clip is created wealth. When sold to an American manufacturer, both the wool and the money, aggregating \$162,400,000, remain in the country as national wealth. Whereas, were the money paid by the American manufacturers for foreign raised wool, there would be in the country the wool bought and valued at \$81,200,000, as national wealth.

It seems worthy to note in this connection that, as shown by the census returns for 1880, the amount of mutton sold fresh was 106,692,216 pounds. Of this cheap and wholesome food we shall be largely deprived, except at greatly increased cost, if encouragement to sheep-raising be denied to those engaged in it.

This great industry of wool-raising has been largely developed under the fostering care of protective tariff.

Thus the wool-clip was 112,000,000 pounds in 1860; 154,000,000 pounds in 1870;

210,000,000 pounds in 1880, and 290,000,000 pounds in 1882.

The returns it has made for the protection received seem ample. It has clothed the nation in comfort as no other nation is clad; made the woolen market of the United States independent of the markets of the world, whether peace or war obtain; added largely, as shown, to the national wealth; retained a vast amount of money in the country, which but for it would have flowed out, thus greatly contributing to keep the standard of wages much higher than they otherwise would have been, and much higher than they are in any other country on the globe.

Indeed, the industries of no country can pay labor high wages, or even low wages, if importations from abroad shall have drained that country of its money. The money paid labor employed in the home industries creates wealth. Whereas, the money paid for importations creates no wealth.

Considering the benefits accruing to the country from the industry of wool raising, it certainly seems that the tariff on wool importations ought to be increased rather than diminished or abrogated. Encourage the industry, not oppress nor crush it.

Home competition best solves the problem of all our money-making enterprises.

Importations have depleted our country of its gold and silver to an alarming extent. Thus the statistics of 1883 show that the United States produced from 1859 to 1882 inclusive, \$1,026,646,710 of gold, and \$706,222,170 of silver, aggregating \$1,732,868,880. Adding to this amount that of the gold and silver produced in the country from 1848 to 1859, together with the amount in the country in 1848, there results the sum of \$2,000,000,000 and upward.

The statistics further show that there were in the country in 1883, \$581,970,242 gold coin and bullion, and \$242,701,932 silver coin, aggregating \$824,672,174. Deducting this amount from the \$2,000,000,000, there results \$1,175,327,826, which, excepting that part having been consumed in the arts and manufactures, represents the depletion of the country of its gold and silver.

The consumption of gold and silver in the arts and manufactures in the United States, as shown by the United States Mint report of 1881, was in 1879, \$4,655,844 of gold, and \$4,360,390 of silver. Accepting these sums as a fair average consumption, there will have been consumed by the arts and manufactures, from 1848 to 1883, \$162,954,540 of gold, and from 1859 to 1883, \$104,649,300 of silver, aggregating \$267,603,840.

The difference between this sum and \$1,175,327,814 is \$907,723,974, the amount of gold and silver of which the country has been depleted since 1848.

Had this sum, exceeding \$900,000,000, been expended in making our own comforts, in creating and fertilizing home industries, in paying higher wages to the working classes, in fortifying our coasts and constructing an adequate navy, instead of importing such commodities as may be raised at home, the country would have been greatly enriched by its uses, and still have retained it for further use.

But it is gone, and the statistics show where the greater part of it has gone, — show that from 1832 to 1881, 49 years, our imports exceeded our exports by \$788,500,000, which excess had to be paid in cash, — in gold and silver.

The people under such circumstances will be slow to understand a message telling them that the money paid as duties on imports is received from their industries and necessities by the national treasury.

Now the object of protective tariff is to prevent this drain, to promote the prosperity of the country, and retain at the same time the means of its continuous and increasing prosperity, and to render the country independent of the world in all emergencies. A nation relying upon foreign commerce for its prosperity, relies upon a rotten reed.

"The history of the world," says Justice Story, "shows that nothing is more capricious than trade. The proudest commercial nations in one age have sunk down to comparative insignificance in another."

"The ordinary revolutions of war and government," says Adam Smith, "easily dry

up the sources of that wealth which arises from commerce only."

Resuming: had our tariff on imports been still higher than it has been, and is, it is quite evident there would be no occasion to deplore the loss of any considerable portion of the \$900,000,000, determined to have been expended for the most part for importations from abroad.

Protection operates to create and establish new industries, and to encourage new and old. It multiplies the industries, and they fertilize one another. Says Daniel Webster:

The interest of every laboring community requires diversity of occupations, pursuits, and objects of industry. The more that diversity is multiplied or extended, the better. To diversify employment is to increase employment and to enhance wages. Place this great truth on the title page of every book on political economy, that where there is work for the hands of men there will be work for their teeth.

Where there is employment there will be bread. It is a great blessing to the poor to have cheap food; but greater than that, prior to that, and of still higher value, is the blessing of being able to buy food by honest and respectable employment. Employment feeds and clothes and instructs.

Employment gives health, sobriety, and morals. Constant employment and well paid labor produce in a country like ours general prosperity, content and cheerfulness. . . . Cheap food and cheap clothing are desirable to all persons in moderate circumstances and laborers. But they are not the first requisites. The first requisite is that which enables men to buy food and clothing, cheap or dear.

Under the regime of protection, trade is self-regulating. The prices of commodities are relative not arbitrary, and fraternize among themselves. If cloth sells for one, two, three, or more dollars a yard the prices of all other products indigenous to the country harmonize with that of cloth and among themselves. Therefore, that hostility which the message asserts to exist among them is imaginary and erroneous, and incompatible with this well known law. The law of equilibrium obtains in the industries of a people as well as in physics.

If the tariff on wool and other articles involved in the manufacture of cloth confers a higher price to that cloth than would obtain without such tariff, the prices of wheat and

other commodities indigenous to the country are correspondingly increased.

The farmer, therefore, is evidently not wronged but benefited by the tariff, in that, after supplying his own wants from the receipt of sales of his wheat and other products, his profits are in excess of what they otherwise would have been but for these higher prices; besides, the home market created by home manufactories is more stable, extensive, convenient, and in every respect more advantageous to him than foreign markets would or could be. Illustrative of this proposition: The United States statistics show that the value of our cereal products in 1879 was \$1,245,127,719, of which Great Britain consumed one-ninth part, and all foreign countries one-fifth part, amounting respectively to \$147,628,218 and \$270,322,519. Our home market, then, at present is evidently worth to the grain grower \$933,845,790, or four times as much as the market of the balance of the world is worth to him. Nor can this relation long continue, since the population of Europe, his principal foreign market, doubles once in one hundred years, and the population of the United States doubles once in twenty-five years. This ratio of increase continuing under circumstances similar to the present, the value of the home market will — omitting fractions in the results of computation — be worth to our grain grower in 25, 50, 75, and 100 years respectively, 6, 10, 18, and 32 times the value of the foreign market to him. In presence of these facts, the message tells the farmer that he, through the operation of the tariff laws, is being wronged by the manufacturer, who creates for him, to a large extent, this home market so greatly superior to the foreign market; and beseeches the manufacturer to desist in his greed and gripe, lest violence from the people shall ensue. A further statistical fact shows that the grain-growing States have increased more rapidly in wealth than the manufacturing States, notwithstanding the products of manufacturers have been worth four times the product of grain.

This clearly proves that the profits result-

ing from manufactures have not been large in comparison with those of agriculture. "Manufactories," says John Quincy Adams, "are the principalities of the destitute and the palaces of the poor."

In further illustration of the superior advantages afforded by our home market to those afforded by foreign markets, it is to be noted as deduced from the statistics, that in 1880 the total value of the commerce of our country was \$91,675,000,000, while that of our foreign commerce was only \$1,585,000,000; that is, the value of our home commerce was fifty-eight times the value of our foreign commerce.

The message referring to the last census (1880) shows that of "17,392,099 of our population engaged in all kinds of industries, 7,570,493 are employed in agriculture; 4,074,238 in professional and personal service, 2,499,876 of whom are domestic servants and laborers; while 1,810,256 are employed in trade and transportation; and 3,337,112 are classed as employed in manufacturing and mining. For present purposes, however, the last number given should be considerably reduced. Without attempting to enumerate all, it will be conceded that these should be deducted from those which it includes; 375,144 carpenters and joiners, 285,175 milliners, dress makers, and seamstresses; 172,126 blacksmiths, 133,756 tailors and tailoresses, 107,000 masons, 76,241 butchers, 41,309 bakers, 23,183 plasterers, and 4,801 manufacturing implements; leaving 2,832,898 persons employed in manufacturing industries, who are claimed to be benefited in a high tariff.

In our preceding comments we have shown by statistical evidence the manufacturer has been no more benefited than the farmer, if as much so, by a high tariff. We have also shown concord among the industries, so that this attempt of the message to disparage those employed or engaged in manufacturing is without just cause. The industries are a unit, and rise together or fall together; and the interest of each and every useful industry is the interest of the people.

The employers and employees in the man-

ufacturing industry, standing with port erect, may well point with honest pride to the products valued at \$5,400,000,000 as the result of their efforts in 1880; and as a pertinent answer to the complaint of the message, and await with no misgiving the verdict of the people. Or they may well make answer, that not they, but the people of the United States as a whole, are the party benefited by the tariff money paid largely by the wealthier classes on imported luxuries, and mostly to be paid by the people through their agents, if properly applied, as wages to the working classes employed on coast defenses, navy, and other objects, — all of them necessary to the security and continued welfare of the country.

The message seems not to recognize one of the most important elements involved in the tariff problem. It fails to note, in the industries of the world, the power and influence which progress has conferred upon machinery. Machinery constitutes a giant labor force; and labor is at the foundation, yes, and in the frame and minutiae of the superstructure of all industry. Whatever wants of life are supplied, are necessarily supplied by labor.

Now, as deduced from data furnished by Mulhall, the energy, or labor force, — human and machine, — in 1880, was, of the

United States, 260,000,000 man power, and of Europe, 730,000,000 man power.

The energy of the remainder of the world may be put with no considerable error at 310,000,000 man power. Thus it is seen that the foreign labor force of the world is approximately four times that of the United States.

The cost of maintenance per man power of the machine portion, 530,000,000, in Europe, has been estimated at two cents a day.

Mulhall puts the European wages at \$5.00, and the cost of living \$2.75 per week; and American wages at \$12.00 a week, and cost of living \$4.00 a week. Europe, able to supply most of her wants from her own soil, requires but a comparatively small amount of our products. Thus it is, if no bar is raised, that Europe alone with her immense labor force, human and machine, both cheap, can and will flood the United States with her manufactures, drain off our gold and silver, force down the wages of the working classes to the level of European wages, beyond the power of employee or employer to prevent; and in fine, bankrupt the country and hold us vassals at her mercy.

For the foregoing reasons we can but conclude that the present revenue laws ought not to be amended or repealed, as recommended by the message.

Irving M. Scott.

ADRIFT.

AN Indian of the Esquimaux,
 From bleak Point Barrow's dreary shores
 Of endless ice and ceaseless snows,
 Pushed off one day with ample stores
 Of food for many a day's supply
 Within his roomy oomiak,
 All eager other lands to spy,
 And knowledge of their ways bring back.

The tides had swelled, the winds had blown,
And ice-quakes broke the giant floes,
Till now, so long the sun had shone,
The winter gasped in death's last throes.
Across the Polar basin's shoals
He picked his way through floating ice ;
Still south, in search of hidden goals,
Still south, on tidal fall and rise.

When Behring's Straits to northward lay, —
And, though he looked afar and near,
He saw no ice, naught but the play
Of waters round, — with sudden fear
He quaked, and fell upon his knees,
And prayed his gods to aid and save
Him from his fate. "I thought wide seas
To find, but these so wildly rave,"

He muttered in dull Esquimau,
"The world seems from its anchorage
Cut loose, with neither stay nor law ;
And as these dreadful waters rage,
With no strong icy grasp to check,
Nor guard of ice upon the land,
The waves the land will wash and wreck,
And only ice-locked shores will stand."

The world of thought is imaged here.
The Esquimau is not alone
In thinking, with a frantic fear,
Beyond his frigid, freezing zone
The world is drifting fast away,
With nothing firm to anchor to.
How sad that waves should have such play!
That lands should have no ice to woo!

What though we drift to open seas?
What though the waves of thought run wild,
And into creeds no longer freeze
That seemed to hold God's truths, while piled
Thereon in massive grip and weight!
God's truths, howe'er the waves may roll,
Will e'er remain inviolate,
And man will reach his destined goal.

Earl Marble.

RECENT FICTION.—II.

THE fortunes in English of Señor Valdés's "The Marquis of Peñalta," have given abundant encouragement to the translator to venture on another of the same novelist's works; and experience with the former translation gives the reader abundant encouragement to open *Maximina*¹ with pleasant expectation. It does not prove to be nearly as ingenious nor as strong a book as "The Marquis of Peñalta," but it was well worth translating. It has a charming sincerity and simplicity, which yet is not naïveté, for the author writes as a scholar and a man of the world. As before, he shows a delicate comprehension and penetration of the heart of an innocent young girl, unusual in the novels of men. The story is a study of the character and influence of a very pure, simple, and affectionate child-wife. Maximina's childlike innocence, her intense personal modesty, the sheer unresponsiveness of her character to evil, are accepted by the author and by all the other people in the book as almost phenomenal, only made credible by her youth (she is sixteen years old) and her convent breeding and humble, provincial origin; and indeed, judging from the picture of the Madrid society that surrounds the little wife, this is not strange. Señor Valdés, however, would probably be surprised to find under the American system, and in women who have all their lives studied and worked and played with men, under no restrictions as to their reading or conversation except such as their own instinctive preference has set, an innocence as child-like, a modesty as intense, an unresponsiveness to evil as complete, and this preserved through a life-time. Mr. James's Miranda Hope and Mr. Howell's Lydia Blood could tell him this. He would not find in either of them Maximina's total dependence and timidity, her contented igno-

rance and dog-like submissiveness; these things do not easily grow in an atmosphere of freedom, though they cling in woman's nature under a surface manner of self-dependence more than is easily realized, and such women are to be found under the most free conditions of free America. Whether or not in the end an intellectual husband would have always been satisfied, as Miguel was, with this gentle, adoring, and uncomprehending companionship, it certainly makes a sweet and touching picture; and as Maximina fades away like a flower in early youth, leaving her husband to deathless mourning and an undimmed sacred memory, which becomes the religion of his life, the question does not need to arise. The few pages at the end in which Miguel's life after the loss of his wife is sketched, are to our mind the most powerful and touching in the book. There is strong writing in Miguel's closing soliloquy in the carriage with Mendoza:

"Poor man! he thinks that he is on the pinnacle of glory because he has the disposal for a few months of a few dozen offices, and to this he has consecrated his whole life, all the powers that God has given him. Tomorrow this man will die, and he will not have known the love of a tender and innocent wife, nor the enthusiasm awakened in the soul by a heroic action, nor the deep emotion caused by the study of nature, nor the pure delight in contemplating a work of art; he will never have thought, never felt, never loved! Nevertheless, he thinks in good faith that it is his right to swell with pride because a bell rings at the *Ministerio* when he comes in, and a few unhappy wretches take off their hats before him! How much energy and fawning meanness this ant has had to exercise, in order that other ants may greet him respectfully!"

"Religion, art, love, heroism, these signs in which I think that I can see the expression of a more elevated nature—may they not also be illusions, like those which this poor devil has, of his own importance? May not the far-off country to which I aspire be a false reflection of my own desires?"

"If all vanishes at the end like smoke, like a shadow, if the purest emotions of my soul, if my wife's love, if my boy's innocent smile, have the same worth in nature as the hate of the miscreant and the

¹ Maximina. By Don Armando Palacio Valdés. Translated from the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

coarse laughter of the vicious ; if two beings unite and love only to be separated for an eternity, O, how gladly would I hate you, infamous universe ! If beyond these spaces, beautiful as they are, there is no one capable of compassion, what is the worth of your mighty masses, of your rhythmic movements, or your tremendous rivers of light ? I, miserable atom, am more noble, because I can love and can feel compassion.' "

There seems to be little pause in the stream of Tolstoi literature, and each new translation comes heralded and followed by such extravagant laudations that it becomes a difficult task to the reviewer at once to deprecate these extreme estimates, and yet to express no inadequate appreciation of the real greatness of the Russian novelist and philosopher. It is seldom safe for one who does not chance to share these great devotions to certain authors that arise from time to time, to credit them to mere fashion and extravagance. Many — even of the duly accredited reviewers of widely-read journals — doubtless echo quite artificially the opinions set for them by whatever leaders they follow ; and so susceptible to external influence are human beings, even well educated ones, that many are honestly carried off their feet with admiration simply because they believe they ought to be. But after making all allowance for these, it is only right to believe that where an author becomes in any sense a cult, he has for at least a few people struck down to the very core of heart and intellect.

Nevertheless, after reading all Tolstoi's translated stories, we cannot find in him the overshadowing greatness that some of his readers have found. Though he has great qualities, he has also notable limitations. He is very sincere, very faithful to life ; and penetrates deep into it but he is certainly wanting in range of insight, and repeats one tone of temperament and mental experience to monotony ; he is rarely objective, and we confess to finding him occasionally prolix. Mr. Dole's translations must bear some responsibility for this, as they have never succeeded in making his style altogether comfortable reading, as Miss Hapgood's have made Gogol's.

Three recent volumes, following in rapid

succession, contain the latest translated of his stories. These bear the titles, *The Invaders*,¹ *A Russian Proprietor*,² and *The Long Exile, and Other Stories for Children*.³ *The Invaders* contains half a dozen sketches, of which four are studies or descriptions, more properly than stories, one of a night of wandering lost in a snow storm on the steppe, the others of army life in the Caucasus. "A Prisoner in the Caucasus," one of the stories in *A Russian Proprietor*, stands out sharply from all the rest, in either book, by its straightforward, cheerful objectiveness, its narrative movement, and the entire absence of the two or three morals that usually appear, expressed or implied, in everything that we have from Tolstoi. It has its own moral, however, one rather after the English heart, of courage, and honor, and gentleness, and is somehow to us very refreshing, if only by way of a change, among the reveries, and character sketches, and sad studies of life and society that fill the rest of the two volumes.

In a preface to the stories for children, the translator expresses an admiration little short of reverence for the genius therein. They are, in fact, admirable children's stories, and we are not surprised that they are very popular in cheap pamphlet editions in Russia. But we think it will not be difficult to cull out a good many stories in German, or French, or English, or Italian that are quite as good ; and many a mother who has never thought of putting pen to paper tells the little one on her knee just such tales of her own child life, or her dogs, or of the little rabbit that hopped out by moonlight for his supper, or the wild cherry tree that grew in the pathway. It is, indeed, a tribute to the genius of Count Tolstoi, and to his study of the mind of childhood, that he should be able to adapt subject and language to it in

¹ *The Invaders*. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co.

² *A Russian Proprietor*. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co.

³ *The Long Exile and Other Stories for Children*. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co.

so nearly the same way that a mother does in addressing her own child.

To mature readers the most interesting part of the book will be the account of the free school for the peasant children on his own estate; and the picture of himself walking through the forest in the dark, with the three little peasant boys, one of them clinging with his whole hand to two fingers of the Count, while he talked with them of art and nature, lingers long and deeply in the mind. His respect for their minds and tastes is striking, and though he carries it to such an extreme as to absolutely exclude discipline from his school, we are disposed to think he is more in the right than in the wrong about it. Two of his brightest peasant lads collaborated with him in writing a couple of stories, and his admiration for their genius is rather pathetic. It need not be taken without allowance as evidence of Fedka's and Semka's literary gifts, for the mind of a devoted teacher with Tolstoi's intense, credulous, and excitable nature, is in much the same condition toward his pupils' achievements as a mother's toward her child's. In any story composed by a bright child or peasant must appear something of the quality that makes the virtue of the folk-tale, even as some literary virtues crop out in the stories about the Western hunters' camp-fire that trained writers can catch only by sheer imitation. It was perhaps their age and their station that expressed themselves through Fedka and Semka, rather than individual genius. It is no new discovery that as either society or the man leaves childhood, though

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are joys for all our pains,
Yet we know that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And can never be regained"

in literature no less than in life.

A new Russian is introduced to us by Mrs. Aline Delano's translation of selected stories from Vladimir Korolénko. Mrs. Delano is, we learn from the publishers' note, a lady of Russian birth, now living in Boston. Korolénko is still a young man, under thirty-five,

but has had three years of Siberian experience, and has for a dozen years been more or less under surveillance and arrest, which have broken up the possibility of regular employment and made him largely dependent upon his literary work. He was not at first successful in this, and it is only within three years that he has become a popular writer in his own country. Five stories, or perhaps we should say two sketches and three stories, are translated as fair specimens of his work; four or five more are mentioned in a prefatory biographical sketch. The two long stories in the present volume, "A Saghalinien" and "Sketches of a Siberian Tourist" are of Siberia; "The Forest Soughs" is a romantic forest tale of Little Russia; and "The Old Bell-Ringer," and "Easter Night" are slight but pathetic sketches of no especial local color. These stories are for some reason, not altogether clear, brought together under the title *The Vagrant*.¹ A "vagrant" is an escaped Siberian convict tramping his way back to Russia, a character that appears several times in these stories, and constitutes the principal subject in the one called "A Saghalinien"—that is, a fugitive from the convict colony on the Saghalien Islands. Korolénko's work seems to us decidedly artistic, and of a pleasant directness and simplicity. It is quite objective, and though it deals with sad and tragic situations, handles them without the gloom, and restlessness, and intense questioning of human life that we find in Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky and in some portions of Turgénieff's and Gogol's work. The stories are not of very different quality from those that appear in American magazines—those of Southern life, for instance, such as Mr. Harris's, in his graver vein. Yet they are written with more spontaneity and power than these—less as if to meet a well understood demand. There is a charming reality and freshness in description and a simple vigor and sympathy in narrative that are rare. It is not possible to praise the clear, direct, and vivid style intelligently, since we

¹The Vagrant, and other Tales. By Vladimir Korolénko. Translated by Mrs. Aline Delano. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

cannot judge how much is due to the translator. Certainly Mrs. Delano has put Korolénko's Russian, whatever that may be like, into good English. She herself in her prefatory note speaks of his "artistic simplicity" as his "chief merit." We think Korolénko must be regarded as an acquisition; and as he is still in young manhood, he may yet enter the succession of really great Russian novelists.

There have been several translations of *Les Misérables*¹ published in America in cloth and paper editions, some of them fairly satisfactory in their renderings of the great masterpiece of the great Frenchman: now comes a new one by a hand of excellent repute in translation, that of Isabel F. Hapgood. Her version is somewhere near the difficult mean between harsh literalness and unwarranted freedom. It is published in one volume, in which shape it is necessarily somewhat clumsy

¹Les Misérables. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1887.

yet not unendurably so. There remains but to speak once again of Victor Hugo and his work. The greatness of the man is impressed upon the mind more deeply with each new reading, his wealth of material, the great conceptions of character, his power of entering into the shivering terror of little Cosette at the spring and the raillery of Gavroche on the pavement, as well as into the struggle over the necessary lie by the pure Sister, and the growth of Jean Valjean from the brute-like convict to the divine image of full manhood. Between the Bishop of D., the most saintly man in fiction, and Thenardier, who disputes the palm of bad preëminence with Iago, there is ranged such a multitude and diversity of characters as figure in no other novel. Faults in construction there may be, and faults also of style, doubtful morals and lapses of taste, inequalities and discrepancies, and yet these have no more effect on the wholeness and grandeur of the mass than crevasses and detritus have on the unity and purity of a glacier.

ETC.

As we go to press, the cable announces the sudden death of Matthew Arnold. It is hard to express the peculiar shock and sense of loss that the news brings to the reading world. Mr. Arnold was one of the greatest figures in the world of letters, and the only two men still living who can be fairly said to have ranked above or even with him in influence over the minds of English-speaking people through pure letters—Browning and Tennyson—are old men, whom we think of as of an earlier generation. Indeed, when Herbert Spencer—who though not old is an invalid, whose tenure of life is very uncertain—has been named, it would be hard to add any fourth man among the living that has influenced England and our country by his writings as much as has the poet and critic just departed. And this influence was of a unique sort: something in the frank manner of Mr. Arnold's writing gave his readers a sense of personal relation to him. Probably no one always agreed with his strictures, yet there was such a wisdom and sanity in everything he wrote that it silenced antagonism. So far as he was ever unfair in judgment, it was by failure to see all the conditions of the question, and not by misinterpretation of what

he did see, still less by bias or intolerance. Such a use of the English language as his, for its crystal clearness and beautiful precision, no one else has achieved; perhaps no one else has achieved such a use of thought as lay behind it,—others may have thought more powerfully, yet no one in so perfect a manner. He was that rare thing, a writer and thinker who never palled on the taste, but was only the more admired with every increase of fastidiousness. In spite of the exasperation his criticisms sometimes produced, his readers recognized in him—as his name of "St. Matthew" shows—that "sweet reasonableness" which he preached. The mere phrase was a contribution of value to civilization; the wording of a noble ideal so that people see at a glance what it is, and so that it clings as a sort of watchword to the memory, acts as a real force in propagating that ideal.

WE have been surprised to find so little notice taken in the press of what at present promises to be one of the most important reforms in the political history of the country. It is, like the civil service reform, apparently a mere question of method in elective machinery, as that is in appointive, but it

seems to go to the root of what every one feels is the test question in our political system—the government of large cities. We mean the movement toward placing the whole machinery of elections in the hands of the government, as registration is now in most places, by giving it charge of the printing and distribution of ballots, thus removing this important function from the hands of the party machines. The uninformed have no idea of the amount of money required for the perfectly proper and necessary expenses of an election, over and above what the State now bears—that is, the registration, and provision for receiving and counting the vote. In fact, in New York City, in 1882, it cost \$63,000 for election expenses to run an Independent candidate for mayor; and the candidate had the nominal backing of the Republican organization. Speakers before the Commonwealth Club considered this a minimum expense, and \$100,000 as not impossible. There is the printing of hundreds of thousands of ballots, the distribution of these by mail or messenger, and the hiring of men to peddle them at the polls; expenses absolutely necessary, and quite apart from campaign expenses, which are, of course, properly borne by the parties or friends of the candidates. It was rather a startling discovery to the New York gentlemen who began to investigate the matter a year ago, that no less than twenty per cent of the voters of the city are engaged as “workers” at the polls, on hire, in some capacity, on every general election day. The enormous sums of money thus expended in perfectly legal ways at every election must be collected and disbursed by the party organizations; and even if they were never made a cover for corruption, this alone would account for the impregnability of the “machines.” Men with hundreds of thousands of dollars to distribute, and employment for tens of thousands of men, can hold their own against moral suasion. Again, they have no way to get this money except by private subscription from members of the party, or by assessments on office-holders and candidates. The simplest way is by assessments on candidates; and Mr. Ivins, who was conceded to have every means of knowing, told the Commonwealth Club that “the ablest lawyer at our bar could not secure a nomination for a judgeship unless he were able to pay an assessment of from \$10,000 to \$20,000”; that the price of a nomination for mayor is \$25,000 to \$30,000; and that for nominations to the board of aldermen or legislature, two or three, and even ten times the salary of the place is sometimes paid. The limitless field for corruption that this opens up is obvious. It rests with the party leaders to fix the sum of money that will be needed, and to collect it in all possible ways; no one else knows how much was needed, nor how it is spent. It is only human nature that where the corruption of voters and the enriching of those who handle the money is made thus easy, these things should be done; and candidates should be sought

who will bid highest for nominations; and that these, again, should prove to be those who expect to recoup themselves by the sale of their official action. Thus, twenty-two of twenty-four aldermen in New York sold their votes in the Broadway Railroad matter, and the legislative delegation does not seem to average much better. Nor does New York’s experience differ from that of San Francisco or other large cities in all these respects, save in degree.

ALL these things were brought out in the most exact and convincing manner by Mr. Ivins’s papers before the Commonwealth Club a year ago; and in a quiet way, among people interested in municipal government, a very marked impression was made, which has borne fruit in bills now before the legislatures of several States. The most notable ones are in New York and Massachusetts, which are drawn upon the lines of the provisions successfully in operation in England and Australia. The main provision is that the State shall print ballots, containing upon one strip the names of the nominees of all the parties, as well as of independent candidates placed in nomination by the signatures of a sufficient number of voters; and that these ballots shall be supplied the voter in the privacy of a polling room, where he may check off any name he prefers. The reform is simple, reasonable in itself, and seems to promise tremendous results, for it quietly cuts the ground from under the feet of the machines. Its friends do not expect the bill to pass in New York, and probably not in any other State, for the legislatures, as now made up, would be legislating themselves out of existence. But they expect public opinion to force it through in time. If one or two of the States in which reform sentiment is strongest accomplish this, their experience will doubtless pave the way for the rest of us; and meanwhile we can but watch the progress of their experiment with sympathy and interest.

At a meeting a few months since of the American Society for Psychical Research, a report was presented by a committee that had been appointed to investigate the phenomena of mesmerism. The report is clear as to the effect of hypnotism being produced only by the hypnotized person’s imagination. So far from any peculiar power being necessary in the hypnotizer, one person can take that place as well as another, provided the subject believes it can be done. So far was this found to be true, that very sensitive persons were hypnotized without any operator at all, when made to believe some one at a distance was exerting mesmeric influence upon them. For the subject, on the contrary, a peculiar condition of susceptibility is necessary, found only in a few people, and due, Mr. Cory believed, to an unequal development of certain portions of the brain in these. Only twenty-four out of one hundred and seventy-three experimented on possessed it in any marked degree. The hypnotic state is probably analogous to some of

the phenomena of religious excitement at camp-meetings and revivals. An interesting experiment, which goes to show that, instead of hypnotized people seeing or not seeing objects, as the operator wills, they merely *imagine* they see, or do not see, was as follows: When the subject is told to look at a white paper in sunlight, at the spot where a red wafer is laid, but told at the same time that the paper is blank, he will always declare that he sees nothing on the paper; but if the wafer be snapped away, and the simple question asked what he now sees, he will say that he sees a greenish or bluish spot — the complementary color, of course, showing that the red spot was before visible to his eye.

THE Society also sent out a great many circulars, inquiring whether the respondent would have any feeling about sitting down with thirteen at a table, beginning a voyage on Friday, seeing the new moon over his left shoulder, or choosing "between two equally desirable houses, one of which was reported to be haunted." They "regarded these superstitions as on the verge of extinction," and sought only to

measure the extent of "lingering respect" for them. They received five hundred answers, — a fairly representative number — and found that of the well educated New Englanders whom they had addressed, about one man in ten, and two women in ten, confessed to this lingering respect. The committee in charge of the investigation were somewhat astonished at this discovery; and believing that no more rationalistic class can be found in the world than the educated class of New England, they conclude "we must believe that even in the most rationalistic community there is today a large proportion of members . . . whose minds inhabit the border lands of superstition"; and that this discovery has a most significant bearing on the value of the ghost and telepathy stories the Society is so actively gathering from the public. It seems odd that these Harvard professors should have just discovered this prevalence of a "tendency to superstition" among even educated people. We think that their statistics only corroborate the rougher evidence of individual observation, if one has taken pains for some years to note the mental attitude of his acquaintance toward superstitions.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Recent Religious Books.

It is a most natural thing for a clergyman that has preached to his congregation a series of sermons more acceptable than usual, to desire that they should be put into a more permanent form than his sermon case, where they will reach a wider public than the congregation of the faithful that gather in his church on Sabbath mornings. His congregation, too, encourages him in this: they were pleased and edified by the sermons as they heard them, and are glad to have them to read for themselves in their closets and to recommend to others. But when the discourses are put into cold type and clad in ordinary looking cloth bindings, the general public does not take to them with the eagerness that might have been expected, and even to the friends of the author the book is a disappointment. It is found a vastly different thing to sit down and read in cold blood, with something of a critical spirit, the discourse that when heard enforced by all the personality of a beloved pastor, in the company of a concourse of people of like beliefs and sympathies, and with the accessories of fine music and reverent prayer, seemed like the oracles of God. For this reason it is difficult for the reviewer to give an estimate of a book of sermons, — and still more of a batch of such books, — that seems either just or fair to friends and hearers of the reverend authors.

A most striking example of this point, which holds good even with the most distinguished names, is

found in *According to Promise*.¹ It is hardly possible to read the book with equanimity, because it opens with so bald and uncompromising a statement of the Calvinistic theory that it offends utterly the more prevalent religious feeling. None but the elect can believe, all the elect will believe and will have within themselves the witness of their salvation. This leaves to sensitive young persons who are not conscious of having passed through any supernatural change a life of despair and terror, and many a soul has been cursed by such teaching. Nine readers out of ten would throw the book aside after reading three pages, even though their frame of mind on opening it had been most praiseworthy. And yet its author preaches to perhaps the largest congregation in the world, and the name of Spurgeon is honored everywhere. There is nothing in the book that throws any light on the causes of his popularity, and yet not all persons are shocked at Calvinism even of the sternest type, and such people will perhaps take pleasure in *According to Promise*.

A book that agrees with Mr. Spurgeon's in coming from a British hand — and in but little else — is a collection of the spoken and unspoken sermons of George MacDonald.² Readers of his novels are pre-

¹According to Promise. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

²God's Words to His Children. By George MacDonald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.

pared to find in anything from his pen a literary style without blemish and a deep insight into human life, but the sermons show even more than the novels a spirituality and a depth of fervor of a somewhat mystic type that makes them very beautiful. The book is intended for the use of lay readers and is well adapted to such use. Many a congregation will be content to let its pastor go on a vacation, if somebody with a sympathetic voice will read to them discourses from this book. A word of blame must be said as to the print and make-up of the work. Hardly two pages can pass without a typographical error, and Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have no reason to be proud of this specimen of their workmanship.

Two books that belong together are *The Appeal to Life*¹ by Theodore T. Munger, and *Christian Facts and Forces*² by Newman Smyth. Both of these authors are Congregational clergymen identified rather closely with the "Andover Departure." Their books will be scanned by eager eyes, to find in them tokens of the probation after death heresy, as the less progressive brethren call it. But the scanning will be in vain: in neither book is there any mention of the controverted hypothesis. Instead there is in each a series of sermons worth anybody's reading, broad, scholarly, fair-minded. The doctrine of evolution is treated at length in *The Appeal to Life*, in the spirit of frank acceptance and entire ability to give it a place in the Christian scheme. This bugbear of a few years ago is found on examination to be really a great ally in giving to the human mind a sense of the almightiness of God. Though the reverend authors of these books would possibly object most strenuously to the assertion, yet to the present reviewer they seem to stand in a relation to their strait-laced brethren much like that occupied by the leaders of the Unitarian movement. The special doctrine of the Trinity was not the point on which that split was made. It was rather on a difference in the way of looking at all things. The orthodox upheld blind adherence to the ancient faiths and revival methods in propagating them, while the Unitarians insisted on importing the common sense that men use in every-day affairs into religious belief and teaching, and applying that touchstone to every statement of the creed. As Dr. Robert Collyer said some years ago, the Unitarians were never much as a lump but powerful as a leaven; and these authors under consideration show the working of that leaven in a marked degree. It does not follow that this state of affairs presages another division in the Congregational branch of the church militant; for it is rather to be hoped that liberality has grown pervasive enough to allow of small differences of doctrine in a church without necessitating organic disruption.

¹The Appeal to Life. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

²Christian Facts and Forces. By Newman Smyth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Another book that resembles the two preceding so much that one not knowing to what denomination the Berkeley Street Church of Boston belongs, would be puzzled to say whether its author were a Unitarian or of the Progressive Orthodox wing of the Congregationalists, is William Burnet Wright's *The World to Come*.³ This title is an artifice, for not the city lying beyond Jordan is the theme of these sermons but the present world as it will be when meliorated and civilized by the march of Christianity, the world that we wish for each other in the greeting "A Happy New Year." The sermons are all suggestive and readable, several are addressed to children but none the less thoughtful and polished for that, and several are sermons written for the great church festivals.

Potent a force as was Starr King in moulding thought and conduct on this Coast, he has already become only a tradition to the younger generation. The attractive volume in which, under the collective title of *Christianity and Humanity*,⁴ are comprised some twenty of his sermons, is in a seventh edition; and by means of it, with the excellent memoir by the editor, Edwin P. Whipple, those to whom Starr King is only a name can yet catch much of the spirit and the power of the man. Even in print, without the personal influence that seems to have always so strongly re-enforced his preaching, these sermons are peculiarly inspiring. The zeal for the higher life for its own sake is to us their distinguishing quality; and the faith in and desire for this is so single, so confident, so ardent, that it is impossible for any well disposed reader not to feel its contagion. The spirituality that can exist under a creed reduced to the barest elements—a creed, pre-supposing, one may say, nothing but God and man—is especially evident here. The generalization that Unitarianism is a cold religion, tending always to become merely a moral code, was never drawn from King's sermons. The literary quality in them is sufficient to attract readers perfectly indifferent to their theological or ethical import. This literary charm is not so much, as one might expect, that of eloquence as that of poetry. The figure drawn from the cometary orbit in the sermon on the comet, is a striking illustration.

All these four books deserve praise in a literary review; for they have a distinctly literary quality, apart from their religious value. George MacDonald's sermons have it, too, but even they in a less degree; while Spurgeon's have it not at all, and so when unenforced by the personality of the writer they are not easy to read. Sermons without the quality spoken of should not be printed, however powerful they may have been as exhortation or instruction in the delivery.

Coming out of the range of sermons, there is to

³The World to Come. By William Burnet Wright. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

⁴Christianity and Humanity. By Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

be noticed *The Story of the Psalms*.¹ Doctor Van Dyke selects the most striking of the Psalms, and treating each by itself, show it in its setting of circumstance and occasion as far as that can be ascertained from Old Testament history, and the titles or inscriptions attached to them. This, with an analysis of the Psalm and reflections on it, complete his treatment. It is a pleasant book to read, and yet any thoughtful person with his Bible could work out for himself much the same thing. Perhaps this is its chief merit, for if the book encourages such people to become closer students of the Psalms, and to take their Bible and work out for themselves the stories of the Psalms that Doctor Van Dyke has not touched upon, it will indeed have been worth while.

The Phillips Exeter Lectures, 1885-1886² gathers into a convenient volume a series of addresses delivered at that academy. In one winter those fortunate lads listened to Edward E. Hale on Exercise, to President McCosh on Habit, President Walker on Socialism, President Bartlett on the Spontaneous Element in Scholarship, President Carter on Reverence, President Robinson on Men, President Porter on the Ideal Scholar, and Phillips Brooks on Biography. These lectures, it is needless to say, are scholarly and valuable in the extreme. Most of them have the distinctly hortatory tone that brings the volume within the scope of this review, and if the Exeter boys are made of the right stuff they cannot have failed to be broadened and inspired by these teachings. The admirers of the speakers, (and who does not admire at least some of them?) will take pleasure in comparing the different views and tone of these typical men; they will delight in Mr. Hale's practical directness, at President Walker's close analysis in a difficult theme, or at the bubbling enthusiasm for high things of Phillips Brooks.

Of a markedly inferior grade to the lectures just noticed is the series of lectures delivered to a guild of Ann Arbor students on the Baldwin foundation, by Bishop Coxe. The inferiority lies in the primary purpose of the lectures, which is confessedly proselyting and apologetic. *The Institutes of Christian History*³ is a volume of special pleading, to prove that the English Church and its daughter in America, commonly known as the Protestant Episcopal Church, is most truly the Catholic church, as established by the Christian Fathers, and crystalized at the Council of Nice. The name Protestant is obnoxious to the Bishop, — who vastly prefers to call his church Anglo-Catholic, — and he vigorously denies that the movement in England under Henry VIII. was a Protestant movement

at all, or owed anything either in initiative or scope to the Reformation on the Continent. Of all movements that have resulted in divisions from the English church, the Bishop is profoundly ignorant or perversely silent. John Wesley is not once mentioned, and if the Michigan boys relied on Bishop Coxe altogether for their information, they would not know that there now exist in America or England — except through an occasional side dig — such bodies as the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists or Baptists. It is easy, by an epithet or a phrase, as "dear Lactantius," to give weight to an authority that favors one's view, or by a word of another sort to cast discredit on one opposing; and in this way coupled with a most convenient series of blind spots the good Bishop makes out a very strong case for his Church. And yet it must be seen as impossible by any fair mind to compass the Catholic unity of all Christians, desired alike by good men in all churches, by such a course as this. To dismiss all the dissenting communions with a slur at their tendency to endless division, is not the way to win them back, especially as the history of the Bishop's own Church is a series of schisms and splits ever since the strong hand of the Roman Pontiff lost its grip on the souls and bodies of men. To rely on this Church as the sole centripetal force in our centrifugal age in both church and state, as the Bishop does, is to make the case seem hopeless indeed.

An American Commonwealth.⁴

THIS is one of the very best of the series of "American Commonwealths." We had expected a careful, judicious, well-balanced treatment of this or any other subject he might undertake from the pen of Professor Johnston, for the most judicial writing on topics in American history as a whole which has yet found its way to the press is to be seen in the articles contributed by Professor Johnston to Lalor's Cyclopædia of Political Science. We instinctively feel one regret in reading the "Connecticut," which the cause of true historical writing in this country demands that we should express, namely, a regret that this had not been the first written of the series, in order that it might have served as a model to some of the writers of other volumes, who have shown such need of an example of patient, conscientious historical research, of a well-proportioned treatment of an historical subject, and of the scientific method of weighing historical evidence; or better, that it might have served as a suggestion to the editor to select historical students to write on historical topics. Where the writers in this series, and in the companion series of "American Statesmen," have not fallen into the error of spending all their force on an episode or two, they have, with too few exceptions, done their task in the mere perfunctory way of reducing, and at the same time

¹ The Story of the Psalms. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co. 1887.

² The Phillips Exeter Lectures, 1885-1886. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

³ Baldwin Lectures: Institutes of Christian History. By A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by John W. Roberts & Co.

⁴ Connecticut: A Study of a Commonwealth-Democracy. By Alexander Johnston. "American Commonwealths." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

diluting, the bulk of former works into a conventional number of pages. Professor Johnston knows, however, that a small book is as proper a subject for thorough study, independent research, and careful writing as a large one. The result is, an admirable study, which should be read by every American, of the growth of a State possessing a most significant history.

Connecticut has many lessons to teach us. The most important one is that which forms the central line of Professor Johnston's treatise. Other aspects of early American life can as well or better be studied through the histories of other States; but the constitutional development of the American commonwealth finds its type and individuality, in purity and perfection, nowhere else as in Connecticut. Local self-government, democracy, and representative federalism are most instructively studied in Connecticut. It is for making this study so easily available that we have especially to thank the author. In the exposition of the pervading idea of what he means to be the lesson of the book, that real democracy, as an actual fact and as an example to the rest of the continent, had its birth-place at Hartford, that the Colony and State of Connecticut was a federal republic of towns, that the towns held the same relation to the State as the States in the American Union hold to the federal government, he has impartially and convincingly arranged his evidence and arguments. We believe that he has impregably established his position. For our part, we don't care where the birth-place of this great fact in modern history was, whether the interesting event on board the Mayflower, at Hartford, or at Jamestown; we are, however, grateful to find it ascertained, to have the importance of the environment demonstrated, and its resulting development carefully and instructively explained. The political significance commonly attached to the "Mayflower compact" had for long seemed to us more a matter of rhetoric than of history.

We shall quote a few extracts from the book which will explain its tenor, and its main lesson, the growth of constitutional federal republicanism. But few comments will be necessary.

"He who studies carefully the history of Massachusetts from 1629 until 1690 will see that there was a constant struggle in that colony between two conflicting forces, and that its earlier phases were coincident and complicated with the Connecticut secession. . . . But one must admit that the early Massachusetts system, whatever else it might have been, was not even meant to be a democracy."

"It is on the banks of the Connecticut, under the mighty preaching of Thomas Hooker and in the constitution to which he gave life, if not form, that we draw the first breath of that atmosphere which is now so familiar to us. The birthplace of American democracy is Hartford."

This constitution, referred to here, a federal organic act between the inhabitants of the three towns of

Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield, — which were the very life and institutions of the Massachusetts towns of Dorchester, Newtown, and Watertown transported to the banks of the Connecticut, — adopted by them in 1639, confirmed in all essentials by the king in 1662, adopted again as a State constitution in 1776, and continued in force until 1818, is described on pages 74ff., and is given in an appendix.

"This constitution was the first conscious and deliberate attempt to found a commonwealth-democracy on this continent. . . . It was a system of complete popular control, of frequent elections by the people, and of minute local government. Its towns were as free as could well be; the right of suffrage was as nearly as possible universal; it can hardly be said that there were any dissatisfied elements to be placated, or else to fester in the vitals of the commonwealth; and the steady bias of the commonwealth toward civil and religious freedom had enabled it to find elements of increased strength in what might have been elements of intestine weakness."

"When the general assembly met at Hartford in March, 1665, deputies from the former New Haven towns were present. . . . The colony of New Haven had ceased to exist, and ecclesiastical supremacy had given way to democracy."

"In 1678 the court ordered that the governor, lieutenant-governor, and assistants should be a council to act for the commonwealth during the recesses of the court. This was the prelude to the inevitable introduction of the bicameral system."

"The close of the French and Indian war marks the period when Connecticut's democratic constitution began to influence other commonwealths. Her charter was an object-lesson to all of them. It was the standard to which their demands gradually came up; and their growing demands upon the crown caused an equally steady approximation toward the establishment of a local democracy like that which Connecticut had kept up for a hundred and fifty years."

"The development of Connecticut under the constitution has been a curious but natural consequence of her preceding history. All her institutions had tended to the development of an abounding individualism among her people. . . . There were few freemen of Connecticut who passed through life without at some time filling an office on the summons of their fellows. The town meeting, properly warned, and limited in its action to the subjects specified in its warning, was a political school in which the freeman received his training; the multitude of minor offices provided higher courses for almost all the freemen; and from the two together the people received an uncommonly good political education, and a sense of personal interest in public affairs."

"After all, the main features of the system were the town meeting, the constables, and the selectmen. The democratic element was supplied by the town meeting, the element of dictatorship, which seems

to lurk somewhere in democracy, was in the selectmen; and the constables represented the commonwealth. . . . The essential thing to be remembered is, that changes in the commonwealth's constitution have affected the status of the towns very little. . . . To a remarkable degree the relations of the Connecticut citizen to his town are the same as those of his forefather when the first towns were planted. More than in any other New England State, the original vigor of the Connecticut town has enabled it to keep pace with the growing power of the commonwealth."

There is one point more, which we cannot refrain from mentioning. In reading this little book, we have been strongly impressed with Connecticut's possession of what we should call in the individual, *character*. All that goes to make up this sum and substance of manhood, and which leads men, — vigorous, level-headed, reflecting men, — in the persistent pursuit of some definite, well-conceived, advantageous, and honorable aim, is so deeply marked on the face of Connecticut's history, that we are brought insensibly to individualize the community, and represent it to our eyes as endowed with a personality, an industrious, ingenious, straight-forward, unfaltering, masculine personality.

Patrick Henry.¹

IF any one had any doubt before as to the statesmanship of Patrick Henry, all such doubt would be dissipated upon reading this new life. Professor Tyler describes thus the aspect Henry may be considered to present during the period of nine years between the time of his leaving school, at the age of fifteen, and his assumption of the study of law.

"During all that time in his life, as we now look back upon it, he has for us the aspect of some lawless, unkempt genius, in untoward circumstances, groping in the dark, not without wild joy, towards his inconceivable true vocation; set to tasks for which he was grossly unfit, blundering on from misfortune to misfortune, with an overflow of unemployed energy and vivacity that swept him often into rough fun, into great gusts of riot and horse-play; withal borne along, for many days together, by the mysterious undercurrents of his nature, into that realm of reverie where the soul feeds on immortal fruit, and communes with unseen associates, the body meanwhile being left to the semblance of idleness; of all which the man himself might have given this valid justification:

"I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass."

And we imagine most persons regard him as throughout his life such a "lawless, unkempt genius" grown large, with special talent for making fiery, declamatory speeches, which threw people off their

balance until he had gained his point whether right or wrong. They have not, at least, been wont to regard him as among the statesmen of the trying years of the Revolution of the more trying years of the Confederacy, or in the supreme moment of the struggle for a more perfect union. Useful, of course, he would always be regarded, in arousing the country to the peril of the hour at the eve of the Revolution; useful, just as that bright flash of genius which burst forth suddenly in the episode of the writs of assistance, and expired as suddenly when that real thunderbolt from the skies struck the door-step of James Otis at Andover, was useful.

The life which we have been used to reading, no matter to how exalted a pedestal it may have striven to raise Henry, has actually, by its inflated style, had the effect of casting discredit not only on the trustworthiness of the book, but upon the statesmanlike genius, at least, of its hero. Wirt's book was written many years ago, and besides the many gross errors it contains and the serious misconceptions it has given rise to, painted its hero, in its effort to idealize him, almost out of recognition even, we must believe, of his closest friends. Not only has Henry not been known to the world as he was entitled to be known, and as Professor Tyler has now beyond contravention made him known; but great questions connected with Henry's career, part and parcel of that career in fact, have been but dimly apprehended through the haze that has hung around this American Demosthenes. Professor Tyler now, however, has not only brought forth the man and placed him as on a hill-top, clear against the sky, where we all may observe his stature, but has plainly, judiciously, and instructively defined and described the questions more prominently associated with Henry's life.

It would be well to mention just here some of the things which Professor Tyler's fascinating little book has proved about Patrick Henry. It has proved, what we had scarcely questioned, that he was an orator of original and astonishing power; but the pleasant thing about this proof is the satisfactoriness of its clear and picturesque though not rhetorical presentation. It has proved that he was not an illiterate man; that, while "in his thought there was never anything subtle or recondite, — no mental movement through the media of books," he was to a certain degree fond of books, acquainted with Latin, history, and geography, and a constant re-peruser of certain books, such as "Butler's Analogy"; that he wrote in a clear, forcible, and grammatical style; and that he was an associate, and a cherished one, of some of the most scholarly men of the Revolution. It has proved that, while at the time of his admission to the bar he had but little knowledge of the law, he became through a practice of considerable length a lawyer of unquestionable learning; that Jefferson notwithstanding, he had a large practice, both as a young man, and especially, of course, after his famous exploit in the Parsons case, and also when he

¹Patrick Henry. By Moses Coit Tyler. "American Statesmen." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

resumed practice after the close of his public career. It has proved that, while we should remember he was a genius, he was not incapable of the closest kind of attention to the detail of, for instance, committee work; and that he was placed as a trusted adviser and coadjutor on many important committees, in the Virginia legislature, Virginia conventions, and the Continental congresses. It has proved that he was the trusted and life-long friend of such men as Washington and John Adams. It has proved that he was a statesman, actively, conspicuously engaged in the leading and most pregnant political movements of the day.

Professor Tyler's book is written in a lucid, graphic, and often dramatic style. It is in the best form of biographic writing, throwing the man of whom it treats into strong relief, collecting about him all the events of his time, which either served to mold him, or to which he may have contributed form, yet without destroying any proper proportions in the events themselves or diminishing the importance of other persons. The study is essentially an original work in all its parts; and this independence of investigation, enhanced in value by the examination of materials hitherto not accessible by other writers, has made some portions of the book highly important contributions to our knowledge of American History. The author says in his preface, "that besides the copious printed materials now within reach, I have been able

to make use of a large number of manuscripts relating to my subject"; and incidentally, on page 353, he says, "it becomes our duty, however, to trace this story over again, as concisely as possible, but in the light of much historical evidence that has never hitherto been presented in connection with it." This historical evidence has been well and judiciously used and weighed throughout the volume.

The most valuable portion of the book is that which tells a "story that has never yet been told," the true account of "Patrick Henry's relation to that vast national movement which ended in the reorganization of the American Republic under a new constitution." This relation is now revealed to us, under a stream of light which no longer leaves any doubt in our minds, in chapters XVII., XVIII., and XIX. And it must not be imagined that this recital is only of interest as elucidating the attitude of Patrick Henry to the constitution and the causes of his opposition; it is, on the contrary, of the first importance for a correct understanding of some of the great questions connected with the establishment of our government. The account, too, of the organization of Virginia as a State is valuable and suggestive in its manner of treatment.

On the whole, we are inclined to regard this volume as one of the most valuable of the series, as being in fact what each one of the series ought to be, essentially an *historical study*.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XI. (SECOND SERIES.)—JUNE, 1888.—No. 66.



THE Anglo-American conquest of California in 1846 left in the hands of the victors not a few unsolved social problems. Among these not the least important was the outcome of the vast landed estates resulting from Spanish grants. These in the later years of Mexican authority were bestowed with a lavish hand on almost any respectable naturalized applicant on very easy conditions, and embraced some of the finest and most productive sections of the unoccupied public domain. What under a despotic government with a

low grade of civilization would naturally have given rise to a landed aristocracy, exercising a controlling power in the interests of the few, and reducing the masses to a condition of serfdom, was here brought under the modifying influence of republican institutions. In several cases these feudal domains remained in the hands of pioneer Americans, and have been managed and cultivated by them as personal estates, instead of being simply used for land speculation. The agricultural and social conditions resulting from such holdings in a republican State open a fruitful field to the

student of institutions. The most conspicuous and interesting case is that of the Rancho Chico. It cannot fairly be called a typical case, for not only is the domain exceptionally rich in natural advantages, but has been from the first in the hands of a man of exceptionally broad and progressive views and great public spirit, especially and patriotically associated with the history of California since the earliest advent of Americans. Moreover, a chapter probably without parallel elsewhere has here been added to the story of the Indian problem. All these things have given the Rancho Chico a historic importance among the Spanish land grants, second only to that of the Sutter grant.

The establishment of Sutter's Fort, or New Helvetia as it was named by its proprietor, located in 1839 as a frontier station on the navigable waters of the lower Sacramento, naturally created a point of rendezvous for American adventurers, who looked to it as a secure resting place from the hardships and fatigues of an overland journey, as well as an outfitting place for explorations in every direction. As a consequence it was here that definite information was best obtained of the features and resources of adjoining districts adapted for settlement. The temporary or permanent residents were,

almost of necessity, those connected with the enterprising proprietor in the development of this rich valley to which it was the point of entrance or exit.

Among the earliest to secure a definite location here was John Bidwell, a native of western New York, an early Ohio schoolmaster, a pioneer settler in Iowa and northwest Missouri, and finally, at the adventurous age of twenty-one years, a member of the Bartleson emigrant expedition of 1841, which a full year before Fremont had made his earliest exploration of the eastern Rocky Mountains had passed over the same ground, pushing their way by unknown routes beyond the mythical Salt Lake, and accidentally stumbling on the natural track of the St. Mary's or Humboldt valley to the foot of the Sierra Nevada, thence in straggling parties across this formidable mountain barrier to the open plains of the San Joaquin, and the frontier settlements in November of that year.

Afterward he met Dr. Marsh, who, by omitting to procure a passport for young Bidwell, subjected him to a short nominal imprisonment from the Mexican authorities at Mission San José. The young man somewhat later entered the employ of Captain Sutter, and thenceforth continued in the position

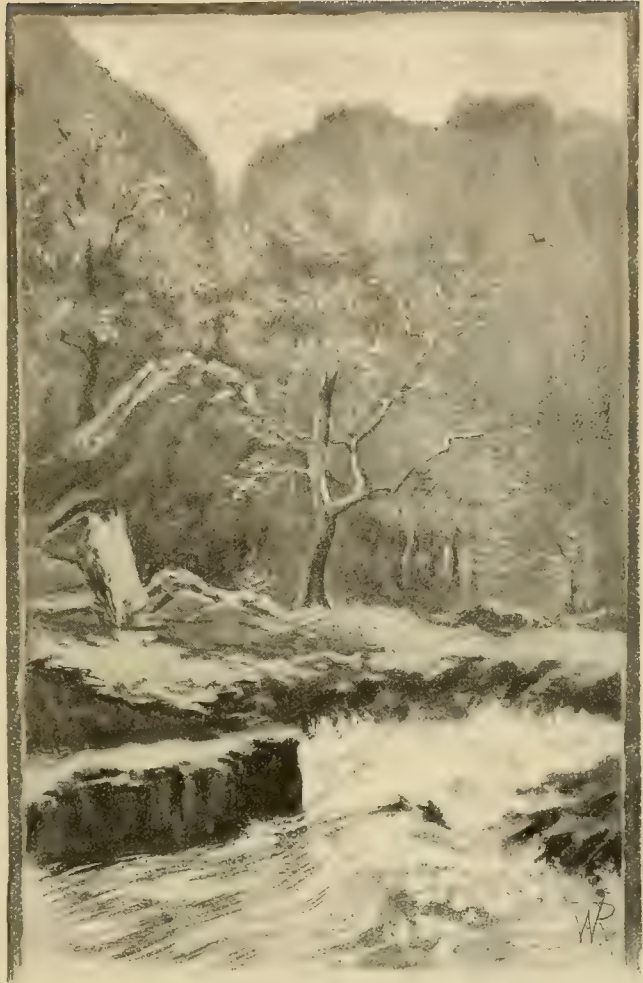


THE SACRAMENTO BELOW THE BRIDGE.

of book-keeper and confidential agent. He took charge of the transfer of the Russian property at Ross, in 1843, and subsequently engaged in several military expeditions, including the Micheltorena campaign in 1844.

During the period of the American war with Mexico Bidwell served as quartermaster in the Fremont battalion, and did efficient service in restoring the American possession of Southern California, after the formidable Californian revolt in the fall of 1846.

In his varied vocations while at Sutter's Fort, young Bidwell found occasion to put into practice his early experience as a surveyor, especially in running the boundaries of land-grants, in which service he acquired an accurate knowledge of the character of the various districts. His own personally selected grant in the lower bottom lands of the Sacramento proved unprofitable, however, and was abandoned. In the mean time, among the acquaintances that he had made at Sutter's Fort was one William Dickey, an educated Irishman, who came to California as early as 1832. This man, after a somewhat roving life, including a trip with Dr. Sandels, the naturalist, received on recommendation of Captain Sutter a grant of the Rancho del Arroyo Chico in 1844, while Edward A. Farwell secured another tract, the small stream of the Rio Chico forming the boundary between the two grants. It was during a run up this valley in 1843, in pursuit of an Oregon company, as well as in making a map of this grant in 1844 that surveyor Bidwell's attention was specially directed to the desir-



IN IRON CAÑON.

able features of this district; and after a successful mining enterprise on Feather river in 1848-1849, in which Mr. Dickey was a partner in the division of the proceeds, Mr. Bidwell bought the northern rancho from Dickey, who wished to leave the country. Subsequently, after tedious legal obstructions, the whole tract now known as Rancho Chico, enlarged by later purchases from the Farwell grant and others to 25,000 acres, was confirmed by the courts in the possession of John Bidwell. From this time he abandoned mining risks, and devoted himself to the quiet pursuit of agriculture. He had left the Mexican war with the title of major; and during

the War of Secession he was commissioned general by Governor Stanford, in view of possible military requirements, and by this latter title he is best known in California.

Here then the young pioneer found himself proprietor of a vast body of as rich land as any on which the sun shines, situated on the banks of a navigable river, and capable of producing everything desirable for civilized man. It was, however, wholly in a state of



GRAPE VINE TRACERY AND FESTOONS.

nature, and partially occupied by a degraded Indian tribe, which was rapidly wasting away before the aggression of the white man.

His first care was consistently to preserve, as far as was compatible with cultivated uses, the natural characteristics that had attracted him to the estate. Thus, the clear streams, only partially diverted from their course for irrigation or mechanical uses, are allowed to flow in their gravelly beds, bordered by over-arching trees of sycamore, alder, willow, and maple. The natural forest is encouraged to a more vigorous and symmetrical growth by the

removal of decayed limbs or the lopping of unsightly branches. The native vines are allowed to climb untrained over lofty trees, and swing their pendent branches in every variety of graceful festoons and leafy hammocks, now with the soft tints of early spring, then with the deeper green of summer, and later, in the chill autumnal breezes, flashing out into a perfect blaze of intense red, shaded off with a bright yellow or deeper purple. The

flocks of sheep, so destructive to all low blooming plants, are vigorously excluded from floral reservations, which show in early and late spring every beauty of color. Even in midwinter the manzanitas are in full bloom, and the white cedar (*Libocedrus*), transplanted from its mountain home, is loaded with pollen that shakes out in fine dust upon the passing breeze. There are native oaks that cast their leaves in winter, but retain their stately forms. One specimen in particular, which in its magnificent growth attracted the admiration of Sir Joseph Hooker, while visiting the rancho with his friend Dr. Asa Gray, has since been known by his name. On the river margin, which is here a clear stream, uncontaminated by mining debris, there are clumps of dense vegetation, alternating with gravelly bars and bare or grassy slopes, giving charming vistas of land and water from every exposed point. Here also is a substantial free bridge, which gives a civilized aspect to the scenery, and affords easy access to the fertile plains of Colusa County beyond. Occa-

sional winter floods at some seasons cover immense tracts of this rich alluvial soil, or sweep through a tangled forest, leaving high water marks on the trunks of trees, or drift material in their lower branches, very significant, but hardly appreciable to the passing traveler at ordinary times. But it is in the upper districts, safely removed from river overflows, that the most attractive features of natural scenery are presented.

Midway between the river and the projecting foothills, through which the great north and south valley railroad passes, lies the bulk of the productive agricultural lands,

the luxuriant orchards, the town of Chico and its suburban annex, Chico Vecino ; here also is the Bidwell mansion, (which has supplanted the old historical adobe,) embowered in dense masses of foliage, — a strange mingling of native and foreign forms, all equally luxuriant and productive, including with the palm, the olive, the fig, and the orange of the south, the oak, the pine, the elm, and the walnut of northern climes. Beyond this, following up the banks of Chico Creek, you pass through the shades of "Val-lombrosa," or the more intricate mazes of "Sulambrosa." At one point on the route the stream divides in its downward course into two distinct arms, leaving a projecting point known as Cape Eden. During the rainy season, both of these stream-beds are allowed to carry the abundant water supplies ; but later, when the supply is less copious, the right branch, called Arroyo Lindo, is left dry, the whole body of water being confined to Chico Creek, thus securing a perennial flow.

Above this point the vegetation plainly indicates a greater aridity of soil, and here the digger pine (*Pinus Sabiniana*) makes its first appearance, its gaunt trunk supporting branches with a singularly thin foliage casting only a scanty shade, while its limbs are

garnished with ponderous cones, armed with thick, spinous scales. Its fruit product is now in less request than when in early Indian times it furnished an important supply of native food. With this pine is associated a dense, clumpy chaparral growth, mainly composed of a California lilac (*Ceanothus cuneatus*) interspersed with occasional manzanita bushes and the bright green of the northern live oak (*Quercus Wislizeni*). These singular features of vegetation have been put to a practical use by laying out intricately winding roads appropriately named "The Mazy Way," whose sudden turns and twists are bewildering to any but the skilled driver or well trained horses.

And now comes in view over open plains, with scattering groups of the blue oak (*Quercus Douglasii*), the lower spurs of the foothills, here clothed with chaparral and low pines, rising farther up in castellated walls and terraces, among which is conspicuous the noted landmark of "Nimbus Knob," which marks the extreme limit of Rancho Chico in this direction, as the waters of the Sacramento do in the other. Along the steep slope is seen creeping in serpentine form a mountain lumber flume, which, penetrating the high timbered districts, discharges



SIR JOSEPH HOOKER OAK.



THE OLD ADOBE.

its timber products in the heart of the valley.

Beyond this the most interesting point is the deep rocky chasm known as Iron Cañon, through which the Rio Chico forces its way. Here beetling cliffs of dark ferruginous conglomerate hem in the contracted stream, and between them, as seen from the dizzy heights above, it twists and surges in its frantic efforts to escape their plutonic grasp. The crests of the cliffs, barely a stone's throw

apart, support a scant growth of shrubbery hardly obstructing the view; while below, in their deep crevices or crumbling terraces, they afford a precarious support to choice plants, safely removed from the clutch of the botanist or the outstretched neck of adventurous sheep. Seen from below this narrow gorge, obstructed by fallen rocks and stranded drift-wood, presents a tangled maze of rank vegetation through which it is difficult to force the way, and which has never yet been explored through its whole length. It is hardly necessary to add that such a narrow rocky defile presents in its simplest form the solution of the important problem of water storage for the valley below, and a source of unlimited water power.

To complete the view it is only necessary to climb up the steep slopes of the enclosing mountain wall five hundred feet or more, by a series of terraces. As you scramble upward through dense copses—in which the horse-chestnut, the scrub oak, the ceanothus, buck-thorn, and manzanita are conspicuous—and



THE BIDWELL MANSION.

seek to assist the weary legs by calling the arms into vigorous use, it is well to avoid the tempting grasp of the supple poison oak, which stretches so invitingly its three-lobed leafy palm to your assistance; otherwise in wiping the beaded sweat from your brow you may unwittingly transfer its poisonous juices to face and eyes with disagreeable results. But the summit once gained, fatigue is forgotten in the magnificent view that opens on

plan, than the bringing latent possibilities to fruitfulness began. The town-site of Chico was selected, laid out with broad streets, and provided with ample reservations for public parks, churches, and school-houses, soon to be embowered in shade and made attractive by pleasant homes. Mountain roads were surveyed and constructed at great expense, to make accessible the adjoining mining and lumber districts. Mills were erected and



STREET IN CHICO.

the vision, — with the wide valley, the cultivated fields, the orchards and groves, the winding stream, and the distant snow-clad mountains spread beneath you in a magnificent panorama. So much for the natural features of Rancho Chico, attractive enough surely even in its wild state to justify its choice as the spot for the display of Anglo-Saxon energy in development and home-building.

No sooner was the land confirmed to General Bidwell, and the boundaries extended enough to enable him to carry out his full

supplied with the most approved machinery, and river navigation encouraged. In this latter enterprise General Bidwell met with a serious accident in a steamboat explosion, the marks of which are still borne upon his forehead. But above all, the products of field and orchard secured early and constant attention. Experiments on a large scale were made to test the adaptability of this location and soil for the production of the choicest kinds of grain or fruit that could be procured by extensive correspondence or personal application, and the results, sometimes



ON THE RIO CHICO.

of success and sometimes of failure, were soon made apparent in a strange mingling of varied vegetable life.

The fig and the olive, the native walnut and its Asiatic relative, flourished in unrestrained luxuriance. But the standard fruits of the orchard were submitted to more rigid discipline, clipped and pruned to check their natural exuberance of growth, to be bowed down by clustered fruit easily reached by the gathering hand, and less exposed to ruthless summer blasts.

There is no other section in which the cherry bears more plentifully or with greater certainty of return. The markets of the north as far as Portland, Oregon, depend upon the product of this region for their early fruit, and each year an enormous quantity finds utilization through the cannery. One cherry tree in this orchard during the past year bore almost a ton of cherries, which sold for an average of ten cents a pound, making a return of almost two hundred dollars for a single tree. In May the apricot

begins to yield its golden fruit, and before its day is past, apples, pears, peaches, plums, almonds, nectarines, prunes, quinces, and the endless variety of grapes come one after another to fill their places in an endless round. Aside from table grapes, all the vineyard product of the ranch is made up into raisins. There is something in the quality of climate and soil that is peculiarly favorable to the culture of the Malaga, and the finished product is sweeter than the average, and far excels the more famous Fresno brands in the thinness and tenderness of skin.

These comprehensive plans were intended to embrace every department of agricultural industry, carried out by the latest and most approved appliances. The staple wheat product here never failing was converted into the various grades of flour, to which the Chico Mills with the Bidwell brand gave unquestioned reputation. Hogs almost wild partly secured their own living in the oak groves; and in the nicely shaded pastures were large bands of horses and mules mainly devoted to working uses, the racing stock alone excluded, for which Rancho Chico had no use. An extensive bee ranch utilized the nectar secreted by the flowers of the field, the orchard, or the forest, to which was added a large patch of the white sage of the southern country, to give variety and flavor.

The constantly increasing fruit product called into active requisition every branch of manual labor for gathering and preserving, — including Indians, Chinese, and school children during their long summer vacation. One of the pleasantest sights in the height of the fruit season is seen in the hive of industrious workers assembled in the cannery, including both sexes and every available age, each with an appointed task, drones only being shut out. A still more picturesque scene is that presented by a group of Indians under the ample shade of a spreading oak, engaged in separating the husks from the almond, best accomplished by beating and hand-picking, the swarthy, half-clad forms engaged in these various processes, with the rude appliances for cooking and living, troublesome babies strapped to a board hung to the drooping limbs of the tree, all set in a

framework of cultivated fields browned by the summer sun, present a picture better fitted for the artist than the word-painter.

To give a more definite idea of the actual productive capacity of Rancho Chico and its business management, a few statistical facts may be here briefly stated.

Of the entire tract of 25,000 acres, about 7,000 acres are devoted to the ordinary field crops, principally grain and forage. Fruit orchards and vineyards occupy 1,500 acres, while over one-half of the whole is left to the natural growth of forest, copse, wood, and open pasture ground, intersected and made accessible by natural or artificial roads.

The ordinary annual yield of wheat in favorable seasons may be set down at 100,000 bushels, and of barley 50,000.

The hay crop, consisting mainly of partly

matured barley, wheat, or oats, supplemented with alfalfa and some other grasses, is about 1,000 tons, principally consumed on the ranch.

The live stock includes 1,000 cattle, 150 milch cows, 300 head of horses and mules, and 500 hogs.

The annual meat product requires the slaughter of 300 head of cattle and 1,200 sheep. The dairy, supplied from 150 cows, yields a gross income of \$12,000 per annum.

During last year (1887) the cannery turned out 370,000 two-pound cans of fruit.

The almond orchard yielded 30 tons. Of the dried fruits no definite estimate can be given. Last summer over 200 persons were employed in the cannery alone, and at no time is the ranch pay roll less than a hundred men. During the almond season about sixty Indians are kept busy, and sometimes in the height of the fruit season 500 or more men, women, and children, mostly Americans, are given employment on the ranch.

Among the earliest social problems claiming attention in connection with the development of Rancho Chico, was the disposition and treatment of the Indians originally attached to its soil. To the ordinary pioneer the readiest solution offered was a prompt extermination, or at the best allowing natural causes to work out more slowly the same result; but to one who regarded personal proprietorship as a trust, to be administered according to the strict rules of justice and right, such a view could not for a moment be entertained. Accordingly, from the first the almost



FROM NIMBUS KNOB TO THE SACRAMENTO.

hopeless task of elevating this degraded race to a higher civilized plane was taken up. By kind and considerate treatment, not rudely interfering with their natural habits, but encouraging those of cleanliness, sobriety, and thrift, by placing within their reach means for bettering their condition, and protecting them from lawless aggression, the noble task has been carried on. Later on he was efficiently aided in this work by Mrs. Bidwell, who took up the work of attempting to rescue this small remnant of a doomed race from utter extinction.

The problem has been solved so far as individual effort can accomplish it. Faithful, honest, industrious men and women, living in their own homes, and "acting just like white people," are what one sees in their village. They try as hard as they can to be good, to save their money, to take care of their families, to help each other, and to obey the laws. Some of them go to churches in Chico, evening lectures, and political meetings, in their neat Sunday clothes. They also have a chapel of their own, and attend regularly.

They fall in love and marry, and have their joys and sorrows, all with an intensity of earnestness almost Oriental in its strength. When their children die they are heart-broken; motherhood and fatherhood are immensely strong in the race. They have no tribal relation; in fact, as General Bidwell states, there were Indian villages in early California but not Indian tribes; and their life was communal, rather than tribal.

Their feeling towards General Bidwell is one of strong reverence; his house is always called by them "The Mansion." Towards Mrs. Bidwell, who has taken care of them when they were sick, taught and governed them, they show absolute devotion. She is their "white sister." They not only come to her in all troubles, but if any of them wish to leave the village for a few days, to fish in the river or camp in the hills, they come to her to tell her so; and if any one went away without doing this, the rest would consider it contemptible behavior. The slightest suggestion she makes is binding as law. Yielding such perfect obedience, they make the most



THE APIARY.

childlike claims and demands, but never in a troublesome way. They are allowed "gleaner rights" on the Rancho; wheat left after the harvester, fallen wood in the forest, windfall apples, late cherries on the highest boughs, are all theirs, and they never abuse the privilege. But Mrs. Bidwell once drew

life, and have a delightful sense of humor. They seem entirely to lack personal pride in dress, (except on really grand occasions,) but they have solid self respect, and show it constantly. The little girls taught in their school and in Sunday school are as modest, and well-behaved children as one could wish to see, no darker than the Italian peasant children, and often quite as pretty. Their singing is as



PLOWING FEBRUARY.

for them, a lesson of providence from all this. The wind blew, and shook off the fruit, and beat down the grain,

in the orchard and fields, making what men called "waste," in order to care for the poor Indians. And, a little later, a great wind-storm leveled one of the General's large wheat fields. The laborers began the difficult task of cutting the fallen grain. Up came an anxious delegation of Indians to Mrs. Bidwell, saying that the men were cutting the wheat that was meant for them. But, they were told, how can the General keep his flour mills going? Shall we stop the mills, and give you all the wheat field? No, they understood, it would not do, — the great storms were not to be counted, — and so went away perfectly satisfied.

The Indian village, Mechoopka, is about ten minutes' walk from the mansion, beyond the orchard to the west. It lies in a group of cottonwoods, and is pretty and healthy. There is a school taught by a refined young American girl; the houses are plain wooden ones, quite as neat as ordinary Portuguese laborers' houses. When one enters, a few pictures, decent furniture, curtains, in some cases sewing machines, and musical instruments are seen. They show great dignity and simplicity in their intercourse with strangers. When better acquainted they are happy hearted and childlike; they enjoy

genuine as that of negro children. The children, too, are now the strongest influence to civilize the elders, for the Indians are all



THE WATER TOWER.

proud of their educated children. Most of the little niceties of dress and home come in this way. The children read and write and use



English; and so the parents follow. It is a pretty sight to watch the older children, after school, telling to their parents all they have

they always take care of each other. No such thing as an Indian beggar was ever seen in the region, nor ever will be. They take sick Indians from elsewhere and care for them. It is part of their religion. And they have done more than this,—they have cared for sick white people, and once brought up a white baby deserted by its unnatural mother.

As we said, the social side of the problem is fast being settled. Not so with the political side. These honest, faithful people have no rights that any white man is bound to respect. Until recently, their oath was not taken in evidence under any circumstances. They cannot vote, nor hold land. Of the seventy-five men, women, and children in the village, all are deeply troubled over their situation. They have no homes; they cannot have any, under the laws. General Bidwell wishes to deed each family a piece of land in fee simple. Mrs. Bidwell, while in Washington, interviewed Attorney General Garland, but could get no decision. Senator Dawes and the friends of the Indians are working to secure laws that will permit them to hold land. Mrs. Bidwell says "the strict construction of the United States laws, recently passed, allowing Indians upon certain conditions to hold real estate is that it applies only to Indians on reservations, considered as wards of the government, and does not apply to the still more deserving class mainly or entirely self-supporting, as represented in California." It all turns on citizenship, and a test case will



TREE DIGGING.

learned, or playing with the babies, in the village streets, like any other Californian girls and boys, healthy, happy and busy. The very great affection that the Indians have for each other keeps them from ever becoming rich as individuals; for in all misfortunes



"MARY."

be made some of these days. There are Indians in the village who can read and write, have been to the public schools for years, and would make first-rate citizens, and the village has had a school since 1875. It is a monstrous wrong to deny them the rights of voting and of holding property, and it is hoped this article will do something towards strengthening the forces of the friends of justice to the Indian. Cases are known in California

where the heirs of a man, despite his expressed wish in his will, drove Indians from their village. Associations holding land in trust for them are unsafe, besides being wrong in principle. Let us give them a fair chance — these civilized men and women, who earn their own living, and do not go on the war path, or lie drunk around reservations. If Rancho Chico can thus show one bright spot on the dark background of Indian op-

pression, the reader of the sadly romantic pages of *Ramona* will be able to point to one redeeming feature in the treatment of Indians on the Pacific slope.

With the view of meeting the necessary expenditures of these large enterprises, as well as enlarging their scope, General Bidwell some time ago decided to subdivide a portion of his estate, a step that is greatly to the advantage of the beautiful town of Chico and to the whole county of Butte. The especial tract chosen for this subdivision is designated as Chico Vecino. It embraces one thousand acres of the most fertile soil on the entire ranch, and is as its name implies adjacent to the present town of Chico. Here it is reasonably expected will be built up a prosperous and intellectual suburban community, retaining some of the best features of the noted Southern California colonies, with even more individual freedom and greater variety of life. In accordance with the pronounced temperance principles of the proprietor a prohibitory clause respecting the sale of intoxi-

cants forms a condition to each deed, while on the other hand liberal provision will be made for churches and schools. If other large landed proprietors of California could be persuaded to carry out similar enterprises the entire State would witness an immediate and marvelous growth.

The business center of the town of Chico is less than five minutes' walk from General Bidwell's residence. Chico is a city of trees, wide streets, and beautiful gardens. Its situation on Chico creek, and about midway between the Sacramento river and the Sierra foothills, is peculiarly attractive. It has seven churches, a good public school system, with over eight hundred pupils in daily attendance, and some excellent private schools. The town is well built, with many and substantial brick blocks and handsome private residences. Its population is about six thousand, making it the largest city in the valley north of Sacramento, nearly a hundred miles distant. The tributary territory is so extensive that energy and foresight cannot fail to



SOME OF THE NATIVES.

make Chico one of the large cities of California. The Holly system of water works is in operation, supplying ten thousand gallons of water daily. The Bank of Chico, with a paid-up capital of three hundred thou-

The northern branch of the State Normal School has been located at Chico, and fifty thousand dollars appropriated for the building now in process of construction. Sites were offered in many towns, but Chico gained



THE SMALL SINGER.—A SMILING MAIDEN.—THE CHIEF ILFONSO.—OLD SAWECO.—ONLY A BABY.

sand dollars, occupies its own building in the center of the city. The Bank of Butte County has a capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Sierra Lumber Company, owning great bodies of timber in the mountains, has a flume forty miles long that delivers lumber in the city.

the prize, and the building will stand on a tract of eight acres of very choice land south of Chico creek, and facing Front street. This tract was donated by General Bidwell. The people of the town raised ten thousand dollars in cash, and the site was valued at fifteen thousand dollars. Its setting of winding



CHICO VECINO.

river and vine-clad oaks will render the fine Normal School building still more attractive.

The educational advantages of this district will be greatly promoted by the Normal School, and it is sincerely to be hoped that during the life-time of the General not a few of the enlarged schemes for public improvement will be consummated.

Whatever may be the outgrowth of Rancho Chico in the distant future, no taint of injustice or wrong can ever attach to this fair heritage; possible mistakes or short-comings will pass into oblivion, while the good and true will maintain a perennial freshness. Children

yet unborn will sport in the shade of stately trees yet enclosed in the embryo leaf; there will be delightful drives in the sylvan shades of Vallombrosa, or the Wild-way, cheerful picnics on the banks of Rio Chico; the cañon recesses will be explored by curious eyes; prying botanists will here make pilgrimage to collect from rock crevices the silvery knot-weed (*Polygonum Bidwelliae*); Nimbus Knob will attract hardy climbers; the luscious fruits of tree and vine will continue to refresh thirsty palates long after the head that planned and the hand that planted have been turned to dust.

C. C. Parry.



THE LAST OF THE SHIP'S CREW.

JEROME ARLINE came to study law with his uncle, Filbert Arline, of the firm of Arline & Tenelle, San Francisco.

Young and proud, Jerome was pleased to find that his uncle's offices were on the third floor of the Elmore block, one of the finest buildings in town. The youth was assigned to a large and airy inner room, handsomely appointed, which commanded a view of the bay, and here at his desk he fell to copying legal instruments and poring over Blackstone.

While walking through the corridor soon after his arrival, he noticed a strange inscription on the broad transom above a door near the apartments of Arline & Tenelle. The inscription read, "THE SHIP'S CREW." The

transom was covered with a faded blue cloth, covering the inscription. Jerome, who had seen the inscription, asked, pointing.

"I'm a new man here, sir, and never found out. I've no keys, and it's always shut."

Jerome, who had seen the inscription, asked, pointing.

He saw a large and closely curtained corner room, carpeted and furnished with a handsome center-table and easy chairs. There were many things that he could not make out in the gloom, but one peculiar row of objects appeared in the yellow light that edged in from a curtain, — six old pickaxes standing against the wall.

He saw a large and closely curtained corner room, carpeted and furnished with a handsome center-table and easy chairs. There were many things that he could not make out in the gloom, but one peculiar row of objects appeared in the yellow light that edged in from a curtain, — six old pickaxes standing against the wall.

He went down the side hall a way, then turned back. As he again drew near the corner room, two ladies came forth into the corridor. One was elderly and infirm, the other not more than thirty, and of comely person. Both were attired richly, but in mourning, and both were in tears. They closed and locked the door, walked sorrowfully to the waiting settee of the nearest elevator, rang up the car, and entered it descending from Jerome's view.

The youth marveled, and could not divine the import of this visitation. For a month or more he looked toward that door whenever he entered the corridor, but no further discoveries rewarded his espial.

About six weeks after the mysterious visits of these two ladies, Jerome found himself one morning accompanied in the elevator by an unusual seat-mate; an old man, clad in weather-worn hat, red flannel shirt, and canvas coat, with pants tucked into his big, coarse boots. His two powerful hands grasped a stout thorn staff, which he rested upright before him as he sat. Despite the rough costume of this associate, Jerome observed that his garments were scrupulously clean, and that his wrinkled face denoted great decision and intelligence. His thin locks were white, his bushy brows shadowed eyes of faded gray, his nose was aquiline and sharp, his mouth sunken, and his lips projecting.

In repose he still bore a look of power and vigor, but when he rose to leave the car at the third floor, it was evident that the period of physical strength had passed. So slow and feeble were his movements, so halting and doubtful his steps, that Jerome stopped and took his arm kindly.

"May I help you?"

The reply was instant, and in a voice of positive accents, albeit expressed in the treble of age.

"You may, youngster, you may! I was a

good hand to help the old folks when I was young. You can take your turn."

"Where are you going?" asked the youth, as they proceeded.

The old man nodded, and said briefly, "Yonder."

They passed the doors of Arline & Tenelle, passed by one of the neighboring offices, and to Jerome's surprise stopped before The Ship's Crew. Here the stranger said, "Now if you'll turn this knob I'll be obliged."

Jerome tried it vainly.

"The door is locked."

"Locked!" The old man echoed the word in consternation. He looked up at the transom, then at the keyhole, and said firmly, "It can't be!"

Jerome tried again. "Yes, sir, it is."

The visitor leaned on his staff and gasped, "Why?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It is always locked," replied the youth gently.

"What day is this?"

"The first of December."

"Yes, I thought so. I wonder—" He began to tremble, and leaned helplessly against the wall. A ghastly pallor swept over his face. He looked cadaverous, and Jerome in alarm supported him, fearing that he might faint. But the attack passed. He rallied, and drew something from his pocket.

"Here's a key. Unlock it for me."

Jerome took the key, short, and flat, and thick. It was yellow in color, and of such weight that he could not repress inquiry, but held it to the light. He knew then that the key was solid gold.

Wondering, the youth thrust this into its slot. The well oiled bolt slid back. He threw open the door.

"Now roll up the curtain."

Jerome obeyed and looked eagerly about him. He saw a luxurious carpet, a massive center table, six carved easy chairs, a library, and costly paintings. In contrast with these elegant surroundings appeared at one side a row of pickaxes, a nest of old iron pans, and a pile of bleached canvas.

The stranger drew his finger through the dust that covered some newspapers on the

table. He shook his head at this token of long neglect, and tottered as he looked about him. Jerome was again alarmed by this extreme weakness, and helped his new acquaintance to a chair. The staff fell on the carpet as he sat back wearily and said,

"Strange they have not come."

"Whom did you expect?" asked Jerome.

"My partner. My partner. And Starbuck too. There were three of us last year."

"How many were there at first?" queried Jerome, puzzled.

"Just we six. Starbuck and Coffin, Easton and Pinkard, George Roystone and me. My name is Knowles, Perce Knowles. Coffin died in Australia, on one of his ships. Easton was killed in the war. Pinkard stayed in Frisco. He was drowned off the Gate three years ago. Starbuck stayed in Frisco too. He ought to be here now. You are sure it's the first of December?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was here at daybreak last year, and Starbuck had the door open and a fire in the grate. But his health was poor. I'm afraid he's gone. And my partner—my partner!"

The hard and heavy hand resting on the table edge trembled as with palsy. Jerome remembered the two mourning women who had visited the place some weeks before. A conviction swept across his mind that they commemorated Starbuck. He strove to divert the thoughts of his companion.

"Were you whalers?"

"Whalers!" cried Knowles, indignant. "Boy, we were Argonauts. Forty niners. We dug gold in this country before you were born!"

Jerome, much impressed, understood the situation instantly. This place was a rendezvous, and the man before him, a pioneer, come to keep an annual appointment with his former comrades. He closed the door and took a chair.

"Let me stay here until they come."

"Who are you?"

"Jerome Arline, from San Diego. Only a law clerk. I study in one of the offices here."

"Law!" cried the old man bitterly. "We

had better order, more honesty, more fair play before the law was introduced than we've ever had here since. They paint us men of '49 as swaggering bullies, rowdies, and boors. Never was a grosser calumny. We were gentlemen of education and sound sense, organizers with hearts of oak; and a man was safer then than he is now. I was born in Maine and had good schooling, but I never saw at home such rugged honesty in public affairs as we had here in '49."

The face of the speaker glowed. Once adrift on that stream of reminiscence his talk drifted on with the garrulity of advanced years.

"It was late in '48 I heard of the gold finds in California and made up my mind to go. I learned of a ship loading at Boston for San Francisco, and I hurried to get aboard. It was the *Wauwinet* of Nantucket, Captain Bias Coffin, a gruff old sea dog as ever trod deck. He'd had trouble with passengers on previous voyages and wanted none, but finally he took me. We set sail in a cold and stormy time, laden with soap, candles, and shovels. There were five other passengers. Starbuck and Coffin were from Nantucket, Coffin a relative of Captain Bias. Easton and Pinkard were New Hampshire boys, and Roystone was from Delaware.

"I was twenty-five years old then, young and strong. Chuck full of days' works, as they used to say at home. I'd never had a pain or an ache, and was counted among loggers an extra good hand with an axe.

"Roystone and I bunked together. We were friends from the first, brothers at sight, sir. He was the finest gentleman I ever met, a Huguenot by descent on his mother's side. There was always something kingly about Roystone. He scorned trifles and was high-minded and whole-souled. Handsomer than I. You'll see when he comes. He ought to be here now."

The hand on the table trembled again, but he added cheerfully, "He don't live in Frisco. He has a long ways to come. May be the trains are late."

"It looked very different here then, I suppose?" queried Jerome, deeply interested.

"As fine a day as ever I saw when we anchored in the cove off Yerba Buena. I guess the very spot where we anchored is filled and built up now. It was just sunset, and the scattered tents, right where this block stands, showed gray in the shadows of the ruddy hills. We were impatient to go ashore, but we waited till dawn because a man who came aboard to see our cargo said lodgings were five dollars a night. He told big stories of the gold fields, and next morning the crew was gone. Every last man of 'em had swum ashore during the night and struck out for the diggings.

"We all liked Captain Bias. We were mad to start for gold but could n't leave him in such a crisis, and stayed two weeks helping him unload. He had no other help. That is where we first took our name of the 'Ship's Crew.'

"We six agreed to stick together, and hurried with our outfit to the mines. We rode twenty miles, and walked the rest of the way to Amador County. There we struck it rich. We found a gulch in the mountains that the miners told us was barren; they had followed the stream up bare, rocky steeps until they came to an impassable cascade tearing down through high walls of basalt, and everywhere the brook ran on bedrock. While the rest of us hunted for pay dirt on the lowlands, Starbuck and Coffin, sons of seamen and skilled with ropes, managed to get a line over a crag, and scrambled up hand over hand beyond the cascade. There they found a wide, deep, rock-bound pool, and an eddy having a backset of sand, covering only a few rods, but heavy with free gold. They brought the word and the colors, and we all went up there, and staked off eighteen square feet apiece, which took in every bit of earth.

"Lonelier place you never saw. It was midway to the mountain summit. Lofty peaks rose behind and jagged bowlders before us, and save when one stood in the brook and looked over the cascade he could see only sky above and dark rock all about. A dozen scraggly pines grew at one side of the pool, and except these pines there was not a living thing visible. The steady ripple of

the brook and the dashing cascade were the only sounds save our own voices. To get in and out Starbuck rigged rope ladders like the shrouds of the Wauwinet. It was seventy feet sheer down the outside to the base of the cascade.

"We had crowds of visitors, and we named our find the Ship's Crew diggings. The difficulties were tremendous. We had to wall in the sand away from the current, and it took a long time to bring the stones and sticks and moss to make it tight. One of us was away all the time packing provisions and supplies from Pizen Camp, eight miles below. Everything had to be brought afoot up that wet, rocky gulch. Another of us lost most of his time cooking and talking with the visitors. We took turn and turn about. More than once gangs of miners came to make us divide ground with 'em, for we were in Pizen Camp district, and the rule was only twelve feet square to a claim. But we had our minds made up, and we were six pretty stout fellows, and we looked 'em right in the eye every time and spoke 'em fair and showed that we meant business. We told 'em the place was uncommon hard to find, and hard to keep supplied; it was a good ways from the real Pizen Camp fields and there was not much of it, and we'd concluded that it formed a sort of exception, and that we'd keep it all ourselves. They gave in to us. We took the precaution to forestall with a month's reserve of eatables, so that if need be we could haul up our rope ladder and stand a siege, but there never was any trouble.

"Well, sir, we were fourteen weeks in Ship's Crew diggings, and we washed every bit of that back-set — most of it with pans. It was glorious! Roystone and I always worked together, and made some big hauls. We two scooped out one day nearly a couple of hundred pounds of gold from a hollow in the bed rock, worth twelve dollars an ounce right there. You never saw such an excited set of men as we six were that night. We just yelled and whooped, we felt so good, and we sat around the camp fire until almost dawn talking of what we'd do with our money. The dust was fine, but lots of it, and all of

us except Roystone had been brought up in New England, and trained to get the last cent out of everything. Never was gravel cleaned more carefully, and we scraped every spoonful of sand from the basin before we quit. But with all our pains, two Irishmen who built a dam just below the cascade and worked over our tailings cleaned up more than nine thousand dollars apiece.

"We brought the gold on pack mules to Frisco, December 1st, 1849. Here we divided, and each man had about thirty-five thousand dollars.

"Father had talked seriously before I left home, and warned me that in flush times few men are wise enough to save what they get. So now I proposed that every one put ten thousand dollars in Frisco town lots, and build stores to rent as an investment. Then I advised that each bury five thousand in gold dust as a stake for next spring, and with the rest of his winnings enjoy himself as he pleased through the winter.

"We looked the place over — a mere collection of tents and coops, but growing amazingly fast — and we believed that Frisco would make a town. The result was that most of the boys put about twenty thousand each into realty here, and they've all thanked me forty-times for it, and it's been the making of 'em. I only put in ten, but I sent ten thousand back to Maine to father, and, thank God! that set the old folks on their feet, and they never knew what 't was to want again.

"We wintered in a tent somewhere near the foot of Nob Hill, and next spring, early, lit out to Tuolumne County, to Box Flats. A great mistake that, for the camp filled with greasers and Chilenos, and there was no end of theft and troubles. But we Americans stood by each other, and ruled according to mining customs. We found fair diggings, but nothing first-class, and kept moving about the district restlessly.

"Roystone and I hung together. A stauncher comrade never was. Never a man more generous, more free to do his share of work, more cheery under all circumstances, more trustworthy in peril."

The old man looked into Jerome's face, with defiant and emphatic expression, as if challenging any nobler example. Then he arose suddenly, his form erect, his manner animated, and strode across the floor.

"You'll never know how much you can think of a man until you've tented with him in the wilderness, cooked, slept and shared with him, and grown to him through toils, and trials, and dangers."

His voice grew a little husky. He paused by the window overlooking the bay.

"It was just such a day as this when we came back from Ship's Crew diggings, damp and cool, with a fog on the water, rare at this time of year. What time is it?"

"About ten o'clock."

The hand that rested on the sill trembled anew. The veteran swayed uncertainly.

Jerome said gently, "You are not very well today. Let me help you to a seat."

The old man looked into the ingenuous face of his young companion. He read there sympathy, veneration, and a warm heart. It led him on to the next phase of his story. He leaned back in the chair, looked off dreamily a moment, then continued in a changed tone:

"Summer passed away, and we only paid expenses. We gave up the season as a failure, but in September we struck good dry diggings on Box Hill, a place that had been worked over forty thousand times without suspicion of the gravel beneath. Roystone and I observed that the little brook that channeled a neighboring ravine, a strong stream in spring-time, had once been dammed by land-slides above, and had for a few years, perhaps, spread out over the hill before it wore a new bed through the debris. We dug and found gravel, nothing extra, but rich enough to pay fairly well when autumn rains increased the flow of water. So we followed the streak and piled up the gravel ready for sluicing. Starbuck and Coffin had claims just below us. Easton and Pinkard were five miles away.

"One Saturday afternoon Roystone and I quit work early, and went down to Box Flats. This was more of a town than common, for

there was a sawmill on Box Creek, and the houses and stores were built of lumber instead of logs. We strolled toward the American quarter and passed a narrow, vacant lot. There we noticed a crowd of fellows at the farther end of the lot, peeping through a high board fence, which was built along Main Street.

"This lot had been sluiced away for gold, and never half built up again, so that the ground was low, while the fence stood well up on a level with Main Street. The boards were laid horizontally, and three or four rows of men were strung along inside, some kneeling, others bending over, and a third row of tall fellows leaning against the fence, with their eyes to the upper cracks. A dozen miners were walking back and forth impatiently behind 'em, waiting for a chance to look; and the queer part was that everybody was silent. Roystone and I saw that something was happening, and hurried in.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"One of the miners answered in a low voice, 'There's a woman come to camp.'

"A real lady," added another.

"And they say she blushes if she sees you look at her. Ain't likely to blush much on my account," growled one of the miners, who was waiting behind the rest for his turn at the peep-holes.

"You've heard tell about the excitement when the first Eastern women came into the camps. It is all true, but I guess ours was the oddest case.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Just across, sitting in front of the Right Bower."

"The Right Bower was the best hotel in town, fronting us over the way. So that lady was n't sixty feet distant.

"Why don't you go 'round on Main Street and see her? Come along, Knowles!" said Roystone.

"You can't do that," replied one of the boys. "We were all there, first, and Kelso came out and made a speech. Said we were annoying the lady. She would n't come inside because there was a bar, and the floor was littered with playing cards. We must n't make it troublesome for her. He'd sent a

messenger to the hills for her brother, and asked us to clear the street till he came. So then we all ran around here. Kelso has put a man at each end of the block and 'won't let anybody go by till her brother comes, just because she blushes so when we look at her.'

"Kelso was owner of the Right Bower, a resolute New Yorker, one of our best men. He was doing the correct thing, and of course we gave up going around on Main Street. But it had been almost two years since I had seen a real lady, and when they told about her blushing I was wild. To be so near a real lady who blushed, and then not be able to see her made me rage.

" 'Move out some of you and give the rest of us a chance,' whispered Roystone indignantly. 'We want to see her as much as you do!'

"Well, sir, those fellows struck up with one voice and said this was just like miner's right, the first one who got the place had title to stay. Would n't one of 'em budge an inch. They were packed in against that fence like sardines. Not one would take his eyes an instant from the crack. We could n't scuffle with 'em, for then she'd know we were watching, and everybody was careful not to make any noise.

"I went along the line seeing who was there, and found a miner named Byars who was down on his luck. I knew he was half sick and hard up, and living around on the crowd. So I took out my buckskin bag and reached it in under his hand. 'Byars,' I whispered, 'let me in there five minutes, and you may have as many pinches as you want.' Gold dust counted a dollar a pinch in the diggings.

" 'By and by,' says he, pushing away the bag, without looking around. I saw it was no go. Then I went along to others I knew, and begged for a chance, but they only kicked or struck backward to drive me off and never a man turned his head. They were all waiting to see her blush. And of course as Kelso had cleared the street and she did n't know any one was watching she never blushed at all, but just sat on a stool in front of the Right Bower, waiting quietly for her brother.

"Roystone came to me where I was chafing. He pointed to the topmost crack above the heads of the crowd. 'If we could get a barrel to stand on, so as to reach that —'

" 'Better not,' says one of the fellows. 'When Kelso sees a hat show above this fence he'll put a bullet through it, sure as fate.'

"That was likely, too. Kelso was gritty. And barrels were scarce to get, anyhow, worth fifty dollars apiece to haul water in.

"Starbuck and Coffin came along and joined us. Coffin had one of his everlasting ropes with him. Those Nantucket chums were always carrying around lariats, and they'd save themselves more work by lines and pulley-blocks than any other men I ever saw. When they found out they were as eager as we, and Coffin unslung his rope and looked up to the adjacent buildings for some projection to toss a noose over, so he might climb high enough to get a peep. But there was nothing to catch by. Starbuck says, 'There are four of us. Here, take my feet and raise me to the highest crack.' We lifted him forward at once. He put his hands on the shoulders of the tall fellows and got his eye to the upper opening. Then he exclaimed, awestruck:

" 'Great Heaven, it's Sada! It's my sister!' And he stayed right there, too much amazed to move.

" 'His sister!' cried Roystone. 'Put him over the fence, boys. Put him right over!'

"We gave a grand boost. And the first that Sada Starbuck saw of the brother she had come so far to join, he was fired over that fence like a rocket, and dropped down in Main Street before her.

" 'If it's Starbuck's sister, I'm going too,' said I. For Starbuck was one of our Ship's Crew, and we all had associate rights in his good luck. So I piled up on the kneeling men, and then on the shoulders of those standing, got hold of the boards and wiggled to the top.

"There I saw her for the first time! A good-sized, shapely young woman of twenty, dressed in snug black, her long hair in a knot, her handsome cheeks browned a little

by the sea, but still very fair, and her bright, sweet, brave face as fresh and pure as a rosebud. Starbuck called her name as he sprang forward, and she came running with arms outstretched. I dropped into the street, closely followed by Roystone and Coffin. But we stopped short and felt rather awkward when Starbuck embraced her as they met, such a picture as it was. She just clasped him about the neck, and hugged him to her, and kissed him with tears running down her cheeks, and such a mixture of gladness and grief in her face!

"Sada, what has happened?" asked Starbuck, looking pale and astonished.

"Mother is dead. I could n't stay there alone. I wanted to be with you."

"He drew her to him heartily, and they both were silent a minute, while we boys kept aloof.

"Well, sir, such a racket as rose behind that fence! You'd have thought twenty starving grizzly bears were let loose over a quarter of beef. Those fellows had heard her voice, and it was more than the chaps in the rear could stand. They pounced upon the others and tried to pull 'em from the cracks, and then everybody fought for a place. In half a minute they tore down the whole of the upper part of the fence, and a mass of curious faces showed above the remaining boards.

Sada heard the uproar, and pretty soon she faced about and looked at them. When she saw such a crowd, all gazing at her with admiring eyes, she blushed just as they had said. A rosy bloom spread over her cheeks and her brows and down her handsome neck.

"When the fellows saw that they caught their breath, and every one sighed out 'Ah!' and I could hear the aspiration way where I stood. I knew what thrilled through 'em, for if you'd have poured hot water on my head, and sent it streaming over me, I could n't have felt it more than the glow that tingled in every vein. There had been a few women in California, but not of the blushing kind. And I can tell you it was a great day, even for the most reckless of our fellows,

when they saw a good, true lady once more, — a woman that could blush."

Jerome had been holding a hand over his jaws for some time, to hide a rising laugh. The veteran noticed this, and smiled himself for a moment. But his memories were mostly earnest, and his face grew grave, as he continued in a musing and thoughtful voice.

"Coffin had known her when he was a boy in school. He went forward to greet her. Roystone and I were introduced, and we all escorted her to our tents on Box Hill. We set the camp-fire going, and put over the bacon, and got together the best eatables we had. Sada had come around the Horn with Captain Bias Coffin, on his second trading trip. The Captain found out where Starbuck was, and put her aboard the Tuolumne stage. How we laughed, and yet were proud, when she described her journey to Box Flats. All Frisco turned out to see her off. The vehicle was packed knee deep with gifts of provisions and dainties for her lunch. At the first relay, every man around threw down his tools and signaled his fellows, and they stood in line along the road to see her leave. The first time she got out to rest at one of the stations the driver took away the coach windows so she could n't hide herself from view if she wanted to. She never was allowed to pay for fare or meals. One driver stopped in every swale where late wild flowers grew, to let the other passengers pick them for her. The stage was crowded all the time, and when it met the returning coach, half her companions got out and went back, by which she knew they had made the journey only to be with her. Everywhere she was treated like a queen.

"She told all this with a subdued gayety, mingled with such a touching appreciation of their rude kindness and loyalty, and seemed so much at home with us and so happy to be with her brother, that we were charmed.

"Well, about dusk men began to straggle up from town and cluster on the hill-side. But they did n't come near us until the leading men arrived, the alcalde and the rest. Then they marched into camp, about two

hundred of 'em, the whole American population of Box Flats.

"Starbuck understood. He told his sister as they came in sight that these were his friends, and she must stay out by the fire where they could see her and speak with her.

"I tell you she had courage, that girl, for all her sensitive face. She stood right there as dignified and easy as if she had received homage that way all her life. The crowd put forward Alf Raymond to make a speech, and he did it well. You've heard of Alf, a millionaire and prominent man here since. He was college bred and had left a wife and baby in the States. Said he hoped she would n't mind all of 'em coming in a body, but they had left wives or mothers and sisters back home, and she was the first Eastern lady that had reached Box Flats, and they felt they could n't wait, but must come right up to bid her welcome and ask the privilege to shake her hand.

Starbuck did n't need to answer for his sister. The men crowded around in their rough mining costumes, and she blushed even prettier in the firelight than she had by day. But she spoke out at once, as tranquil and cordial as you please. She said her brother had told her when they came in sight that they were his friends. His friends were her friends, and she was glad to meet them.

"Well, that pleased the crowd, and they all filed by her and shook her hand respectfully and went away. They left more than six bushels of canned meats, cracker sacks, flasks of syrup, and such things. We found a bar of soap, too, that one devotee had brought. Sada was rather offended at this, but Coffin explained that that particular contribution was meant for him. So we had a laugh and it all passed agreeably. We partitioned the main tent with blankets so she could have one end, and when Roystone and I went up to our A and turned in, I told him that day finished my interest in mining. I did n't care for all the gold in California, but I was going to marry Sada Starbuck if I could.

"Roystone made no answer. He rolled over and went to sleep. Two days after he

said quietly one morning that he was going out prospecting. He went away and was absent a month. I worked on the dry diggings and hung around camp. I worried that girl into an engagement. She never had a lover before, and I was so earnest and attentive that I won her over. Starbuck warned me off at first but finally consented, and when Roystone returned she had promised to think of marrying me by and by. Her griefs were too fresh to leave her heart wholly open to quick wooing.

"Well, he returned in excellent spirits, that partner of mine, and he was more brotherly than ever to me. But he had n't been back long when I noticed a change in Sada. She seemed to lose cheerfulness, and thought a great deal, said little, and kept me away. I asked her why, but I could n't get any explanation, until —

"It happened like this. We broke camp on the hill and pitched our tents on the flat, waiting a chance to buy mules, or a horse and wagon, to take us and all our baggage to Frisco.

"One day Starbuck was coming through the foreign quarter of town, and he saw a nugget sticking from the earth in the street. He picked it out, — worth may be, fifty dollars. A crowd of drunken Mexicans and Chilenos hailed him and demanded the drinks for his luck. As they were insolent, he refused. Blows followed words, and a greaser tried to knife him. Then Starbuck drew his revolver and laid one out. They rushed in, felled him, and stamped on him as he lay.

"Sada saw it all from the tent door, and screamed to us. Roystone and I were sitting in the shade, behind the A. We rushed over and plunged yelling into the crowd, sending shots ahead, and we got him out. Starbuck was terribly bruised and lamed, bleeding some under his clothes, but he was able to walk with our help and we led him home. He had kept his wits, and he laughed as Sada met us and told her cheerily that he was not much hurt, although the poor fellow had two ribs broken and was never the same man afterward.

"We put him into the tent and fixed him

up as comfortable as we could. Then Sada came in and cried over him, and rearranged the blankets carefully. She turned to me.

"Are you hurt, Percy?"

"I had a knife-cut in my arm, and the lower side of my sleeve was heavy and warm with blood. But she could not see it, and I replied, 'Oh no, nothing serious.'

"How can I ever thank you two," she said, and looked at Roystone. The end of his little finger had been shot off, and she spied the bloody stub. With that she cried, 'O George!' She tottered toward him and fainted in his arms.

"And Roystone, as he clasped her, gazed across at me. He was pallid as she, and delight, and terror, and loyalty flashed through the changing lines of his face. I looked into his eyes and saw the end of the world.

"Down to the creek I ran, and stripped off my blouse, bathed and bound the hurt arm, all in a daze. I thought of them both and I knew what I must do. Then I marched back.

"Roystone was sitting outside, with his head in his hands.

"Come," said I.

"He sprang up and gripped my fingers. 'Partner, good-by. I don't know which I'll miss most, you or her.'

"I shook his hand and answered, 'Good-by. Now step into the tent a moment.' He followed, uneasily. Starbuck lay quiet. Sada sat by him. She arose, very pale, when we two appeared together. How pretty, how pretty, how pretty she was!

"Sada," said I. 'One of us is going away now. We've come in to see which.'

"She never looked at Roystone. She looked straight at me, and replied steadily,

"Percy, you must not think of leaving.'

"Roystone put his fingers on my arm, and said to her in a whisper, 'He's the squarest man on the Coast. True gold. Honest as daylight!'

"She looked at him haughtily. I saw how things were going. They were both too staunch to betray a friend or a pledge. So I broke through.

"This won't do. We are not in New Eng-

land now. We're in the mines, where fair play rules, and mistakes are corrected by short methods. Keep still!' I cried to Roystone, who tried to interrupt. 'This is not for you nor me to settle. We both love her. She must decide. It don't matter if one of us suffers. But if she suffers too! That would be a crime. He loves you, Sada, as much as I, and whichever one you would be happiest with is the one to stay in this camp.'

"She stood very erect and replied, 'You have no right to speak so publicly.' She glanced at her brother. 'You misunderstand Mr. Roystone. You misunderstand me.' She faltered a moment. Then she added in quavering tones, 'And the nobler I find you, the surer I am I will marry no one else.'

"That settles it!' exclaimed my partner, moving away.

"I caught his arm.

"Sada, I made you think you liked me. When he came back, you saw he was more congenial. You knew you had made a mistake. He left camp in the first place only because I told him I meant to win you.'

"She had not looked at Roystone before, but now as he stood beside me her eyes for a moment glanced toward him, and then, sir, — then, — she could not take them away again. Roystone gripped my left hand in his right. Blush after blush swept over her cheeks. Then both hands flew to her face, and she began to sob. Roystone sprang towards her. I left the tent.

"I suppose I went crazy a little. It was mid-afternoon, but it has always seemed to me night when I ran for the hills. It's been night ever since."

The old man heaved a sigh. He arose, threw wide the hall door, gazed forth restlessly, walked to the window, returned, and took the easy chair once more. His face looked worn and sorrowful. Jerome was rapt. He awaited further narration, but the veteran remained silent.

"Were they married?" asked the youth gently.

The miner sat musing, without reply.

The young man ventured nothing further

for a few minutes. Then he spoke once more.

"You saw them again?"

"O, yes. They came to Frisco for a visit in '64, with their two little children, all they ever had, born long after the marriage. Eight years ago they moved to Denver. Then we survivors of the Ship's Crew got together and rented and fitted this room, and gathered up our old equipment. Here we've met once a year since. Starbuck and he are rich. I'm still mining. My luck left me years and years ago. It's worn me out before my time, but —"

He paused abruptly and peered forward with set face. Jerome was startled by the eager, amazed expression, and turned about.

A lady was in the corridor, nearing the door. Sounds of footsteps denoted that some one accompanied her. She was a young woman of twenty, dressed in snug black, her long hair in a knot, her sweet brown face very sober.

"It is Sada!" cried the old miner, panting. But reason quickly ruled. He smiled expectantly.

"It's Sada's daughter. He is coming. Perhaps Sada is coming too."

He arose in agitation. The young woman appeared at the open door. She looked upon the veteran with instinctive recognition and sympathy. Now appeared beside her a young man of twenty-four, tall of stature, distinguished in features, with frank and manly bearing. He took off his hat, upon which a crape band showed, and led the way

deferentially with troubled face. The two came forward on the soft carpet, and the tiled corridor was still behind them.

The old miner raised his hands, overcome by recollections which this young man's face revived. He saw the signs of mourning. He read the silence. Awe, yearning memories, and despair, commingled in his strong face. He reached forth his arms, crying piteously, "My partner! My partner!"

With that he dropped in a heap upon the floor, like a tower that falls inward.

They gathered about in affright. They felt his pulse. They whispered in dread. Then the brother led his tearful sister into the office of Arline & Tenelle.

"Is your name Roystone?" inquired Jerome, who had explained his own name and position. He accompanied the visitor to the elevator, telling him where he would find a physician and the coroner.

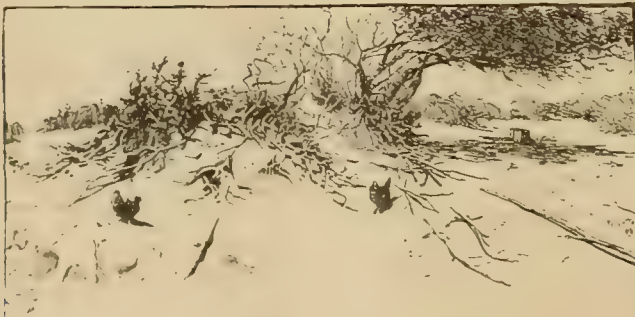
"Yes. My father was his comrade. He died last July in Denver."

One Sunday, a month later, Jerome stood beside a monument that fronted the sea in Lone Mountain cemetery. He read the lettered disc,

*Percy Knowles,
Last of
The Ship's Crew.*

"Died of heart disease," Jerome murmured, repeating the coroner's verdict. "It is true. It was his heart that killed him. And it is fitting his tomb should face the Golden Gate!"

Woodruff Clarke.



STELLAR PHOTOGRAPHY.

On the 16th of April, 1887, there was held at Paris an International Congress of Astronomers at the invitation of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

More than fifty physicists and astronomers met for the purpose of considering a scheme of international coöperation in the work of making a complete photographic map of the whole heavens, from the north to the south pole.

This, at least, was the main object of the conference. A plan was perfected by which a number of coöperating observatories, working by similar methods and by instruments exactly alike, can in a comparatively short time obtain a series of photographic negatives which taken together will constitute a picture of the whole sky. We can thus hand down to our successors a perfectly accurate and complete record of the positions and magnitudes (brightness) of every star shown on the maps, and do our part towards solving many extremely important stellar problems. The ancients believed the starry universe to be "incorruptible," and unchanged.

We know, while the changes are relatively few and take place often with great slowness, that it is only by means of such changes that any new light is obtained on the extremely difficult problem of stellar constitution.

First we have to show that there are changes, next how these changes occur, and lastly why they occur. The maps are designed to show the circumstances of the changes, and it is left to the mathematical and experimental skill of the astronomer to explain the wherefore. But it is really the wherefore that concerns us. Our sun is a star; and upon the constancy of his light and heat all life on the earth depends.

What Stellar Maps we now Possess.—Thanks to the unremitting labors of Bessel, Argelander, Schoenfeld, Chacornac, Henry, and Palisa in Europe, and to those of Gould and Peters in America, we have star maps of

the whole sky, which show the position and brightness of every star visible to the naked eye; of all the stars down to the 10th magnitude from the north pole to 23 degrees south of the equator; and down to the 12th magnitude over nearly all of a belt of sky 30 degrees wide and parallel to the ecliptic.

An idea of a 10th magnitude star may be had when it is said that a powerful marine spyglass will just about show stars of the 10th magnitude in the blackest nights.

History of Astronomical Photography.—For a complete history of astronomical photography, I must refer any one who is interested to some one of the sketches of this subject which have lately appeared. Perhaps one written by myself in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* for November, 1886, will be most readily accessible.

It is there related how the first daguerreotype of the moon was taken by Professor J. W. Draper of New York, in 1840; the first of the sun by Foucault of Paris, in 1845; the first of stars by Professor Bond, of Harvard College, in 1850; the first of a solar eclipse by Doctor Busch, of Königsburg, in 1851, and by Professor Bartlett, of West Point, New York, in 1854; the first photographs of the spectrum of the eclipsed sun by Professor Schuster and Mr. Lockyer, of England, in 1882; the first of a nebula by Doctor Henry Draper, of New York, in 1881; the first of the spectrum of a star by Doctor Huggins, of London, and by Doctor Draper, of New York.

It is interesting to note how large a share Americans have had in this progress.

Since the first successes, there has been an enormous advance in every way. The greatly increased sensitiveness of the modern dry plates has been a powerful aid.

The International Congress.—It has therefore been obvious for some time that photography was destined to play a considerable part as the servant or handmaid of astronomy,

and the International Congress was called, in order to devise the best methods for co-operative work among astronomers all over the world.

The conference was attended by about fifty astronomers, and these gentlemen represented sixteen different countries, so that its conclusions may be taken as truly international, as well as authoritative.

The chief object of their deliberations was the determination of the means of making a complete survey of the whole heavens, by means of photography; and they also discussed the best methods of securing photographs of nebulae, comets, star clusters, binary stars, planets, etc.

Their conclusions were formulated in resolutions, one of which reads thus: "To make a photographic chart of the sky for the present epoch, and to obtain the data for determining the position and magnitude of all the stars to the 14th magnitude."

The plates containing the stars to the 14th magnitude are to be taken in duplicate to guard against error. They must be made by means of special telescopes of thirteen inches aperture, and the exposure of the plates will be about fifteen minutes. The plates contain about four square degrees; and thus for every four square degrees in the sky thirty minutes must be employed in the actual photographic exposures. Counting the necessary preparations and the time required to make duplicate plates to replace failures, we may reckon that for every plate of four square degrees photographed the astronomer's time will be required for at least an hour, either in the observatory or in the laboratory. There are 41,000 square degrees in the whole sky, and therefore we must count on 10,250 hours devoted to this purpose alone, as the plates contain 4 degrees each.

With nights 10 hours long, there are 3650 hours in a year. Everywhere but in California, Italy and Algeria, about half of these will be cloudy; half of 3650 is 1825. Half of the clear nights will be unfit to work on such delicate photography, owing to the presence of the moon; half of 1825 is 913 hours.

Leaving out of account every other possible source of disturbance, such as winds too strong to allow the steady pointing of the telescope, failure of the delicate mechanism by which the telescope is kept pointed at the stars, twinkling of the stars themselves to a degree sufficient to destroy the accurately circular form of the star-discs, and all other sources of failure and disturbance, there are thus certainly not more than 900 hours in a year in which such photographs can be taken. In my own opinion 500 hours per year is a liberal allowance of available time. That is, 20½ years would be required for this work if it were done by a single observatory.

Probably ten observatories may be found which will join this coöperative work, and if this is so a period of three years *may* suffice to execute this part of the work. As other work of the same sort is to be carried on in connection with it, it will in my opinion require at least six years before we are in possession of the two series of photographic charts proposed by the Congress. The work is of such paramount importance that it is well worth this expenditure of time and labor, and so far as possible the Lick Observatory will join in it.

Beside the time spent in the mere observing, the time required for the necessary calculations and measures must be added; and it is likely that several years more will be required for this. If we have the completed work by 1900 we ought to be content.

The charts we have been speaking of are photographic pictures merely. But it was not necessary to call a congress of astronomers for the purpose of taking pictures merely. A congress of expert photographers would have sufficed for that.

Not only were these *pictures* to be made, but other photographs were to be taken in such a manner as to allow the most precise measures of position to be made upon them; and also in such a way that the relative brilliancy of the stars could be numerically expressed by data derived from the plates.

Roughly speaking there will be about twenty million stars down to the 14th magnitude, and it is clearly impossible for *meas-*

ures to be made on the positions of so many objects. There are not enough astronomers in the world to do the requisite measurement and computation.

Hence it was resolved by the Congress that "there should be a second series of plates of shorter exposure to insure a greater accuracy in the micrometric measurement of the standard stars, and to render the construction of a catalogue possible." And it was therefore decided to make a second series of plates, giving the data for determining the absolute positions of the 1,500,000 stars down to the 11th magnitude.

The map of these 1,500,000 stars together with its accompanying catalogue will, so far as it is now possible to foresee, and so long as the methods of astronomy remain what they are now, forever answer the demands of astronomers for accurate star positions.

The maps of the 20,000,000 stars will, it would seem, give such pictures of the sky as will suffice to solve the problem of the existence of planets of our system exterior to Neptune, and to give all necessary data for the detection of new asteroids, new variable stars, and sufficient evidence to determine the real distribution of the stars in space.

Other Applications of Photography to Astronomy.—There are many other applications of photography to astronomy, and the conference covered these by a resolution which reads as follows:

"The Congress expresses the desirability that there should be a special Committee, which shall occupy itself with the applications of photography to astronomy other than the construction of the chart. It recognizes the importance of these applications, and the relations which it is desirable to establish between different kinds of work."

And accordingly a permanent Committee was appointed.

It has been estimated that the sum of \$20,000 is sufficient to purchase the instrumental outfit necessary, and to pay the necessary expenses of the observatory, and the salary of the astronomer to take part in the international undertaking of constructing the photographic charts of the heavens. This of

course is a task which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. When it is finished, the instruments will still have very many useful applications of a different sort.

The whole question of making charts by photography is so recent that the Lick Trustees did not include in their plan, by my advice, the purchase of one of the 13-inch photographic telescopes recommended by the Paris conference, in April, 1887. To have done so would have involved postponing the transfer of the Lick Observatory to the Regents of the University (and hence postponing the beginning of its active work) for many months, and perhaps for several years.

Still, it is now known that this important work will be begun, and it is quite possible for the Lick Observatory to take a very active part in it, provided the necessary instruments are available, and an extra observer is forthcoming.

If any friend of astronomy will give us \$20,000 for this purpose, I can promise for the Observatory that it will engage in this international undertaking with vigor. And I think that it is quite safe to promise that our work will be done as well as any other. I am sure that we shall be able to finish our task more quickly than other observatories, owing to the continuous clear weather of our summer and fall months.

Photography at the Lick Observatory.—But the Lick Trustees acting on my advice have provided a photographic attachment to the 36-inch telescope, which will enable this to be used as a gigantic camera for photography.

It cannot be used to make maps according to the scheme of the Paris Congress, since that scheme requires a focal length of 13 feet, while ours will be 47. But we shall have a vast deal of work to be done falling under the resolution of the Congress last quoted.

I have so far said nothing of the photography of the moon, of the planets, of nebulae, and comets. Here the Lick Telescope will have some important advantages. But it is in the photography of stars—of double and binary stars, of all the fainter stars, of all star clusters—that the Lick photographic telescope will find its chief application and dem-

onstrate its immense superiority. One of the first works to be done is to photograph the vicinity of all the brighter stars, for the discovery of fainter companions and for the permanent record of their surroundings. A certain number of stars will be selected and photographed at regular intervals throughout the year. Measures made upon these plates will give the data by which the distances of these stars from the earth can be determined. Similar measures upon photographs of star clusters may serve to give us a clue to the laws which govern the internal structure of these wonderful objects. A continuous series of photographs of the brighter parts of one of the brighter comets will certainly throw a flood of much needed light upon the process of their development.

It is not necessary to recount in detail all the various applications which astronomical photography may have at the Lick Observatory. It is plain from what has been said that there is no lack of important and interesting work close at hand, and that we already

have definite aims for the work of the large telescope. In the course of doing the work already laid out many new and unsolved problems will arise, and we shall necessarily have to follow each of these to a conclusion. We also expect to be called upon in the future to help to decide similar questions which will arise in the practice of European astronomers.

To all of this work the Lick Observatory will bring unusual advantages both of climate and of equipment, and it is now certain that the liberal treatment of the Observatory by the Regents of the University will enable us to collect a company of astronomers and observers on Mount Hamilton, each of whom has already distinguished himself by his astronomical work, and each of whom may be relied upon to do earnest and creditable work in his new surroundings. It cannot be too often said that it is finally upon the faithful, intelligent, and uninterrupted work of the astronomers that the reputation of the Observatory will depend.

Edward S. Holden.

MARGARET'S ROOM-MATE.

IV.

MARGARET was not a vain woman, but proud. She hedged about herself certain traditions and family characteristics, and though she did not parade them, they were standards that she rarely had out of view. She was working up to a certain ideal of womanhood, self-supporting, self-contained, cultivated; but she was extremely sensitive to the opinion of men who like Ben Hardin came within her circle of life. To them she felt that she stood as more than an individual, particularly when in the company of women of Maud's type. She felt she had a lesson to teach by her conduct, and the mere manner of sitting on a sofa and knitting would carry its weight in the opinion of an observer. She felt that at such times she was the representative of the better part of her sex. This arrogation of

importance may seem vanity, this assumption of high principles in the government of her daily quiet life may seem ridiculous to some young women who believe themselves born to a kingdom in the hearts and thoughts of men. But Margaret had not spent many hours of thought on this subject to end them with vanity. She thought it her duty to represent her sex in her modest way wherever she went; and if her understanding of her duty was evolved from her unconscious understanding of herself and tinged with the colors of her characteristics, yet I think upon the whole that Margaret's earnestness served her purpose. She was regarded by almost all who knew her, even Maud, as a womanly woman, and she could not have wanted a higher reward.

Mr. Hardin remained but a short time, though Maud pouted somewhat thereat. He

said he had work to do at home, and would be far better pleased with her if she would sleep for him instead of idling away his time with her nonsense. She lighted a lantern on pretense of seeing him over the bad pavement, but in reality to joke and tease him a little longer. Margaret heard their laughter echoing along the quiet street; and running down the twenty-three years of her life she could not remember one night when her laughter had mingled so freely and cheerily with a friendly response, and she actually envied now the girl whom an hour before she had pitted almost to contempt for her shallowness.

Margaret's people were of the hill country of Tennessee. Until she was twelve years old she had dressed in homespun and lived in the log cabin that her great grandfather had built. He had emigrated from Georgia, and was remembered as a fierce old man, with a spirit independent even for those days. As some people do a good deal of pea shooting at the ancestry of Tennessee, which they declare was made up of the convict and bond-servant element of the colonies, it may be that such was Margaret's ancestry.

The family had hunted, trapped, herded some, and farmed less, down to a period after the war when civilization drove them apart. Her father and brothers had gone in search of other wilds and left her in charge of an aunt in one of the lowland counties, who had schooled her until she was eighteen, when she was able to take a teacher's place. Then her father came to California, and going into the mountains out of all possible reach of civilization till his younger children should be hoary with age, was prepared to receive his baby back again.

But Margaret in the meantime had grown. She still loved her parents, but did not see clearly how she could go back to them. So, though she followed them here, she stopped at one of the interior towns, some thirty miles away. She felt the more at liberty to do this because besides herself there were three daughters in the family. When her first vacation came she went to the mountains, and then realized how much eight years had done

towards dividing them. Their life was just what she had remembered their Tennessean existence to have been. It was not their commonness that grieved her, nor yet their narrowness, but their lethargic stumbling from day to day. It was a furtively-considered matter of wonder with her how she could have proceeded from such a family, she who had so loved her childhood and its home, and who found a similar existence now so utterly impossible. They too were changed; sullen, silent, distrustful, and sarcastic.

Margaret, when she returned to her school, fought a battle between her filial duty and her desires, and she never went back again. She sent presents, money, and letters. She sent them some friends, and did good offices for her brothers when they came to town. It was a hard thing to do, and one the history of which she never told to any one.

In the next two years she took up telegraphy, and in spare moments studied and read with the hope of becoming a cultured woman. Among Margaret's dreams was one of the future of her sex. She had garnered a notion in her brain from her eighteenth year that sometime and somewhere she would, in a small way, be instrumental toward that development she saw coming. This, perhaps as much as anything, induced her to quit her family. What could she do in the mountains where custom and ignorance were wedded, and the women were content with their circles of life? Why should she waste her time there, and perhaps stagnate herself at last?

But the enthusiasm of her teens was dulled now. She lost all hope sometimes for any future for women other than the past had been, and had humbly resigned any hopes of being instrumental in the good work in a way that should be heard of by the world. She had come to the conclusion that time only would revolutionize the condition of her sex, and her part could be but a mild influence exerted upon such women as came near her. It was the second bitter disappointment of her life, — her disillusionment concerning her family was the first, — and she had clung tenaciously to all those shreds of gay dreams that papers and period-

icals, open letters and lectures, held out to her, and that she had so sincerely believed. She had faith none the less in the possibilities of women, but all the more in obstacles and in heredity.

She had little sympathy with evangels of her sex who had been prominent of late years. As she said to Mr. Hardin later, "There are women that are neither very bright nor book-learned that have felt much and thought much. Their presence magnetizes you, because there is so much active being about them, sensitive to you, sympathetic with you ; altogether, a womanliness that invests their ordinary lives with a sense of fitness and fullness in your eyes. Such women are a haven of rest to a tired, harassed soul. They have learned what it is to be womanly, — not manly womanliness, mind, but true womanhood. I have known only one such woman, and do you know, I hardly hope to meet another ! There is an immense amount of material, but women don't try to know themselves and make the most of what is in them that is worth cultivating."

V.

THE months after Maud's coming sped rapidly. Margaret's circle of acquaintances widened. She went frequently to concerts, saw most of the good actresses, and belonged to one small debating club of three. Her mind had broadened wonderfully ; she felt strengthened and buoyant, and far better equipped for all the emergencies of her busy hours. She could not count on her ten fingers the days in that period that had been of unblemished happiness. She felt often a little thrill of fear lest, according to the belief of philosophers, each one of those happy moments was to be exactly balanced by one of pain, and the end of her life would show the measure of happiness of this period weighed with one of sorrow of another.

The one man to whom the room-mates granted the privilege of frequent and informal calls was Mr. Hardin. His talk with Margaret was merely superficial and wandering, something into which Maud projected a

random shot from time to time. But often she retired to her kitchen, for with time her weariness of shop-work increased, and distaste for the people whom she met there threw her into a sullen fever that only a high temperature and bubbling pots could abate. Besides this was the pleasure of setting something before Ben, or sending something else by him to the old folks as a reminder of her gratitude. At such times, when Margaret and he were alone, the current of talk accommodated itself to their nature. There was far less said, but of the nature to come back and repeat itself in their memories.

Ben's suspicious glances had long since melted away, and Margaret was often half piqued, half pleased, and wholly amused with the deference and deep respect that he now showed her. Not that Mr. Hardin was susceptible to a woman's influence, but it was rare that men of the narrow educational opportunities of his social class met a woman who deserved the deference that he gave Margaret. He knew no woman who did. He knew no woman who had fewer words, fewer prejudices, fewer tangles in her temper or reason, who came more readily to a generous understanding of himself, and of the circumstances that influenced him and determined his opinions. He had read often of such women, and had an ideal shaped in his brain — a handsomer, grander, yet more dependent creature than Margaret. He was chivalric by nature, as it seems inborn in our American men to be, and though she fell far below his ideal, unconsciously he rendered up the best homage in him to the character that, good naturally, she was ever striving to better.

The marked contrast between her and Maud probably quickened Ben's perceptions. When he talked with her he was more intent upon her words and sentiments, and less upon herself than the harmony of true romance would permit. Ben was one of our second set of self-made men, or those who if not made are on their way to that pleasant perfection, — men who are shoved into mechanics and trade when other lads are fighting battles on diamond squares ; who are some-

times, not always, given a financial start and have their heads crammed with grown men's work, by fathers who think a lad's first and finest chance is a place in business where he may work up to responsibility and then partnership in trade. Ben was well fitted for all the mechanical details of his work, and many of those simple problems in which an active thought must dominate the hands: but he found by the buffeting of twelve years how badly he was prepared for some other responsibilities quite as important as money gathering.

At present, as foreman in the foundry, he felt that he had no time for those improvements and intellectual steps that would lift him above the level of machinery, — which was in Margaret's eyes almost his present status. He was in danger of becoming one of the narrowest of "practical" men, had he not met Margaret.

If Ben is ever anything but a partner in a foundry, if his abilities ever reach into a wider circle, he will thank Margaret that it is so — for she early discovered this narrowing tendency and hoped to break it up. She desired to prevent a clever man from becoming a machine for the production of other machinery.

The streets of Rincon Hill were the scene of some of her pleasantest strolls. Even during the warm, still rains of winter, when the falling mist sounded like a spirit hovering behind her, there was pleasure in walking these quiet streets. She laughingly told Mr. Hardin one evening that she believed there was some mysticism about the place, that it charmed her and brought strange notions to her head; and he gravely told her all the history of the hill, with many a slice of personal story sandwiched between. Margaret intensely enjoyed stories, and perhaps the glories of the old place were never revived for the benefit of more appreciative ears. When her own spirits were dull and drooping thereafter, where was there such an inspiring lesson as she could draw to her, though she only flung a window open and leaned forth?

And she thought of no better place where she might warn Mr. Hardin. So often as he

cared to walk she would bring him here, and with him one or two books well marked for his benefit, from which she would read under the street lamps. She ventured to say little to him from herself. She knew she could say much, but these books said more, and said it better. Besides that, she was diffident of preaching to a man seven years her senior, a positive, aggressive man, whose courtesy alone prevented him from demolishing her theories and making dust of her illustrations.

She read from books of which he had never heard. He acknowledged his ignorance with cool frankness, often adding that he did not go much on books anyhow. He had done without them, and he was getting along in the world famously. He was often indifferent enough to what she read, though interested in what she said.

As time went on she could not see that he was any more ashamed of his narrow-mindedness, and he even snubbed her sometimes when she pointed a moral with an example drawn from among his own acquaintances, with whose characters, through Maud and him, she was becoming gradually acquainted.

But she persevered; and he grasped the ideas strongly, and she soon saw herself outstripped in an understanding of her favorite writers. He gave the care, time, and thought to a page that she rarely devoted to a chapter. He astonished and humbled her by the display of his vigorous understanding, and shook to their foundations for a time her notions of feminine equality with the rest of the world.

"After all," he said, one evening when they had about exhausted the list of references she had prepared for him, "after all, I have pleasanter books than these old fossils spent their lives putting together."

"Mechanics, of course?"

"No, men, — in my foundry among my men. It's a pleasant business to read — to read polished thought and all that, have the story of a man unfolded before you without having the trouble to dig for it. That's pastime. But for practical purposes why take your reading second-hand? In a business

emergency I'd rather depend on myself than these men."

"There you go again. Rank heresy right here in my house. These men are n't telling you how to conduct your business, but how to conduct yourself. Do what you please in a business emergency. I'm trying to get you to understand that there's something to you besides a business emergency. These authors only give you the experience of their lives to guide you in yours."

"They do nothing of the kind," he replied decisively. "That is, they think they can, but they do not. We absorb all their ideas — stow 'em away in a reservoir. We think they're ours until an emergency turns up, and then we find we have only ourselves to meet it with, and just what we are. Their ideas are solid enough; we are certain of that, — but we've got to learn first how to put them to use, and that takes time. And when we know a way to them, we know them all. Of course we can't utter them in forcible, lucid language; we do it in life though — we show as much eloquence there as these men do in their books. But it takes a life-time of experience to learn these ideas and make use of them. Why should we read books?"

"Say 'I' instead of 'we,'" she replied smiling. "Your 'I's' always have a delightfully healthy sound, — good chest notes you know."

"Well, 'I' then. It does sound better," he returned. "You see, Miss Lane, a man can't swamp himself if he's in business and wants his business on firm legs. He must stand out clear cut and big enough to be seen, or he'll be sponged out in ten minutes. I don't go a cent on these white-cheeked chaps with their hair parted in the middle, who play the 'goody goody' in grown-up life."

"But is n't there danger of your becoming a mere figure-head and not a man? Wherever you go you will stand for a foundry, and not as Benjamin Hardin."

"Supposing it is so. What of it? That's the case with nine-tenths of humanity. At the best they are figure-heads, and their work's behind them. All the spirit, brain, and energy of a live man go out of him into

his works, and the world sees it and not him. You'd like me ten times better if you knew me as a mechanic and saw me at work."

"Then it was all wasted," she said thoughtfully, "my time — or — I meant — my effort."

"O, I don't think so. I guess I needed a drilling; and then it's pleasant to chat, about these things, — a sort of a lazy pastime."

Margaret sighed. His last words hurt her more than she owned to herself. It was a poor return for her genuine effort to be told that he moderately enjoyed such a lazy pastime. Her wounded sensitiveness made her reticent during the remainder of that evening.

But later she was encouraged by seeing him continue their readings. She noticed, too, that he was milder in his demeanor, more receptive in his moods. She gave much of the credit for this improvement to courtesy, but kept a portion of it for herself.

VI.

MAUD talked of her marriage as a certain event of the future, and Margaret entered most hopefully into her plans, which were constantly working in Maud's brain till it was like to be unbalanced. She was the more impatient to be married because of her hatred of the shop, and her many, sometimes stormy, differences of opinion with the Madame. Mr. Hardin never directly spoke to Margaret of his marriage, though he often alluded to his duty to her room-mate, her dependence, her youth, her poor preparation for any of the probable sad episodes of her life, by which Margaret supposed he expected to be Maud's protector.

There were many things in their relationship that puzzled and pained her. For instance, Maud had no part of her lover's confidence. He was silent with her on matters of the highest import to him; and still more to Margaret's mystification, such a state of things appeared to suit Maud perfectly.

She said to Maud once: "Do you ever go to the foundry?"

"Mercy, no! To that vile, black place? What do I care for the foundry, and haven't I enough to do?"

"But, Maud, you care for Ben."

"Yes; but you glum, old woman, I like him a deal better in that diagonal suit of his than in his working clothes. I wish you could see him — ducking — that nasty stiff stuff, tar and smoke, and — bah! I don't believe in following a husband around, anyway. A woman's dignity ought to keep her at home, not foolin' around musty, fusty offices an' such. I have my suspicions of women who take such an interest in their husband's offices."

"But Maud——"

"Never mind, Marg, I know all about it. I was brought up with the Hardin boys, and I found the way to get along with 'em was to let 'em alone till they came home from work, — and men are all of a piece."

She laughed Margaret away, and Margaret went, still puzzled, yet feeling that *she* had progressed in Ben's friendship in another way than that Maud had pointed out as the best.

Shortly after this their pleasant controversies ceased almost entirely, and when Mr. Hardin came his mind was preoccupied with strikes, and he did not attempt to conceal from Margaret that he was worried, and regarded the present outlook as darkling.

He had always professed to be a sympathizer with working men. She had heard him speak of several young mechanics whose career he was watching with interest. But they were Americans. And since the labor unions organized to such strength, and later still, since the lockouts and boycotts began to clamor for attention, he spoke bitterly of the foreigners. He employed but a few of them in the foundry, and was watching those closely, as though the fact that their blood was foreign proved them of volcanic and eruptive natures. And now that the wave of labor troubles reached here, he came to see the girls less and less frequently, and finally his visits ceased.

Maud speedily lost her patience. "I won't go to the house to ask about him; That's

showin' too much interest. I won't run after him, but I'd like to know if he thinks I'm a stone image, and all weathers are alike to me."

"Business keeps him, perhaps," suggested Margaret, who missed though she did not know she missed him. The fact of the memory of his presence in the house lent a new atmosphere to it, that lingered even days afterward. Margaret laid down her supremacy, her responsibilities, the care attendant upon forcing her way through life and partly dragging Maud, too, for that dependent young woman had long ago shoved the hardest of her "sums" to Margaret. She felt herself drop them all when Ben came, as though the fact that he was in the house was a safeguard against them, and when he was gone, was still content to let them lie as if he had left his signet ring behind him to make them all ineffectual and powerless.

"Business, what business?" cried Maud; "his old black foundry? O, I do detest a hobby! Is it better'n you and me? Can he afford to throw us aside for it, when friends ain't picked up in the gutters? He's a fool, Ben Hardin is, an' I'll just tell him so when he puts his lordly foot on this carpet again. Business, indeed! But, O Marg, I do like him, an' I can't let him treat me this way. I reckon you could, you're so cold anyway. I s'pose it's the sensible way to do, — but I can't. He must n't slight me that way. Nobody ever loved me but Ben. There's plenty of men to hang around an' flatter an' kiss you, — but Ben never done it, an' I knew he liked me just because of that."

She had begun to cry, and sobbed a long time, while Margaret, surprised at such an outburst, soothed her as well as she was able, making such excuses for him as she thought plausible.

Maud had never been jealous of her. She thought those long talks in the parlor the stupidest things woman ever engaged in. It was well enough for lumbering men, who had their noses in iron all the time, to talk so, and for her part she said the two of them could drone and drone till doomsday for all she cared. No, she did not fear Margaret,

She confided to her that she was observing one scheming young woman of Howard Street, who had designs on Mr. Hardin. She wore a red sacque, and was very gay in all those personal adornments that are most conspicuous in the apparel of young women. Maud had always managed, however, to frustrate her bold intentions and keep Ben straight, and beyond this little murkiness the cause of her true love sped clearly and smoothly. Perhaps she secretly hoped that Margaret's gravity was sobering Ben to the proper spirit of indifference to all the innocent-seeming bait trolled up and down Howard Street to compass his ruin.

The next morning Maud left for the shop feverish and dull-eyed; and Margaret, asking an extra half hour at noon, hurried across town to that mysterious den of awful machinery to which women of her class so seldom care to penetrate.

The air was thick and stirring and oppressive. The men — dusty, smutty, and loud-mouthed — were just finishing their dinners. The talk turned mostly on the labor questions, and Margaret in that short time heard theories, opinions, and propositions advanced and supported that made her think, brought her to a new sense, a very new sense of what the word American may mean.

She was stared at generously but respectfully as she picked her way over the fearful paving, half expecting the sheds and shanties to fall upon her from sheer rottenness. The foundry itself was a substantial brick building; the men were just lounging in to work, hanging about the doors between the thick sunlight without and the thicker dust within; while the machinery rocked the floor, and drowned all speech, and the flash of polished steel across stray glinting sunbeams was blinding.

Ben was seated in the office upon a high stool, examining some papers. He wore his working suit, which completed the necessary touch, and he stood forth, a well built, healthy-bodied, healthy-souled American mechanic, not at all out of place among ledgers and accounts.

He looked pale, and not half pleased with

Margaret's coming; so that she told him as briefly as possible that Maud was not well, and that she thought a visit from him in the evening would cheer her and dispel her fever. He promised to call, and then escorted her to the end of the block, where the pavings were safer and more comfortable, and saw her depart.

Her visit to the foundry, strangely enough, disturbed him. He did not take up the papers again, but turned them over to the chief clerk, and went back to his work. He was not in the habit of permitting such a disturbance in his mind from such a cause, even when he had most loved Maudie. Margaret had not been out of his mind during the weeks that had elapsed since their last informal chat. He was beginning to realize, amid the troubles that the strikes and rebellious men had caused him, how much good Margaret had done him.

He did not understand the finer shades of her nature. He knew these finer shades were open to him to a limited extent, could he interpret them, and he could not. As far as he did understand her, he had found her simple and unperplexed, the lines of her temperament running straight. He did not on that account credit her with more than moderate superiority among average women, but he was glad that he benefited so much thereby.

He was very anxious this afternoon to see her again. He was tired and worked down; the foundry had been anything but musical to him during the month; and the rose-paneled room, with sure sympathy and encouragement, persisted in painting itself in all the dark shadows of the shop, — warm and wholesome, pure and home-like, and filled with the spirit of two lovable women, — and tempted him terribly to leave work.

Margaret had hitherto been always associated in his mind with the rose-paneled room, and the attributes belonging to it. Her coming that day, a cool shadow, so silent in movement and brief in speech, yet so warm with life, had given her a tenfold charm. Her sympathetic eyes and equally eloquent, lightly twitching lips, while she had watched

and read his countenance, still haunted him. He was angry with the phantom because it was a phantom, yet a gladness lurked in his mood to watch it, and he did, — pleasantly recalling their acquaintance, commonplace in itself, yet weighted with a quiet happiness and subtle good that made the Tennessean, as he continued to dwell on these things, noble in his eyes.

Long before the afternoon merged into evening Ben knew that his liking for Margaret had increased tremendously, yet all unconsciously to himself. At this late moment he learned that his fondness for her might mean trouble for himself, and that the sooner it was curbed to the correct spirit of friendship, the better. He did not question his duty to curb it, but all the afternoon the picture that had at first gladdened him now angered, as it persisted in its presence, tempted and tortured him until he could not bear it any longer; and for once in his life vanquished by a shadow, he left the shop half an hour early and went home.

VII.

At the appointed hour he arrived at Rincon Hill, somewhat pale, rather tired and dull, but anxious about Maud.

But that young lady, impelled by fever and injured dignity, received him haughtily, sitting in state on the sofa. To all his excuses she had short snappy responses, a world of angry, jealous pain in her eyes, and a fountain of irony on her lips. She refused all his explanations until he tired of explaining, and perhaps determined that she should complete the reconciliation, relapsed into silence. Then angry with herself for her foolishness her eyes waxed in size and brilliancy, and she burst into tears.

He allowed her to cry, until, quieted by exhaustion, she slipped down on the sofa and then fell asleep. Poor, wayward Maudie! Ben sat on the end of the sofa moodily twirling his thumbs until he saw her safe into dreamland, and then he came to the table by which Margaret sewed and sat down.

She saw that the lines of his face were con-

siderably sharper, and the ruddy veins about his moustache and short beard paled. "You did n't tell Maud all?" she ventured.

"No. I've had a tough fight this last month to keep the men at work and it is n't over yet. There's a black little Frenchman buzzin' among them whom I could throttle any day. I was n't in spirits to intrude here. I felt savage, for they've treated me beastly several times, and I did n't expect the trouble to last so long, at least in my shop." He bowed his head on his hand, letting his eyes languidly follow her stitching.

"You have n't the air of a conqueror," she returned, thinking Maud cruel to give him such a greeting, and thinking it impossible that such steady eyes, so frank a voice, could deceive, and wondering that Maud could suspect anything else.

"I don't feel like one, nor I don't feel like putting on the air. It's too late now, and I believe you'd see through the sham, anyhow."

She laughed. "Why I have my hands full with both you and Maud to pet, and I thought you despised petting."

"I do. I doubt very much if you'd pet me, and mix up sugary adjectives and hair-pulling. No, I don't want to be petted particularly — but it's pleasant for you to allow me to sit here — and — well, be nothing for a time."

"Does the place enervate you, and make you melt to nothing?"

"I could wish it did sometimes when you lecture me; but I get tired of the whirl and whiz of town occasionally, and this is like the Valley of Rest the Methodists used to sing of in meetin'. Even when I was a little chap I liked that song. It was a sleepy, cooing sort of lullaby, and made me see visions of valleys, all sunny, and grassy, and watered, still and shady, and this somehow brings it back to my mind. That's the way I like to be nothing."

"A pleasant way, too. I've heard that hymn, and you are handling it sacrilegiously when you compare it to anything in town. How can you?"

"Ah, but you're accustomed to the Valley

of Rest, and you don't see it in all its beauty as I see it. What do you suppose it looks like to me at the foundry?"

She looked at him keenly.

"Mr. Hardin," she said, "I have told you that this neck-or-nothing life of yours would have its effect, and now it has. Tonight you are just ready to throw your life away for an hour's passionless serenity."

"Well, I acknowledge that I have forsaken my sworn principles,—but after I got here I found the temptation so strong—"

"O, I don't mean that, but you can't always work and scheme,—I believe," she added suddenly, "that the spirit of the hill has come upon you."

"What's that?"

"O, my good and bad genii united in purpose for the time. It's a lugubrious, sad, musty sort of a spirit, born of the decay of the hill, and haunts me sometimes when I get a little weary, and it sees a chance to attack me."

"Pshaw," he answered, taking her in earnest. "You take a cup of tea next time and you'll hear nothing of it."

"I don't doubt it. It comes only with mental mold, the first faint fungi of discontent and weariness."

He laughed. "Where did you get your odd ideas? In Tennessee?"

"But it does come," she answered earnestly, "it does come when I will listen,—anywhere,—even in the office."

He looked at her quizzically. "Well, and what does it whisper to you in the office? Does it tell you low tales that go over the wires, or the police news, or the cipher language of some of our magnates?"

"Of course you don't understand. You are only a heathen, any way. No, it doesn't tell me such things. They are not for me to know. I reckon I picked up the fashion of listening in Tennessee,—I was left pretty much to myself there. But my familiar soothes me, quiets me, makes me see things in new lights, furbishes up my understanding. I call it talking to me."

"You're a mystical little woman to be telegraphing in the nineteenth century."

"O," she answered impatiently, "you are out of place,—not I. You are not yourself tonight. Not ten minutes since you were talking of your visions of the Valley of Rest. Now you call me a mystic. Do you never dream, fancy, speculate, or idle?"

"Never. My visions emanated from myself and I knew it. I had a very real sense of the peace of this room when I came here tonight. There were no strikes unless you took to skirmishing with my sins,—and Maud's boycott is simply an illusion, on her part. And my recollections of the Valley of Rest were prosaic, and connected with my comfort only."

"Why did you have visions to begin with?"

"If you've been to a Methodist camp-meetin' there's no use in asking that question. I don't deny I'm human."

"Ah, Mr. Hardin, there were expressions on your face that make me know that you have your familiars too."

"I may have caught the infection from you,—sympathetically, you know. But seriously, I think that sort of thing womanish. I don't mean a reproach,—but as I understand you it is something not properly an attribute of men, and if they give way to it occasionally, I promise you they would not do so after a few years' tough struggle down my way."

"I can't see why a man should be dull, prosaic, and so intensely first-sighted, just because he works among furnaces and steam and steel. Why can't he see visions there?"

"At a distance, perhaps. I love my business dearly, but I don't mix any soulful trash into it. Our bay view is fine from the hills, but on the wharves you see the water is thick and slimy, the wharves rotten, the piles barnacled, the ships rusty and ill-smelling. The bay is n't a magnificent picture then by any means. But tell me what this hill genie has to say to you, and when he comes."

"It is impossible. I see and hear a thousand things, but I forget I am a woman, or indeed, a human. And as for impressions, I feel them vividly, and then they slip away until I forget them all. Come to the window a moment."

He followed her. She threw up the window, first turning the light low that the passers-by might not have the benefit of focusing their idle imaginations on such silhouetted figures.

"I would like you to understand me. You are not constituted unfortunately, but you

won't understand yourself. I think my listenings are the sweetest part of my life. They have enabled me to live alone many years, and if they continue I shall never get to be an old woman."

"I think not," he replied reverently. "Now, sometimes, you are like a child."

I. H. Ballard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BILLY KEY WEST.

THERE were six adult Indians in the camp, besides several children who ran nearly naked under the warm May sunshine through the sand and scrub. A girdle round the waist, scanty as Mother Eve's traditional fig-leaf, was their attire.

The Doctor, a heavy jawed Seminole, stalks about in a new pair of buckskin leggings, fringed with red flannel. He was a medicine man, ready to dispense charms and incantations on the slightest pecuniary provocation.

Then there was Billy Key West, the dandy *par excellence* of the party. He was an easy, graceful, dudish kind of fellow, whose shirts and leggings were always in the latest aboriginal mode. The red clay and charcoal on his face were never carelessly smeared on, but deftly applied with a dramatic effect; while the artistic plaits of his long, black hair glistened with genuine bear's oil upon all occasions.

Finally there was Young Tom Tiger, a tall, agile descendant of Old Bowlegs, who rejoiced in the distinction of owning the largest feet and widest mouth of any warrior in his father's land. He was the son of Old Tiger Tail, one of three sub-chiefs who rule the remnant of Seminoles now in Florida, under the supreme authority of Tustenuggee, the head chief.

There were also three squaws, who seemed to be perpetually busy, yet who accepted their onerous duties with apathetic unconcern. A

faded calico skirt, with a loose body of the same material, entirely separated from the skirt, formed their sole indulgence in the luxury of civilized dress. Several round-faced, tawny piccaninies wallowed in the sand among the other children, and sucked their thumbs and blared their black eyes after the manner of their kind the world over.

Two or three rude shelters of poles, thatched with cabbage palmetto leaves, — barely large enough for all the family to crawl under at night — formed their temporary quarters.

Their camp was on a sandy tongue that curled round where the Lockahatchie River swept into Jubiter Sound. A cluster of cabbage palms, with a few live oaks and a sweet bay or two, sheltered it from sun and wind, while across the sound, beyond the little inlet, the Atlantic thundered unseen against the sand dunes. Upon a high shell mound across the river the white tower of the light house reared itself against the morning sunlight.

Our own little yacht, the Blonde, lay at anchor in midstream, with a dory swinging from the traveler at her stern. Its owner, Burt Carden, — a taxidermist, and a friend of mine, — was on a leisurely cruise down the great Indian River with his professional partner, after plumes, birdskins, and curiosities. I had joined them because I had nothing better to do just then than to rough it a while.

While my friends hunted, I went "beach

combing" for miles along the ocean shore, picking up shells, sea beans, odd bits of copper and iron, smelling old washed-up brandy bottles longingly with stray thoughts of Otard and Cognac flitting through my brain, digging up an occasional nest of turtle eggs, and returning at night with an assortment of plunder that usually lost its value in my eyes when the glamor of sea and sky was no longer before me.

During slack water at the inlet I would row down there, and standing on the firm white beach cast my long bass line out into the channel, and pull out large red fish, skip-jack, cirvallic, and bass, until the sport became tiresome. Often I would throw the splendid, muscular beauties back into their briny homes, wiser, let us hope, if not sadder by their experience. With the first return of the flood tide their biting would suddenly cease and my hour of sport be ended.

On still, half cloudy days, when the mangrove leaves drooped over their watery bed, and the quivering air was charged with insect life, I would wade along the shallow edge of the lagoons and out on the mud flats with a cast-net coiled on my left arm, and the lead-line between my teeth; after lazy schools of mullet, or the big drum fish, whose tails, when they were feeding, would stick out of the blue water. The skill with which Billy Key West would gather up a seven-foot Spanish net, and crouching like a panther steal up to a school of careless fish, was a perpetual delight to me. Then when at the proper distance, with what ease he would swing his body half round, and send the net whirling and fully outspread thirty feet or more, to settle surely and swiftly over its victims!

Billy and I gradually became very friendly. One day, in answer to my asking as to how he came by his name, he took a huge chew from my plug of navy, spat vigorously, and said with emphasis:

"Old Tiger Tail damn fool. No want young men to go anywhere. Billy"—here he slapped his chest—"too heap smart for that. Run away. Want to see how white man live. Go to Tampa. Git drunk damn heap."

Billy here paused and wagged his head slowly, then pressed his hand over his forehead, to illustrate the severity of the penalty visited upon him.

"Head ache—head big—head bust. No like Tampa. Git on big canoe. Go to Key West. Good place. White squaw pretty, picaninny plenty, work heap, money heap. Billy work, make four chinks a day." A chink means twenty-five cents among the Seminoles in Florida. "No drink there—have good time—last git tired—come home. Old Tiger Tail mad; say, 'God damn Billy Key West.'"

"So that is the way you were called so?"

"Yes. Me callum so, too. Good place—me Billy Key West—good name. Incah!"

Billy was very good-natured. He indulged in profanity in a genial, wholly irrelevant way, merely to evince his regard for his pale-faced brethren, and intending his oaths to be taken only in a Pickwickian sense or not at all.

Burt and his partner were anxious to secure specimens of the pink curlew, quite a *rara avis* among the water fowl of South Florida. Thus far they had failed. The Indians seemed suspicious and evasive, and we could get little information from them, until I won the heart of Billy Key West by a judicious intermixture of flattery, bad whisky, and the present of a Derby hat that had tickled his fancy. This last he now wore—after pulling his own feathered head dress down over it,—with unimpeachable gravity.

"You want pink curlew?" he asked me one day, after we had shot two fine white ones. "Give Billy four chinks and you get um."

"Sure, Billy?"

"Damn! Holawaugus! Get 'em anyhow."

This seemed to be a square proposition, and I at once assented. So the next morning found Billy and me paddling up the Lockahatchie in a frail dug-out, leaving the impression on Burt's mind that we were off on some vague and useless hunting frolic, during which Billy would drink too much whisky and eat up all the canned goods I had stowed away in the canoe.

The tide at the inlet was coming in, and as we floated by, I could see beneath us an occasional monster of the sea gliding slowly through the clear blue water. There were huge yellow saw-fish ten or twelve feet long, swinging their barbed saws lazily to and fro. The inoffensive shovel-nosed sharks were there, and I noted with a shudder one or two immense specimens of the man-eaters, and even caught the cold, cruel gleam of their eyes as they turned leisurely sideways to observe the strange shadow passing over them. Up the sound a small school of porpoises were blowing and splashing; and in the shallows along shore the mullet and sheep-head were feeding. Across our bow, darting squads of glittering cirvallic passed, and a drove of hickory shad leaped from the water on our approach; while at long intervals the sky-blue backs and silver sides of a few pompanos — the rarest and choicest fish of this latitude — would shoot by us in a shimmering flash of liquid color.

A few hours of paddling brought us to where hundreds of densely thicketed islets of mangrove made of the river channels a veritable labyrinth. After the first dozen turns therein I became hopelessly lost; but Billy, crouching on his knees in the stern, paddled unconcernedly on, as though such intricacies of navigation were an every day affair with him.

There was water everywhere. The brown legs of the mangroves rose crookedly out of the river, in impenetrable masses, fringed with barnacles, and rooted in a slimy, black ooze, in which our paddles sank hopelessly without reaching firm bottom. Their tall tops thickly leaved, towered around and over us to a height of thirty feet, isolating us from the rest of creation as completely as the grave.

After several hours of this sort of thing, Billy announced that we were near to a "Damn heap bird roost."

The utmost caution had now to be observed in our approach. At last some low mud banks were visible, overgrown with the omnipotent mangrove. Here we landed and pulled our canoe up. I reached for my gun, but Billy interposed, saying,

"Gun no good. Scare 'em too much."

With this he drew out from the canoe a short bow and some long, beautifully feathered arrows. Then we stole cautiously over the mangrove roots, fighting mosquitoes, and occasionally rousing a sleepy "gator" from his nap in the mud, to take refuge in the water with a sullen plunge.

At last sundry white spots afar off took the movable shape of curlews, herons, and other water fowl, flitting about or roosting amid the branches of the mangroves, which for an acre or more here were leafless and dead. This was a general roosting place for myriads of these birds, astutely located far in the midst of this watery labyrinth, miles from any habitable land.

We ensconced ourselves behind a mass of dead mangrove roots, and waited. This silent waiting was the worst part of our task. Mosquitoes, gnats, sand flies, and the unciphered bug, all took turns in puncturing our anatomy, until life became a burden, to me at least.

No pink curlews came in that evening. At dusk we ate a cold supper, wrapped our blankets round us, and lay down in the canoe for the night.

"See pink curlew in morning," was Billy's sententious comment. In two minutes he was asleep, as thoroughly folded in his bedding as a mummy in its cerements. I tumbled, fought, and suffered until daylight, and rose, wondering if life were really worth living. Billy regarded me gravely. His own slumbers had been of infantine quietude, apparently.

"Incah! Skeeters eat white man — damn!"

We crept to our ambushade. Myriads of curlews, cranes, and water turkeys, covered the dead mangroves, or circled in the air above them. A neighboring island was covered with white and gray pelicans. At last a brilliant flash of color appeared among the white and dun shapes of flying birds. I saw Billy crouch expectantly, and at last draw his arrow to the head. There was a sharp twang, and the bright flash of pink came fluttering to the earth.

"No go yet," said Billy, as I started forward. "Shoot more."

We waited, and as the sun peered over the mangroves his patience was rewarded by another shot at a splendid specimen, fully seventy yards away. No others appeared.

Our two victims were considerably larger than those of the white variety, with long plumes of deep, rich pink stretching down their backs, while body, wing, and tail feathers were beautifully variegated in kindred shades ranging from pale mauve to light purple. The prevailing hue, however, was a pure, lustrous pink.

We arrived at the inlet on our return late that afternoon. The Blonde tugged and rolled at her anchor before a brisk southeaster. The ocean was dotted with white caps, and the long surges were flinging themselves against the narrow sand hills with an angry swash and roar.

Burt grew enthusiastic over the pink curlews, and presented Billy with an extra dollar and two big drams of whisky. Billy, standing in his dancing dug-out and holding to the gunwale of the Blonde, slapped his chest roundly, and in this undignified and insecure attitude made his little speech.

"Big Spirit make t'ree men, Ingin, white man, nigger. He say Ingin berry good,—white man good little,—nigger no good. You — white man — friend to Ingin. Billy Key West your friend. Two suns from today, next full moon. Seminole have green corn dance. You come. Tustenuggee — big chief — be there. Have damn, heap good time. Billy Key West tell you come. He your friend. Incah!"

The intervening "two suns" passed by. My friends hunted busily. I reveled in my idleness. The deep blue of the Florida skies, the even sweep of the cool trade wind, the hollow thunder of the "league-long roller" on the beach, the groups of waving palmettoes, the broad expanses of scrub, marsh, and lagoon, darkening and brightening under alternate cloud and sunshine, the long train of gray pelicans winging seaward, the scream of paroquets and riotous revelry of mocking birds, the finny wealth of the blue waters

that were ever rising and falling upon the yellow and silver sands, — all these commingling sources of new and strange delights converted both day and night into the living semblance of an Arcadian dream. Even the stealthy glide of monstrous shark and sawfish almost beneath my hand, where the swift current swirled against the bank, and the terrific though brief thunder squalls that occasionally rose out of the west, widened by the tropic contrast of power and gentleness thereby afforded the delightful possibilities of existence here.

On the night appointed for the green corn dance we rowed over to the Indian camp, and found there had been a number of new arrivals ready to participate in the ensuing ceremony. Old Tustenuggee we found to be one and the same with a disreputable old savage whom we had seen three weeks before staggering about the frontier store at Fort Capron, under a superabundance of cheap whisky. He was then ragged, dirty, and impecunious enough to be seen begging in vain for a final dram from the trader, who however, charitably threw an old blanket over him when he sank in a stupor upon the sand behind the store. But now Tustenuggee appeared as a chief, tricked out in a new calico hunting skirt, red flannel leggings, and with copper rings in his ears large enough for bracelets.

The green corn dance of the Seminoles celebrates the first fruits of the new harvest. A space had been cleared away under the cabbage palms and magnolias. A long trench had been dug in the center and half filled with burning coals from four large fires at each corner of an imaginary square. Over this trench swung the carcasses of two deer and a large hog that were being roasted whole. Over the fires large kettles, filled with new corn, beans, and the chopped-up buds of the cabbage palm, were simmering contentedly, while another large bed of coals was covered with long ears of corn being roasted in the shuck. Appetizing odors filled the air.

The squaws were busy preparing for the feast, the piccaninnies lay asleep under the

thatched shelters, while the warriors lounged about in a state of gastronomical expectancy. No one paid the least attention to us. Even Billy Key West avoided my salutation. Their great annual ceremony was at hand, and the white man must be made to realize his proper place for once.

At last Old Tustenuggee pranced slowly out, chanting in high gutturals some words which, with Billy's help, I found later on to mean something like this :

"Great Spirit, you gave us food last year. You will feed us this year again. We are happy. The Seminoles are mighty. We are happy. We are great. We fought the Withlacooches, and the Kissimmeees, and the white man. Our fathers fought them. We are here. We are happy." And so on in a lengthy and reiterative recitation.

Young Tom Tiger fell in behind the aged chief, then the Doctor and others followed in the order of tribal precedence. Billy dropped in very much towards the last. His foreign travels and his dudish proclivities had not elevated his social status among his compeers. Round the central trench the procession marched, keeping time with arms and legs to the rhythm of the chant, which gradually increased in fervor and rapidity, until a score of howling savages were cavorting fantastically around the eatables like a set of whirling dervishes.

At last Tustenuggee struck his hatchet deep into a cabbage tree with a final whoop, and took his seat composedly on a pile of palmetto leaves. The others dispersed themselves about ; then the speech-making began, and continued until each brave had glorified himself in particular, and the Seminoles in general, when the feast was declared to be next in order.

Billy now ran over to us and shook hands, as did other graver warriors. Even old Tustenuggee grunted at us approvingly and said, "White man welcome, — eat heap."

To which Billy added, for my benefit, I think :

"Eat damn heap much. Food plenty. Incah !"

Fragrant brown ears of roasted corn were passed round by the squaws and eaten in solemn silence, as emblematic of future peace and plenty. Then, amid a Babel of chattering tongues, the various kinds of eatables were furiously attacked. How those dirty Seminoles could eat ! The men cut large hunks of meat from the swinging deer and hog, and dipped out large gourds full of corn and beans from the kettles. Small Indian pumpkins, roasted whole, were split open and devoured by the dozen, together with luscious yam potatoes.

We were stuffed to repletion, and in an hour every man, woman, and child was, to use Billy's word, "Full—heap—too much."

It was long after midnight when we returned to the Blonde. In the morning we made our preparations to leave. Burt's trunks were full of specimens, and my own vacation was near its end. As we lay with mainsail hoisted and a short turn on the anchor, Billy paddled out to us, and deposited a large, flopping green turtle on the deck as a farewell gift, remarking :

"Him damn good meat. White man like um."

I bade him good-by with real regret, associating him thereafter with pleasant memories of the blue waters, the yellow sands, the wealth of verdure and of animal life, that conspired with a delicious neglect of time and occupation to render those balmy Florida days an oasis of sylvan vagabondage in the busy desert of life.

Up comes the anchor, and as the Blonde slowly falls off, the jib is hoisted and hauled flat. Then the mainsheet is slacked, and a moment later we are gliding under a brisk east wind by the white light-house, past the swirling inlet, up through miles of oyster beds and mangrove islets, through Jubiter Sound and Narrows into the broad surface of the Indian River, on our northward journey towards home and civilization.

William Perry Brown.

EDWY OF TYNEDEALE: A ROMANCE.

NEVER mind the when and where of this tale. It is a romance, and a romance is the disembodied spirit of a story, only sufficiently materialized to render it perceptible to mortal senses. Suffice it to know that it belongs to a country where castles were a part of the vitality of the land, not picturesque cenotaphs of a dead past; and to those olden days when men not having yet learned to delegate the keeping of their consciences to a national code of laws, came nearer to the principles that underlie those laws.

It was a time and country of arms. Valor was the saint by whom all swore, and no death was feared save a death on the straw. And with valor ruled song. When the clash of swords was for a moment stilled, minnesingers and minstrels sang of the sweetness of love: are not the tenderest blossoms of the year those that are fostered by the snowdrift?

The Tower of Tynedale had had its baptisms of blood and consecrations of song more frequently, it may well be, than any other castle within the same horizon bounds, for it stood on disputed ground. It was a defiance in stone flung down by an early Tynedale, and many a time had the Branksome men dashed themselves against it in vain assault. Once, indeed, the portals had traitorously yielded, and the banner of the hated house of the assailants had taunted the scattered Tynedales from the battlements of their own tower. That dishonor had been wiped out in the desperate courage of the recapture, but its memory roused to new life the old family feud, which had its birth in the buried past.

It was the thought of that unforgotten shame that made more lofty the bearing of the lord of Tynedale as he entered the demesne to which a long absence had made him well nigh a stranger. The gay laughter of his retainers, who found it joy enough to feel the shadow of Tynedale oaks once more above them, seemed to his ear but to muffle the angry mutter of defeated men. Age itself

was forgotten, as the very thought of the men of Branksome sent the hand of the old lord to the hilt of his sword. His steed, responding to his unconscious touch, bounded forward, and carried him in advance of his train to the opening in the forest that commanded a distant view of the tower.

And there the sunbeams that flashed from spear-head and sparkled from the jeweled dresses of lady fair and gallant knight and waiting esquire sank into shadows amid the folds of the Branksome banner, which Branksome hands had flung once more from the battlements of Tynedale Tower. Dark and sullen hung the silken folds heavy with shame. And dark grew the brow of the lord of Tynedale, dark even as the shadows of the forest, when that message met his eye. The sun sank down and the night came swiftly to cover alike the hated banner and the little band resting under the edge of the wooded hill.

An indifferent forester, to whom it mattered little whether the flag of the tower were gules or argent, told the brief tale of the day's foray. An attack, a surprise, a weak defense, a few hours of desperate hand-to-hand fighting within the old walls,—and then the sunset with its revelation; that was all.

The party camped hastily.

"We are helpless," said the old lord, bitterly, "within those walls a handful may laugh at a host; without, a handful like this would be but a dash of summer raindrops on the stones. False stones, they protect foe and friend alike."

Then spoke Edwy, the heir of Tynedale.

"My lord and father, an it please you, I will enter the tower. My harp will be my passport, for a minstrel hath free warrant to hall and bower. Once within, it will go hard but I find means to open the gates to our men ere the morning."

The old lord's eye flashed. He felt the fever of youth throb in his veins for a moment;

then it passed, but he beheld his own spirit kindling keen and high in the dauntless youth who faced him.

"Go, my child. The honor of Tynedale is in your hands."

So it shortly came to pass that a gay young minstrel boldly demanded admittance for his harp and himself at the gate where Edwy of Tynedale might not pass for his life. A rude welcome greeted him from the hall.

"Enter, thou minstrel lad. Such a day as this hath merited a night of song. What ballads hast thou that are new?"

"Ballads new and old in plenty to please the lords of Tynedale Tower," answered Edwy calmly, resting his harp near the board about which lounged the dark men of Branksome, pledging their victory in tankards of Tynedale ale. At his feet, trampled and stained, lay the silken banner of his house, rudely torn from the battlement. But no one saw the fire that smouldered under Edwy's lowered lids.

"Sing, harper, and Oswald shall dance."

"Oswald shall dance the morrow."

Edwy had already noted the bound figure of Oswald, an ancient servitor of the house, who listened unmoved to the rude jests and taunts of the soldiery. Once, at the first tone of Edwy's voice, a quiver passed over his blood-stained cheek, but he raised not his eyes from the floor. Grim, stern, silent, he waited, and if he strained his iron muscles against the cords till he felt them slip and yield, no one heeded. The youth with his harp was more diverting than the impassive prisoner, whom their savage gibes moved not.

"A song! a song! After the battle-cry, the madrigal."

"I have little faith in your madrigals and minstrels," growled one stout wight. "They are all false, these fair-fingered squires, who love better the strumming of a harp than the twang of a bowstring."

"Thou art soured, Gregory, and hast lost thy taste for love songs since Edric spoiled thy pretty face for thee."

"Fill thy tankard, Gregory, and go then to sleep."

Gregory scowled, but profited by the counsel.

"Now, harper, give us the last ballad in thy wallet."

Edwy's fingers had been straying over the strings of the harp, waking those low, soft murmurs that musicians love. Now, with a free hand, he struck the ringing chords, and no one save Oswald heard aught but careless melody in the young voice that filled the hall.

"Burd Margret hath gone to the greenwood alone,
Alone to the greenwood tree:

'Nay, sister, I pray thee to hinder me not,
My true-love will tarry for me.'

And first there came riding a visored knight

All fast by the greenwood tree;

'Burd Margret, burd Margret, thy Willie is false,
But I will thy true-love be.'

'O Willie, my Willie, and hast thou forgot

The tryst thou hast plighted with me?

O gin it be sooth that my Willie be false,
Full soon will thy Margaret dee!

'Nay, weep not, fair maid, but come thou with me;
My castle lies over the sea.'

'Nay, though all forsaken and faithless my dear,
Yet true will fond Margaret be.'

Then down sprang the knight from his gallant gray
All under the greenwood tree; [steed,

'Look up, my sweet maid, for thy true-love am I,
Thy Willie, still faithful to thee.'

The languishing strains sank softly, to be caught up and repeated by lusty voices, till the armor on the walls rang again. Deep were the draughts of Oswald's ale, and Edwy joined in draining the circling cup, muttering a prayer to his patron saint the while that a deep sleep might mingle with the mead for the thirsty rogues. But few were yet ready to follow the lead of Gregory, sullenly snoring on a bench by the door, and soon the mingled voices demanded another song.

"And let it be a song for men, not for love-sick boys."

Edwy was as willing as ever was minstrel to please his audience, and with a ringing voice he gave them old Oswald's favorite.

"Keen are the arrows of Sko,
Deadly the song of his bow;
Loud laugheth he,
Joyful to see
Stricken and fallen the foe.

Death grimly waits his behest,
 Singing the strongest and best ;
 Never shall they
 Greet the glad day ;
 Low in the dust lies their crest.
 Lonely and mournful is Sko ;
 Wearily idle days go ;
 All in the land
 Fear his strong hand,
 Ne'er can he find a stout foe."

As Edwy finished the song, he lifted his eyes and squarely encountered an intent gaze, which he seemed to have felt before he turned. He saw a mere boy, whose fair, floating hair and gravely sweet face made him seem as apart from these dark-visaged men of blood as a saint stepped down from the stained windows of some cathedral.

Once before that boyish face with its halo of golden hair had held Edwy's eye, and with a lightning flash of memory that earlier meeting was recalled. It was a lonely spot on the mountain side, and the fearless boy, with failing strength, was holding at bay an antlered stag. Had Edwy's trusty spear swerved then or lingered, no morrow had ever smiled on the brave hunter. Now in the deep look, more potent than speech, that held their eyes locked for a moment ere they swerved aside, Edwy read that he was known.

His fingers trembled as he struck slow fragments of music from the obedient strings, and there was a ringing in his ears that sounded like the battle-cry of the Branksomes. Then the blood surged back to his heart, and he lifted his dauntless Tynedale face to his foes. Trapped and at their mercy he knew himself, but at least he could show them how the Tynedales were wont to die. The liquid drops of music shivered into a sharp silence as his hand forsook the strings to rest lightly on the short sword at his belt, while his haughty glance swept the hall. But there was no answer to his silent challenge, and now in the averted face of the boy he read not the triumph of an enemy, but the grieved perplexity of a child.

Edwy understood. That the boy remembered his benefactor's face was proved past doubt in that first long gaze, and now his troubled silence revealed that he remembered the benefaction also. But silence was hard

for Edwy's beating heart to bear, and striking the chords sharply, he gave to measured music the tumultuous words that throbbed in his brain. The carouse about the board was somewhat hushed, but Edwy sang only for the boy, whose drooping eyes could not bear the steadfast gaze he bent upon them.

"Lone is the mountain path,
 Dark is the glen,
 Fierce is the antlered stag,
 Hater of men.
 Hapless the hunter now,
 Lacking his spear,
 Woe to the hunter lad,
 Death draweth near.
 Long may the maiden wait,
 Stifling her moans ;
 In the lone mountain glen
 Whiten his bones."

The boy shuddered and met Edwy's look pleadingly. One word from those beardless lips and the minstrel had sung his last strain, but the word was not spoken. Edwy read the conflicting emotions that held him passive, and with that sense of power that is the wine of strong souls, he knew his own domination over the heart he had preserved.

Armed men ringed him in, sleeping, drinking, or shouting fragments of merry song, but he who roused them from their careless mood would find that he had wakened the sleeping cobra. Those sheathed daggers were used to flashing out at a word. In their midst sat the boy, with whom he dare not speak,—his judge,—looking into eyes the Branksome men had good reason to fear, and meeting the glance of his savior. And here stood he, Edwy, the heir of Tynedale, with no hand raised against him, yet face to face with death. They were no strangers. Oft had they measured strength with strength before, where steel flashed keen betwixt them, or the precipice waited hungrily for a heedless step, but never yet had they met in the breath of a song.

In one fierce moment he grasped the full strength of life. The little band waiting his signal without, the walls that even now echoed to the laughter of the foes of his house, all rested on his power to hold and control the will of the child who now raised questioning eyes to his, as asking counsel.

The battle courage flushed his dark cheek as he once more touched his harp. He must sing, as he had fought, for his life and the honor of Tynedale.

"Faithless are lovers, but lovers are many ;
Maidens are cruel, but hearts heal anain ;
Thankless are beggars, who take the drink-penny,
Few hold remembrance while one moon may wane.
Chiefest in infamy whom may we call ?
Ingrate of ingrates and king of them all ?

Who but the traitor to friend and to honor ?
Who but the dastard that, drunken with strife,
Strikes at the bosom that succored and saved him,
Offers him death who hath rendered him life ?
Dead in dishonor or living in shame,
Bards shall remember the dastardly name."

Edwy ceased. Had he lost or won in the game where the stake was life? The boy's grave eyes glowed with a clear light, and as the impetuous strain sank to silence, he drew the harp from Edwy's arm.

"Methinks your songs ring not true, fair harper. There be blacker traitors than he who slays even a friend."

And with a mournful yet steadfast look he gave in song his answer to Edwy's challenge :

"Youthful knight, I charge thee well,
Guard the banner that thou bearest ;
Though it leads to blackest hell,
Though o'er naked swords thou farest ;
Though thy life, thy friend, thy soul,
Doomèd be to endless dole."

Edwy had lost. As the verse ended with a tremble, the two stood silently side by side, watching the quivering strings. The last faint vibration died away, and with eyes that seemed not to see, the boy stepped forward and raised his hand imperiously for silence. But Edwy was before him.

"Nay, boy, there shall be no need. I saved thee once from death, I will save thee now from ingratitude."

Snatching up the silken banner of his house he wound it as a shield about his left arm, and with drawn sword he planted his back against a friendly wall.

"Ye men of Branksome, heard ye ever melody like this before?"

And lifting his clear voice, the battle-song of the Tynedales rung out over the heads of the conquerors with defiant boldness.

"A Tynedale ! a Tynedale ! and merry St. Andrew to aid !

While blood may flow or edge may bite, a Tynedale wields the blade !

While heart can beat or eye can see, a Tynedale fronts the fray !

A Tynedale ! a Tynedale ! St. Andrew wins the day !"

There was a hush like death ; then the wide hall echoed and reëchoed with a hoarse cry of "Death to the Tynedale !" and fifty swords flashed their menace out ; fifty foemen, wild with hate, leaped to face him. Then they paused, awed by the dauntlessness of the proud youth, whose eyelid never quivered. He would die, but not alone. A moment, and they closed upon him, while flashing steel on steel struck fire. A shriek, a groan, but not from Edwy's lips ; a narrowing circle of sword-points, yet with guard and thrust Edwy held his own. He felt the blood flow from his breast, the wall seemed to weaken and yield, and gasping out "A Tynedale !" he sank to the floor.

Was it the echo of his voice, or the wild heart-blood beating in his ears? His last words were caught up and repeated :

"A Tynedale to the rescue ! A Tynedale !"
Then for Edwy came silence.

But not for the hall. Through the portal sprang Oswald, leading the Tynedale men, who had waited without in the shadows for Edwy's signal. The signal had come, but from Oswald's hand, at the moment when the defiance of the minstrel in the hall had left the door unguarded.

Hand to hand and knee to knee they fought about the board ; but the cry of "Strike for Edwy !" made the Tynedales irresistible. The mead had not ceased to flow from the overturned tankards before Tynedale Tower again floated the banner they unwound from Edwy's arm.

Then Oswald lifted Edwy's head and stanchèd the wound in his breast. The blue eyes slowly opened.

"Edwy, lad, how is it with thee?"

Edwy laughed.

"I' faith, Oswald, I fear me my harp must lie idle for many a day. But is the boy safe?"

Lily A. Long.

THE CRY OF THE UNFIT.

ADOWN a river on a starless night,
Alone within a boat
My being seemed to float,
Expectant, listening, longing for the light.

And ever ceaselessly the river sped
All dark by stern and keel ;
And yet — O, I could feel
Upon its bosom floating there, the dead !

Ay, feel them rushing by in numbers vast,
The doubly dead : for not
To live in types their lot,
But lost amidst the silent, fossil past.

This unseen, felt, became intensest pain,
When thus I faltering spake,
Thus dared the silence break :
“ O life, have miseries past brought thee some gain ? ”

Swift from the darkling deep there came a voice
In answer eloquent ;
“ Through cruel tortures spent
To me oblivion came, and I rejoice.”

Then voice rose after voice and filled the air,—
A mighty, piercing cry,
In weird accord, — whilst I,
Aghast and helpless, mutely listened there.

“ The fossil past to living present, Hail !
Vaunt not thyself of strength
Or perfectness. At length
’Fore stress of circumstance thou too mayst quail.

“ Though proved unfitted to survive in life,
Some had one day of pride,
And, struggling side by side
With other types did vanquish in the strife.

“ Our destinies fulfilled, thinkst thou we pine
Life’s path again to tread ?
Ah no ! Far better dead
To be, than linger in a sad decline.

"Amidst oblivion's depths we restful view,
 From animalculæ
 To man, their destiny
 Eternal strife,—pursued or else pursue.

"Despise us not: we do not envy thee.
 Lost, broken links, we had
 Our use, and now yield glad
 Obedience to fate's austere decree.

"Yea: and rejoice that hunger we know not,
 Nor cold, nor parasite;
 Nor yet to guard and fight
 'Gainst enemies perpetual, our lot.

"O Living, o'er our dust and bones who thrive,
 Joy in successful strife;
 But also joy when life
 Decrees you death that others may survive."

Augusta E. Towner.

THE DOOM OF THE CALIFORNIAN ABORIGINES.¹

My subject, which cannot be fully explained within the few words of a brief title, is an inquiry into the causes of the relative insignificance of the Californian aborigines in the present industry and society of the State.

In 1768 the red men of California numbered, perhaps, two hundred thousand. The friars and early navigators made no estimate of the numbers in any considerable region. The first and best estimates were made by J. S. Smith about 1830. After traveling from Tejon Pass to Mt. Shasta, he expressed the opinion that there were 150,000 people in the basin of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. A man of quick observation, cool judgment, and extensive experience, he is the best authority. That basin certainly did not contain more than three-fourths of the aboriginal population of California. It does not now contain one-half of the white population. The only censuses of the Indians taken before

the middle of this century were those of the missions, which held possession of about one eighth of the territory of the State. In 1826 they had 20,500 aboriginal subjects, and perhaps there were 2,000 more at the pueblos or villages and the presidios or fortified towns, making 22,500 as the highest figure of the mission Indian population.

Mofras publishes a table of the population, herds, and agricultural products, in 1830, showing that the Indians at the missions then numbered 30,000; but these figures though copied by Dwinelle and Gleason, and referred to as correct by other authors, are the products of ignorant supposition or of studious fraud, as any one can soon find by comparing them with the reports for the years 1827, 1828, 1829, and 1832, given in the fifth Mission volume of the Spanish archives, in the United States Surveyor General's office in San Francisco. Mofras says he got his figures from the Prefect of the Missions, and Mr. Hartwell, the Prefect, is not alive to

The substance of this article is from a lecture delivered before the Society of California Pioneers.

defend himself. Whoever the author, and whatever the motive of the misrepresentation, its effect is to convey the impressions that the missions reached a higher prosperity than they ever did, and that their prosperity continued to increase until 1830; whereas, in some important respects, their decay had made rapid progress before that year.

If the aborigines were as numerous in proportion to area in other parts of the State as in the mission domain in 1826, the total Indian population of California was then about 180,000. But we must remember that the red men had then been dying off at the missions for more than half a century; and that in its supplies of acorns, tule roots, clover, salmon, and pine nuts,—which furnished a large part of the aboriginal provisions,—the mission region was inferior to the remainder of the State generally, the deserts excepted.

The late George Yount told me that when he first became familiar with Napa, Suisun, and Knight valleys about fifty years ago, the Indian population there was large, and about Clear Lake really dense; and although he gave no figures, he conveyed the impression that there must have been 40,000 Indians west of the main ridge of the Coast Mountains, between San Francisco Bay and the Klamath River.

These remarks about the number of aboriginal inhabitants are offered not as conclusive, but as calling attention to the best authorities. Whether the number in 1768 was 200,000 or 150,000 or 75,000, there has certainly been a great decrease. The Indians of pure blood in California now do not exceed 5,000. They have entirely disappeared from regions in which they were numerous four generations since; and where a few remain they are the lowest samples of humanity within our borders.

The main causes of their decay are the low condition of their culture when civilized men came among them, and the physical and intellectual unfitness of low savages for civilized life. None were killed by compulsory labor, as in the Antilles, and relatively few by war as compared with the tribes in the basin of the Mississippi.

The Californian Indians generally were extremely low in culture. They did not till the soil, nor polish stone, nor burn pottery, nor weave cloth, nor make canoes, nor possess extensive political organization, nor submit themselves to permanent chiefs, nor even keep tame dogs. All the characteristics of a higher savagism observed among the aborigines on the Atlantic slope of the continent were here lacking. The natural capacity and intellectual activity, the military enterprise and oratorical genius, prominent among the Iroquois and Algonkins, were unknown west of the Sierra Nevada. Our sympathies for moral character, and our admiration for courage and public spirit, are not aroused by any Californian Pocahontas, King Philip, Brandt, Logan, Tecumseh, Red Jacket, or Black Hawk. Instead of rivals of the Creeks, Delawares, and Shawnees as warriors, orators, and cultivators of the ground, we find here a race which competes with the Bushmen, and aboriginal Australians and Tasmanians, for the lowest place in the scale of human existence.

As a general rule, savages die out when they come in contact with civilization. They have entirely disappeared in Tasmania and some of the Antilles; they are rapidly decreasing in Australia, Polynesia, and portions of Africa and North and South America; under the dominion of Britons, Americans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, and under the ecclesiastical supervision of Catholics and Protestants. The wider the gap between the savagism and the civilization brought together, the more fatal the contact to the lower race; and nowhere has the gap been greater than in California. Our aborigines were so low that, like herbivorous beasts, all grew fat in the spring when clover was abundant, and lean in winter; and their children, at least in some districts, were nearly all born about the same season.

The Indians were brought to the Franciscan missions by force and held there as serfs. little force was needed and little used. Five Spanish soldiers were regarded as enough for a mission where, after a generation or two, there might be five hundred or more red

men. The Indian serfs were compelled to labor without pay; they were restricted to certain limits; they could make no legal contract; some of them were locked up at night; adults and women, as well as children and males, were subject to the lash at the order of the friars: and goads and whips were used by monitors in church to correct the irreverent and inattentive.

In church records and in common conversation, the friars designated the Indians as *gente sin razon*, people without reason, as distinct from the whites or reasoning people, *gente de razon*. No Franciscan or Dominican friar, no Jesuit objected to the use of this contemptuous designation in California or Lower California; none recommended an aborigine of California or Lower California as suitable for any responsible civil, military, or ecclesiastical office. After the Indians of the peninsula had been under the instruction of the Jesuits for more than two generations, they still, in the opinion of Venegas, lacked "rationality, manners, utility to themselves and to society, and every quality that gives dignity to humanity." He might have been more complimentary but scarcely more explicit. Baegert, a brother Jesuit, expressed himself in similar spirit. He said "they have neither reason nor regard for the future; they follow their impulses like cattle." La Pérouse, the distinguished French navigator, who visited Monterey about a hundred years ago, wrote that the friars had come to the conclusion that the reason of the Indians could not be developed; long instruction did not enable them generally to comprehend that four and four make eight. In 1792, the equally distinguished English navigator, Vancouver, could not discover that the Indians at San Francisco had derived any benefit from their conversion; they were still "in the most abject state of uncivilization." Kotzebue, the Russian navigator, obtained a similar impression from his inspection of the Indians at San Francisco in 1815. Eleven years later, Captain Beechey, at the head of a British exploring expedition, entered our bay, and in his presence the friars spoke of their red converts as *bestias*, beasts. He

said of them that they possessed "neither the will, the steadiness, nor the patience to provide for themselves." In 1839 Forbes wrote of them as "superstitious and pusillanimous slaves." He says "the act of making the cross, kneeling at proper times, and other such like mechanical rites, constitute no small part of the religion of these poor people." Something of the estimate in which the aborigines were held may be inferred from a story told by Beechey. While visiting the mission of San José, he took dinner there, and after the meal the friar in charge amused himself and his guest by wrapping pancakes or tortillas into balls, which he threw at the heads of his attendant Indian servant boys, whose duty it was to catch these missiles, on the wing, with their teeth and devour them.

The aborigines never showed any zealous faith in Christianity. Unlike the negroes in the southern States, they took no delight in singing hymns among themselves; unlike the Polynesian Christians, they never went out to convert the neighboring heathen. When they escaped from the missions, as they frequently did, they always left their new religion behind them. In the course of three-quarters of a century thousands of such fugitives fled to the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, and to the Sierra Nevada, and mingled with the wild tribes, without leaving the least trace there of permanent Christian influence.

The friars did not teach the aborigines to be great mechanics. Among its Spanish settlers, the territory did not possess one blacksmith, carpenter, wheelwright, shipwright, or turner competent to take a respectable position among his fellow-craftsmen at the time in London, Paris, or New York. No good plough, good wagon, good boat, or good rifle was ever made in a mission workshop. The Indians did not have an opportunity to learn thoroughly any mechanical trade, or any of the finer branches of horticulture. There was no skillful nurseryman among them.

The missions under Spain produced nothing save tallow for exportation. They accumulated no wealth save by the natural increase

of their herds. They had seedling grapes, figs, pears, olives, and a few other fruits, but at most of the establishments not more than enough for the use of the white residents. Even grain was so scant in quantity that in ordinary seasons the Indian women were sent out at most of the missions to gather acorns and grass seeds, and the roots of wild plants, to supply the deficiency. The missions never paid their own expenses.

So soon as the aborigines fell under mission control, they began to die out. The number of the neophytes continued to increase for nearly sixty years, but always by additions from without, never by the excess of births over deaths. The proportions of males to females, and of adults to children, were usually very large. In 1828, Soledad had twice as many men as women; San Luis Obispo, San Antonio, and Santa Clara 90 per cent more; San José, Santa Clara, and San Carlos each 25 per cent more. In 1826 there were 5,600 children at all of the missions, or only about one-third as many as there should have been in a growing population. The small number of girls, as compared with boys, at some of the missions, suggests suspicions of infanticide.

The mortality was very large. In 1827 the deaths numbered 1,527, while the baptisms were 961, showing that there were 54 per cent more deaths than births. There was a decrease of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the entire Indian population at the missions in that one year. With the same number of deaths and no more births, the whole race would die out in 40 years. This great mortality is not attributed to any exceptional epidemic. At San Francisco the annual mortality in 1815 and 1816 was 25 per cent. The general average at the missions from 1769 till 1835 seems to have been about 7 per cent, or three times higher than that among the white inhabitants of California then and now.

There was no well educated physician among the Franciscan friars or their military companies. Various infectious and contagious diseases, introduced by the Spaniards, raged with destructive and almost unchecked fury among the aborigines. We hear nothing

of inoculation; nothing of vaccination until after the smallpox had prevailed extensively for thirty years. Under the aboriginal treatment, measles and diseases of little note in civilized communities were generally fatal to the red men.

There is no record to show that any of the friars ever studied the causes of this frightful mortality. It seems to have been regarded as a matter for which there was no remedy. The Indians did not work enough to hurt them. They were driven to toil, but never to excessive exertion. The feeling between them and the friars was generally very kind on both sides.

Under American rule the Indians have died as rapidly as under Spanish and Mexican. About 30 years ago several hundred Indian children were apprenticed as servants in American families, and, though treated with much kindness in many cases, most of them died of scrofula or consumption before reaching the age of 20, and nearly all before 30. After some inquiry I have heard of only one who has survived to be 40 years old.

Notwithstanding the great mortality among the Indians generally, some of the older generation reached a remarkable longevity. There is perhaps no other race in which so large a proportion of persons have reached an age of 110 years or more. The matriarchal age of 130 is reported at San Gabriel and Santa Cruz.

Many of the Indian women at the missions became the wives of Spanish-American soldiers, themselves of mixed blood, and their descendants were a handsome, healthy, prolific race. They had however been bred in ignorance and contempt of agricultural and mechanical toil; and their idleness, fondness for gambling, careless management of their property, and willingness to mortgage their land for money at very high rates of interest, partly perhaps consequences of their Indian blood, have brought most of them to abject poverty, and many to gross demoralization.

After 119 years of association with white men in California, there is not now in our State one first-rate farmer, mechanic or book-keeper of pure aboriginal blood; not one

merchant or owner of a large herd of cattle. Many Indians have been good workers for a few weeks or months at a time in vineyards, orchards, hop-fields, grain fields, and sheep-shearing, but at the close of the season they have wasted their earnings in dissipation, and then lounged about in idleness until another period of high wages would stimulate them to exertion. This mode of life among the men, the degraded character of the women, the squalor of their dwellings, and the frequency of thefts near their camps, render them very undesirable as neighbors.

There never has been a time since 1846 when an Indian disposed to work faithfully could not get regular and profitable employment; when he could not save enough in a year to pay for forty acres of land; and when after buying he could not be protected in its possession. Thousands of white men, after arriving in California without a dollar, became rich by toil and economy; with better opportunities, for he was here when the common laborer could get \$10 or \$20 a day, not one Indian has done so.

The most successful Indians today in California are in Ukiah valley. They live in houses, support themselves without begging or thieving, and in the harvest season are in demand as laborers. They own wagons and horses. One aboriginal community has for years owned a farm of 120 acres, worth now perhaps \$15,000. They have a debt of about \$1,000, which neither increases nor diminishes. The head man of the party is a good farm laborer, but not a good manager. They are regarded with more favor than Chinamen by the white men, and are desirable neighbors about harvest time.

I should do injustice to my subject if I should pass, without notice, the false impressions of the Californian Indian character, and of the treatment of the aborigines in this State of the American government and people, conveyed in the popular romance "*Ramona*." Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote with noble motives, but without the studies requisite to get a safe basis for what she intended to be a faithful historical novel. She depicted the Californian Indian by types

which never belonged to his blood, even exceptionally. In his favor, she asserted directly and indirectly much that is false; on the other side, she omitted much that is true. There is no justification for her statement that the Americans would not let an Indian keep accounts, or for the other assertion that a typical Indian was ever competent to keep accounts. The assertion that under the dominion of Spain a redskin kept the books at San Luis Rey, and paid thousands of dollars monthly as wages in gold, is drawn from her fancy, and does not harmonize with the facts that in those times the coin usually seen at the missions — and very scarce — was silver, not gold; that the Indians received no wages; that not \$50 were paid as wages in a month to white men; that no Indian kept the accounts, or had charge of the Mission cash.

Among the numerous papers preserved in the Spanish archives I do not remember seeing one written under the dominion of Spain by a Californian Indian, and Mr. Forbes, the custodian of those archives, tells me that no such document is known to him.

Of the historical facts relating to the treatment of the Indians by the Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans in California; of the laws relating to the rights of the red men; of the ordinary life among the Indians, friars, and rancheros; and of the typical baptismal and family names of the Spanish Californians; of all these Mrs. Jackson knew so little that she blundered in every direction. Her hero's name Alessandro is Italian, not Spanish. The Spanish name is Alejandro. One of her male characters is called Luigo, evidently a modification of the Italian Luigi. She evidently did not know that Luis, as in San Luis Obispo, is the Spanish equivalent of the English Lewis, and of the Italian Luigi. Her knowledge of Italian and ignorance of Spanish crop out again in the Italian family names of Ortegna and Gonzaga, which have no appropriateness as typical of Spanish Californian life. One defender of Mrs. Jackson imagined that Alessandro was baptized by an Italian Franciscan, but there never was such a Franciscan at a Californian

mission under Spain or Mexico, and if there had been he could not have conferred the family names of Ortegna and Gonzaga, or have invented the half-breed word Luigo.

And yet we cannot withhold our admiration from generous zeal, even after we know that it has, by mistake, devoted itself to the wrong side. The general result of such effort, and special result in the case under consideration, will be the vindication and more common recognition of truth and justice. Besides, Californians will feel grateful to Mrs. Jackson for laying the scene of her story in their State; for recognizing the rich material for romance in our local history, scenery and people. Notwithstanding her mistakes of judgment, her memory will be cherished as that of a brilliant writer, a charming companion, and a good woman.

The Jesuit missions in Lower California were founded about 1700; and as the aborigines there are near akin to those of our State, we may say that the Californian Indians have

been in contact with civilization for nearly two centuries. The general result has already been stated: great decrease in numbers and moral discouragement. The doom of the red race is written in our local history, even in those districts where they are most numerous, and where they appear to the least disadvantage. They live in misery, and are steadily dying out. After a few generations, not one of pure blood will remain. They will leave no subject of boast to their descendants. They have no battle, no hero, no monument, no built fortification, no purposely built mound, no polished stone ax, no elegantly carved stone pipe, no song, no notable tradition or interesting legend, no speech that deserves a permanent record. A few shell mounds, a few arrowheads and mortars, a few names of counties, valleys, rivers and towns, a few drops of dark blood mixed with the white, — these will be all that will remain of its aboriginal population in the California of the twenty-first century.

John S. Hittell.

THE SEQUEL TO "JOB WALLER'S RASH SPECULATION."

IN that most charming of scrap-bags of incident and episode, Irving's "Tales of a Traveler" — tales that have that powerful and penetrating odor of romantic adventure and chivalrous deed which our later romancists, with their delicately aromatic drawing-room comedies and ball-room tragedies, too often affect to scorn — Buckthorne declares the vagabondage of his life to be due to the poetical spirit in him, which, impatient of trammel and ardent for novelty, impelled him to seek ever "fresh woods and pastures new." If Buckthorne is right — and my experience of men and poets, save in my personal case, affirms that he is — I should be one of the most beloved of the sons of the muse.

There are few lands in which the sun has not lit my path by day, nor the moon by night. African diamond fields, California gold fields, Russian steppes, Indian jungles,

South American pampas, have all borne my footsteps; to say nothing of the walks where I could not but tread in these days when "everybody goes to Europe."

From these vagabond expeditions I have returned at longer or shorter intervals to don again for a time the habiliments of civilization, to walk, dance, and drive the diurnal and nocturnal tour of modern society; and having completed the penitential pilgrimage which that popess exacts, again to flee as a bird to the mountains, the plain, or the sea, knowing that I shall return to enact the same farcical, yet eminently tragical, routine of "killing time."

In spite of Mr. Buckthorne and my own observations, as yet, since the down of manhood was first shaved from the lip where a mustache *à la Turque* now reposes undecided 'twixt brown and gray, I have never

sought to express myself in verse. Undoubtedly I have picked up in my wanderings much of incident, romantic, tragic, pathetic; and still more undoubtedly the public has known a part of it from my pen, for I have been a not wholly unsuccessful writer of magazine stories; and through the pages of the last fifteen years' magazines may be found as many, perhaps, from my pen as from any other of my class of literary workers,—articles always cast in the form of fiction, but invariably, in all essential characteristics, a veritable transcript of some phase of actual life seen or known of by me.

To this I attribute all of what success I have obtained as a writer; for I believe that a natural, unperverted mind in reading fiction will, with almost unerring skill, detect and refuse to be moved by that which is a genuine fiction of the writer.

In June of 1869 I returned to New York, from a winter spent in Mexico and Central America, where I had been helping my friend Boskell in some archæological and historical researches among the ruins of the ancient Aztec cities, and filling my note books with sketches of the brilliant tropical life of those wonderful lands. Arrived in the city, my respects paid to my maternal aunt, with whom I made my home during my stays in Gotham, I strolled around to the office of the magazine that had for several years been the medium through which I opened my note books to the public. I was heartily greeted by all, and after giving a short *résumé* of my trip to the affable Wallby, the editor-in-chief, I sat down with my friend Carman, the sub-editor, for an hour of that heterogeneous talk which any two friends of a sociable nature will find so delightful after a separation. My historical delving, his last poem, my recent volume of stories, which had not sold well, his tribulations with would-be poets and novelists, made that *mélange* of conversation that we scribes relish more than the most rarefied conversation of a Concord philosopher.

After running a dozen times the gamut of our "writer's experience," Carman suddenly remarked, "By Jove, Eswell! I'd almost forgotten it. You've missed something by

your winter's devotions at the sun-god's altars. Here you are running off to every fraction of the globe in search of something new; when, if you only stayed long enough right here in despised Gotham, you'd find without seeking the most wonderful and romantic adventures."

"Wonderful reasoner," I dryly remarked.

"Well, it's so!" he continued. "I've no patience with you cosmopolitan, globe-trotting, half-heathen, peripatetic fellows, who can't see anything new or interesting or worth a moment's notice in your own land. You've got to see something trans-Atlantic or trans-Pacific or trans the borders of your own country before you open your unconscionably stupid eyes. I tell you, Eswell, you're a—you're a—"

"Come! Come!" I cried. "You know I'm not half that bad. And to prove it, I confess myself consumed with curiosity to know what that romantic adventure may be that I've missed."

"I've a great notion not to tell you," he answered. "You would n't have half appreciated it if you'd been here, you've so expatriated your emotions. However, I suppose I must. You went south in November, did n't you? Well, along in the early part of December, one afternoon when I came in, Wallby said, 'There was a young woman here this afternoon asking for Eswell,—wanted to know when he'd be back, if he could be found here when he came, and so forth. I told her I could n't tell, but you were familiar with his plans'—as if any one could be familiar with the plans of such a—Well, Wallby said he had told her to call some day when I was in, and I could doubtless inform her as to your return.

"Some one who wants him to godfather her first volume of poems," I concluded; and then I trembled at the thought of my coming interview with her and her questions. "Don't you think he will write a preface to my book? Is he encouraging to young poets? It is so discouraging to be a young poet."

"Two weeks went along and I was beginning to hope that I was to be favored by fortune, when one day Wallby called, 'Mr,

Carman,' and ushered in 'the lady who wishes to enquire for Mr. Eswell.'

"I placed a chair for her, which she took and sat for a moment silent, during which time I had an opportunity to see that she was slim, of medium height, neatly dressed, about twenty-six years old, and — good looking.

"Presently she asked, — and her voice is charming, Eswell, — 'Can you tell me when Mr. Eswell, the author, is to come back from Mexico? I — I am very anxious to know — to see him — and — the editor thought you could tell me.'

"She said this without looking up, but slowly shifting a bit of paper on the floor with her foot.

"'I'm very sorry, but Mr. Eswell is a man whose movements cannot be predicted. He may be home in a week, and he may not for six months.'

"A look of disappointment passed over her face. 'A poet,' I said to myself, 'and one of the worst kind.'

"'Will he — will he stay long when he comes back?'

"'That,' I answered, 'is something I can speak of with more certainty. He won't stay long, perhaps not more than a week.'

"The look of disappointment deepened. 'Poor little fool,' I thought.

"'Is he apt to come to see you when he gets back?' she asked. All this time she had not looked at me.

"'He'll be here every day while he stays.'

"She glanced up quickly with an appealing face, and said, 'Then would you — would you —'

"'O, confound her,' I thought; 'She wants me to intercede for her verses.'

"She did not finish her question, but looked down, and her pale face seemed a little flushed. Presently she said, 'Mr. Eswell has been a great traveler, has he not?'

"'Few men have traveled more,' I answered.

"'He has been in Africa, and Australia, and California?'

"'Yes, and a thousand other places.'

"'Does he — are his stories always fiction or — or are they based on facts?'

"'Well!' I thought, 'what is she coming to now?'

"Then I said, 'Mr. Eswell is a little cranky on that subject. He never writes a story, nor believes one should be written, that is n't true.'

"Here she looked up again with that quick, eager glance, and her face reddened more than before. It began to grow interesting. She sat for a moment, then rose to go.

"'Shall I give him any name when he comes back?' I asked.

"'O no!' she answered quickly. Then, 'I thank you very much'; and with a bow that was almost a curtsy she turned and went out.

"There's your story, now! You've gone and written up her, or her mother, or her invalid sister, or something of that kind, and she's come around to ask you if you won't divide the profits. Or you've made a character sketch of her, and she is going to bring you to book for it. Or — and it's the most likely of all — you've written up some elegant, wealthy, and noble young man with a *penchant* for assisting indigent merit, and she's got a voice, or can draw, and wants an introduction. Whatever it is she's after, you've missed something romantic. Just what I'm forever telling you; but you're so conceited, so brimful of the idea that —"

"Did you never hear anything more of her?" I asked.

"There! I'd forgotten that. She called early in January, when I was out, and asked if you'd returned, and again the last of February, but I did not see her then. Since then she has not called, and has probably given up the hunt. Just your luck. She might have done double duty in furnishing you another story."

To say that I was interested by Carman's story would prove that I am human, as all men and most authors are. Here was a young, mysterious, good-looking woman, enough desirous of seeing me to make several trips to the office, and apparently actuated by some impulse that she wished to keep hidden. And her curiosity as to the method

of my literary work—but then, that was probably a screen for her real motives. Then, too, her refusal to leave her name. It was enough to whet any one's curiosity.

In spite of repeated questions, Carman could tell me nothing more, and I gave up, to wait what further developments might be, though I had little hope of the mystery's ever being solved, and also much doubt of there being anything but the most commonplace motive behind her.

After a little reflection, I determined to think no more of it, and found it an only too easy matter to occupy my mind with the various attractions that a man with a taste for studying society can find at all times in and about New York. At my aunt's behest, I acted as her cavalier in her round of "summer resorting," picking up odds and ends of incident, and enjoying it as well as a man can who views it only objectively. In the latter part of July I ran down from Saratoga to look after a new volume that was soon to go to press, and of course was before long in Carman's official den.

Hardly were the greetings over when he exclaimed, "Your luck is turned, Eswell. There's a letter waiting for you, and I'm sure it's from the mysterious *incognita*. The handwriting is just such as I'd take hers to be." With that he handed me an envelope addressed to "Arthur Eswell, care of the — Office, New York," in a handwriting that certainly had a character, but it was not, if I was a judge, a character to correspond to Carman's diagnosis of my visitor.

I hastily opened the envelope and read the following :

Mr. Eswell has probably been informed that a lady has asked for him several times. I am she ; and Mr. Eswell will, I trust, pardon me if I say that I am very desirous of seeing him. A motive of great moment to me impels me to ask him to call upon me at the earliest time convenient to him, as illness prevents my leaving my room. I trust I can then make due explanation and apology.

HANNAH ROLLERTON,

391 East — Street.

Carman watched me eagerly, as I slowly read the note and returned it to its envelope.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, there's nothing to be known from that, though all perhaps from what it leads to. Hannah Rollerton requests Arthur Eswell to call upon her at 391 East — St., alleging business of importance. What's the hour?"

"Two thirty."

"I'll settle it at once," I said ; and telling Carman to be ready, *auribus arrectis*, when I got back, I went out and took the shortest route to the house of — Miss or Mrs. Rollerton, maid, wife, or widow? Whichever she was, there was a novelty in my situation.

Fifteen minutes brought me to East — St. and to No. 391, — a neat street full of neat houses. "No. 391" was like its immediate neighbors, a habitation for those unhappy mortals who are obliged to patronize signs of "Rooms to Let." A ring at the bell brought a pleasant-faced landlady, of small stature, to the door.

"Does — ah — does Miss or Mrs. Rollerton live here?"

"Miss Rollerton do," smiled the landlady, ushering me into the parlor.

"Will you be kind enough to take this card to her?" handing her one bearing my name.

"Certainly," she smiled. "But the poor lady has been that sick I fear she can't see no one. The poor thing's had a hard time of it," and with another smile she trotted out and up the stairs.

While she was gone I wondered with great assiduity what turn this adventure was going to take. In a few minutes she returned and smiled, "Miss Rollerton says will you walk up to her room, because she can't walk down stairs. First open door to your right, at the top of the stairs — and don't stay too long," she said, "for the poor thing's very weak."

I reassured her, and as I went up stairs concluded Miss Rollerton must be an amiable person, that a landlady should take such a maternal interest in her.

As I reached the door I saw her seated in a large easy-chair, placed in the sunshine. She was wrapped in shawls, carefully arranged, and her room was in perfect order.

"She is a superior sort of woman," I reas-

oned at once, "to have such care taken of her." I am given to such philosophizing on little things.

She looked at me with a timid air as she bade me come in and be seated. I spoke to her as pleasantly as possible, expressing my regret at finding her ill, and such other generalities as the occasion would give rise to. She sat with her head bent while I spoke, apparently trying to stifle some strong emotion.

As I watched her, I noticed that she had a refined face, which was wasted by illness, but was now covered by an evidently unwonted flush caused by her emotion. The articles in the room betokened a person of an artistic nature, and several small mouldings in clay, somewhat crude in execution, though happy in conception, intimated that Miss Rollerton might be a modeler. A few books, a vase of flowers, and some light work of pretty design, evidently just laid aside, gave an impression of a sort of culture resident in the occupant of the room.

She sat silent for several moments, then spoke suddenly in a weak, appealing voice :

"You are Mr. Arthur Eswell?"

"I am."

"The author?"

"I certainly write a good deal," I said, smilingly, "and if that gives one claim to be called 'author,' I am one."

"The gentleman at the office has doubtless told you of my questioning him about your books. But O, believe me, sir,"—here she looked up at me for the first time since my entrance,— "I would not have done so had I not had a powerful reason for it."

Here she stopped as if to control her feelings. In a moment she resumed: "You published a book last October, did you not, of California stories, and one of them you called 'Job Waller's Rash Speculation'?"

I remembered in an instant that the hero of this was a young Yankee of pronounced appearance and character, whose acquaintance I had made about three years before, while spending several months among the mining towns of California. Though it had been but two years since he had arrived in

California, he had met striking fortunes; and one incident of his experience which he had told me I had written up, under the title of "Job Waller's Rash Speculation."

"O, sir!" Miss Rollerton cried, leaning toward me with her hands clasped, and a deep emotion manifesting itself in her face, "O, sir, tell me truly what you know of Job Warner, for I know it must be he of whom you wrote!"

To a certainty it was Job Warner, with whom I had cabined for months, and had been intimate as I am with few.

"Is he alive? Could you write to him so that he would get the letter? Tell me—tell me all you can about him."

She sank back in her chair exhausted and seemingly about to faint. I held to her lips a glass of water, which stood on a stand near her, and after a sip she seemed to recover somewhat.

"You see, sir," she said, smiling faintly, "I am very weak as yet. You will bear with my weakness and my emotion, will you not?"

I hastened to reassure her,—then said I would tell her what I could of Job Warner. As I recounted my acquaintance with him, my mind busied itself with wondering what had broken the connection between Hannah Rollerton and Job Warner. That they had been lovers I was sure. That she was a lover yet was just as certain; and my heart ached for her as I thought of the story I had to tell her.

"I will tell you," I said, "all that I can about Mr. Warner, who was a valued friend of mine. I went to California in the fall of '65, and spent the winter among the old missions in the southern part of the State. In March I took the steamer from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and on the voyage made Mr. Warner's acquaintance, sharing my stateroom with him. I found him of tastes that, though somewhat crude, were still congenial to me, and by the time we reached San Francisco we had developed a warm friendship. I had intended to pass the spring months in the Sierras, and at Warner's solicitation I determined to accompany him to his mine, a few miles from the little town of Jackson.

Here he had a comfortable cabin, where he spent the most of the year superintending his mine, which was the 'Rash Speculation' of the story. I spent four delightful months with him, and then returned to San Francisco, whence I came by sailing-vessel to New York a few weeks later.

"When I left Mr. Warner he was prospering, as he had been for a year previously,—had earned a handsome competence from his mine, which showed no signs of failure, and was highly respected by the community, though a very reserved man.

"As to where he is now I cannot say certainly, though I have no doubt he is still at his mine."

During my story she had sat with her chin dropped on her breast and her eyes closed, while an occasional twitching of her mouth betrayed the intensity of her feeling.

The moment I stopped speaking she looked up quickly, and said, "But you have not told me anything about him. Was he happy? Did he never speak of his old home? Did he never speak of—" she choked down a sob and said, "I forget, I should not ask you these questions; not, at least, until I have told you why I have troubled you to come here, and have wearied you with the weakness that I cannot help giving way to. I will tell you all; then perhaps you will tell me what my heart longs to hear, if you can."

She sat for a moment silent, then began in a low voice:

"We used to live up in — County, Job and I, and had known each other since we were little children. We had always been such good friends that I hardly knew what to think when Job asked me one day to marry him; and when he said that if I would not he must go away, I knew that I loved him as I would never love another. I was twenty-two then, and Job was six years older. My mother was dead, and my father was able only to make a decent living on our little farm, which was just outside the town, where Job worked in a foundry. I was foolishly fond of such society and excitement as such a small town afforded, and was proud of the number of beaux I had, though I never

cared one whit for any but Job. About a year after we were engaged, a young man came to be book-keeper in the foundry where Job worked. He had come from the town where, by the kindness of an uncle, I had spent a year and a half in a boarding school. I had met him there and he had escorted me to a number of entertainments, beyond which our acquaintance did not go. Coming to a strange town, it was only natural that he should look upon me as an old friend, and that I should feel it my duty to be friendly to him. Job took a violent dislike to him, and after the young man had attended me in public two or three times, Job came to me and asked me not to allow him to accompany me again. I laughed and said I guessed it would n't hurt me, and Job said nothing more. One morning, after the young man had escorted me again to an entertainment, Job came out to the farm. I was surprised to see him, as it was working hours at the foundry, and the busiest season of the year.

"'Why Job,' I said in surprise, 'what can be the matter?'

"'The matter is just this, Hannah,' he said, speaking low; 'if you do not promise me never to go with that scoundrel Benham again, it's all over between us.' Then he went on to tell me of many discreditable things he had heard concerning Benham.

"I was angered, as much at hearing that a young man I had received as an acquaintance was accused of crime, as at Job's demanding my giving up his acquaintance. But I laid all my anger to Job's demand and told him that I was competent to choose my friends, and that he was assuming too much in dictating with whom I should go.

"'Then good by, Hannah!' was all he said, and went away. And I had never heard of him until last fall I took your volume of stories from the library and read that one, and I knew that it was he.

"O sir, if you can imagine what I have suffered during these years, pity me! and tell me all you can of him."

I was greatly moved by her story, the more so as I knew that what I had to tell her could only add to her grief.

I told her as well as I could all I had learned in my acquaintance with Warner. That he had rarely referred to anything connected with his life before he came to California; but I had gathered from some of his remarks that it had been an unhappy one, from the memory of which he was endeavoring to release himself. I described his mining life, the hardships and adventures he had passed through, the little society there was in that as yet wild country, and what else I could think of to interest her, but dreading what her next question might be.

"O sir!" she cried, "you do not tell me what I most want to know. Do you think he has still any love for those he loved there?"

My face must have shown my feelings, for she suddenly cried, "Is he married? Does he love another? O, she *could* not love him as I do! Tell me, tell me!"

"Poor girl!" I thought, "I wish I had never written that miserable story. Why did I make it so true to life?" Then I said, as comfortingly as I could, "My dear Miss Rolleston, I am grieved to have to add to your sorrow. But you could hardly expect that Mr. Warner would never think of love again. When I left California he was on the eve of marriage to the daughter of a wealthy Spanish land-holder in Southern California, and was returning from his betrothal when I met him on the steamer."

The poor young woman lay back in her chair, and her face faded to a whiteness I have never seen before or since.

"You are ill," I said. "Pray forgive me if I have spoken too bluntly. Shall I go for a physician?"

"No!" she said, gaspingly. "You have been very, very kind. I can never thank you enough for your goodness. Please send Mrs. Brown up — I need her."

Divining at once that "Mrs. Brown" was the landlady I hastened down stairs, and told her I had been obliged to tell Miss Rolleston some sad news, and implored her kindest attentions to her.

"Never fear for that, sir," she said, "she is an angel!" and bustled up stairs, while I

took my departure, with feelings of the most decided grief at the outcome of Carman's "romance."

I naturally went back to his office at once. He looked up as I entered, and seeing my sober face, laughed. "Well, how much are you in for?"

"I am *out* of one of the saddest things I ever was in in my life," I said. And I briefly outlined to him my interview with Miss Rolleston.

Carman was greatly moved by the story, but said, "But does n't that just prove what I have always been dinning into your ears about the romantic possibilities of your own land?"

"You forget, my dear fellow," I answered, "that if I had never been such a vagabond, I would never have met Job Warner, and so would never have written that story. Would to Heaven I never had!"

"Amen!" he said. "By the way, here's a telegram for you that came while you were out."

Telegrams were no unusual things for me, nor was I surprised to find that the message was from Boskell, saying that he was sick at Vera Cruz, and asking me to go to him by the next steamer. I read it to Carman, and asked, "When does the next steamer start?"

He picked up a "Herald," and glanced over the steamship advertisements. "Here it is! at one, tomorrow afternoon."

"Good by, then!" I said, "I must run up to my aunt and come back in the morning."

"Shall I see you again?" he asked.

"Not till I come back from Mexico," I answered.

That evening found me at Saratoga, where I silenced the reproaches of my aunt for my departure as best I could, bade her an affectionate farewell after the "hop," and was on my way to New York before she awakened the next morning.

At one of the stations the newsboys got on with the morning New York papers. I bought one, and glanced through the news of the day without finding anything to-interest me. Then I turned to the advertisements

and read them, and finally gave my attention to the "Marriage, Birth, and Death" announcements. Something drew my mind to the latter class first; and I was shocked almost to stupefaction at reading the fourth notice :

ROLLERTON.—In New York City, July 30th, of a lingering fever, H. Rollerton, aged 28 years. Interment private.

I read and re-read the notice until every letter seemed burned into my brain. And every word spoke, "You killed her! You killed her." Reason as I would that I was guiltless of any crime, I could not help the feeling that I was responsible for her death. When I got off the train in the city, the shouts of the hotel runners grew and increased in volume until they formed the one overpowering sentence, "You killed her!" The cries of the newsboys had a strange addition: "Read the 'Herald'! You killed her! Startling news in the 'Sun'! You killed her."

On my way up town I stepped into a florist's, and ordered a bouquet of flowers sent to the house, writing the address on one of my cards.

I got through my preparations for my voyage in some manner, oppressed with that horrible dinning in my ears. Not until I stood on the deck of the steamer as she sailed down the harbor did I begin to feel a relief from the incubus. Then I went out to the prow of the vessel and reasoned myself into an acquittal of any evil deed. But I made a solemn vow never to write another "true story," since my devotion to truth and nature had had such a terrible repayment.

Gradually, as the voyage went on, I recovered from my depression, and on my arrival at Vera Cruz I found my mind so full of care for Boskell, who was delirious and in a raging fever, that nothing else could come in.

Boskell was sick in bed for three weeks. When he became able to be moved, I took him up into the mountains, and remained with him until he had regained his health. We had become so endeared to each other

during this time that it would have been hard for both of us to part. So when he asked me to stay and help him in discharging his two years' commission of research for the "Society of Mexican Archæological Exploration of Paris," I gladly consented, and spent two of the happiest years of my life. Then, his duties ended, we both went back to New York. It was July when we arrived, and I could not help thinking of that other July, when I had sailed up the harbor to meet my sad romance.

On leaving the ship we separated, Boskell to go to his father's home in the mountains of Vermont, and I to my aunt's. I was greeted with the utmost joy by her, but to my great sorrow found that she had become a martyr to rheumatism and could not walk. I consoled her as best I could, promised to cheer her up with some society, and did what I could to put a little pleasure into a heart that, aside from love of me, contained no love for anything but the bloom of the social wilderness.

Carman, I found, had a three-months' vacation, and was spending it in Europe; would spend most of September in Paris, Wallby thought.

Becoming restless with nothing to do, I determined to run over and surprise Carman. So I bade my aunt farewell, and in remarkably quick time found myself in Paris. I sought a friend of Carman's, the correspondent of several American papers, and was told that he would be in Paris the following week. I therefore considered a moment, then started for some amusement, taking first the art galleries.

I spent one day in the Louvre, but not having as much time as I wanted to devote to the statuary, of which I am passionately fond, I returned the next morning. I walked about from collection to collection, making rough sketches of what pleased me most, when my attention was drawn to a gentleman and lady who stood a little distance from me, before a statue of "Chloe."

Their backs were toward me, but I could see that the lady was quickly sketching the "Chloe," while she talked eagerly to her

companion. I should not have noticed them further had not my attention been attracted to the fact that while the lady's form seemed that of a young woman, her hair, which was very heavy, was pure white. I stood looking at her, when she laughingly looked up at her companion. My heart stood still, and in my ears rang that awful sentence, "You killed her! You killed her."

I was standing near a "Psyche," — transfixed, whether with terror or awe I cannot say.

The lady laughed. "There! that's done. Now, I'll try the 'Psyche' you liked so much," and with her companion she turned and walked toward me.

My terror-stricken countenance, white as the "Psyche" beside me, caused them to stop suddenly. Then with a simultaneous cry of "Eswell!" "Mr. Eswell!" they rushed toward me.

I could not move. Each grasped one of my hands and shook it heartily. At last I managed to gasp, "Then I did n't kill you?"

Hannah Rollerton was there before me in flesh and blood, and Job Warner was beside her.

"My wife, Mrs. Warner," said Warner, with a profound bow.

I will not dilate upon how I came to my senses. I could n't tell if I would; but an hour from that time found us seated in a retired corner of a *café*, paying far less attention to the luncheon before us than to the unfolding of our respective stories.

"How did all this come about, you wonder?" said Warner. "Very simply. Do you remember what you did with that note you received at the — office from Hannah Rollerton?"

I tried to think back over that time, and recalled reading it, but beyond that could recall nothing concerning it.

"I give it up," I said.

"You laid it on the table in Carman's office while you put on your overcoat, and left it there when you went out. Do you recollect?"

"I remember not finding it in the pocket-book where I thought I had placed it," I

said; "but I always trust addresses to my memory, so I never thought of it again."

"Well," said Warner, "you left it on the table. Half an hour later I walked into the office, to see whether I could learn your whereabouts, as I had not heard from you since you left California. Carman had stepped out for a moment, Mr. Wallby said, and asked me to wait. So I stepped into Carman's office and sat down. I had only that morning arrived on the steamship, and had seen no late paper. I reached over to Carman's desk, on which I saw a 'Post,' and as I lifted it I saw the words 'Hannah Rollerton, 391 East — St.'"

"I am not going to describe my feelings. But I managed to control myself until Carman came in. Then as composedly as I could I asked about you, and was told you were at Saratoga, and to sail the next afternoon for Mexico. Carman thought I could meet you at his office before you left, and telegraphed you to do so. Did n't you get the telegram?"

"No," I said. "If I had, I would have been saved two years of remorse."

"What *can* you mean?" Mrs. Warner asked.

"I'll tell you when Mr. Warner is through," I answered. "There was such a jam at the hotel that night that I did not register, and so the telegram did not reach me."

"Well," continued Warner, "I waited at the steamer for you, and missed you in some unaccountable way there. And although Carman gave me your address in Central America, I never got an answer to any of my letters."

"The fault of that beastly postal system there," I remarked.

"To go back to the note," continued Warner, "I remembered the address — I could not have forgotten it — and I went to that address. I'll tell you nothing more, for that and all our acquaintance before that has been blotted out of memory for my wife and me," and Warner looked lovingly at his wife, who smiled, though somewhat sadly. "We were married a month later, as soon as Hannah

was strong enough to travel," he went on. "We went to California, where a year brought the roses back to her cheeks. And now we have been a year here in Europe, where Hannah has been studying sculptures, and has done some fine work, her masters say. We return to California next month. Now for your story."

"I must thank you now, though 'tis so long, for the beautiful bouquet you sent me the day you left," interposed Mrs. Warner.

I had sat quietly through Warner's story, and when Mrs. Warner finished I asked, "Then I did n't kill you?"

"That's the second time you've asked that," said Mrs. Warner. "What do you mean? Kill me? You brought me to life!" and she looked fondly at her husband.

I told them of the death notice in the paper.

"It was my cousin Henry," Mrs. Warner said. "Poor fellow, he was just my age." Then suddenly — "O, that makes all clear! I've often wondered how a person who impressed me with having such good taste as you did could send me, an invalid, such a lugubrious bouquet of daisies and immortelles and smilax, such funereal things. But I supposed it must be due to your 'crankiness' as Mr. Carman would call it."

"If I did n't kill you, at least I caused you that white hair," I said.

"No, you can't even take credit for that. My hair did not turn white until a few months ago. It suddenly began to whiten, and in a few months was as you see it now," replied Mrs. Warner.

The week passed by on lightning wings for all of us, and the night of Carman's arrival in Paris we had a re-union in the Warners' rooms, at which Carman drew inferences and deductions an hour long from this successful ending of my "romance."

One day, while Warner and I were walking alone, he said, "You have several times looked at me as though you wanted to ask me something that you hardly dared to. I think I know what it is. You want to know about the other one, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Poor Anita!" he said, "she was my wife only two months, when she took a cold which was fatal in three days. She was a loving little heart. Hannah is going to chisel the monument for her grave in the cemetery at Santa Barbara."

That evening Mrs. Warner brought me a clay model, a cross clasped by two hands. "You know what that is for," she said. "She died so, with the cross clasped in her hands. I shall always love her, for she loved my husband."

There is no happier married pair under the sunny skies of California than Job and Hannah Warner.

Years only add to their peace and plenty. I spend every winter in their lovely home among the orange groves. When I die, all I have shall go to their only child, Anita.

Their happiness has absolved me from my vow never to write a "true story" again. That is how I have come to write this tale.

Horace London.



HEARTH-FIRES AND CAMP-FIRES.

SEVEN pair of bright eyes followed Noman, called the Dauntless, as he rode away from his boarding-house one fine morning in June; and seven dainty handkerchiefs were flung to the breeze. Long had Noman's horse curvetted before the door, and the *tapederos* flapped from the stirrups of the heavy Mexican saddle; now, the slouched hat, clinking spur, and all the paraphernalia dear to an Easterner were vanishing in the distance.

All Santa Barbara camps, and sooner or later whoever lingers there will join in the yearly outgoing. Even the middle-aged, who for a time shake their heads and call it romantic folly, yield at last to fashion and agree to be parted from their comforts. What, then, could a good-natured youth do? He had resisted at first. I fear he was a vain carpet-knight, who chose rather to sun himself in fair eyes, to trip the light fantastic toe, or join the gay parties at the beach. But when he had been asked a score of times if he had camped, and told that he ought to camp, and questioned again and again as to why he did not camp, he grew ashamed of his apathy and gave way to the popular demand.

How does it happen, you may ask, that one so plainly of a social turn is journeying alone? It suited better his mood not to be tied to any party; one is not quite free with even one companion. Besides (let us whisper it) he had his doubts of the much lauded beauty of camp-life, and preferred to do penance alone. If, like another Friar Tuck, he find pasty left for him by some keeper of the forest, what then?

It was an inspiring morning for starting forth. The air scintillated with sunshine and breathed salt from the ocean. As Noman rode on, his pack donkey tramping ahead, he was buoyant over his good beginning, and disposed to make the most of whatever the day might offer. He said cheer-

fully to himself, "I am now ready to go wherever fancy may lead." But fancy, often so eager to take the reins, proved the most recreant of comrades. She was as inert as though she had never heard of unfrequented and sylvan paths or adventurous projects.

The first part of his route was already well known to him; although pleasant enough, it was an old story; and after three or four hours on the dusty country roads, his mind resumed a sadly matter-of-fact tone. There was little around the ordinary farm-house to attract notice, and he turned to pitying the inmates. To be sure, he saw signs of plenty everywhere, and he could easily believe that the well tilled acres might bring independence to the owners; but how could he look beneath the outward showing to know with what pride these people carried their fruits to the fair, with what aspiration they were educating son or daughter? He saw, instead, the farmer hard at work in the field, the busy housewife hot from her cooking; and he thought, "What that is beautiful and fresh can life hold for these people?" The refrain rang in his ears:

"For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning,"

and by the words he was reminded of the little harbor left behind, the charm of its hazy blue summer seas and visionary islands. He knew the merry groups that were frolic-ing in the surf at that hour: he had always been a welcome addition to their numbers,—and he sighed.

It is with a dejected countenance that, later on, having eaten his lunch, he throws himself on one of the sand dunes that reach along a lonesome bit of the coast. He has had riding enough and solitude enough, he says, and he falls to pondering on why people camp. Leaving him to his whimsical solutions, we, too, may as well look at the matter.

One would think that our comforts and luxuries were superfluous, or that the gain was offset by the weight of the *impedimenta*, that people with every convenience at home should be so ready to enter upon privation. Are we only trying to be pleased with our civilization, and are we really longing for the primal conditions of life? A truce to questions! We are not going to attempt that puzzle — modern refinement. The limits of advantage are not so easy to decide. Camping may settle them for you as for many. When you come to sleep over squirrel holes, to eat ants with your oatmeal, to put on a tarantula with your boot, some of your doubts may be laid to rest forever.

There are, doubtless, many reasons why people camp: some for health; others for idleness; others to follow the fashion; people like a change, and a change for the worse is better than none. But here is the chief attraction, and just here there will ever be an appeal to the imagination: we want to feel that we are not a part of our environment, that we are not joined to our furniture. We stretch ourselves and know that we are free. When once we have proven this, it may satisfy. We like to go back to first ways, to test the truth and need of our customs, to get closer to the heart of nature. And so, every year, many take themselves to the hills and woods; and it is well, — seldom do we know the pleasure of daring!

One can never tell who will like camping. Your fine lady may take to dirt and doing-without quite naturally; eat off a dry-goods box, live on an earth floor, abjure crimps, crinoline and powder, and pronounce it all delightful. Your poet, who was sure, and of whom you were sure, that he would find his element in the wilds, may not like it at all, — *he* may be free enough from things, at home. He will tell you, probably, that only the coarser souls need entire separation from the every-day to stand face to face with Nature. He sees her in every blade of grass, in the arch of the heavens, the nap of the pansy, the bloom of the peach. And well might one say that in a town nature holds in her arms.

Our young friend has had his enthusiasms.

He remembers — who would forget such hours? — the glorious feeling of adventure on that Fourth of July when he and Harvey Grey slept in the barn, that they might be up betimes to set the world astir. He remembers how they spread their blankets on the sweet hay, and lay down like soldiers to await the first light. Robinson Crusoe was then autocrat in their world.

Later, he had rejoiced in the boldness of the Helvetians. He too would gladly have burned his house and furniture, to be off seeking new heavens and new earth. And what youth in Virgil has not felt a thrill of sympathy with the Trojans landed on the Libyan coast? Has he not in fancy drawn a spark from his flint, with the faithful Achates; dried and parched his corn and ground it to meal on a stone; and sat down with the heroes, drenched with salt water and wearied with storms, to share the bread they had prepared and the venison furnished by the hand of Pius Æneas himself?

Verily, whatever Noman may have outgrown, once those old tales had caught his heart; and although he may call that enthusiasm latent barbarism, there is in him a respect for the earnestness of that boy and that youth.

As he rests in these solitudes, a dreary sense of loneliness comes to him who has been whirling in an eddy of trifles. But unless one can sail bravely from the shore in a fixed purpose, it is not amiss to be stranded on the sands for a time; where one can at least recover breath, and take a calm survey of one's skies.

Noman might have turned back at this point but for a certain native stubbornness, lying hid, which came to the rescue. He would not return to his friends until he had seen something of the country! He recollected now that he had had an invitation to visit the owner of a large ranch in the vicinity; he would improve the opportunity to see one of the distinctive homes of California.

Hence, the first evening out from Santa Barbara beheld our wanderer seated in Captain Trumbull's comfortable parlor. The

evening was chilly and he joined the family about the ample hearth. Nothing could have been cozier, or suited his tastes better. It was a tile hearth with brass fire-dogs set upon it, and above was the most elegant of modern mantels, and before the fire rich rugs and easy chairs: and Noman did not long for the light of stars, or the sighing of the breeze; but was content to deny himself such trifles.

He was soon in the good graces of the whole family, and all were ready next day to help him in his efforts to know the workings of a great ranch. He walked with the master over his broad acres, saw olive, prune, walnut, orange, and lemon orchards, admired the vigilance that guarded these from insect pests, and the ingenious contrivances for that labor. He saw the improved machinery used in harvesting the grain, and listened attentively to farm talk. He visited the dairy with the mistress, and saw how the Chinaman in charge, with his thermometer and scales, was able to bring out always the same hard yellow butter, for which the ranch was famous.

"It is like a smoothly working yet complex engine," said Noman, "and furnishes head work enough for the engineer."

"Yes, and other work," replied the host. "When I am not away on business, I am as busy here as any of my men; giving a look in one place and lending a hand in another. And I get for that double portion, of brain-work and muscle-work, only my board and clothes," said he, laughingly.

"And luxurious furniture, good service, fine pictures, — and power," added Noman.

"Power! yes, power!" echoed Captain Trumbull. "A man must put forth all his power somewhere, and my lot has fallen here."

"Men like you are surely doing a good work," remarked Noman, "by setting an example of thrift and system, and introducing with your larger means better stock, improved machinery, and new methods."

"We were the vanguards of civilization," replied the Captain; "but doubtless the time will come when we shall have served our purpose; and the great ranches must inevitably be divided into many homes. So be it! I do not quarrel with fate."

"You do not need to," thought Noman. He soon learned that living here was neither routine nor isolation. Miles did not seem barriers. The men were used to considering vast distances. This week they were on the mountains, next at the sea-shore, fifty, sixty, one hundred miles from home, falling in with all sorts, taking their luck wherever they might be.

An expedition was on the tapis when Noman came to the ranch, and he determined to join it; for he had found out by his first day's experience that he needed nothing so much as a definite aim, at least until he should feel at ease in his new mode of life. Although urged to remain longer at the ranch he kept to his first idea, and set off with his host and men toward a stock range seventy miles away in the mountains.

Our dilettant has had, as you will admit, an easy introduction to country life; he had been charmed with his entertainment, and especially charmed with a certain largeness in the doings, the lavish hospitality, and the princely expenditure; life was cut by a generous pattern. Yet in weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the existence he had just shared, he was surprised to find a reservation in his praise. Perhaps he had built his ideas on such sentiment as "The Vicar of Wakefield," or "My Farm of Edgewood" had colored his picture of a country home; Alcott may have given a freshness and sparkle to the products of nature that reality would not bear out.

But is it all poetic fiction? may not the smaller farm be richer in all that makes the farm a homestead? has it not some attractive features that the very large can never share? All the sweet fullness of delight that the mind gives is lost when one is satisfied with abundance, when hired help watches the ripening of the grain, and harvests it without thanksgiving, plucks, without their down, the peaches, thinking only of the markets.

In strong contrast with the American ranch he had visited, were the Spanish places scattered here and there; yet these in turn

captivated his fancy. Time had given them stability and poetic worth. One could imagine what tales of love and adventure were woven in with their history. These were paternal acres; the Spaniards truly settled when they built their homes. Noman would have liked to see one of their dwellings rising slowly, brick by brick. He doubted not that much time entered into the work, many cigarritos were smoked, many siestas taken, before their completion.

These adobes of one story, low, with red tiled roof, make no attempt at architectural effects; yet they harmonize so well with the conditions of the soil and climate, that through the very fitness of things they seem a necessary part of the landscape, and lend a soft charm to the hills and vales.

But few of the old-time mansions still have Spanish owners; but only one was needed to carry our traveler back to the period when the country was under other sway, the old days of don and retainer. The romance of the past seemed to linger about it, and to modify the present life within the walls.

"We feel that the inmates still breathe a different air from the invader," said the Captain. "It is the dreamy air of Spain, while our lungs have not exhausted their northern supply. There was considerable lofty pomp mingled with their simplicity," he continued, pointing to an old family coach in an out-building joined to the main part.

It was in the last stages of decay, — a monument of former grandeur. In imagination Noman saw it drawn out as of old, ready for some great occasion: perhaps it was an important day in the church; or a state visit to another ranch was planned; or it might be that a vessel lay at the nearest harbor, loaded with merchandise, to be exchanged for hides and tallow; and the señora and the señoritas must handle the glittering fans and pass judgment upon the brocades, selecting all the finery that the indulgent papa will admit. Ah me! perhaps those same excursions were the real reason why no successor ever took the place of the veteran in the shed. Noman saw the señoritas with light laughter enter the capacious vehicle, and

following close came the dignified mamma, while the don assisted with gentle deference. What bright eyes flashed from its windows! What slippered feet kept time within to the measured trot of the outriders!

"Alas," said Noman, "the old coach has but memories to cheer its age! Judging by its condition, it must be years since it was used, yet it remains undisturbed. Whether left so near because of tender memories bound up with its past, or through inertia, is a question never to be settled by us. An American would have disposed of it as kindling long before this, not left it to catch the dust and cobwebs of time, and silently fall away little by little, like the fortunes of the family. This slowness has its fair compensations, though," he pursued, "a deal of contentment and easy grace goes with it."

"Contentment and easy grace, perhaps, but not land," replied his practical companion. "It is hard for the Spaniard to adapt himself to the new order of things, or to match with the shrewdness of the *Americano*."

But one bright exception did Noman see — one of the original Spanish families that was holding its own against the new-comers. On its ranch many profitable industries were carried on, wine was made, olives pickled, fruit and grain marketed; all sorts of trades were represented by the little community, a world to itself, with a king at its head; there was even a store in the great house, where the common needs of the men were supplied.

With all this enterprise, many rude ways of working were adhered to. Noman was surprised to see an old woman grinding at a large stone shaped for the purpose, the corn that would furnish part of the dinner for the field hands. A fire was burning on the dirt floor in one corner of her kitchen, the smoke rising through a hole in the roof; over the coals was a piece of iron on which the tortillas were to be fried.

And many primitive fashions were holding their own. The out-of-door oven was an accessory of the ranch. In it the weekly baking was done, as it used to be in the brick ovens Noman had heard his mother extol, and it was heated in the same way, by build-

ing a fire within. The Spaniard and modern tools would not well go together.

A group of women washing clothes on the bank of a stream furnished a scene that was foreign in effect as well as picturesque. With towels pinned over their heads, contrasting finely with their dusky faces, the women knelt at their work like heathen at some mystic rite. Indeed it might have been one, so far as manners showed, for they were not hilarious; neither were they hurried or worried, but in their slow way enjoyed the occasion. In cold water, without any boiling, the work was done. The clothes were rubbed and pounded on an inclined board, grooved at the sides; plenty of soap was used, and the water dipped up from the stream and poured over.

Strange as it might appear, the clothes, strung around on trees, fences, and brush, were snowy white. There is a pride with the Spanish señoras in their linen, and this feeling extends among the lower classes; even the poorest will turn out a fair display in the washing. Noman often wondered, in looking at the children, what became of all the clean clothes.

Neatness, that homely virtue, showed itself in many ways about the humble home of the "greaser." The dirt floors were well swept, and there was none of that clutter in the door-yard of broken crockery, bits of rope, rags, and paper, that give such a desolate appearance to a place. This trait of neatness was not seen in its perfection; but compared with most of our foreigners of the lower rank, the "greaser" might fairly claim to be ahead. Yet little attempt had been made to beautify the home with flowers, or to keep fences or buildings in repair; and with soil and climate favorable, few of the places had much fruit: two or three straggling olives, perhaps a fig and a vine; now and then an old vineyard once used for wine-making.

As for the inmates of these humble homes,—of course there is a long step from the gentleman to the peasant. Besides the differences that always exist between the high and low, differences that are the result, in part, of long years of distinction in education,

position, and opportunity, there is in this case another difference: the gentleman is a Castilian, while the peasant (called indiscriminately Spaniard, Indian, Californian, or greaser) is of mixed race, Spanish and Indian.

"Although social rank is distinctly marked, there is, apparently, little feeling of servitude or degradation among the poorer class," said Noman.

"No, they have too much of the independence of the Indian and the haughtiness of the Spaniard to permit that. Their independence, however, does not prevent a deal of reverence for the don, and a delight to be in his service."

Noman did not try to analyze them further. When he saw a group around some cabin door, slow-motioned, fierce-eyed, hardly reckoned from the savage state, it was enough for the moment that they made a striking picture, full of high lights and strong shadows. When, at evening, he met one of the vaqueros, he did not forget that he was coarse, cruel, untaught, but overlooked it in the polite greeting; and when Noman saw him speeding over the ground, a part of his horse, he had gained a new word in his vocabulary of images, another expression of free and easy motion. He suspects there is a rude poetry of soul expressed in that swaying gallop; there is a chord in that savage breast, he may believe, that responds to higher things. He hears it in the guitar thrummed in the still air of evening; he sees it in their romantic ideas of honor toward a friend; and when at early dawn they kneel at mass in the old mission, he has seen it in the weird awe reflected in their swarthy faces.

Noman has not lingered as long about these landmarks of the past as would seem, though they are attractive to his imagination. He has kept on with the Captain, learning meanwhile that California has many kinds of homes and of people.

After parting from the Captain at the stock range, he purposed to explore some of the cañons. He had supposed the mountains uninhabited, unless, now and then, a herder brought his bake-oven and blanket to

their sides, or a bee-man pitched near his hives a summer home ; therefore he was surprised at the number of cabins hidden away in odd corners.

He sometimes shared the hospitality of these settlers, and when his tent was pitched near, always found a welcome at their hearth-fires, — and hearth-fires they were in a literal sense, that blazed in rude stone fire-places. He liked to hear them spin their yarns, thinking it allowable toward an Easterner. People whom he would not have noticed in the streets of a city became interesting when he was brought into contact with their daily lives. He often discussed with them, in the frankest and most unconstrained way imaginable, their weakness, needs, and outlook ; and was sometimes surprised to find, coupled with small power of effective action, largeness of vision, and a sort of far-away philosophy in the acceptance of themselves.

Sometimes the promise of his youth recalled lost opportunities and past failures ; and although he saw that the fate they blamed was often a fate that had sent them into the world with feeblewill and timid pulse, yet none the less real and pathetic was their cry, and from his heart he could answer them, even from the prophecy of the years to come to himself,

"I pledge thee in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf."

Regret is not, however, the normal mood of the dweller in the hills, — sunshine and a liberal soil do not have such a tendency. Great expectations lie in his horizon ; while he may be living, for the present, in a state of easy probation, he has a largeness of conception that is overpowering to more sober-minded men. Yet, of whatever type, many of the permanent settlers were of the feebler part of humanity, so true is it that the weak go to the wall. Noman was thankful that men could at least flee to the mountains, when pursued by gaunt poverty or despair. "Here are the firm hills, and they will give something of their strength," thought he, "to the children whom they foster ; here are great currents of air to sweep through and energize them."

From the valleys Noman had looked off at the far, sunny slopes of the mountains, so placid, with hawks balancing across their hazy outlines, and said to himself, "There must be rest," and dreamed that to camp beneath the rocky sides of their cañons, with only the heavens above for friend, one might meet Nature face to face and speak to her.

He found that it takes courage to meet Nature face to face, hand to hand ; that she is a rough, unyielding friend, who chills with her fogs, poisons with her oak and ivy, scratches with her brambles, and oppresses with her shadows. Yet, having met those first terrors, he saw also her beneficence and tender delight in giving joy to her children. When he had become used to the solitude, he was no longer oppressed by it, but relieved ; it was as though a load of trifles had been lifted from his mind, and had left it unencumbered and serene. A feeling of security prevailed, as with a child that has found a mother. Nature was at home here : why should he be afraid ?

A hundred little pleasures stole unobtrusively in upon him a part of the day, as though waiting for his attention. Children and the convalescent observe the differences in each hour ; they delight in the sunshine, they notice the temperature of the raindrops, and what odor is borne on the wind ; but we are not usually sensitive to distinguish atmospheric changes or common beauties. Though we would be in rapture over a new view, we do not see the swelling bud or flying bird, or hear the whispering leaves. Our eyes are used for other sights, our ears for other sounds. We know that the weather vane indicates a storm, but seldom see the white gleam of sunlight in a wind, or stand still and breathe in the electric air. But let our customary occupations be taken away, and our idle senses begin again to respond to Nature's many moods, and sometimes we cry with astonishment, "Hast thou been away, O Nature, or have I been asleep ?"

When Noman had learned campers' ways, — for the simplest life must have some methods, — he began to enjoy the almost Indian rudeness. The simple task of providing for

each day was a recreation. Morning was the special time for activity. In the early dawn, when the black trees are silhouetted against the reddening sky, there is a chill in the air that makes one draw one's self together to resist the elements. Action is then agreeable.

After lighting a fire and bringing water from the brook, Noman fixed his kettle securely on the blaze, and then busied himself gathering brush and dead boughs on the hill-sides, enough for cooking and for the evening's camp-fire. Then, having conquered the chill of morning, and filled his lungs with mountain air, he was ready for breakfast, and breakfast was usually ready for him.

After breakfast he cooked food enough for the day, a task that occupied him till nine or ten o'clock. He was as deliberate as a chemist at his mortars; but when it was done, he was free till another morning.

Midday would find the camper, perhaps, on some mountain side, with hills and valleys for a spectacle, a mite, lost in the grandeur and breadth of his vision. Another day he would spend the hours idly swinging in his hammock, idle as to his body, not always idle as to his mind. Occasionally he would lie for an hour enjoying mere existence, absorbing sunlight to be given out afterwards in sane and happy laughter. All around seemed part of a waking dream; the butterfly on the grass was no more a part of the summer day than he. How fine in color and in light was the moss on the opposite tree. Every thing seemed permeated with light, and set in tune with the music of the spheres. It was neither exaltation nor drowsy dullness that he felt, only a fine spell that absorbed him into the nature of things.

He explored the world within the radius of his eyes, and found it beautiful. He looked into the sycamore that arched above his head, and felt a kinship with the woody life. Benign and firm it stood and held the neighbor squirrel's stores; the yellow-hammers had their nests beneath its leaves. No doubt, said fancy, the old tree looks with partial eye on their small housekeeping. Each spring it hangs out tassels in the breeze,

rejoicing with the gay, and fills its gnarled home with new-born leaves, pale green and yellow brown, soft, furry things that stretch their baby fingers in the light.

One charm of Nature's processes is that work and play are not violently sundered. The leaves laugh and dance in the sun, and at the same time are changing crude sap to elaborated; so a sturdy mind may be making growth when apparently idle, and by the aid of quiet and meditation be changing ideas to thoughts, knowledge to wisdom. Noman, gazing at the sky, admiring Dame Nature's robes, her soft gray and pearl and azure tints bordered with feathery white, sometimes looked farther than he had ever looked before; he felt the earth whirling round in space, while he was borne on it, and looking into the dim border lands of the upper world, he saw that he was part of destiny; he felt in himself the tides of that boundless sea whence flows all light, and saw no limit to the beauty and the power of life that drew upon such source.

When the mountains were purple and the long shadows painted pictures, he would stroll through the valleys and over the hills, often pausing to catch the tinkle of cow-bells or the whirring of the rising covey of quail. There is a tender soberness in the later hours of day. Who that has looked the wild flower in the face has not seen a deeper meaning then, discovered by the setting sun, and held his mind intent to look into the glistening crypt, a temple for the spirit of the flower. Nature's charm we find proportioned to her strength; she piles up her rocks in lofty sublimity, she tumbles her torrents down the gorge, yet she can rock to sleep the tiniest flower upon her breast.

So the days passed away, and the camper grew tanned and rough without, wholesome and fresh within. How far his new sensibility and pleasure depended upon a merely physical state it were hard to tell; but mind and soul also felt a revulsion into the natural, and the result was a robust joy.

Yet the time came when our hermit was ready and anxious for other ways. If solitude is the temple, society is the fireside and

workshop. Though we seek the temple every seventh day to draw a lesson from the past, to seek direction for the future, it were narrowing our vision and usefulness to spend the week therein. Our traveler would not soon forget the rest in the hills, the wholesomeness of out-of-doors; but the best result of his banishment was that it simplified existence to him. It is hard to mark out one's course in the webbed intricacy of human affairs, but here the details of his life had vanished in the distance and left only the larger lines, and he saw better where its strength and where its weakness lay.

Noman did not linger upon his homeward path; his sight-seeing was over. He had done what he had planned to do,—he had camped.

He had subjected himself to new influences, enjoyed himself in many ways; he would return to his starting point. But do we ever return to our starting point? It is not quite the same place that we left. Nothing stands still; why then should we think to be an exception? Our camper may suppose himself unchanged, except that he is bearded, tanned, and rough-looking; but there is an intangible result that he does not take into account, yet that shall never be undone. Certain inclinations have settled, crystallized in his mind in the silence and solitude, and he is ready for more purposed action. His char-

acter has not altered; he will only return to an old allegiance, to his truer self. We commonly have several selves; but one is the most constant, most genuine.

His fellow-boarders did not find Noman the same, and there was loud complaining. "Where were the jokes and jibes that were wont to set the table in a roar?" The tranquillity of the mighty hills seemed to brood over his spirit, the Titanic strength of the forest was in his heart; yet his eyes looked forth clear, and calm, and smiling, as though the optic nerve had found its true, just center, and there was security within.

Those summer days will most of them soon melt into a pleasant whole; only a few will remain apart in the memory to be added to that bright rosary he tells his aspirations by,—"would that all days were like them!" Every one has such a rosary of perfect days. We cannot tell why they come or whither they go, but believe they follow obeying, and the success of life is having as many of them as possible.

Such memories are precious, and Noman is often found with half closed eyes, trying to fix the vanishing past and the lessons he has gained. Hence the Dauntless is now called the Sluggard; and his friends are not satisfied, though he has joined the great army of invincibles who entreat the stranger to camp.

R. G.

MELISSA.

THE young stranger reined in his horse at the top of a little hill, and gazed with pleasure upon the sylvan scene. Just before him two mountain creeks formed a junction. The larger one he had been following for some hours, and now, from his left, a noisy tributary came rushing down from its rugged ravine, roaring with impatience at the huge boulders of granite which obstructed its way. To the right, on the opposite side of the main stream, a yellow bluff rose abruptly to a great height, crowned with a stately fringe

of redwood trees. On the very edge of the precipice, a great madroño tree thrust its fantastic bulk out over the creek flowing more than a hundred feet below. The rain had washed the earth from its contorted roots, and it seemed in imminent peril of plunging into the abyss. On every other side, the forest hedged in a little clearing at the junction of the creeks. In the clearing there stood a large cabin, built of split boards and shakes. Its only color was the dark hue given by the weather. A rude fireplace of boulders and

clay rose at one end of the building, terminating in a chimney of sticks and mud.

Night was fast closing in. The yellow rays of the declining sun touched the tops of the trees on the bluff. The traveler thought it time to apply for shelter, as he was in a strange and wild country. He rode gently down the slope, and drew up at the cabin door.

"Hallo."

The door opened, and a tall, sallow woodman appeared. His long, untrimmed beard gave him a haggard look. The stranger told his needs, and indicated his willingness to pay for such accommodations as could be afforded him.

"Stranger," said the woodman, "ef you're willin' ter put up with mount'n fare, an' say nothin' about pay, we'd be right glad ter hev yer stop. 'Light, an' make yerself ter home. I hain't got no hay fur th' critter, but you kin stake him out in the feed yander. I see you got some grain tied ter yer saddle."

Still further pressed by the hospitable mountaineer, the stranger dismounted, and, uncoiling a picket rope from the pommel, led his horse to a level patch of grass near the creek, where he fastened him, after relieving him of the saddle.

As he followed his host into the cabin, he saw in the room, and peeping at him from various doors, a boy and four girls, the eldest about twelve years of age. Their yellow hair hung about their faces, thick and straight; their clothing was simple, and of neutral tint; and their bare feet showed an intimate acquaintance with the rude country about their home. They gazed bashfully at the stranger, and were admonished in low tones by their pale and careworn mother.

Then there was an unusual stir in the little household. The good woman drew out the table, and spread upon it a tablecloth of snowy whiteness, — the best of her little store of linen. The few cherished bits of tableware were carefully brought forth; the reserved stores of the slender larder were drawn upon; all in honor of the stranger, who looked with thoughtful admiration upon their gentle and generous hospitality.

When supper smoked on the board, the stranger was given the honored place. The host looked over the table with satisfaction.

"You done well, Charity," he said.

The stranger praised his entertainment, and amused his kind entertainers with cheerful accounts of the world beyond the mountains.

At intervals, indistinct sounds came to his ears from another room, and he perceived that all the children were not at the table. Occasionally the father and mother would glance at each other uneasily, and the latter would silently go to the room whence the sounds proceeded.

Supper over, the mountaineer and his guest sat before the fireplace, where sticks of pitchy fir were burning with intense glow and heat. The host filled his pipe thoughtfully. There was a pathetic look on his face. He placed a glowing coal in the bowl, and drew deep puffs.

"It's Melissy, he said at last, turning to the stranger with a sigh. "My oldest gal, Melissy. She's bad." The stranger perceived at once that he meant that she was very ill. "She's mighty bad," he continued, in a low tone. "I'm dreadful afeard she's a-goin' to peter out. Char'ty don't give up hope, though. Melissy's only fourteen year old. Stranger, I wisht you could 'a' seen thet gal four year ago. The peartest little thing you ever see, — beat the rest all holler. She'd run an' climb, an' sing, an' allers ready ter help her mother. It come to an' eend mighty sudden, pore little gal." The mountaineer paused, and brushed his sallow cheek.

"Mebbe you noticed that big old madrone a-growin' out over the edge er the bluff across th' crick. Well, jess take another look at it tomorrer mawnin'. Four years ago las' spring, there was a terrible savage old Californy lion round yere. He 'bout cleaned out the young colts, I reckon. Them critters is awful fond o' colt-meat. There was old man Pardee, an' Jack Briggs, an' Tom Baily, an' some others, all lost colts; an' the mares ud be found all scratched up in the mawnin'."

"Well, one day Char'ty an' me went up to

old man Pardee's, an' lef' the child'en to home. We never 'spected no danger. There was five of 'em. Melissy was ten, an' Toby, my boy, he was about six. Barby wa'n't born then. Well, 'bout the middle er the afternoon, the little gals was a-playin' outside, an' Melissy was sorter fixin' up things 'bout the house, so 's ter surprise her mother like when she got home. Pretty soon she tuk an idee to go up around the bluff ter the open land up above, an' get some wild flowers fur a bokay, 'cause she knowed thet ud please her mother. Well, she went up to the trail above yere, an' picked quite a bunch o' posies; an' by thet time she was close on to the big madrone at the top er th' bluff. So she set down on it, fur the butt run out mighty nigh right straight, an' began ter fix up her bokay.

"While she was a-settin' there, with her feet over the edge, — fur Melissy wa'n't afraid o' nothin', — and kinder singing to herself as she fixed the posies, she chanced ter look down, an' what d'you s'pose she seen? Stranger, she see little Toby down ter the crick with a fishin' pole a-tryin' to fish as he'd seen me do, an' 'bout a rod behind him she see a long yeller critter, with a long tail thet kep' a-switchin' from side ter side, an' th' critter was a-crawlin', crawlin', down on to little Toby; an' she see it a-pattin' its chin on the ground, an' hitchin' its hind legs up under it, an' a-tremblin', jest ready ter spring! It was that savage old Californy lion!

"It was a desprit thing, but Melissy, she sorter woke up in a minit, an' what do you s'pose she done? Holler, an' run back round the trail? No; she knowed by thet time the lion ud hev little Toby. She let herself down over the edge, hangin' on to the roots o' the madrone, an' when there wa'n't nothin' more ter hang on to, she turned around, with her back ter the bluff, an' let go! Thet 's what Melissy done!

"My God, 't was a terr'ble fall! Fur a little ways she slid down all right, an' then there was a place nearly up an' down, an' she fell forty feet on to the rocks, an' then rolled, an' tumbled, an' fell again, an' at last dropped inter the deep water at the bottom, with a whole slide of rocks an' dirt smashin'

after her. Stranger, I never could see how she kim out alive, but she wa' n't even stunned. She cud swim like a fish, an' she paddled acrost inter the shaller water, tryin' ter hol-ler all she could. The next minit she was hurryin' Toby up ter th' house, an' the lion was bouncin' off in the brush, pretty well scared, I reckon.

"Char'ty an' me, we got home 'fore long, an' found the child'en all in th' house, an' Melissy settin' down lookin' awful white, an' covered with blood, from scratches as we thought. We got some water an' washed her, and then we see she was bleedin' inside. Ever sence thet day she hain't been well; sorter pined away like. We tuk her ter town ter the doctor for a while, but he could n't do nothin'. We feel dreadful sorry 'bout it, — can't help it, you see. She used ter be so peart. The next day after it happened, I found her bokay of posies lodged in a ruffle down the crick. Char'ty's got it yet, I reckon."

The mountaineer brushed his cheek again, and smoked rapidly, gazing in the fire. At last he went on:

"The teacher of the school yere has bin awful good to Melissy. She's a young woman from Santa Cruz, — what I call one er the fust-best; kind an' pleasant, but lots er spirit, too. You see, Melissy wa'n't able ter go ter school, so what does the school-ma'am do but come down yere o' Saturdays, or mebbe Sundays, an' talk ter Melissy, an' read to her, an' teach her little things about knittin' an' all that. It's done Melissy a heap o' good; sorter cheered her up like. The school-ma'am's an awful good young woman."

At this moment the mother came softly forward and leaned over her husband's chair.

"Well, Charity, how 's Melissy?"

"She does n't feel any pain, now. She wants to come out an' see the stranger."

"So she shall, so she shall," said the mountaineer, rising and placing his pipe on the rude mantel. He went into the adjoining room, and after a time reappeared, bearing in his arms a piteous burden wrapped in a white blanket. So pale and fragile did the sick child appear, that it seemed as if a sin-

gle rude breath of air might extinguish the flickering spark of life. Her eyes were large and brilliant, and unlike her sisters she had dark hair, which formed a startling contrast to her marble face. Her father held her tenderly as he resumed his seat before the fire. The other children gathered around, silent and on tiptoe. Toby, a sturdy, ruddy boy, stood beside his father, and gently arranged a stray lock of his sister's hair. The stranger recollected that the sister had sacrificed herself for this brother.

"This is my Melissy," said the mountaineer, with assumed cheerfulness. "She wanted ter come our an' see the stranger. 'T ain't every day thet we hev some un come fom town to stop in an' tell us the news, is it, little gal? So we mus' make the best of it. The stranger kim way fom Santa Clara Valley on horseback. You jess orter see his horse, Melissy; it's the prettiest critter you ever see. We mus' see him tomorrer mawn-in'. He's a dark bay, an' his coat is jest like silk."

"He's gentle, too," said the stranger. "He will follow me about just like a dog. If I get tired riding, I jump-off and walk, and he follows me until I get ready to ride again. Why, Melissa, he's so gentle that *you* could ride him; and if he thought you weren't used to being on horseback, you'd see how carefully he'd step, so as not to frighten you. My sisters often ride him, and he is always delighted when he sees one of them with her long riding dress on, because then he knows that he will have a lump of sugar."

Melissa smiled at that.

"Is it warm in Santa Clara?" she asked, in a weak voice, scarcely more than a whisper.

"Yes, it is warm and sunny there; and there are gardens of beautiful flowers, and orchards full of fruit. I wish you could come and see us, and my sisters would show you all the pretty places."

"It is very cold here," said poor Melissa.

In a short time she became weary, and her father with infinite tenderness carried her back to her room.

"I like the stranger," she whispered in his

ear. "I want to see him when he rides away tomorrow."

The stranger was shown to a little, low-roofed bed-room, and when his host had left him, looked curiously about at the queer, home-made furniture and simple ornaments. He extinguished his candle and lay down. Through the little square window he could see somber tree-tops outlined against a starry sky. The roar of the brawling creek was a lullaby and he slept.

In the night an icy hand clutched his own. His bewildered and awakening senses perceived a tall figure bending over him.

"Stranger," said the hollow voice of the mountaineer, "Melissy's goin'. She's goin' fast." There was inexpressible grief in the tone. "She's bin callin' for the teacher," he went on. "She wants ter see her. Could n't I git yer ter go up with yer horse an' fetch her down? She's stoppin' to old man Par-dee's."

In another moment the stranger was out under the stars. The solemnity of the forest and the night was awful. The old moon hung in the west above the trees. A ghostly breeze passed moaning through the woods. In the dusky shadow, his horse started up at his approach, and met him with a low whinny. He threw the saddle on and mounted.

"'Bout a mile above yere," said a voice from the cabin door. "A house ter yer left with an openin' back of it."

The stranger rode on, over the bridge and along the unknown road. It was very dark among the great trees, but he pushed on rapidly. At last open ground appeared at his left, and a rude, long, low house in gloomy shadow touched with rays of moonlight. He drew rein before the door. Three large animals rushed forward, with deep, hoarse bays and uplifted muzzles. He leaned forward and struck resounding blows on the door. A growling voice was heard within. A light flashed from a window. The door opened, and a tall old man appeared, shading his candle with his hand. A long white beard flowed from beneath his chin, and his iron gray hair was like a mane. So wrinkled was his face, that it seemed as if centuries

and not years had beat upon it. He gazed with astonishment at the mounted stranger looming tall in the moonlight.

"Is this Mr. Pardee?"

"It is, so it is," replied the old man.

"What kin I do fur ye?"

The stranger quickly told his errand.

"Sho, now; so the pore little gal is goin' under. It's a great pity, so it is. I'll tell Miss Fairchild to once." The old man disappeared with his light. The stranger dismounted, and the hounds came to lick his hands.

The light reappeared. A pale young lady, wrapped in a dark cloak, stepped from the door, and gazed earnestly and anxiously at the stranger.

"Is poor little Melissa worse?" she asked, sorrowfully.

"I fear so. She has asked for you. I came to tell you. Will you mount my horse? You are not afraid to ride?"

"No, if he will carry a woman."

"He has — many times. But the saddle?"

"I can use it without the least difficulty."

He assisted her to mount. She gathered up the reins with a practiced hand, and the next instant had departed at a gallop into the black woods.

"Smart gal, so she is," murmured the old man. "Won't yer come in, stranger? We'll hev a fire an' a cup o' coffee."

"No, thank you. I will walk back, now. Good night."

He walked away, escorted by the hounds to the edge of the woods. When he reached the cabin, the moon had sunk, the stars were pale, and the cold dawn was trembling in the sky.

He entered softly. The hour had come. Through an open door he saw the mother seize her husband's arm, and heard her voice

in the agony of hope yielding place to despair. But the mountaineer, with the tears running down his sallow cheeks, and in a voice of unutterable sorrow, said:

"No, Charity, she's plumb dead now, Charity, — she's plumb dead now."

But the pale young teacher, kneeling by the death-bed of poor Melissa, rose up like a comforting angel, to whisper sweet words of consolation to the mourning parents. The stranger, could only wait silently with reverential wonder, to do her bidding; for he was young, and had never looked upon sorrow. When the bright morning had come, with all its cheerful sights and sounds, she beckoned him softly to look at the little dead heroine. The face was like marble delicately sculptured, illumined by a serene smile of indescribable sweetness, as if at the moment of parting the music of celestial choirs had fallen upon her ears.

The stranger reverently gazing could but turn to his pale companion and murmur one word:

"Peace."

The stranger tarried to attend the simple obsequies. From distant mountain ranches and from cabins in the remote woods the sincere and kindly people gathered. There was then no church and no minister in that wild region. An aged man read the burial service, and sweet-voiced children, led by their gentle teacher, sang a hymn for their departed companion.

The mountains are no longer wild and inaccessible. The ax has swept their slopes, and the screaming locomotive rushes through the cañons; but in a dusky clump of fragrant mountain laurels, in peace undisturbed, there is a little green mound, and deeply carved on a mossy trunk the name, MELISSA.

C. E. B.



MANUFACTURING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comfort.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE immense factor in the national wealth that manufacturing constitutes is appreciated only by those who have given the subject a careful study, and only when we realize that of the whole population of the United States less than thirty-five per cent are actually occupied in making a living, and that of this thirty-five per cent over twenty-two per cent devote their lives, energies, and brains to manufacturing, mechanical and mining pursuits. In other words, as nearly one-fourth of all those engaged in earning a living by gainful occupation do so in the above named industries, it can at once be seen how important an element these industries are in the producing capabilities of the nation.

So careful a statistician as Mr. Francis A. Walker, says, "The growth of the United States in manufacturing industry is one of the most noteworthy features of the present age," and this is evidenced by the amount of money distributed for wages during the past four decades, viz., those preceding 1850, 1860, 1870, and 1880, being respectively 237 millions, 379 millions, 620 millions, and 948 millions of dollars, or in round numbers, for 1880, \$20. for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

It is natural then, in view of these tremendous figures, to enquire into the condition of the manufacturing interest in San Francisco, the industrial center of the Pacific Coast, and we do so in as simple and modest a narrative as the condition of the subject demands. If we get mining, farming, and manufacturing mixed up a little in the start, it is because no effort was made in the early history of California after its occupation by American citizens to segregate the industries, and that the paramount and predominating interest for many years after 1848 was mining, which swallowed up or overshadowed all others.

It is true that certain mechanical work incidental to and essential for the existence of mining was carried on contemporaneous with the fixed development of that industry, but for three or four years little or nothing in manufacturing was done, and the California of 1852 was not looked upon as of much value for industrial pursuits. Even at that period mining was by many considered as past its zenith, and agriculture was possible only in the imagination of some whilom farmer playing miner. As to manufacturing, the only thing that California manufactured was "big yarns," and these after all may have been imported.

But the vicissitudes of a miner's life eventually turned many to agricultural pursuits, and gradually developed an industry where the pioneers asserted none could exist. Mining, however, being the dominant and absorbing interest, nurtured and protected as it was by the old Spanish laws, imperiled these first attempts at farming and fruit-growing, because both farm and orchard were liable to peremptory destruction if gold were discovered there. The mining laws recognized the sacredness of a mining claim, but farming and fruit-growing had no rights that the miner was obliged to respect.

Perhaps the most important manufacturing industry in those days was that of lumber, and saw mills early got to work on the splendid sugar and yellow pine forests of the Sierra or the redwoods of the Coast Range.

At a very early day San Francisco got its supply of redwood lumber from the mountain region in the peninsula between the bay of San Francisco and the ocean. The most convenient landing on the bay being in a creek running up towards that timbered region, it was dubbed Redwood, and grew into the present very pretty village of that name, the county seat of San Mateo county.

It was not reckoned among the probabilities that California would be a manufacturing State, and it is probable that even at this day the growing industries of California are looked upon by our manufacturing brethren east of the Rockies with the same kind of jealousy and suspicion that prompted England in its treatment of the youthful manufacturing industries of its then American colonies.

But as in the case of the American colonies California was too remote and was peopled by too enterprising a set of men to be long dependent on others for what could be produced on its own soil, or manufactured by its own mechanics.

Happy Valley, as the First Street neighborhood was then called, a name indicating peace and content, possessed as early as 1849 the germ of what is now a well developed enterprise, unsurpassed in its equipment of modern appliances. It is not likely that James and Peter Donahue, when they started up the first fire in their extemporized forge in that region of bliss (sic), had any idea of the flame that forge would fan for the fires of future industries; but in the Union Iron Works of today we see a direct descendant of the Donahue forge, for they builded indeed better than they knew.

Thirty-five years ago, the uncertainty and instability of affairs in California were unfavorable to the founding of any important manufactory, and while the mechanic and artisan were, as they always will be, needed, the manufacturer as such was looked upon as a being having no vocation in the land of gold.

The first efforts of the manufacturer were feeble, and these feeble efforts received no encouragement. On the contrary, the interests of the great mercantile firms were opposed to such, and were identified with firms abroad simply as importers.

Flour, beans, and coal came from Chili; rice and sugar with flies' legs, from China; wooden houses already built came from Holland, and iron houses from England. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia supplied almost everything else that did not come from Europe. Ships came into the harbor laden

with all the requirements of the country, and often lay at anchor for years, abandoned by their crews and unable to get away for the want of freight and equipments.

Corners were made in stoves, in rice, in flour, and in everything that had a corner in it, even in cannon-ball Dutch cheeses, without corners. Irregularities in arrival facilitated such speculation, and the operators of those days were as keen as the stock jobbers of later times.

Curbstone brokers did not exist simply because there were no curbstones, but every other window on Montgomery Street bore a sign, *Aquí se compra oro*.

Emperor Norton, who came in 1849 from the Cape of Good Hope, as the representative and confidant of some English capitalists, built in 1851 a mill for the cleaning of rice, and speculated heavily in this product. His last corner proved disastrous, for the rice cleaned him of his last dollar, dethroned his reason, and made him Emperor.

As the State became settled, thinking men began to realize its condition, if instead of developing its resources from within, it should continue to import goods from without and from foreign nations.

The occasional prolonged scarcity of articles suggested that some efforts should be made to produce them here, and it was found too that the climate of San Francisco was remarkably favorable to physical labor. The absence of either extremes of temperature avoided one great source of expense, that of heating and cooling large manufacturing buildings to meet such extremes as occur in the manufacturing districts of New England.

The discovery that the great valleys of California would produce wheat in great abundance and at small cost soon created a class of farmers who farmed nothing but wheat, and the boundaries of whose domains were lost in the horizon.

The wild horses that roamed free in the great plains, the antelope and elk, gave way to the wheat fields, and the rodeo of the rancheros became a thing of the past.

The production of wheat compelled the erection of flour mills, and thus the manufac-

ture of flour began, and the importation from Chili and New York decreased.

The rapid multiplication of sheep, natural in such a genial climate, turned the attention of stockmen to raising sheep for the wool; the amount of wool produced being sufficient to reduce its value to a minimum induced the erection of woolen mills, and the manufacture of woolen goods. So in the fifties we manufactured flour, and early in the sixties made woolen goods.

The flowing in of crude sugar from the islands of the Pacific demonstrated the need of a sugar refinery, and thus sugar refining became established, first by George Gordon, then by Claus Spreckles; and the fly-leg sugar from China, which every California miner will remember, gave way to the production of the local sugar refineries.

The old mission fathers left a legacy of undying value in the vines so long and successfully cultivated by them and the fair wine produced therefrom, and the experiments of the early wine growers in different parts of the State soon proved anew what the padres had already demonstrated, that neither Spain or Portugal or the South of France could produce better wine than California.

Thus we see how near the three W's, wheat, wool and wine, came to the three undetermined values, x, y, z , of the mathematician.

But in these three W's Nature does the greater share of work, and man during the day contributes his efforts and sleeps peacefully at night, conscious of the fact that his partner, nature, is still working faithfully, effectively, and unremittingly.

With the mechanic and manufacturer, however, it is different. Nature in many cases is their enemy, and they have to overcome many difficulties which develop only as they proceed, — yet what success is worth securing unless it has been won at some sacrifice?

Here the remoteness of the city of San Francisco from the rest of the country was at once a protection and drawback to manufacturing, and for many years no serious efforts were made to manufacture anything more than immediate and imperative demands required.

The advantage of remoteness was early understood and appreciated, and in the opening address of the First Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, on the 7th of September, 1857, over thirty years ago, Mr. Henry F. Williams used these words: "We must demonstrate to the world our ability and willingness to manufacture for ourselves, and that we ask no better protection to our industry than nature has given us in our remoteness from the workshops and busy marts of the world."

And seven years later, 3 September, 1864, on a similar occasion, Hon. John Conness said: "We are situated at so great a distance from the manufacturing centers of the world that the cost of transportation is equivalent to a profit."

But it required courage and faith in the future to establish large works on the shores of the Pacific, where fuel was scarce, labor uncertain, and capital suspicious.

The wonderful increase of the wheat crop from 17,000 bushels in 1850 to 4,000,000 bushels in 1856, when we could afford to export nearly 1,000,000 bushels, showed that there was something more than gold mining in the State; and this conviction, which gradually grew in the minds of our citizens, was further strengthened when instead of importing flour and lumber to the value of over \$10,000,000 in 1850, we exported in 1856 over \$1,000,000. About this period some of the enterprising and far seeing citizens of California began to turn their attention to and invest their money in manufacturing, with a view to settle permanently in the State, and seriously to build on the foundations which nature had furnished in her developing agricultural capabilities.

George Gordon, at that time one of the proprietors with E. T. Steen of the Vulcan Foundry, built the California Sugar Refinery on Mission creek, now the corner of Eighth and Brannan streets, but then a series of mud flats through which the drainage of the Mission hills flowed to the bay.

Tubbs & Company established a cordage factory at the Potrero, and within a year or two (1858) Heyneman, Peck & Co. estab-

lished the Pioneer Woolen Mills, and (1857) A. S. Hallidie established the Wire Rope Works and Wire Mills.

Up to this period, while there had been a steady growth in manufacturing, the character of these industries was suggested by the need and necessities of the people, and but little had been done in anticipation, involving possibility of failure with reasonable probability of success, and influenced by the patriotic desire of building up a State based on diversified industries, and legitimate business enterprise.

But now came a manufacturing and industrial epoch, when that remarkable parallelism of thought which time develops so often in the affairs of man demonstrated its existence in San Francisco, and resulted in the founding of many of the most important and permanent manufacturing enterprises in the State; and although some were experimental and never passed that stage, they contained suggestions which are of practical value today, — as for instance the attempt (1857) of Mr. Eugene Delessert of San José to establish the beet root sugar industry, which although supported by abundant samples and exhibits of such sugar produced by him, did not survive.

Not only was the public mind alive to the necessity of founding large manufacturing establishments, but it did not neglect the gentler industries; and we find, September, 1857, an exhibition in San Francisco where 40 varieties of apples, 39 of pears, 12 of peaches, 34 of grapes, 3 of plums, 3 of quinces, 2 of nectarines, 2 of apricots, 6 of gooseberries, 5 of strawberries, and 200 of pot plants, were shown to the public for sixteen days. Perhaps it may be well to bear in mind that this was more than thirty years ago, the population of San Francisco being then about fifty thousand.

It must be noted, too, that gold mining, which had originally done all for California, and brought to its shores a hardy, vigorous and enterprising class of men, above the average mental and moral standard, was on the decline, and that the inducements for enterprises in that direction were lessening; and

while within the period of years between 1850 and 1857 there had been erected 135 flouring mills, at a cost of two and a half millions, 175 saw mills at a like cost, and 150 quartz mills at a cost of over two millions, that there had been constructed 4,400 miles of canals and flumes for mining purposes, at a cost of over twelve millions of dollars. The visible diminution of gold produced showed that, as a leading industry, it was becoming weaker; for starting in with a product of forty millions of dollars for 1849, it attained the value of sixty-five millions in 1853, and declined to fifty millions in 1858, so that this probably had its influence in directing the attention of the enterprising citizen to other fields than that of gold mining.

Manufacturing at this time was receiving greater attention than at any previous period throughout the United States, and debates in Congress looked towards the encouragement of home industry, by protecting it with a tax or duty to be levied on goods manufactured in foreign countries and imported into this country, and on March 2, 1861, the Morrill Tariff Bill became a law. This gave an impetus to manufacturing, and in twenty years raised the interest to the front rank; for while the population of the country had increased during that period 59 per cent, the added or industrial value of manufactured goods had increased 130 per cent; in other words, the value added to raw material, by the application of the labor and skill of the mechanic, being in 1860 845 million dollars, was increased in 1880 to 1973 million dollars.

San Francisco, however, was not as readily influenced by this cause as the more densely populated portions of the country. Throughout the great iron region of Pennsylvania, and on the banks of the streams capable of furnishing abundant water power, the effects were readily seen; but even here, in spite of isolation, of the high rates of interest charged by the banks, the want of confidence by capitalists, and the restless and speculative character of the people, manufacturing made a somewhat spasmodic but encouraging progress.

A few years later than the period referred

to in the earlier part of this paper (1858), other important manufacturing enterprises were founded. In 1863, the first glass works were established; in 1866 the Pacific Oil Works and San Francisco Chemical Works; and in 1867 the Pacific Rolling Mills and the San Francisco and Pacific Lead Pipe and Shot Works began operations. Of course, in a magazine article, not quite explosive but necessarily brief, it is impossible and unnecessary, as well, to refer to the numerous smaller industries started in San Francisco, and it will be understood that San Francisco is selected, not with the intention of excluding the interior towns of the State, but as furnishing a better guide as to the condition and progress of the manufacturing interests of the State.

For many purposes the Industrial Exhibitions of the Mechanics' Institute illustrate the expanding strength of this interest by the area of the ground floor of the buildings used at different times:

1857,	area of ground covered was	20,000	square feet.
1858,	" " " "	25,000	" "
1860,	" " " "	30,000	" "
1864,	" " " "	55,000	" "
1865,	" " " "	61,000	" "
1868,	" " " "	75,000	" "
1869,	" " " "	87,000	" "
1871,	" " " "	100,000	" "
1874,	" " " "	190,700	" "

The last building being the same as now used.

Until 1869 manufacturers went on in the even tenor of their way, at which period the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad acted as a disturbing element, and entirely unbalanced their prosperity by bringing into active competition the more economical and better equipped concerns in the Eastern States; and a few years later the position of the manufacturers was rendered more unsatisfactory by the special contract system adopted by the overland railroad authorities, under which they became entirely at the mercy of the railroad and the importers. Raw material that would not bear a high rate of freight had to be imported by sailing vessels by the manufacturer; but this special contract system prohibited importing by sailing vessels, and it went further in refusing low rates of freights to any firm who even

purchased from any business house that imported goods by sea. This state of affairs, as arbitrary as it was unwise, continued until it broke down by its own weight under the influence of public opinion, but not until it had done serious injury to the manufacturing interests of California and retarded its growth. The Interstate Law finally came in, and to some extent remedied the evil by verifying the statement made so many years ago by the two citizens of California, Henry F. Williams and John Conness, in their addresses before the Mechanics' Institute.

Nevertheless, the severe straits into which the manufacturers had been forced by this condition of affairs had compelled them to retrench, and by the strictest economy and most indefatigable energy those who did not go into bankruptcy placed themselves in positions to compete with the best equipped concerns, so that what was a disaster at the time has probably resulted in an unexpected benefit.

By her geographical position, the peculiar uniformity of her climate, the great systems of railroads centering within her limits, the numerous streams running into her unsurpassed land-locked harbor, which shelters the great and increasing fleet of ocean steam and sailing vessels, — bringing raw material to be manufactured and distributed by the railways, and returning with the products of the country to all parts of the Pacific Ocean, — San Francisco will increase her manufacturing industries until she ranks high in the list of industrial cities of the Union.

Let us examine the progress made by California in manufacturing during the thirty years ending in 1880, when the last national census was taken.

Year.	Capital invested in Manufactories.	No. of hands employed.	Am't paid for wages.	Value added to raw material.
1850....	\$ 1,006,197	3,964	\$2,717,110	11,001,368
*1860....	12,000,000	13,000	7,800,000	20,000,000
1870....	30,728,262	25,392	13,136,722	31,243,363
1880....	61,243,784	42,960	21,065,905	43,011,264

From official sources I have compiled the following table of the relative condition and rank of various cities in the United States for the year 1880.

* The official returns for 1860 were evidently so erroneous that the above figures are arrived at by careful estimates and personal memory.

Rank.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100															
Added or Industrial Value.....	\$184,454,746	125,874,458	48,137,051	69,813,498	129,390,610	71,139,867	77,451,297	62,376,710	47,876,072	28,546,257	10,771,892	16,974,313	31,629,737	42,109,717	32,332,066	15,383,615	5,635,416	41,304,325	21,302,110	49,788,985	18,150,995	12,600,421	28,957,872	14,497,940	19,800,285	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
Value of Material.....	\$28,491,691	199,153,477	129,082,051	129,390,610	71,139,867	77,451,297	62,376,710	47,876,072	28,546,257	10,771,892	16,974,313	31,629,737	42,109,717	32,332,066	15,383,615	5,635,416	41,304,325	21,302,110	49,788,985	18,150,995	12,600,421	28,957,872	14,497,940	19,800,285	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	
Value of Products.....	\$47,926,415	324,344,917	177,221,142	249,927,948	114,333,453	78,417,394	115,250,165	77,824,299	48,604,059	33,915,013	42,109,717	32,332,066	15,383,615	5,635,416	41,304,325	21,302,110	49,788,985	18,150,995	12,600,421	28,957,872	14,497,940	19,800,285	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100			
Wages Paid.....	\$97,600,021	64,265,966	22,485,437	34,634,662	15,714,892	15,117,389	19,554,624	14,925,514	9,347,737	8,902,335	17,168,989	7,442,169	13,171,312	69,257,765	4,622,545	6,406,460	6,306,165	4,347,812	9,404,110	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100						
Hands Employed.....	227,352	184,527	47,587	59,414	30,475	30,475	41,855	35,338	25,431	25,431	35,338	15,021	15,021	19,554	1,488	1,488	1,488	1,488	1,488	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100						
Capital Invested.....	\$18,206,350	187,148,570	61,646,749	48,853,850	29,424,286	38,582,723	50,534,139	35,368,139	20,484,411	18,500,303	36,080,153	16,615,010	26,847,812	95,729,259	21,767,033	11,899,915	13,594,479	18,706,914	27,177,006	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100						
Number of Establishments.....	11,339	8,567	5,201	3,511	2,924	3,684	3,276	2,971	1,915	1,655	1,112	1,112	1,112	1,112	1,112	1,112	1,112	1,112	1,112	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100						
Name of City.....	New York	Philadelphia	Brooklyn	Chicago	Baltimore	Boston	Cincinnati	San Francisco	New Orleans	Cleveland	Pittsburgh	Buffalo	Washington, D. C.	Louisville	Detroit	Milwaukee	Providence	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100								
Rank in Population.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100															

In 1880, the city of San Francisco occupied the following rank and position :

Population.....	9
Number of Establishments.....	8
Capital.....	10
Hands Employed.....	11
Wages Paid.....	10
Value of Products.....	9
Value of Material.....	9
Added or Industrial Value.....	10

From the Assessor's reports on the manufactories in San Francisco for 1887, it is shown that the number of hands employed was 32,103, and the value of goods manufactured was \$88,730,000.

The value added to the raw material by the labor or skill of the mechanics and laborers employed by the manufactories, or by machinery managed by skilled and ordinary labor, is the gauge by which we must estimate the value of industry to the nation and

the bearing it has on the working man, his comforts and intelligence ; because if the wage earner makes no more than enough to pay for his daily bread, there can be no opportunity to develop intelligence, or to educate the mind, much less to furnish any modest luxury or comfort. It would indeed be a gloomy outlook for such a country as the United States if this should happen. The concentration of vast wealth in few hands means the increase of poverty with the majority, and is tending to misfortune for the masses and trouble for the nation.

The average amount paid to each hand (including women and children), was as follows :

Year.	In the U. S.	In Cal.
1850.....	\$247.37	\$685.45
1870.....	377.60	517.35
1880.....	346.90	493.46

In 1850 wages in California were 2.37 times those paid in the whole country, in 1870 the ratio had fallen to 1.7 times, and in 1880 to 1.42 times. California, however, has always paid in gold : the ratio of wages in 1870 based on currency was 1.37 times.

It will be seen by the foregoing tables how persistently the manufacturing interest has grown in San Francisco, in spite of unusual difficulties, unsympathetic influences, and occasional serious depressions.

The difficulty in obtaining reliable figures in this relation has been very great, but can perhaps be explained by the extremely speculative character of the people ; for in fact, during the period of the great silver mining excitement of the Comstock all thoughts of legitimate business were dismissed from the minds of the people, who, bent on gambling in stocks, filled the stock board rooms or stood on the curb-stones of the streets awaiting a chance to victimize or be victimized.

In 1865 and 1866 the legislature of California offered very liberal bounties for a variety of articles manufactured in the State, and also for the encouragement of the production of silk, which was then thought to be the coming industry ; a bounty of \$250 for each plantation of 5,000 mulberry trees, and \$300 for each 100,000 cocoons, and as the

silk bounty offered an opportunity for speculation, a great many speculators went into it, not with any intention of engaging in the industry of producing silk, but for the purpose of making money at the expense of the State in securing these bounties.

The mulberry plantations consisted of innumerable young mulberry trees set from eighteen inches to three feet apart, and in one case the writer looked from the roof of a barn over a field of thirteen mulberry plantations of five thousand trees each, which the owner estimated would entitle him to \$3,250 in premiums.

The number of cocoons awaiting the bounty was enormous. Cocoons in every shape were offered, nearly all were perforated, and many were rat-eaten and decayed. Fortunately for the State it had a wise and firm executive, Governor Haight, otherwise the raid on the treasury might have bankrupted the State, and this Act of the legislature, intended to encourage the manufacture of silk, by the loose manner in which it was drawn killed this industry.

From painstaking experiments made by Prévost of San José, Newman of San Francisco, and Gillette of Nevada City, silk culture will, if understood, eventually be an important industry in California. The climate is well adapted to the silk-worm and its food; and silk culture, by the gentleness of its occupation, will furnish the children and women of a family with a vocation at once agreeable and profitable.

Within the last few years the value of manufacturing to a great State like California, or to a city situated like San Francisco, has become more fully recognized, and the seed that was sown in early days has developed establishments which have become as fully equipped on as liberal a scale as any similar ones in the East. The modest blacksmith shop of Peter and James Donahue, built on the shores of the bay, whose waters used to lave the foundation of their little shop on the corner of First and Mission streets (Happy Valley), has developed into the great Union Iron Works of the Potrero; the efforts of George Gordon and Claus Spreckles have

resulted in the best equipped sugar refineries in the world. Such men as W. T. Garratt, Ira P. Rankin, the Tubbs Brothers, and many others who for thirty odd years, in the face of fires, earthquakes, discredits, panics, and failures, have persistently kept their faith and fortunes in manufacturing, have each his individual experience and history. They were there then and they are with us today; they have had the honor of winning a victory; may they have the recompense due such a victory, the gratitude of the people of California.

In few ways is the value of manufacturing to the people more forcibly illustrated than by Mr. W. L. Strong of New York. After stating that the amount paid directly to produce all kinds of manufactured articles in the United States annually is \$1,400,000,000, he adds:

Now, to produce the same amount of merchandise in Germany they would only pay out \$616,000,000, and in England they would pay \$784,000,000. These stubborn facts show the following result: We pay in this country \$784,000,000 more to our wage-earners to produce a given product than would be paid out in Germany to produce the same amount of goods, and \$616,000,000 more than would be paid out in England for the same amount of product.

The entire revenue collected by us on all importations during the year ending June 30, 1887, amounted to \$217,286,893. If the wage-earners paid all of this amount (which, of course, they do not), they would have a balance of \$398,713,893 to their credit on the English pay-roll, and \$566,713,167 to their credit on the German pay-roll.

There is food for reflection in the foregoing statement, and it is to be hoped the time will never come when the wealth and strength which the skill and genius of America's artisans and mechanics extract from manufacturing will suffer from any unwise action by her political leaders or statesmen.

Andrew Jackson said, "Upon the success of our manufactures as the handmaid of agriculture and commerce, depends in a great measure the independence of our country." And the truth of Alexander Hamilton's words, "It is the interest of a community with a view to eventual and permanent economy, to encourage the growth of manufactures," is corroborated by the experience of the nation

since those words were uttered. And George Washington, whose sentiments will ever find an echo in the hearts of the people, said, "Congress has repeatedly and not without success, directed their attention to manufactures. The object is of too much consequence not to insure a continuance of their efforts in every way that shall appear eligible."

Towards the final success of the manufacturing interests in California, many of the large importers have within the last few years earnestly contributed, recognizing the fact that nothing so effectually strengthens the prosperity of a people as diversified industry, and nothing so rapidly generates decay and demoralization as idleness.

California with its wonderful and diversified natural resources, with its variety of climate, its topography ever changing with locality, all suggestive of industry—an industry latent under Spanish rule, but developed by American energy, and given form and substance by free education and untrammelled

liberty of thought,—is indeed a fitting home for man active in brain and muscle, imbued with invention, and endowed with genius,—it is there that nature and art embrace, sympathetic in thought, harmonious in action.

Its natural boundaries proclaim its unity, the Siskiyou mountains of the north blending with the Sierra Nevadas merge into the mountain sea barriers on the south, and make of its diversity a unit.

Its wonderful mountain streams evidence life and activity, and rushing through gorge and cañon, over crags and rocks, give power and strength and energy for all the economic activities of life, and then fatigued and seeking rest fall into the peaceful rivers and flow on to the ocean.

And thus on every side are suggestions of vitality. As nature in California is so robust and full of activity, it is not surprising that her citizens should share her energy, and with the vital force that such circumstances and conditions give, make her the home of industry and art.

A. S. Hallidie.

SONG.

O SWALLOW in the azure spaces,
At your coming still you bring
Thought of old times and old faces,
With the glancing of your wing.

Hovering about the rafters,
Do you miss your former joys—
The songs of welcome and the laughter
Of the shrill-voiced Rhodian boys?

Still close upon the winter's traces,
With you comes flush of apple boughs;
In hollows blue and windy places,
Stillness sweet no storm shall rouse.

With you still old Earth rejoices
Mid her blossoms white and red;—
Yet where now are the choiring voices,
And the brows unfilleted?

Melville Upton.

IMPRESSIONS OF A "TENDER-FOOT."

I.

FROM THE WEST TO THE FAR WEST.

It was early June, the most delightful season of all the year for an excursion, when a telegram announced that on a given day the writer, with his wife, and that paragon of all the virtues and graces, the baby, would be expected to join a party of their friends in a three months' excursion in the far West.

What could be more delightful? From boyhood I had dreamed of the great West, and longed for a visit to those enchanted realms where, as is well known to most boys, buffalo, deer, elks, antelopes, mountain sheep, grizzly bears, and mountain lions stand round anxiously but respectfully, waiting their turn to give them an opportunity to satisfy the insatiate desire to kill something. I had outlived my killing days; but the genuine, old fashioned Western fever, like the rheumatism or the ague, when it once gets thoroughly seated in one's bones, is liable to cause an awakening of those dry members at any time; and so this telegram rekindled all my old-time enthusiasm.

Joining the rest of our party at Council Bluffs, and our big brother having arranged some trifling but necessary formalities with the Union Pacific Railroad officials, our train pulled slowly out across the great iron bridge which spans the "father of muddy waters," and we reached Omaha, the dividing point between the West and the Far West.

An Act of Congress or a decree of the Supreme Court may establish the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad at Council Bluffs, but it is beyond the power of Congress or Court to bring the Union Pacific atmosphere east of the Missouri river.

It is at Omaha you catch the first aroma of the plains and mountains, and it is from Omaha you start upon your actual Far West-

ern tour, no matter what your guide-book or your tickets may say to the contrary.

It would be difficult to enumerate the multitude of little things that go to make up the difference between our Western and our Far Western civilization; but you feel the difference as soon as you set foot on the farther shore of the great river, and you find it difficult to realize that only a few thousand feet instead of as many miles lie between you and its eastern bank. You breathe in the difference with every breath, and you see it at every turn and corner. It is in the atmosphere, and, verily, the woods are full of it.

There is an indescribable something about the place which speaks of the vast stock ranges of the plains, of the bonanza mines of the mountains, of incorporations doing business on a gigantic scale, with their accompanying rush, and push, and fever heat, as unmistakably as do the long rows of kneeling camels at the caravansary, with their gravely courteous and turbaned attendants, speak of the desert, the slow, dreamy life of the Orient, and the creed of the Mussulman.

It is at Omaha that the old forty-niner or fifty-niner, returning to the half-forgotten land of his childhood, stops to take breath before venturing farther upon the long-ago, — the land of old-fashioned farms with their orchards, pastures, and quiet civilized herds; the land of slower, steadier ways; the land of churches, and of quiet, restful Sabbaths. And it is here, too, that the Eastern tourist realizes for the first that he is actually about to visit the land of his earliest dreams.

About one o'clock of that beautiful June afternoon, having been provided with comfortable quarters in one of the rolling palaces of the plains, we take a last parting look at the hills and fields beyond the river — and are actually gone! There can be no longer any possible doubt about it, for isn't there Omaha to the east of us, and are not the broad fields of Nebraska on either hand?

II.

FROM THE FAR WEST TO THE FAR NORTHWEST.

BIDDING Salt Lake friends good-bye, we started in the latter part of July on a tour of the north central section of Idaho, a region so far out of the beaten path of the tourist as to make it an almost *terra incognita* to the general reader.

As we had an hour or two to spare at Ogden, we made friends with the horned toads, big spiders, lizards, Mormon catechisms, and other choice specimens of the fauna of this region, on exhibition at the news-stands.

Some of these were doubtless pretty birds before they lost their tail-feathers, but as they were not now such play-things as children cry for, we didn't buy any for the baby.

I wandered out into the yard, and discovered the cunningest little toy railroad track! It must have been built, I imagined, by some one of these great Western millionaires for the amusement of his children. It was a perfect little pet and pony of a track, — just the thing for a Lilliputian train and a picnic of babies.

I judged that it probably ran a mile or two up the valley, the railroad king's princely little son acting as conductor, and collecting toy-tickets from his delighted guests. I hoped to be able to see one of these infantile excursions before our train left; but even while I stood looking at the track, what was my surprise to see coming, steaming gracefully around the curve — not a pigmy train of toy cars as I had fondly supposed, but a very commonplace train, much resembling the prosy every day cars of the grown-up roads, — with baggage-cars, passenger-coaches, and even Pullman Palace Sleeping-cars, — while on their sides in unmistakable Roman characters were the words, "*Utah and Northern Railroad*"!

I rubbed my eyes, and pinched myself to make sure that I was fairly awake. Could it be possible that this baby track could be trusted to carry a train like that across the Wasatch Mountains, over the great prairies and lava plains, climb the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and finally reach the Northern Pacific, hundreds of miles away?

Only think of two double beds standing side by side with a good passage-way between them, and two other similar beds above them — all poised over a track so narrow that you could easily step across it! You cannot account for it except on the principle of the gyroscope or the bicycle, whose philosophy you never did understand anyway.

Still, however, the road is such a toy affair that charging for passage on it seems out of the question; but you are soon awakened to the stern realities of life, on learning that you will be expected to contribute something over seven cents a mile for your part in the picnic, and about a cent a mile additional for the use of the big doll-house on wheels!

As we still had some time to spare before our pony train capered off through the hills and valleys, we sat in the shade of the depot buildings, and listened to a group of good-natured sleeping-car porters exchanging lies with one another. The drollery of some of these fellows was laughable in the extreme, as they caricatured the peculiarities of some of the prominent people who travel over these roads.

A lady who was bound for some place to the north more famed for its mosquitoes than for anything else, anxiously inquired of our porter whether it was not true that these little pests would soon be gone. "Oh, yes ma'am," said he without a moment's hesitation and with an air of the most perfect candor, "they'll most all be gone by the last of November or first of December"!

Toward nightfall, we finally pulled out from the station, and scurried off to the northwest between the lake and the Wasatch Mountains, through the rich fields and orchards which here, as everywhere else, bear such evidence of Mormon thrift that he who rides may read.

Soon we reached the Hot Springs, where a large hotel has been erected, and where, during the few minutes we halted, whiffs were borne to us on the evening air strongly suggestive of stale eggs.

As we were carried rapidly on through the fast-gathering shades of the evening, I took

my stand on the rear platform, and with uncovered head enjoyed the benediction of the perfect summer's evening.

On the one hand we caught occasional glimpses of the lake shimmering in the distance, while on the other rose the bleak mountains, which in the ancient world formed the northern barrier of that great inland sea whose shore-line I could even now trace in the dusky twilight, stretching like a broad highway a thousand feet above us in the rocks.

But on we went as the darkness of the long summer evening thickened around us, throwing a spell of strange enchantment over the dissolving views.

It was late when we retired to our berths—to be transported through the darkness still on, on, through the Bear River Valley; across the mountains; past the farms, and orchards, and thrifty Mormon villages of Cache Valley; still on into the more desolate regions to the northward.

Toward morning I opened my window and looked out upon the indescribable wildness of the region through which we were passing. The dying moon, or was it the ghost of a dead moon?—could just be seen through the notches of the mountain crags, flying northward on some blight and mildew mission of the evil one; and throwing over the landscape so weird a spell that had a troop of bearded midnight hags accompanied the spectral shape in its wild flight through the mountains, the effect would scarcely have been heightened.

Why is it that the old moon casts over us a feeling so strangely different from that of the new? Upon the latter we invariably look with something of hope and a revival of spirits, even if we do see it over our left shoulder; while the former, seen issuing from its cavern at the deadliest hour of the night, is so suggestive of uncanny things that a strange, creeping, haunted sensation comes over one, and makes him look suspiciously behind him, half-expecting to see some frightful shape come stalking after.

We were up betimes in the morning, and found ourselves in Idaho. The landscape had greatly changed, and we were now "running"

through a broad prairie land,—if a region covered for the most part with a thick growth of sage brush may be so designated. But in spite of this omnipresent excrescence, the land bore every evidence of fertility, and, as irrigation is perfectly practicable, it will doubtless yield abundant harvests in the near future.

As we sped onward, we soon began to descry the abodes of the noble red man, and were told by that walking encyclopedia of useful information, the porter, that we were now within the borders of the Fort Hill Reservation, and that we should see plenty of these gentlemen of leisure before we had crossed the Snake river.

Verily, here we have a genuine American aristocracy,—a class of citizens whom the government supports in utter indolence, and who can vie even with their trans-Atlantic cousins of the privileged class in the number of their horses, dogs, and menials.

But let any feel disposed to find fault with the beneficence of our government toward these lords of the sage-brush and lava deserts, reflect that our English cousins are and have been for the past thousand years contributing still more generously to the support of a gentry following kindred pursuits; and who were often, especially in the good old times, more regardless of the lives and property of the tillers of the soil than are our lords, even when their souls most yearn for a dead-head trip to Washington to shake hands with the Great Father.

The authorities sent out carpenters and masons a few years ago, we were told, to build comfortable frame houses for the use of these highly ornamental citizens; but with that lofty independence so characteristic of their noble natures, they declared such houses fit only for laborers and horses, but as for them and their dogs, they must retain the wigwams of their fathers; so they accordingly turned their ponies into these despised abodes; complacently stretched themselves as usual in the sage-brush; while their miserable squaws were compelled, in accordance with the traditions of their tribe, to pitch their palatial tepees far enough from wood and water to

insure sufficient drudgery to keep them ever in mind of their inferior position in the social scale as compared with warriors and dogs.

But time nor tide will wait, and neither will an express train, so Snake river and these noble hunters were soon left far behind.

We now entered the eastern border of the great lava region, and were soon compelled to look upon desolation literally piled up, and bearing unmistakable evidence that at no very remote period it was even running over.

To the east, at a distance of a hundred miles or more, tower the Three Titans, those grim sentinels of the mountains who have stood for ages witnessing the fearful play of earthquake and volcanic fire, whose dreadful devastations are so plainly seen on every side; while to the westward, at less than half their distance, rise the Three Buttes from the very depth of lava desert, as they do also from the equally fruitless wastes of my school-boy geographical memories. I longed to visit them for old acquaintance sake.

We grew weary of looking on these fire-scorched plains, and were by no means sorry when, towards noon, we reached the base of the mountains, and were carried up the valleys of a mountain stream amid green grass, and trees and flowers in lavish abundance.

The dreadful dry heat of the lava plains gave place to a most refreshing coolness as we ascended, and the sound of the cool rushing brook was the sweetest music to our ears.

Looking fondly out on this refreshing sight and listening to the babbling of this crystal stream, the good-natured Eastern granger in the next seat philosophically soliloquized, "What a dry earth this would be without water!" To which bit of sentiment we all responded with the heartiest of amens.

Still up the mountain we went, an astonishing heavy grade, but our plucky little engine was fully equal to the emergency and we were soon carried from the dog-days of the lava beds up into the early May of the mountains.

The fresh green grass and starry flowers were so freshly awakened from their long

winter's sleep and we felt with them (how can one express what is inexpressible?) such a strange, delicious sense of new-found life, and power, and hope, in our resurrection from the valley of death of an hour before into this lonely realm of new-born vigor! Our hearts all grew warm with a strange new sense of gratitude, and we could have sung for very joy, save that our old songs all seemed so much too poor and weak!

Finally we reached the summit and crossed the great continental divide, passing over into Montana. It was delightful enough up there on the ridge-pole of the New World, but we judged it to be frightfully cold in winter; for this is the region which the poet has described as having a little cold spring weather late in the fall.

Here we had our first experience of a mountain rain storm. As the train halted, we looked out to the west and saw a great black cloud come sweeping down a deep ravine in the mountain-side, like an inky sheet held at the upper corners by unseen hands and thus drawn rapidly onward. There came a dead calm, — then in quick succession three chug, chug, chugs, and the inky sheet was jerked over us with an impatient flap, the water meanwhile pouring from a thousand rents which the ice and the rocks and the gnarled cedars of the mountain side had torn.

We soon moved on again at a rapid pace down through the rich pasture-lands of the Red Rock valley, with snow-capped mountains on either hand; and about four o'clock reached Red Rock station, more than three hundred miles north of Ogden, where we were met by kind friends who had driven out a hundred miles across the mountains to meet us.

The railroad guide places the population of Red Rock at one hundred, — and I am willing to take my honest Injun oath that we did actually see the station agent and one more man.

As there were yet several hours' sun, we concluded to drive out about twenty-five miles before night-fall. The evening was delightfully cool and as we had splendid

horses, we spun off up horse prairie valley to the westward at a rapid pace.

Though the sky was perfectly clear at starting, we soon detected another of those peculiar little mountain storms coming tearing down a deep gorge ahead of us. There was the same chug, chug, chug, as before, and the rain came down with such cutting force as to make it impossible for our horses to face it ; so we were obliged to 'bout face and wait till it had passed — not *over* but *on*, for these storms literally roll along on the surface of the earth. A mile or two farther on we met its twin brother, with a similar experience, and still farther up the valley we met various and sundry other members of the family.

My observation of these and other mountain storms in the far Northwest has led me to believe that much of our popular science regarding clouds and the formation of rain is sadly at fault.

When one of these peculiar clouds meets with an impassable obstruction, as when reaching a sudden turn in a cañon or bringing up against a jutting mountain, it simply gets so mad it "*bursts*," and the water then rushes down the narrow valleys with such violence as to carry everything before it.

The people of this section, some of whom are highly educated, and all of whom have acquired habits of the closest observation, invariably speak of these sudden deluges as "cloud bursts," and scientifically accurate or not, the turn certainly describes the appearance of the phenomenon.

In some way or other the onward motion of the cloud, when suddenly arrested, is changed into a force which almost instantly liquefies it, and then good-by to the hopes of the unfortunate ranchman, whose crops of growing grain skirt the borders of the brook.

We had been so much delayed by the various storms encountered on our way up the valley, that it was dark when we reached Brenner Brothers' ranch. We enjoyed the generous hospitality of these gentlemen for the night ; and as it had turned cold we found the cheerful fire in the sitting-room most inviting.

Everything here, except our genial hosts,

seemed the very personification of wildness. We looked out on the wild hills on either hand ; we heard the wild storm winds roaring through the mountain cañons ; we listened to the thundering of the hoofs of five hundred half wild horses, as they rushed furiously from side to side of their corral, in frantic efforts to escape and regain their wild liberty ; we were shown various places in the yard where men were murdered by the Indians in one of their wild raids but a few years previous ; and, finally, as we retired for the night, we were shown the corner of our bedroom, where still another poor fellow was savagely butchered by the same wild pack of painted demons.

The climate here is much too cold, owing to the altitude of the valley, for any of the cereals, and we were told that on the morning of the fourth of July ice formed in a tub by the well, and that the weather in the winter season is often so frightfully cold that a pail of water drawn from the well freezes to a thick slush before a horse has time to drink it.

As I was in delicate health, I was warned by our thoughtful host in the morning that I would suffer from cold in crossing the mountains, and was pressed to accept the services of a great fur overcoat that looked as though it would be proof against the storms of Nova Zembla.

Now, I had inscribed "Excelsior" on my banner, and had laid out a very romantic little programme *a la* Alpine-boy for this same trip across the snowy range ; but as it is not expressly stated by the poet that the said youngster did n't wear a fur overcoat on that famous occasion, I accepted it with thanks. Neither is it stated that our hero did n't have a good team and carriage, and as I could n't well leave my friends behind I accepted the situation, wrapped myself in the great fur coat, settled myself comfortably in the rear seat, and we were off.

As we sped along at a lively pace over an excellent road, we did n't meet any old man trying to make believe he had n't any teeth, and shouting after us in the most approved stage fashion to "try not the pass," so I

was saved the trouble of striking an attitude and responding in the key of the bottomless pit, "E-x-c-e-l-s-i-o-r-r-r!"

A little farther on we didn't meet that very generous maiden inviting me to — wait a bit (or words to that general effect), though we did see the place where the passengers in an empty stage were invited to hold up their hands while the road-agents collected sixty-five cents from the driver; so I saved both my tear and my sigh, — as well as the feelings of my friends, and we passed on.

A mile or two farther up we didn't meet any half-witted peasant bidding us good-night at nine o'clock in the morning, and making some equally sage remarks regarding the limbs of the pine tree (probably the poetic license for sage-brush or grease-wood), and of snow-slides in the last days of July. So I didn't feel called upon to deliver myself after the manner of our one-eyed friend, but passed on to the summit, where we did meet some men driving twelve-mule teams; but who, if monks at all, were certainly not "pious monks," if one may judge from certain conversation regarding mill-sites, which they were holding with their mules while passing us.

So I did n't, upon the whole, think it safe to half bury myself in the snow, and take the chances on one of their villainous-looking dogs digging me out. Consequently this part of the programme was also omitted, but with these few trifling exceptions it was a great success.

From the summit we passed rapidly down the western slope, and finally emerged through a deep, wild cañon into the upper Lemhi valley. There is a stirring little town here known as the Junction, in designation of the coming together of two stage lines.

It was noon, and we partook of a hearty dinner at the hotel, while another of those playful mountain storms howled without, and threw a very decided "coldness over the meetin'."

There were but two prominent topics of conversation at the Junction: the first, which engaged the older men, was concerning certain new gold mines reported to have been

discovered in the vicinity, — a theme which will always awaken the latent energies of even the most broken-down of miners, — as martial music does an old, spavined and wind-broken war-horse; while the second topic, which most engaged the thoughts and the tongues of such of the young men and boys as had not been able to beg or borrow a horse and gun and break for the mountains, was the raid of a grizzly bear on the calf orchard of a certain ranchman in the valley during the night.

As we passed on down the valley after dinner, we met the hunters returning triumphantly waving the claws of the unfortunate bear, which, it must be confessed, were no beauties.

We rolled on down the valley in our broad and comfortable carriage, past many thrifty farms, or ranches, as they are universally called in all the Western regions, and toward the middle of the afternoon reached Fort Lemhi, the site of an old Mormon colony.

Here, more than thirty years ago, it is said, Brigham Young sent a colony of some five hundred young men to take possession of this valley, marry as many of the Indian women as possible, and hold the whole northern section of this inter-montane country in the name of the hierarchy of the Latter Day Saints. Here they lived several years, cultivated the rich soil of the valley, and built a fort which still remains. This fort is an open area of probably less than an acre, surrounded by a high stone wall, similar to those seen in Salt Lake city, surrounding the tithing-house and other public buildings. It stands directly under the projecting spur of a mountain, from the top of which any besieging force could make quick work of the inmates.

The local traditions are that the Indians took position on this rocky point and drove the Mormons out, but it is stated on seemingly good authority that Brigham called them home to help defend Zion against the forces sent out by President Buchanan, under command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, in 1847. But, for whatever cause, it is certain that they cached their wheat and such other stores as they could not carry with

them, and left the valley, nor stood upon the order of their going.

Doubtless the history of this colony, if it could be learned, is a thrilling one. Surrounded as they were by savage beasts and equally savage men, hundreds of miles from even their Utah friends, in a region so inaccessible that even the most daring trapper scarcely ventured across its borders,—theirs must have been a life of isolation and hardship of which one can now form but a faint conception.

A few years later, when gold was discovered in the mountains beyond the Salmon river, there was the usual rush for the new El Dorado, but no one seemed to know exactly where it was, nor how to reach it. They simply knew that it was somewhere in that region, and the tide of immigration poured in through the Lemhi valley. Some of the first comers pushed on till their voyage was completely barred by mountains, when it occurred to them they had better stop. They returned as far as the old fort, where they established a camp, intending to explore the surrounding country, and ascertain whether some path might not be discovered leading to the land of promise.

Others arrived daily, with wagons, with pack-trains, on horse-back, afoot,—any way to get there,—all anxiously inquiring the way, which no one knew. The description given us of this camp by one of its occupants was a vivid one.

Every one was in a fever of excitement; the camp grew from day to day till the valley was literally blocked by teams, and tents and wagons; and lawlessness reigned supreme. Many had exhausted their supply of provisions, and few had any to spare; while all the time they were camped, without knowing it, right over the Mormons' buried stores!

Some returned and followed the Snake river hundreds of miles around to the westward, and finally reached their destination; many returned home or sought other regions; while still others pushed on down the valley to the Salmon river, which they followed as far as was possible with wagons, when they cut up their harness to make pack-saddles,

loaded their horses and mules with such of their supplies as they could, cached the rest in the rocks, and pushed on.

The Indians soon found and burned the deserted wagons, the irons of which may still be seen scattered through the sage-brush. Among the stores said to have been buried by these parties were several barrels of whisky and probably Captain Kidd's hidden treasure on Long Island has not been searched for with half the zeal that has this store of "mountain-dew." Though buried a quarter of a century ago, and though the barrels must have long since rotted, parties still go out in search of it. They either have such faith in the medicinal properties of this staple, as to lead them to believe that it has preserved the health of the barrels during all these years, or they hope at least to be allowed to look upon the hallowed spot where they stood! Some distance farther on we entered, and for a dozen miles or so drove through, the Lemhi Indian reservation. This is Ten Doy's band of sheep-eaters and kindred tribes, who, though they have always been at peace with their white neighbors, are nevertheless about as worthless as other reservation Indians, and are making little or no progress in the arts of civilization.

Horse-racing seems to be their principal amusement, and we witnessed several races while passing through the reservation. At one place we saw on the opposite side of the river what at first seemed to be a race of unusual spirit, but with the aid of an opera glass we soon discovered that it was several Indians on horseback in a wild chase after a riderless horse, whose flanks and sides were all covered with gore, while his merciless pursuers were savagely prodding him with spears. We were told by a gentleman accompanying us, and who had spent some time as an official at the agency, that they had probably been trying, in accordance with their custom, to kill the pony at the grave of its master, when it had broken away and was now being pursued for the purpose of finishing the service according to the red man's notions of decency. This seemed to border on cruelty to animals, but as it was none of our funeral, and as we

had no special desire to make it so, we thought best not to interfere.

It seems a great pity that the time of the rubicund gentleman is not turned to some useful purpose. In all our rambles, I saw but one male Indian who pretended to work, and he was said to be crazy. When asked how they knew that "Happy John" was crazy, the answer was, "Why, he saws wood." Not a bad reason either, for what sane man, white or red, would saw wood so long as the government is willing to support him in idleness?

If I could be allowed to stand *in loco parentis* to these children of the Great Father at Washington, it occurs to me that the rations and other supplies of all able bodied Indians would be strictly conditioned on their doing a reasonable amount of work, and that, too, with their own hands, — not by proxy of their wretched squaws.

But we passed on down the valley, and at half an hour of sunset arrived at Noteware's Ranch, where we were most cordially invited to spend the night, — an invitation which we were by no means slow to accept on observing the cosy, home-like appearance of the place, and the kind and hospitable looks of its occupants.

We had had a long day of it, too, having driven over sixty miles, crossed the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and seen no end of sights and wonders. We were ravenously hungry after our long afternoon's drive, and the supper we were soon invited to sit down to would have gladdened the heart of the most exacting of epicures. Spread on the most snowy of linen was the delicious trout from the brook, fried chicken, such as only the dear old mothers of the past generation know how to prepare, strawberries in abundance, and literally smothered in genuine cream, fresh, cool butter-milk from the spring house, with whatever else was most calculated to satisfy the soul of the hungry and thirsty traveler; — while beaming over her generous board was the kind, motherly face of our hostess.

After supper, I learned, on comparing notes with our host, that our families lived on adjacent farms in Illinois a third of a cen-

tury ago, when the writer of this sketch was a barefoot boy and drove old Brindle; and White-face, and short-tailed Gridleys to the pasture, often stopping to take a drink from the cool, moss-covered bucket which hung in our kind-hearted neighbor's well.

How strange it seemed to meet these friends of the long ago way off here in the very deepest depths of the mountains, more than five hundred leagues from our old home! It is thus our paths of life meet and diverge, and after devious windings, re-cross, — probably not to meet again till we emerge on the shore of the dark river.

We were off in the morning in high spirits and after a delightful three hours' drive through the fruitful valley, we arrived at Salmon City, the present terminus of our long journey.

III.

A MONTH ON THE SALMON RIVER.

HAVE you ever observed how very different the reality proves from the mental photograph you have taken of places before seeing them? You read or hear of a place, and instantly some little jar of your mental kaleidoscope crystallizes it in a certain form, but no amount of future shaking up can change the picture.

This first impression is apt to remain with you through life as the reality, no matter how much evidence in the shape of brick and mortar may afterward be introduced. You have undoubted faith in your mental picture, and you believe the place itself, where you have finally seen it, to be a delusion and a snare. It is as when you enter a town wrong end foremost and fix the points of your mental compass; though you may live in the place all the rest of your days, the sun will persist in rising in the west, no matter how much you may protest against this undignified performance; and the Big Dipper will swing as complacently around the south pole as if the idea of sky-larking had never entered his foolish old head.

Some such feelings we had on first entering Salmon City; I knew just how the town *ought*

to look, but though I infested the precincts for some time, I did n't succeed in bringing it to a proper sense of the proprieties.

What business had a respectable, sober-minded town to skip over to the other side of the river the very moment we hove in sight, without so much as paying bridge toll to our good friend Tingley? And why should Col. S.'s store and warehouses forget their sober business habits, and scamper over to the other side of the street, and that too in such a garb that their very mothers would scarcely have known them? The whole performance was a practical joke of some sort, and I felt personally abused!

Salmon City is the county seat of Lemhi County, Idaho, and is the metropolis and business emporium of the central part of that plucky little territory whose inhabitants fondly designate it as "The Gem of the Mountains."

The town was established a year or so after the close of the great rebellion, as a general head-quarters and out-fitting station for the various rich mines discovered in that region. For a time it was overrun by thieves, gamblers, and desperadoes of every description, who had just been driven out of Montana by the vigilantes.

In those days there was not so much as a justice of the peace in that whole region, and the only law known was the survival of the toughest. But after a time the law-abiding part of the community compelled such of these outlaws as had not played the game of Kilkenny cats to leave, with rather more haste than dignity. Courts were soon after established, and for years the place has been as quiet and orderly as are most towns of its kind in the States.

They have a good, substantial two-story school-house, a neat little brick church, a Sunday school, and even a temperance society. I don't mean to say that I could conscientiously recommend all the inhabitants as Sunday school teachers, and it may be seriously doubted whether they all attend the temperance society; but I do say that in public morality Salmon is far in advance of most towns in the Far Northwest.

Few subjects afford so interesting a field for study as that of our fellow men, and few regions afford a better opportunity for this study than does the Far Northwest.

The great Pike's Peak gold excitement occurred more than a quarter of a century ago, and many of the young men who formed the rank and file of that great army of gold-seekers, then in the full flush and glow of early manhood, are now grown prematurely old or have fallen by the way.

They have moved on from camp to camp, until now the broken wreck of that grand army may be found scattered throughout this last frontier, — many of them utterly broken down in health and in spirit, with little to look back upon but feverish dreams, and nothing to look forward to but want and death and a nameless grave.

The story of one of these poor fellows, as rehearsed to me, will, with but slight variation, answer for thousands of them.

Leaving his old home and friends, he set his face toward the mountains, hoping soon to return and make glad the hearts of his father and mother, and claim the promised hand of the idol of his soul. His frequent letters were at first full of hope and promise; but they grew less and less frequent and still less hopeful as the months and years advanced. Hope was deferred until the heart grew sick, and finally, after years of patient waiting for the lover who never returned, his affianced bride grew cold, and learned to love another.

With this last ray of sunshine shut out of his soul, his story is soon told: he still drudged on as before, but he now often drowned his memories of the past in wild debauches, while out of the grave of his once holy and ennobling love sprang up a rank growth of deadly night-shade, cultivated by the hands of her whose feet take hold on hell!

Then he learned to loathe himself, and never felt so utterly wretched as when alone and obliged to keep companionship with his own polluted soul.

Finally on a lonely mountain path, with a solitary pack-mule and his faithful dog, his enfeebled limbs refused to bear him farther,

and he died a wretched death, where weeks after, torn by wild beasts and by vultures, all that was mortal of him was found and hurriedly hid away from the sight of men. Let us hope that the tears of his recording angel have cleansed his soul of many a stain.

Of all that great army of gold-seekers, how very few have realized their dreams, and even these after what years of untold hardship.

It is stated in that most fascinating of books, Steele's "Frontier Army Sketches," that all national peculiarities blend and lose themselves in the typical mountaineer; that whether originally Irish, or German, or Scandinavian, or Down East Yankee, he completely merges after a few years into the common Western type.

Though this may be in a measure true, little national peculiarities will occasionally show themselves, especially if the occasion is when he happens to be "getting fou' and unco' happy." There is at Salmon a good-hearted old-timer of Spanish descent, who was accidentally injured in a mine, and was in consequence reluctantly induced to take up the business of saloon-keeping; and as he is a quiet, decent sort of man he conscientiously tries to keep a respectable place. Now there are a couple of lads living in the vicinity who occasionally come to town but seldom succeed in getting home the same day. One of these in his happiest mood visited the said saloon one evening and was politely invited to retire; upon refusing to do so he was guided to the door by the proprietor and given a little push. He tripped over a wet spot on the sidewalk and fell at full length, where he lay for a moment studying the situation, then raised himself on one elbow and looking over his shoulder and winking hard with both eyes, delivered himself as follows:

"And it's Marrtinelly yez calls yersilf, is it? Well that's purrty good! But I knew yez in the ould country; and I knew yer ould father and yer sisters too,—and they werrn't very respectable ather,—and their names was Martin Haley!" Evidently this specimen had not entirely "blended."

By the kind generosity of Colonel S., we had a good team at our disposal while here,

and in consequence took many long and delightful drives into the surrounding country. We also went on several hunting excursions in company with Colonels S. and W., and others, with results as follows:

No. of Grouse, Sage-hens, Prairie-chickens, etc.,	
<i>Killed</i>	1
Estimated No. of Grouse, Sage-hens, Prairie-chickens, etc.,	
<i>Wounded</i>	75
No. of Grouse, Sage-hens, Prairie-chickens, etc.,	
<i>Missing</i>	375
No. of Rattlesnakes killed.....	1
No. of precautionary measures taken against Snake-bites.....	0000
Total	452

But as Colonel W. is now president of the Idaho senate, it is hoped he will see that a law is passed strictly confining all game-birds to their reservations, and then hunting will be more satisfactory. Yet pleasant as was our visit at Salmon,

"Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches we maun ride."

So we bade a reluctant good-by to such of our many friends as did not accompany us, and started on horseback up the Salmon River for Challis, sixty-five miles distant.

My advice to all tourists who may contemplate making this trip is, to take an early start in the morning and ride as fast and as far as possible in the opposite direction; for if there is any one mountain trail more worthy than another of the title "Pass of Death" this must be the one.

If you can imagine yourself riding during a considerable part of the way along the eaves gutter of a steep-roofed five story building, overlooking a mountain torrent tearing its way wildly through the rocks far, far below, you will have some faint conception of this "trail." And if you add to this the fact that the sun blazes against the loose slide-rock of the barren mountain side until the heat becomes intolerable, and that unless you are accustomed to horseback riding you will soon acquire the very tenderest of feelings toward your saddle, your conception may be somewhat heightened.

A few miles up the river we met Ten Doy's Great War Chief, riding moodily along

the path without so much as a body guard, and with no insignia to indicate his exalted rank, unless an old slouch hat might be so regarded. Poor old fellow, in these piping days of peace, like many another warrior of less dusky brow, he is now obliged to devote his time to less noble pursuits, and his glory has well-nigh departed.

By means of a score or so of grunts which would have done honor to a full-chested swine, together with a species of savage pantomime, he made us understand that he had been trapping up the river, and that in his opinion we might reach Challis by the middle of the following afternoon.

There are two trails, one on either side of the river, and each is thought to be worse than the other by every pilgrim who passes over it. They are usually not far apart, except where the bottom widens, or when one or the other of them strikes across the foothills or some spur of the mountains, when they sometimes separate a mile or two. At one of these places Colonel S., who was always on the look-out, from force of habit, inquired whether we saw those three travelers on the opposite trail. After considerable trouble he succeeded in making us own up to a couple of specks of some sort among the distant sage-brush, when he said, "But don't you see the third one just behind those two? I mean the one on the mule." *The one on the mule!* We could n't have told a giraffe from an elephant at that distance, nor a hay stack from a meeting-house. Eternal vigilance has become a second nature to the Colonel, and in more than one instance it has probably saved his life. By it he has detected ambushed Indians in time either to surprise or elude them; and at one time, when two road agents were lying in wait for him, he discovered them before they did him, and instead of being "held up" by them, he succeeded in making them both hold up their hands, and I believe he compelled them to march in this somewhat tiresome posture, a few feet in advance of him, into town.

As we picked our way slowly and painfully along through the loose rock, a fragment

struck by the hoof of my horse frequently rolled from its unstable position down, down, down, into the mad river, plainly indicating what the rider's fate would have been had one of our sure-footed horses made a single misstep. To add to the danger and hardship of the trail, it often crosses deep ravines, and you go down at an angle of forty-five degrees, and are in imminent danger of being pitched forward over your horse's head, especially should the loose stone on which he so cautiously steps give way.

We soon passed a high and almost perpendicular promontory, connected with the main mountain by only a narrow passage-way. On the summit of this bleak and desolate rock, the earliest settlers found a number of human skeletons, together with broken gun-barrels and other ghastly mementos of death.

That the skeletons were those of white men was known from the fact that one of them had gold fillings in his teeth; but who they were, or how they came by their death will probably always remain a mystery. They may have been some band of early gold seekers, who, pursued by Indians, were driven on to this point, where they either stood at bay till they were overpowered by superior numbers, or were besieged, and died a death of lingering torture from thirst and famine. As we passed, I could not help picturing these poor fellows standing bravely there at bay, while a pack of howling demons surrounded the rock and cut off every possible hope of escape.

Then imagination pictured their sisters, wives, mothers, in their far-off homes — waiting, anxiously waiting, till the slow weeks grew into weary months, and until the heavy months crawled on into seemingly endless years, — still hoping against hope for tidings of the loved ones, whose letters never came, and who themselves never returned.

We took our noon repast in the friendly shade of some bushes, by a little mountain stream, whose snow-fed waters were delightfully cool and refreshing; and after a long rest we again pushed on.

Halting on a little hill, Colonel S. pointed out to us "The Cañon of the Bears," on the

opposite side of the river, the story of which he related substantially as follows:

"Some years ago I had a large herd of cattle ranging in this region, and in order to collect them it became necessary to search all the little cañons which run back into the mountains. Going up this one for some distance and finding the way badly obstructed, I tied my horse to a bush and pushed on afoot. Reaching a clump of bushes I stopped and shouted, to drive out any of the half-wild cattle that might chance to be there.

"I soon heard a great commotion in the brush, but what was my amazement to see, instead of cattle, an old she-grizzly bear coming directly toward me with open mouth. I turned and ran at my utmost speed for a bunch of black birch bushes, accidentally dropping one of my gloves on the way. The bear on reaching this stopped long enough to rend it into shreds, during which time she was joined by her two cubs. Knocking one of these to the right and the other to the left with her maternal paws, she again came on. I had by this time reached the bushes and climbed up as far into one of them as its slender and highly flexible stem would support me; but as the old bear rushed at me with open mouth, and uttering the savagest of grunts, I saw plainly enough that when she should rear up my feet would be within her reach; and with a yell of despair I threw my other glove to her, hoping to divert her attention for a few moments at least. While she tore this her undutiful cubs again came running toward her, when she made a rush for them, again knocking them to the right and left to drive them back to the bushes.

"During this brief respite I noticed two other bushes a little larger than the one I was clinging to, and so near together that I hoped, should I succeed in reaching them, that their united strength might support me out of reach of those horrible claws; so, dropping to the ground, I made a break for them, and had just succeeded in drawing myself up between them when the infuriated brute again arrived.

"I was now out of reach of her claws, but so slender and flexible are these whalebone

shrubs that I felt perfectly confident she could bend them over as soon as she reared against them. I remember two thoughts that were prominent in my mind as she came rushing at me: first,—how long would it take her to finish me when she got hold of me? and, secondly,—whether my friends would ever succeed in finding my mangled remains in that wild and out-of-the-way cañon.

"As she reared up, I threw my cap with all my force right into her face, when she stopped to rend this as she had done the gloves. But now her cubs again came on the field, and noticing this, her outraged maternal feelings so far overcame her that she again left me and went for those badly trained youngsters, this time chasing them so far back into the bushes that I seized the opportunity and ran for my horse,—probably just a little faster than I ever had run before."

To our enquiry as to whether he'd visited the place since then, he replied with considerable emphasis, "No, and what's more, I don't ever intend to!"

As we rode slowly along, we were interested in observing the grotesque forms which some of these wild mountain peaks assumed. Here was one which so much resembled a "broth of a boy with a short-stemmed pipe in his teeth," that we are forced to laugh in spite of the gloomy thoughts which had been haunting us ever since passing that dreadful Promontory of Death. We halted at Rattlesnake Creek for another rest, and while lying there in the shade of some dwarf birches and looking eastward, we had as fine a view of a gigantic crouching lion on the summit of a neighboring mountain as though it had been chiseled there by the hand of some ancient giant.

And now as we passed on again the great snow-capped mountains on our right began to throw their long, cool shadows across the heated valley, and I never before so realized the force of those soul refreshing words of the ancient prophet,—*"the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."*

Toward night we reached Smith's Ranch,

fifteen miles from any other human habitation, where a most excellent supper of fried chicken and other good things was provided, and was devoured with ravenous appetites.

My memory seems to be a little indistinct regarding a few incidents of this journey, but it was either here or somewhere else that we met the mail-carrier, bringing in Colonel W.'s new bird-dog; but whether here or not is immaterial, so long as "I speak but the facts"

This beauty was tied in one of the stalls of the stable, but as the horses all objected to his peculiar style of music, the entire barn was soon given up to him, and the Colonel was, of course, charged the usual fare, seventy-five cents each for twelve horses, — nine dollars. Then Yowler insisted on sleeping on a feather bed, and would eat nothing but grouse-on-toast, and his owner was charged the usual double first class rates when meals are served in the rooms of guests, — four dollars; he required medical aid during the night to cure him of a certain hoarseness in his voice when he sang soprano, the usual mountain rates for physician's visits, — ten dollars, with three dollars more for medicine were charged; — and the mail-carrier imparted to me as a profound secret, that unless the Colonel would consent to let this package be opened to prove that there was no writing inside of it, he would be obliged to pay regular letter postage on it, — two cents for each half ounce, — about thirty-two dollars and twenty-four cents.

In the morning our horses were all gone, and it took some hours' search among the mountains to find them, and even then one was still missing; but we appropriated a stray at the ranch, and at last were ready to start. We got aboard our horses somewhat after the gingerly fashion in which King George the Fourth was wont to get into his immaculate pantaloons, — so much afraid were we of hurting the saddles.

The country through which we now passed is, if possible, even wilder than that of yesterday, and the sun poured a flood of seemingly molten heat out of a pitiless sky; but fortunately we passed many little mountain

brooks whose waters are clear and always cool; and at one place we drank from a spring which bubbles from the rocks, and whose water is literally icy cold. This spring evidently issues from an ice cavern hidden within the mountain. At some remote period this whole region was frozen to an astonishing depth, and it would not be strange if in the mountains there are subterranean lakes not yet thawed out. A few weeks later, when Colonel S. visited the extreme northern part of the Territory, as United States Commissioner to make collections for the New Orleans exposition, he saw a place where in digging a well the workmen found at the depth of a hundred feet permanently frozen ground.

At various places along the way the rocks over which we passed had a hollow sound as if we were riding over the thin roof of some new Mammoth Cave, and at such times I found myself involuntarily "sitting light" on my horse to prevent his breaking through.

Some distance farther up the river we passed what is said to be Noah's Ark, but I don't believe it is, for there is n't Ar-a-rat in all Northern Idaho, — except the playful wood-rat.

A little past noon we reached the mouth of Hat Creek Cañon, where some packers have constructed a sort of compromise between a house and a cave, where they spend the long winters during which there is nothing for their pack-trains to do. Their mules and "cayuses," as these hardy little ponies are called in the mixed Mexican-Spanish-Indian English of the packers and freighters of these regions, are turned out in the hills to shift for themselves while their owners hunt and trap in the vicinity, which is said to be now the best hunting-ground in the whole Northwest.

Deer are said to be seen here in the winter season in great herds, sometimes of several hundred, and bears are altogether too common, while the wooded valleys literally swarm with grouse and other game birds. During the previous winter these packers had killed upwards of two hundred deer, with other game in proportion. It is a wild and

lonely life these men lead, but doubtless they enjoy it.

It may be doubted whether there is any wilder place in all the mountains than is Hat Creek Cañon. It is filled for the most part with a thick growth of trees and underbrush and nettles, through which our horses made their way with difficulty ; and as the regular trail follows the river, but few travelers pass through this lonely mountain gorge.

The Colonel's keen eyes soon detected fresh bear tracks, and in consequence we kept a sharp lookout ; but Bruin doubtless thought that as there were six of us, discretion was the better part of valor, and hid himself in the brush.

We halted at the narrowest part of the cañon, where the rocks rise nearly perpendicularly on either side to the height of many hundred feet ; and by the side of the clear, sparkling little trout-brook partook of our mid-day lunch. But mountains and rocky precipices had become too common for us any longer to waste admiration on them, though some of the views in this cañon are among the most wildly picturesque we had seen.

We pushed on again after a long rest, and soon crossed back over the hills to the river ; and after two or three hours of sore pilgrimage at last came in sight of Ellis's ranch, opposite the mouth of the Pahsamari river.

My younger brother, whom I had not seen for more than nineteen years, had come down from Challis thus far to meet us, and seeing us while yet a long way off he came galloping across the foothills to greet us. We hurried forward too, and shook hands with him on the wing !

Ah, Brother, we little dreamed when our paths of life separated on the verge of early manhood, that they would not cross again for so many years. And through what widely different fields these paths have led us !

But a barren hillside is one of the very poorest places in the world for moralizing, so we rode on to the ranch, where we received a kind welcome.

As this is "the vale in whose bosom the two waters meet," it is the mosquito's earthly

paradise. Now a howling dog is music to me, and a brace of fighting cats is sure to lull me to repose ; I can bear with the most perfect composure the grating and rasping of the locked wheels of a heavily-loaded wagon going down a macadamized hill, and the filing of a saw is delightful ; but most of all I like to hear the soft humming of a mosquito just above my ear when I am trying to go to sleep ; so I enjoyed a quiet night's rest, and in the morning felt so much refreshed that I concluded to take a ride with the boys out to the cattle range, said to be six miles distant across the hills, at the head of Hat Creek. But there are more rods in one of these mountain miles than there are in a willow fence, and by the time we reached the range I was tired enough to have traveled sixty ordinary miles.

The cattle we saw here were nearly as wild as buffalo, and some of them did n't seem a bit glad to see us ; but cows in the States are sometimes as much too tame as these are too wild. Our neighbor used to have a cow of this persuasion. She was a grizzly brindle in complexion. She had lost about three feet off the business portion of her tail,— she pulled it off when she crawled through a crack in my picket fence one Sabbath morning. She had also lost the principal part of one of her horns,— she was leisurely walking through my gate one moonlight night just as I happened to throw a brickbat in that direction ; but with the exception of the loss of her left eye and the larger part of her right ear, she was otherwise physically sound.

The pranks of this beautiful creature might have become a little monotonous had it not been for the thoughtful care of my neighbor in providing her with an enormous bell. The tone of this musical instrument was much like that of large marbles falling into a tin stove boiler, and it was warranted good for three miles.

This cow went the rounds of an evening as regularly as a night police ; and she might be heard from eight to eleven o'clock trying all the gates and bars for a distance of three or four blocks each way. You always knew when she reared up on your bars,— you

could tell it by the deadening of the rattle as the bell came between the upper bar and the breast of the gentle creature.

You always knew, too, when she was trying your front gate, — you could tell it by the quicker rattle of the falling marbles.

After a while she would go away and then you felt so thankful to your neighbor; for if it had not been for the bell you could never have felt perfectly sure of a night that she was not quietly feeding on your corn and cabbage, or leisurely walking through your flower garden.

But among the many other praiseworthy qualities of this noble and highly ornamental animal, that of early rising must not be forgotten. As regularly as the clock struck four her bell was heard just under my bedroom window. There was no more sleep, and so with a feeling of profound thankfulness that I had saved an hour or two of the very best part of the day (for sleep), I was wont to arise and gnaw a post.

Verily it was a wild place out here on the range, and the general effect would not have been much heightened had a band of Indians dressed in war paint come whooping over the hills.

The boys told us that when they were out here a few weeks earlier they had come upon a band of four grizzly bears, — two old ones and two yearling cubs. The boys were unarmed, but one of them had a stout lasso attached to the horn of his great Mexican saddle; so, riding cautiously up, he threw the noose around the neck of one of the "middle-sized bears" and brought him into camp decidedly out of breath. — By which bit of intelligence I mean the *bear* was out of breath, — the other party was as cool as though roping in grizzlies was so much of an every-day

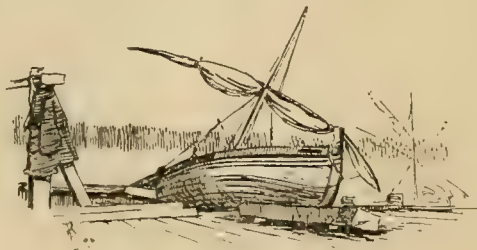
occurrence with him that some sort of an apology was necessary for not bringing in all four of them. After dinner we returned to the ranch by a somewhat shorter route, down a little creek, and as there were hundreds of grouse of different kinds in the grass and bushes, the boys soon shot a grain bag full. Some distance farther down the ravine three wild-cats ran across the path and climbed a little tree. Our hunters were out of gun cartridges, but one of the ugly looking beasts was brought down by a well aimed revolver, when the other two concluded to seek other climbs.

The next morning we had our horses shod and ourselves half soled, and pushed on for Challis. The day proved one of the very hottest, and we suffered intensely from the merciless rays of the red-hot sun.

I had heard of a hillside in this region (which I afterwards saw) where the landscape of the opposite side of the cañon is by some secret and mysterious process in Nature's dark camera photographed on the flat surface of many of the small slabs of slide-rock; and I could not resist the feeling that the image of these fiercely heated rocks and mountain sides would be so seared into the tablet of my brain that it would cling to me like a veritable Old Man of the Sea, and forever refuse to be shaken off. Even now, while I write this page, — though a snow-storm is howling without, and the day would do honor to Labrador, so cold is it, — the same dizzy, sickening, sinking sensation of exhaustion creeps over me, as those thrice-heated rocks and hills, and mountain sides are called up in slow review.

But here we are in Challis at last, and this will be a good place to stop and take breath, and whatever else is good for the inner man.

William J. Shoup.



AT SUNSET TIME.

ON toward the west the passing Day,
 As tho' reluctant seeming,
 Soft stole to where the flame-clouds lay;
 To where the sun hung beaming.
 And yet she seemed full loth to go,
 E'en tho' the world was shadowed so,
 But looked back o'er the dimpled hill
 To where the world lay dim and still, —
 To where the world lay dreaming.

At sunset time we steal away
 To where the sky is gleaming;
 To where the light that marks the day
 Is all our heaven seaming.
 And yet we seem full loth to go,
 E'en tho' the world is shadowed so.
 But look back, with regretful eyes,
 To where the world in twilight lies, —
 To where the world is dreaming.

Julie M Lippmann.

FROM WITHIN.

Nor by the sea tide,
 Nor the swift river,
 Nor the stars that sweep thro' waste of heaven
 Side by side
 Forever and ever,
 Do we mark man's life with its loss and gain.

Not by the leaf's fall,
 Nor by spring rain,
 Nor the atoms that drift thro' endless forms
 Changing all
 Tho' they changeless remain,
 Do we count man's life with its hap and bane.

Not by the strong things,
 Nor by things sweet,
 Nor by the fair light of sun that speeds far
 On swift wings,
 Nor the wild winds that meet,
 Do we time man's life with its dusk and day.

But by the strong will,
 But by the soul's grace,
 But by the yearnings that thread night and day
 Soft and still,
 Till they glow in his face,
 Do we tell man's life forever and aye.

George J. e Moine.

ETC.

PROFESSOR BRYCE notes in a recent paper that when De Tocqueville visited America, in the early thirties, he was struck by the lack of "administration" in the practical conduct of our government, and among other instances of this, by the indifference to making and keeping records. When he sought information on this or that statistical, or social, or historical matter, as to which official record would have been kept in European countries, he would find there were no papers to be had on the subject; or, again, he would be given important original papers and told he might keep them,—so little was documentary record then valued by the government. Our practice in this respect has altered very much since De Tocqueville's time: original documents are of course preserved with care; our decennial census collects an enormous quantity of most interesting and instructive data, even though they do not get fully into our hands until it is time for the next census; and the statistical bureaus and annual reports of executive officers, national, State, and municipal, supply reasonably exact information on many subjects. Yet it is still possible every day in the year for the unwary to enter upon important inquiries, supposing that all that is necessary will be to find the proper repository of official record in the matter, or at most to collate three or four records; and to discover that the desired knowledge is not to be had short of something very much like a house to house canvass, to collect the data of the research, item by item, from their primitive, individual sources. No one has better occasion to know this than the editor of a magazine that, like the *OVERLAND*, counts the social and social-industrial problems of its region quite as much its affair as pure literature. To talk fluently about race relations, or the labor question, or the land question, or education in California, is a very easy matter; to gather a few facts, by a few days' inquiry, and work them into a superficial paper is scarcely harder, and it is an every-day reporter's trick to spread such facts over the ground with enough air of dignity and research to make them pass for something quite exhaustive. But to get standard information on these and many other things is no small matter. The richness of the English reviews in papers of sociological information must remain a matter of envy to us. American readers are not less interested than English ones in such writings; possibly they are more interested. Any one who, like Edward Atkinson, or Professor Haden, or Professor Ely, or Mrs. Campbell, or Dr. Gladden or Mrs. Lowell, takes up for serious investigation questions of fact that bear closely on human life, is eagerly read. Probably we demand a somewhat clearer and keener method of stating

facts and conclusions; doubtless we put up sometimes with a flimsier foundation of fact for the sake of this keener way of putting it: but it is not because we are less concerned to know the facts about ourselves than our British cousins that we get fewer of them. It is because they are harder for us to get. Our arrangements for collecting facts for the regular use of the government are very much slenderer; and there are not nearly so many people among us in a position to conduct a private inquiry. It requires a great deal of expenditure of time and money and trouble to find out from the elements up a very few things.

In several Eastern cities the very considerable amount of force lying unemployed among women is being turned to account in these directions. There has long been in New England a class of intelligent well educated, energetic women, many of whom are unmarried and more or less at leisure; they have always been at hand and ready to take part in good works. As college education grows more general among them, it is visibly enabling them to turn their public spirit to more efficient account; to find the places in the social mechanism where there is need of more hands; to co-operate far more economically with the various beneficial activities going on in the intellectual world. The *alumnæ* associations have more than once quietly set to work, and gathered from individual to individual, through many hundreds, the actual facts about some matter over which people had long been theorizing on *a priori* grounds. They are likely to continue to do this. It is a work that is needed; it is a work that must be done by an educated people; and it is a work that no one without a good deal of spare time and money can do well alone, and one therefore peculiarly suited to the co-operative work of groups of people who understand how to work together.

In California particularly there are many things that people talk a great deal about, but that nobody has really found out the exact facts about. The standing difficulty of insufficient labor in the State to harvest the fruit crop, and too much in the city to find employment; the controversy as to whether the present tendency here is toward the growth of great land holdings or the breaking up of these; the actual climates and distributions of products on the coast, as distinguished from those of real estate pamphlets; and a hundred other matters that involve the collection of much pains of many facts, remain still in want of a collector. The labor commission has a good deal of information about one class of questions; the horticultural societies and boards of trade about another

and there are several busy men and women here who are exceedingly rich in well-assorted information on matters they have themselves come into connection with. But of people disposed to investigation in sociological or natural science, and able to go about and collect with judgment a great many facts from different sources, and to fairly and clearly systematize, generalize, and present to others' minds, these facts, — there are very few ; and it would not be possible to make a long list of articles ever published here that could be called "standard authority" on subjects requiring research. The OVERLAND has special reason to perceive this, finding itself constantly confronted, when trying to obtain an article about some important matter, by the fact that there is no one who knows all about it, and no one with the time and equipment to find out all about it. There are always plenty of people who could gather cleverly and quickly a sort of reportorial knowledge of the whole subject and "write it up" with some skill ; there are always several who could give sound and thorough contributions toward a knowledge of it ; but rarely any more than this. By way of a single illustration : The OVERLAND has recently had a hand in an inquiry as to what was the poverty needing relief in San Francisco, and the charity occupied in relieving it. San Francisco has been notorious for lavish giving since its early days, and decided views about the amount of our charities have not lacked expression, in public or in private. It was, therefore, surprising to find that no one had even the materials for a conjecture as to what that amount was. There are men and women in San Francisco whose whole time is given to the administration of charity, and who are reservoirs of information within their own lines ; but not one, so far as we can find, who has ever known what were the other organizations and institutions for relief working alongside them, still less what these were doing, — and but one or two who even came very near to knowing. In a city of 360,000 inhabitants and no widespread poverty such knowledge cannot be so very hard a thing to get : in a city of a million, with such social conditions as in London, or even New York, it would be a different matter. The recent Associated Charities organization, and the college alumnae association of this coast are both at work present to bring together and put into serviceable shape the scattered information to be had relative to poverty and charity in this city. A preliminary report presented at the last meeting of the alumnae estimated the annual expenditure of the various organized charities of the city, excepting those of the Catholic clerical orders, whose figures were not accessible, at over half a million dollars. The individual giving, at doors, and offices, and on the streets, and to private pensioners, is said to be larger in San Francisco than elsewhere ; and altogether the amount

of money thus used is evidently enough to make organization in its use and accurate information as to its expenditure worth having.

Two Views of California.

Then.

YOU said you would like my impressions,
As soon as I'd taken them in,
Of all that is strange, in this country
Of dust and original sin.
To follow the true evolution,
From less things, to greater, I'll go, —
Their oysters are Eastern transplanted,
And seem less for taste than for show,
Their roses, though lovely, are scentless,
Their berries seem tasteless to me,
The birds sing all night, without ceasing, —
All night, too, there biteth the flea, —
The mountains seem nude in their grandeur,
The climate 's a trifle too dry,
The natives are handsome but thriftless,
They let all their chances go by.
They have no assistance to culture,
Society 's still somewhat crude,
I've been here just three weeks next Tuesday ;
I 'm awfully homesick. — Gertrude.

Now.

IN answer to my last effusion
You send me this letter, to show
My thoughts of this country and people
Those five years, so long, long ago.
The dust that I spoke of is golden, —
And as to original Sin,
The best Chinaman in the country,
I 'm pleased to have taken him in,
The oysters, like everything Eastern,
Brought out to this glorious land,
Grow larger, and better, and richer, —
Excepting, indeed, when they 're canned.
The roses, sweet things, do seem scentless,
The tuberose and orange so fill
The air with their perfume o'erpowering,
'Tis treating the other blooms ill.
The mocking-bird sings in the night-time, —
The nightingale's melody 's his,
The flea is an hallucination,
Your science can't prove that he is.
Our mountains, like beauty ungarnished,
Stand up in their nakedness grand,
The climate indeed is perfection,
Its praises are sung through the land.
The natives don't lose all their chances,
Since one of them captured your friend.
And now to my knee comes a wee one,
Who puts to this letter an end.

Helen Elliott Bandini.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Two Books of American Biography.

Edward Everett Hale's *Life of George Washington*¹ and McMaster's *Life of Benjamin Franklin*² treat of their subjects from somewhat different standpoints. Mr. Hale's endeavor is to penetrate the haze that veneration has cast about George Washington and to find the man within. He would have liked, he says, to write "the life of Washington, with the omission of the French War, the Revolution, and the Presidency."

Washington's public career has been written sufficiently in Irving's *Life*, and in all the good histories of this country, but his private life is less known to the general reader. For the presentation of Washington in this light Mr. Hale finds abundant material in Washington's diaries and letters, much of it never having been printed before. By the aid of copious use of Washington's own record concerning himself, which is naturally more abundant in those quieter times in his life that left room for friendly correspondence, there is presented to us a close review of George Washington, the man. Not that his character loses anything of its large proportions when so viewed; rather that we learn what there was in the man behind his public functions that enabled him to present so imposing a front to friend and foe in all vicissitudes of victory and defeat.

It is encouraging rather than disappointing to ordinary mortals to find that this man who was so great and good could write a stinging letter to an unfaithful agent, and that he bought lottery tickets and was interested to know whether or no he had drawn a prize. It is, moreover, well for this generation to read of the simple, healthful home life that afforded scope for the development of the virtues that stood his country in such good stead.

Thus, while not powerful in the sense of exciting wonder or surprise, the book is, like all of Mr. Hale's work, full of that gentle power that makes the good beautiful, and it will be a decided help to Americans that realize the value of the heritage left to them in the lives of the fathers.

But what shall be said of McMaster's *Franklin*? In the "American Men of Letters" series, it treats of its subject chiefly as a writer, and yet not so exclusively that it leaves the man untouched. Perhaps, indeed, it would be better if it had. It is hard to

understand the character of Franklin, or how such a man could have had origin in Puritanic Boston. Absolutely free from all prejudices even in favor of the right, he is full of strange contradictions, a libertine and a moralist, a spendthrift and Poor Richard, the patriot, statesman, and scientific discoverer, and yet the pet of the French society of before "the deluge." He wore the garb of the Quaker and yet suffered from the gout. Some of his writings will live as long as the English language, and some have been found too indecent to print, and these latter not written in the flush of youth, but when he was approaching his three score and ten.

Now for the net result of the book. Is it well to study into the defects of a character that presents many points of greatness, and to destroy illusions regarding the man who, next to Washington, made America? The reader must answer for himself, and Mr. McMaster's book must stand or fall by the decision.

Professor Peabody's Moral Philosophy.³

This is a series of lectures delivered before the students of Harvard Divinity School. The effort has been to present ethical science in popular form, and with sufficient of applied ethics to keep the interest of the reader engaged. The position regarding ethical truth is, that it is closely allied to religion, and more especially to the Christian religion.

Nearly all questions of the day having ethical bearing are mentioned as they occur in the discussions of the principles on which they depend, and we have Professor Peabody's thought on dress reform as well as on many graver subjects.

The ground of the distinction between right and wrong, a crucial point in every ethical system, is found in fitness; the right is that which accords with the natural order of things, the wrong that which does not so accord, — the fitting and the unfitting. Other systems are shown to have no such ground for the distinction.

In the vexed question whether it is ever justifiable to lie, Professor Peabody takes the ground that there may possibly be such circumstances as to make it right, but that they are so entirely exceptional, and any admission of doubt in such matters so sure to be stretched to cover unwarranted cases, that as a teacher of morals, he can lay down no class of circumstances that justify a departure from truthfulness.

¹The Life of George Washington Studied Anew. By Edward Everett Hale. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

²Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters. By John Bach McMaster. "American Men of Letters" Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1887.

³Moral Philosophy. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

The style of the book is delightfully clear, and agree or disagree with the writer as you may, you are never at a loss as to what his position is, and cannot fail to see that it is supported by sweet reasonableness, and a sane and charitable common sense. There is also about the work such evident candor and sincerity, and an absence of anything unbalanced or violent, that the grave and calm language often rises to eloquence.

These points would strike the stranger reading the book, and yet greater will be its effect on those that know of the character and life that has made Professor Peabody beloved of many generations of Harvard students.

Irving's Indian Sketches.¹

Perhaps the wide difference in opinion concerning the character and wrongs of the Indian that exists between the humanitarian and his less charitable brother in the United States comes most strongly from the inability of each to take the other's standpoint, and understand the other's view. The former sees only the possibilities of the Indian character for better things, while the latter gets no farther than the practical knowledge of his ferocity and the treacherous bitterness of his revenge. The humanitarian considers the Indian as practically of the same disposition he was before the white man found him, and led him astray with the vices of Caucasian civilization. The Philistine refuses to believe that he was ever anything better than the degraded creature that he is today. The Philistinism, however, is of head rather than of heart, and as a rule stands open to conviction.

It is this desire to think well of the Indian that for more than fifty years has made popular the sketches of John Treat Irving, and which now makes necessary the printing of a new edition. Jotted down on the spot, during an expedition among the warlike tribes west of the Missouri, they give a singularly clear account of the manners and customs of the Otoe, Pawnee, and other tribes who, up to that time, had not mingled with the whites, and preserved intact their own peculiar customs and manners. It is the little details of Indian life — the peculiarities of their households, the every day customs and manners, the child-like barbarism of their tastes — that make the book a valuable one. There is no straining after effect, and when a stirring scene is depicted or a sensational incident occurs, it is set forth with a simplicity of diction and an earnestness of manner that is at once charming and convincing of its truth. No attempt is made to gather the folk-lore of the nations, though several interesting legends and hero tales find a place between its covers. The greatest fault lies in its proximity of scenic description and its repetition of the common peculiarities of the different tribes in the separate accounts of each.

¹ Indian Sketches. By John Treat Irving. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Briefer Notice.

In the same rich lead of folk lore that Mr. Joel Chandler Harris struck in the Uncle Remus papers, Mr. Jones has worked in his *Negro Myths*.² The same legends are related in a somewhat different dialect. Mr. Jones uses nothing of the charming framework in which Mr. Harris sets his stories. Old Uncle Remus and his small listener and all their companions are left out, but the tricky Brer Rabbit, transformed into Buh Rabbit, lays his deep plots and circumvents the other beasts in the same way. This additional work is valuable to the student of folk lore as showing how much of these legends is the common property of the Southland negro. Most of it is peculiar to his race, but traces of the folk lore that we knew before occasionally appear, as for example, the version of Bluebeard. The dialect has evidently been carefully studied, and he who runs may read the true darkey accent in the phonetic spelling used. A comparison of this dialect with that of the Indians and the Chinese on the Western coast shows so many points of resemblance that it looks as though a Pigeon English might be generalized from them that would do away with the need for Volapük as a universal language. The use of "sabe," to know, and the sparing use of r's, make these stories intelligible in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. The final chapters of the book deal with negro dentistry, the alligator, spirits, and religion, all of them amusing and valuable studies. — It would require a good Catholic and a patriotic Newfoundlander to care to read through the Reverend Mr. Howley's solid book³ of minute research into the church history of that island. To such it will no doubt prove thoroughly satisfactory, — complete it certainly is, and moreover decidedly anti-English in its tone. — Colonel Powers has published a small manual of fancy drill movements⁴ that will no doubt prove useful to the drill companies of political clubs during the coming summer. — A collection of artotype views of points of interest in California has been published by the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of this city. — So much has already been printed about Maximilian that a later writer like Mr. Schroeder⁵ could hardly expect to advance anything strikingly new or interesting concerning the international episode that brought the Mexican emperor into prominence. His account, however, is clear and logical, and in brief form presents the main facts that led to the downfall of the

² *Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast.* By Charles C. Jones, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³ *Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland.* By the Very Revd. M. F. Howley. Boston: Doyle & Whittle. 1888.

⁴ *Display Movements for Political Clubs.* By Colonel Frank H. Powers. Chicago: Hugh T. Reed. 1888.

⁵ *The Fall of Maximilian's Empire, as seen from a United States Gun Boat.* By Seaton Schroeder. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

unhappy Austrian. The most interesting portions of the book are those bearing on the character of Bazaine, and his influence on Maximilian. When the withdrawal of the French troops was ordered, and the downfall of the empire became certain, Maximilian arranged for flight on the Austrian vessel lying off Vera Cruz. An indiscretion on the part of her captain revealed the plan to the French. Bazaine at once took such steps as to prevent this plan being carried out until after the abdication of the Emperor or the withdrawal of the French troops. These terms were in gratification of the Marshal's personal ambition, and not made at Napoleon's dictation. Maximilian's abdication, or his continuance in the country as emperor until the going of the French troops, would take away the onus of failure from the French arms and admitted of Bazaine's return to France without serious injury to his military prestige. The flight of the Emperor would reverse all this, and the French Marshal did not hesitate to use every means in his power to save his personal reputation. To his selfish plotting and stinging sarcasm was due the final resolve of the Emperor to continue the war, his shutting himself up in Querétaro, and his final capture and death. These facts are especially interesting because of the later discussion concerning Bazaine's patriotism during the Franco-Prussian war, in that they throw a new light on his intense selfishness and unscrupulousness of disposition. — A harassing feature of modern travel is the difficulty of obtaining reliable data concerning the commonplaces of itinerant life. Most of the guide-books are so taken up with descriptions of the things new and strange along the routes discussed that the practical things,—the things that make life a comfort,—fall into the background, or are eliminated altogether. If a man travels with a courier the case is different. But the traveler who looks out for himself is much more interested in that portion of the guide-book which gives him definite information concerning prices, hotels, time consumed in passing between places, and kindred topics, than in all the descriptions of galleries and castles that could be written. It is this practical quality which has carried Mr. Knox's book¹ into popularity. Of course, in such small compass, nothing but an outline of the subject is possible, but it is astonishing how much practical information is crowded between its covers. The outline tours are especially suggestive, and the new chapter on travel talk in four languages, although lacking in many common phrases, is more truly colloquial and less "bookish" in its diction than the majority of its class. — At first thought, conversation would seem to be like good breeding—a thing not to be acquired by study of a text book. It has about it, where successful, a spontaneous and elusive quality that would seem to be hampered

rather than helped by the application of a body of fixed rules. The present manual² is an excellent exposition of these natural limitations, and being written by a man at once sensible and educated, deals with the negative rather than the positive side of the subject. He does not content himself, however, with simply pointing out the things fatal to good conversation, but in the most charming English, and with a chattiness of style that shows that he himself is an entertaining conversationalist, he sketches the outlines of the art in a clear and convincing fashion that elevates his work to a very respectable plane. Unconsciously amusing to the American reader will be the chapter on conversation between superiors and inferiors, and that suggesting the deportment of women when admitted to general conversation. Being English, Mr. Mahaffy has a standpoint that does not accord entirely with that of the American observer, and the latter chapter is more liable to stir up the fair sex to rage than to induce in them those qualities desired by the author. — There have been many books on architecture published, but so many of them have been over technical and over elaborate that Mr. Tuckerman's small handbook on the subject³ is pretty sure to find a place for itself. His method is to take the various orders of architecture from the cromlech of the Druid to the most celebrated buildings of the present, and to give a brief and intelligible description of it and the practical needs from which it resulted. In this scheme he has done his work well, avoiding the technicality on one hand and the gush on the other that is apt to repel in such books. The wayfaring man, though he be not wise in matters architectural, can learn enough from this book to enable him to take a real and intelligent interest in architecture in all its forms. The book is fully illustrated with plates of the façades and ground plans of the most typical buildings. — In *The English in the West Indies*,⁴ Mr. Froude, as is usual with him, has made an exceedingly interesting and readable book. It is the outgrowth of a vacation trip to the British possessions in the West Indies, made for the purpose of studying their conditions and needs, and relations to the Empire. The picture he draws is gloomy in the extreme; the islands are on the verge of ruin, the plantations have ceased to pay, and the whites are steadily decreasing in numbers. But the reader can feel little confidence in his conclusions as to the causes for such a state of affairs and the remedies needed. The strong prejudices of the writer on political conditions in England warp and

² *The Principles of the Art of Conversation.* By J. P. Mahaffy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³ *A Short History of Architecture.* By Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

⁴ *The English in the West Indies.* By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

¹ *The Pocket Guide for Europe.* By Thomas W. Knox. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

bias his judgment; he cannot forego the pleasure of belaboring Gladstone and lamenting the tendencies of parliamentary government. — Two of the latest accessories to the Questions of the Day Series are *The Old South and the New*,¹ and *Slav or Saxon*.² In the former book, Mr. Kelly has added another to the long list of testimonials that are being presented to the astonishing awakening in manufacturing lines throughout the Southern States. His letters are especially forcible in that they contrast the observations of a shrewd and experienced man resulting from two trips through the South, the first immediately after the war, the other, last year. Mr. Kelly's Pennsylvania ideas on the tariff question occupy a prominent place. *Slav or Saxon* by Mr. Foulke, is a study of the growth and tendencies of Russian civilization, and a discussion of the future contest between the Russian and British Empires. He asserts that the struggle for liberty and self government must come sooner or later between these two; that the other European nations have seen their best days. If we believe the author, the conclusion is irresistible that Anglo-Saxon progress and civilization are in serious danger. The book pretends to a popular discussion of the subject, but the style is by no means entertaining. Its conclusions are not valuable; nor is it a real contribution to the literature on the subject. — *Grant versus the Record*³ is a bit of special pleading founded upon a comparison of the "Personal Memoirs" and "Military History of U. S. Grant," with the records of the Army of the Potomac as exemplified in "The Virginia Campaigns of 1864 and 1865" by Gen. A. A. Humphreys. The author laboriously strives to prove how unjustly Grant has treated his two subordinate commanders, Meade and Warren. The spirit of the book may be seen from the following italicized sentence following an enumeration of the honors showered upon, and the great doings of, Grant: "Only the pen of General Grant himself could blot the name that had been so glorified." The book is worthless and unreadable. — One of the most critical journals in the country has long followed the practice of putting its book notices under classified headings, "*Poetry*," "*Fiction*," "*Travel*," "*Philosophy*," and so forth. On one occasion, however, the proper classification of a book received in the office seems to have puzzled the editor, and demanded a new heading; which accordingly appeared with all gravity among the others, —

¹The Old South and the New. A series of Letters by William D. Kelley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Questions of the Day Series, 1888. For Sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

²Slav or Saxon. A Study of the Growth and Tendencies of Russian Civilization. By Wm. D. Foulke, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Questions of the Day Series, 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

³The Personal Memoirs and Military History of U. S. Grant versus the Record of the Army of the Potomac. By Carswell McClellan. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1887.

viz., "*Nonsense*." We are reminded of this neat anticipatory summary of the review to follow by a ponderous volume entitled *The Hidden Way Across the Threshold*,⁴ and sub-entitled first "The Mystery which hath been Hidden for Ages and from Generations," and second "An Explanation of the Concealed Forces in Every Man to Open the Temple of the Soul and to Learn the Guidance of the Unseen Hand." The general reader will be glad to learn that this most important revelation is "Illustrated and made plain with as few occult phrases as possible"; and that its author's competency to speak on the matter is assured, as he is an A. B. N. and Fellow of the Order of the S. S. S. and of the Brotherhood Z. Z. R. R. Z. Z. A fellow of the Order S. S. S. might perhaps fail to inspire perfect confidence in our minds that he had at his fingers' ends the mystery that has been hidden for ages; but membership in the Brotherhood Z. Z. R. R. Z. Z. staggers skepticism. The author is, moreover, persuaded to the work by numerous requests "from both worlds," and has gleaned "these precious thoughts" from "both angels and men," so that his backing in his views may be regarded as quite complete. — *The Field-Ingersoll Discussion: Faith or Agnosticism*,⁵ reprinted from papers in the North American Review, seems a feeble sort of copy of a similar reprint, — the Spencer-Harrison discussion on agnosticism, which came to an untimely fate — the reprint, we mean, not the discussion — by Mr. Spencer's suppression of the whole edition, out of deference to some dissatisfaction of Mr. Harrison with the statement of his position. We believe the only readers who ever had access to this volume were the reviewers, to whom advance copies had been sent, (although of course the original papers were open to every one in the periodicals where they appeared); but there is sufficient similarity of make-up in the pamphlet now under review to suggest that the idea was taken from the earlier one. This invites comparisons that Colonel Ingersoll and Dr. Field can hardly bear. The discussion is on the old and obsolescent plane of "infidel" and "orthodox believer," — a plane on which it seems to us futile and painful to carry on discussion. It is not reasoning together at all: each man expounds his own view, without seriously trying to meet the other man's; there is no real effort to find common ground, and to narrow down and define and so consider with precision the actual differences. Some exceedingly good things are said by both, and while Ingersoll is more eloquent and telling, Dr. Field scores some admirable points, as when he says: "You think yourself persecuted for your opinions. But others hold the same opinions without offense: Nor is it because you express your opinions. Nobody would deny you the same free-

⁴The Hidden Way across the Threshold. By J. C. Street, A. B. N. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1887.

⁵The Field-Ingersoll Discussion: Faith or Agnosticism? A series of articles from the North American Review. New York: The North American Review.

dom which is accorded to Huxley and Herbert Spencer" — and goes on to say with a bluntness far from undignified, that Ingersoll excites the feeling that he does, not as an agnostic, but as a "rough antagonist." The clergyman is far the more temperate and fair disputant; but he ignores or evades Ingersoll's strongest points, while Ingersoll misrepresents his positions. There is nothing in the whole to give much pleasure to people who desire to see human thoughts on these great mysteries fairly and earnestly compared together. — *Better Not*¹ is a little treatise on the use of wine, theater-going, dancing, and card-playing. It does not denounce these things as wicked, nor as forbidden to Christians, but only as things that it is "better not" to do. Its tone is very fair, gentle,

and moderate; but it is earnest and impressive. — A really bright little satire on American politics and society of today comes to us with the title *The Age of Cleveland*.² It is entirely good-natured, and though not uniformly amusing throughout, nor free from a few quite pointless pages, it has a number of decidedly clever ones. Its political part is by far the best. We fear, however, that it is by no means every one who will be able to distinguish between literal and satirical statement in all the jokes. One of the brightest hits made by the writer (who early betrays himself as a Mugwump) is his definition of "the vital distinction between the Republican and the Democratic parties" — viz., "that the former insists that the war is not yet over, the latter that it has never taken place."

¹ *Better Not*. A Discussion of Certain Social Customs. By J. H. Vincent, LL.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

² *The Age of Cleveland*. By Harold Fulton Ralphdon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. 1888.

R





